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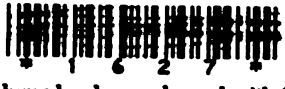

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THE

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JUNE, 1862.

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IT is still true of China that there is no civilized country in the world, of one tenth its extent or population, so little known in the West. There are different reasons for this;

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but two facts will sufficiently account for it—namely, the cautious jealousy of the government against strangers, and the peculiarity of the language. The former has, indeed, been overcome to a considerable extent in recent years, by the persevering and energetic efforts of England, France, Russia, and our own country. Great concessions have been obtained, though not always in a fair and honorable way. But it is the end, not the means, we have now to consider. At the present moment, foreigners may visit several of the commercial cities of China; they are but tolerated, however, at best, certainly not encouraged. It does not seem that they are welcomed by any class of the people. Even traders who go with pockets full of money are looked upon with suspicion. Generally they have not much difficulty in purchasing the productions of the country, but if they attempt to secure extensive information relative to the institutions, the religion, the laws, or even the literature of the country, they meet with obstacles at every step. When questions are asked, answers are seldom refused; nor is it often that any reluctance is evinced on the part of the interrogated party. On the contrary, every intelligent Chinese wishes to be considered frank and communicative. But, unfortunately, he has little regard for truth in his intercourse with foreigners. He tells the latter, not what he believes true, but what he imagines will redound to the glory of China. This, we may observe in passing, is the more remarkable, because no people are more truthful to each other than the Chinese; none are taught to have a greater abhorrence of lying. This we may see from the works which they regard as their bible—those of Kon-Fu-Tse, called by Europeans Confucius, of whom it has been well and truly said:

> "Without assumption, he explor'd the mind,
> Unveil'd the light of reason to mankind;
> Spoke as a sage, and never as a seer,
> Yet, strange to say, his country lov'd him dear."

If the learned men of China are asked why it is that their countrymen are so prone to making statements to foreigners, that in many cases have no foundation, their reply is that they have good reason for it, asking in turn, whether Christian moralists require their disciples to tell what may be injurious to themselves. This is in allusion to the torrents of blood shed both in Japan and China, by means of the interference of foreigners in the laws and religion of those countries.

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But be the cause what it may, the effect is obvious enough; those who remain longest in the country can obtain little information more than is afforded by personal observation.

Those who would be acquainted with China, as it was and is, must learn her language, and there are but few who like to undertake this. Even among linguists, it is pretty generally believed that it requires the greater part of a whole life to learn Chinese. Several Chinese scholars have asserted the fact; and their assertion seems fully borne out by the written characters of the language, without any further evidence. Nor are those, who proceed so far as to be able to form an idea of its structure, much better encouraged; for in Chinese, more than in any other language, the most formidable difficulties are those which present themselves at the outset of the student's labors. To learn the characters alone, requires no slight amount of study and perseverance; at the same time, the system of writing is by no means so complicated as it would seem at first sight. Before proceeding any further, it is proper to say that the writer of this article is not sufficiently acquainted with Chinese to be able to translate any difficult passage. We have studied its grammatical structure and fundamental principles, but nothing further. This, however, we find to be quite sufficient to enable us to compare the language with the Greek and the Latin, with five or six of the principal modern dialects of Europe, and to some extent with the Sanscrit. All these have a general resemblance to each other; but we cannot say that the Chinese has the least resemblance to any one of them. It belongs to that class of idioms called monosyllabic. There is no pure Chinese word of more than one syllable. The syllables are, however, sometimes combined, as in the English words *mankind*, *welcome*, *dayspring*, &c., &c. No language has so few consonants. Those found most useful in the Indo-European idioms are entirely wanting in the Chinese, namely, *b*, *d*, *r*, *v*, and *z*. Even the consonants used can seldom be pronounced without the interposition of *u*, or *sheva*; so that, for example, if a Chinese is required to pronounce the Latin word *Christus*, he can make no nearer approach to it than *Kul-iss-ut-oo-suh*. Mr. Marshman was the first European who discovered that as words in other languages are formed by the combination of certain symbols, termed letters, so are Chinese characters constructed by the union of certain imitations of the objects of sense; or, more strictly speaking,

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imitations of natural objects. From this, it would seem, that those characters must be very numerous; and so indeed they are, when combined. But the number of elements, or mother characters (*Tsé-moo*), as they are called by the Chinese (*clefs* or *keys* by Europeans), are only two hundred and fourteen, certainly not more than two hundred and thirty. But these, when combined, form at least 80,000, though an acquaintance with less than half that number enables the student to read any Chinese book.

What time the present characters were invented, or first introduced, no one can pretend to determine with any degree of accuracy; but there can be no question of their being of high antiquity. Se-ma-tsien, the most reliable of all the Chinese historians, traces them back to the reign of Hoang-tse, about 2,500 years before Christ—2,000 years anterior to the time of Confucius; and his chronology is accepted as approximating nearest to the truth by such European scholars as Adelung, Bunsen, and Grimm. Other Chinese historians assign them an antiquity of nearly 4,000 years; nor is there any proof that they are not thus old, further than that the use of any written characters, at so remote a period of the world's history, would be inconsistent with the Mosaic chronology, or that generally believed by Christians. But the period of 2,500 years is no matter of mere conjecture. The characters are found not only in books that date nearly, if not quite, so far back, but also on porcelain vases, seals of agate, drinking cups, urns, sepulchral monuments of stone, copper, &c., &c. And, the more ancient they are, the more accurately do they represent natural objects. "They include," says Mr. Marshman,* "the most remarkable objects of nature, as the sun, the moon, a river, a mountain, fire, water, earth, wood, stone, &c.; the principal parts of a house, as well as those utensils most in use, as a knife, a spoon (or chopsticks), a seat, a box, a staff, &c.; nor are the grand supports of life omitted, grain, pulse, flesh, fish, &c.; nor the primary relations of life, father, mother, son, daughter, however difficult to be represented. We find not only characters to denote the body, but also the soul or spirit, as well as certain articles of worship. Qualities, though somewhat more difficult of representation, are not wholly omitted, although the elementary characters expressive of these scarce-

* *Dissertation*, pp. 12, 13.

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ly amount to thirty; among which will be found, however, such as are most obvious to the senses, as straight, crooked, great, small, high, &c. To express *actions* by appropriate symbols would seem still more difficult; accordingly we find that this class is even smaller than the foregoing; a few, however, are admitted, which signify the most common actions of life, such as to see, to speak, to walk, to run, &c. Such, then, are the ideas represented by these elements, which, as they compose the other characters, may be justly termed the *alphabet of the Chinese language*, or imitative medium of communication."

At first view, it is difficult to understand how a language, every word of which is, more or less, a representative of some object in nature or art, can be learned without at least half a lifetime of unremitting application and study; yet the learned M. Rémusat, for many years professor of the language in the Imperial College of Paris, has proved by facts—by a dozen of pupils whom he had taught, not only to translate into Chinese any modern book, but to speak it quite as fluently as many of our best professors of Greek and Latin can speak the language of Homer or Virgil—that Chinese may be learned in as short time as almost any other idiom—in a much shorter time than the Sanscrit, the Greek, or the Latin. Mr. Marshman has asserted that it is much more easily learned than the German, and vastly more regular and artistic in its structure than the English. This will seem less incredible to those who judge of the Chinese by its seemingly unmeaning characters, when it is remembered that the linguists of China find it difficult to understand how it is possible for the outside barbarians to form, from twenty-four elements, or letters, void of meaning themselves, such an immense variety of expressive words as are to be found in our great poems, histories, &c. If we would only reflect on this ourselves, we should admit that it is no greater wonder to form the Chinese language from different combinations of two hundred and fourteen characters, each of which expresses an idea by itself, in its simplest form, than it is to form the English language from twenty-four letters, which, as already observed, have no meaning, except in combination.

Our readers need not be informed how letters are so combined as to express ideas; but there are not many of them, we presume, who understand how the elements of the Chinese are made to produce corresponding results, or in

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what proportion are they used. A few examples, taken from Mr. Marshman's *Dissertation*, will give a sufficient idea of this for our present purpose: "*Chou*, grass, or vegetation in general; *soi*, water, and *mook*, wood, hold the first rank, the latter having 1,232 characters into which it enters; *soi*, water, 1,333; and *chou*, vegetation, no less than 1,423. The elements which, next to these, receive the greatest numbers of characters, are those which represent the hand, the mouth, the heart, the first standing at the head of 1,012; the second claiming as its quota 983; and the third, 956. *Nee*, the element for a woman, ranks next, standing at the head of 834; while *yun*, that for a man, includes only 729; but *wy*, the element intended to denote reptiles, has underneath it a class containing 804. After these follow *guin*, a word which includes in its class 734; and *kyam* or *kyun*, gold, under which are placed 719 characters. *See*, the character for silk, or anything fine and delicate, and *chok*, a bamboo, that notable instrument of government among the Chinese, claim each an equal number, namely. 672. *Yok*, flesh, *san*, a mountain, *mook*, the eye, and *chok*, the foot, rank next, and include each of them somewhat more than 500 characters; as does *nieu*, the element expressive of a bird. The elements which represent earth, stone, disease, clothing, and jewels, contain each somewhat above 400 characters in their respective classes; as do *ma*, a horse, and *khin*, a dog; while *yut*, a day, *ton*, a knife, *chee*, a place, *mie*, rice, and *cheok*, motion, stand each at the head of somewhat more than 300. Thus, *thirty* of these elements, expressive of the primary objects of sense, enter into the composition of nearly *twenty thousand characters* which probably constitute the better half of the characters included in the language. * * * * If some elements, however, enter into the composition of a *very* great number of characters, others will be found to have so few as scarcely to entitle them to a place among the elements. The six characters which compose the class of one stroke, beside being all obsolete, except *yut*, one, include together only 95 characters, and one of them only two. Among those consisting of many strokes are to be found 40, the respective classes of which contain no more than 20 characters each, and some of them only ten; the whole 40 containing only 615. There are 20 others which contain from 20 to 35 each; the aggregate amounting to 557. Thus, *eighty-four* of these elements include, in the whole of their

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classes, only 1,427 characters, which is but four more than the number placed under *chou*, vegetation," &c.*

In short, no grammar is more simple than that of the Chinese written language. This, indeed, may be easily understood from the fact that, as we already intimated, the characters are invariably the same, whether as verbs, substantives, adjectives or participles. Neither cases, genders, numbers, persons, moods, nor tenses make any difference in this respect. What may well seem stranger still, the same characters may be used alternately as a noun, verb, adjective and participle, without the slightest alteration in its form. The changes in meaning are made by means of auxiliary characters. But this characteristic the language possesses, to some extent, in common with our own. Thus, for example, the English noun *man* undergoes no change in declension, the nominative being *man*, the genitive, *man*'s, or of a *man*, dative, to a *man*, accusative, *man*, vocative, O *man*, and ablative, with or by a *man*. In the illustration we have used the Latin forms, because they present more variety; although there are only three cases in English, the nominative, genitive and objective. In the Chinese there are numeral adjectives to express definite numbers; but when the numbers are indefinite they must be expressed, like other words, by auxiliary terms. As our genitive has *s* with the apostrophe after it, so the Chinese genitive has *tie* after it. The Chinese dative is formed by placing *eu* before the nominative, which corresponds with our *to* or *for*, and the Chinese ablative is formed by placing *tung* before the nominative, which corresponds with our *with* or *by*.

No European language has so many auxiliary verbs as the English; but no language in the world has so many as the Chinese, for in the latter all the tenses and moods have to be formed by auxiliaries. But there are only three tenses, the present, past, and future. These are expressed as follows: *ngo-lai*, I come, *ngo-lai-leao*, I came, did come, or have come, *ngo-pee-gai*, or *ngo-chau-gai*, I shall or will come. The qualities of the nouns are expressed in a manner equally simple. The adjectives are generally placed before the substantives, but often after them. We give an instance or two, thus: *ta jin*, great man, or *ye jin*, one man, is sufficiently explicit in writing, but in conversation either expression may be ambiguous. To obviate this difficulty,

* *Dissertation*, pp. 87, 88.

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a particle is introduced in colloquial language, as *ye-ko-jin*, one man. Still more simple, if possible, are the personal pronouns; they are *ngo*, I, *ne*, thou, *ta*, he. In forming the plural from these, all that is necessary is to affix *mun* to each, as *ngo-mun*, we, *ne-mun*, ye or you, *ta-mun*, they; and when it is required to convert them into possessive pronouns, it is only necessary to add *tie* in a similar manner, as *ngo-tie*, mine, *ne-tie*, thine, *ta-mun-tie*, theirs, &c.

The limits of an article will not permit us to pursue this branch of our subject at greater length; if we did so, we should be able to devote no attention to Chinese literature; and the object of the present paper is, simply to give a general view of both the language and the literature, reserving more particular and extended remarks for a future occasion.

The missionaries, doubtless with the best intention, gave an erroneous estimate of what they considered the almost unlimited copiousness of the Chinese language; and their statements have still the effect of deterring the student from undertaking its study. But if the most copious Chinese dictionary be compared to the dictionary of any of the principal languages of Europe, ancient or modern, it will be found that the words, in almost any of the latter, equal, if they do not exceed, the number of characters in the former. Thus, in the dictionary of Kaung-shee, the best authority in China, there are not more than 35,000 characters; whereas, in Ainsworth's Dictionary, there are 48,000 words, in Scapula's Lexicon, 46,000, in Worcester's Dictionary, upwards of 50,000, in Ben-Allah's Arabic Dictionary, 65,000, &c. True, there are many characters used in writing and speaking not to be found in the Chinese dictionary; but is not the same true of many forms of expression in the Indo-European languages? For example, in no dictionary of the English language do we find all the tenses of the verb. The principal forms are given, but no more. If all were given, the size of the dictionary would be more than doubled. And similar remarks, but slightly modified, will apply to the Chinese. Thus, in the whole of the text of the *Ta-tsing-leu-lee*, consisting of more than 110,000 characters, the number of distinct characters is less than 17,000.

That class of writers disposed to regard all ages and nations as ignorant, save their own, affect to sneer at the high antiquity claimed by the Chinese; but facts cannot be set

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aside by sneering. The Chinese are everywhere surrounded by evidences of a civilization extending over thousands of years anterior to our era. No fact, of which ocular demonstration cannot be given, is so well attested as that Fohi gave laws to China two thousand five hundred years before Christ. Among oriental scholars there is as little doubt on this point as that Lycurgus gave laws to the Spartans nearly nine hundred years before Christ; or that Solon gave laws to the Athenians nearly six hundred years before Christ. The theory of those, who attempt to prove that China is a comparatively modern nation, is, that the country was a wilderness until after the downfall of the Pharaohs and Egyptian civilization. They tell us that the Chinese Ki is but the Egyptian Atres, so called by the Greeks, and that the Egyptian Menes is identical with the Chinese emperor or king, Yu; but they might as well pretend that Zoroaster and Mohammed were one and the same personage. Not but they attempt to adduce arguments in favor of their hypothesis, at least what they call arguments; such, for example, as that, because the Egyptians lighted torches after sunset, and that the Chinese light lanterns at about the same hour, it must follow that the latter commenced their existence as an Egyptian colony, the same as the Carthaginians were once a Phœnician colony, &c. The theory is not original, however, with our modern critics; its authors are the early missionaries; and it may be doubted whether they believed it themselves. The probability seems to be, that they invented it for the purpose of showing that, different as the Chinese language is from all others, and consequently inconsistent with the biblical account of unity of language, as well as unity of race, it is derived from the same roots as the Greek, the Latin, and the Sanscrit. In other words, it may be regarded as a pious fraud. There are others, again, who will have it that China is a comparatively modern country, if for no other reason than that it was the Jesuits who first made the world acquainted with the country, its language, literature, religion, manners, and customs. These belong to the same class who so long rejected Peruvian bark as an invention of Satan—a drug calculated alike to poison the soul and the body. But if some of these missionaries deemed it necessary to connect the Chinese with the Egyptians, lest it might be supposed that the former were a peculiar people, created, perhaps, at a different time

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and under different circumstances from those of their neighbors, there were others of the same fraternity who stoutly defended the highest antiquity claimed by the Chinese themselves. And they were decidedly the most learned who pursued the latter course—those best qualified to investigate the subject. As an instance, suffice it to mention the name of the Abbé Perennin, who was perfectly familiar with the oral and written language of China. In reply to the champions of the Egyptian theory, treated with ridicule and contempt by the Chinese themselves, the learned abbé asks the following significant questions: "Your Egyptians," he says, "when going to people China, must evidently have passed through India; was India, at that time, peopled, or not? If it was, would it permit a foreign army to pass through it? If it was not, would not the Egyptians have stopped in India? Would they have continued their journey through barren deserts and over almost impracticable mountains, till they reached China, in order to form colonies there, when they might easily have established them on the fertile banks of the Ganges?"

Its great wall alone would prove China to be an ancient empire, and one that enjoyed at a remote age a high degree of civilization. According to Voltaire and many other writers of eminence, even the pyramids of Egypt are puerile and useless masses compared with this gigantic work. Of thirty-two eclipses calculated by the ancient astronomers of China, twenty-eight have been verified by the mathematicians of Europe. There is no longer any doubt that the art of printing was understood and practised hundreds, if not thousands, of years before the Christian era. To the present day, their porcelain towers are the wonder of the world; and European art and science have hitherto striven in vain to equal them. The extent as well as the number of their libraries is enormous.* The dictionary from which Mr. Marshman has taken most of the materials contained in the first part of his *Dissertation* was compiled under the direction of an emperor of the Han dynasty, who mounted the throne more than two hundred years before our era. Seven or eight editions of this, each enlarged and improved, have since been published.† That

* Mr. Davis gives a list of two hundred volumes of Chinese plays in his preface, and Père Premare has translated into French the "Hundred Plays of Yuen." These would show by themselves that there is abundant richness in this department of Chinese literature.

† Omitting the Chinese characters, but giving their equivalents, we quote two or three words from M. de Guignes' Dictionary, with the meaning in French and Latin:

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which is now regarded as a standard authority throughout China, as Worcester's is in our own country, is the dictionary of *Kaung-Shee*, in which we are told, by one well competent to judge of its merits, that "the forms, the names and the different senses of the characters are defined and supported with a fulness and precision which scarcely admit of improvement. The arrangement, too, is so simple and yet so perspicuous, that one totally unacquainted with the Chinese characters may, in a few hours, make himself master of it with perfect ease. The only *desideratum* to the study of Chinese is a translation of this dictionary; and in this nothing is necessary besides merely rendering it into English, in the order in which it lies; it being in my opinion almost impossible for any European to alter it with advantage."* What more could be said of the best dictionary of any European language?

A people, who can boast of many well compiled and copious dictionaries, must also be able to boast of a copious literature. This is certainly true of the Chinese. Even Germany is not so fertile in books, or book-making, as China. The catalogue alone of a Chinese library not unfrequently amounts to hundreds of volumes. The Emperor, Khian-Leung, who reigned at the close of last century, had a private library at Nankin, the catalogue of which extended to 122 printed volumes, which included every variety of works on literature, science, and the arts; and we are told by the Abbé Huc, and several other reliable travellers, that the principal public library at Peking surpasses all other libraries in the world in extent, as much as the great wall of China surpasses all other walls.

It may be said, that the books are not as valuable as those found in European libraries. This is probably true; at least, they would not be found as valuable to Europeans as their own; but could not the Chinese say the same of ours with equal truth? Those of them who have travelled, and are

"*Yen*—Faire un compliment de condoléance à quelqu'un, sur le perte de quelques parens, ou d'une dignité.

Aliquem, sive ob dignitatem amissam, sive ab consanguineos vitâ functos, invisare et consolari."

"*Ouang*—Eaux profondes et étendues, débordement d'eaux, inondation, surnom.

Aquæ profundæ et amplæ aquarum exundatio, inunditio, cognomen."

"*Kao*—Clair, blanc.

Clarum, album, patens."

"*Yao*—Grand, obscur.

Amplum, obscurum, profundum," &c.

* Marshman's *Dissertation*, p. 108.

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capable of judging, have said so more than once. Nor can their opinions, more than ours, be attributed to mere prejudice. They have, and always had, a different civilization from ours, and different civilizations presuppose different modes of thought. Even arts and sciences, that may be a source of wealth to one nation, may, for various reasons, be of very little, if any, use to another. For example, the science of navigation is of very little use to a nation that has no sea-coast, and that devotes no attention to foreign commerce; and what is not useful is not likely to be much cultivated. If, then, we find a nation ignorant of any particular art, or science, we should rather ask whether it is likely they would have been acquainted with it had they been placed in the same position and circumstances with ourselves, than pronounce them inferior in intellect. We ought to make the allowances for foreigners which we expect them to make for us, remembering that, however absurd, stupid, or ignorant they may appear to our travellers, we are likely to appear equally so to theirs. This has been well illustrated by Goldsmith in his Letters of a Chinese Philosopher, and still better, perhaps, by Montesquieu in his Persian Letters. But real Chinese and Persians have travelled and have given their views of the institutions, laws, religion, and manners and customs of the principal European nations. Thus, we have now before us a translation of a poem on London, written by a Chinese who visited Europe in 1813; and certainly no intelligent, unprejudiced person can read it without admitting that it gives as fair and truthful an account of the great English metropolis, at the time it was written, as any European would be likely to give of Peking, especially if he attempted the description in verse. We select two or three stanzas as a specimen, reminding the reader that it is but a prose translation, as nearly literal as possible; a mode of rendering which could not do justice to an author writing in the most universally studied language of Europe; but which does less to the Chinese than such could to any other:

7.

"The towering edifices rise story above story,
In all the stateliness of splendid mansions;
Railings of iron thickly stud the sides of every entrance;
And streams from the river circulate through the walls;
The sides of each apartment are variegated with devices;
Through the windows of glass appear the scarlet hangings,
And in the street itself is presented a beautiful scene;
The congregated buildings have all the aspect of a picture.

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8.

"In London, about the period of the ninth moon,
The inhabitants delight in travelling to a distance;
They change their abodes and betake themselves to the country,
Visiting their friends in their rural retreats.
The prolonged sound of carriages and steeds is heard through the day;
Then in autumn the prices of provisions fall,
And the greater number of dwellings being untenanted,
Such as require it are repaired and adorned.

9.

"The spacious streets are exceedingly smooth and level,
Each being crossed by others at intervals;
On either side perambulate men and females,
In the centre career along the carriages and horses;
The mingled sound of voices is heard in the shops at evening.
During midwinter the accumulated snows adhere to the pathway;
Lamps are displayed at night along the street sides,
Their radiance twinkling like the stars of the sky."

The author is not so correct in speaking of the Christian religion. "The people of these realms," he says, "pretend to believe only in one God; but they invoke several Gods; nay, they have told me to my face, that three Gods and one God are the same. From these facts, I conclude that they must have borrowed their religion from our neighbors, the Hindoos. They have, besides, a grand lama, who is half priest, half emperor, dresses himself in women's clothes, and calls himself the representative of Heaven. There are a large number, however, who do not believe in the lama; but they make a lama of their Emperor, and pretend to interpret the sacred books for themselves. The principal difference, I have been able to see between the two leading sects, is that the members of one insist that they take the deity into their stomachs, just as he is in the ninth heaven; while the other claim to do so in a figurative or symbolical sense. The ministers of both sell their services the same as any other commodities; and they seem to value money more than heaven itself." To the bravery of Europeans, or, rather, of the English, the same author pays the following tribute: "They make light of their lives on occasions of personal contest, and, when two of them quarrel, the consequences may be serious. They stand face to face, and discharge firearms at each other on a given signal. If one falls, the survivor is not punished; if neither fall, there is an end of the quarrel. They do this," adds the poet, "to show that they are not afraid!" When a guest arrives, the host helps him with his

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own hand to the juice of the grape; they welcome visitors with wine, not as we do, with tea; and perhaps this will account for their fighting propensities." Need we say, how few authors there are of the European race that have the talent to make shrewder observations than these. If Chinese authors commit errors, and are sometimes profane, the same may be said of our own. We should, then, rather take the advice of Horace, and make an allowance for the difference between the two civilizations, if we wish a similar indulgence to be extended to ourselves:

"Scimus et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim."

But it is now time that we should make some observations on the general character of Chinese literature. There is nothing more common, even in this enlightened age, with all its boasted advantages of steamships, electric telegraphs, railroads, &c., &c., than "to harden ignorance into contempt," and to assume that whatever is unknown is not worth knowing. This, however, is a fault of nature; our self-love prompts us to depreciate what we do not understand. But it is much better, as well as fairer, to put everything that claims to possess value to the test, before attempting to pass judgment upon it.

No other literature contains a larger proportion of poetry than the Chinese; but it is equally true that no poetry is more difficult to be translated. For this reason, the best versions we have of Chinese poems are admitted to be vastly inferior to the original. This will be the better understood, when it is remembered that, complicated as the written characters appear, most of the poetry is in rhyme. Specimens of prose give a better idea, therefore, of Chinese literature than specimens of poetry; and, accordingly, we proceed to select a few of the former.

In China, as well as in our own country, novels are very popular; they are read by all classes; and, like our own, have a very extensive scope. Indeed, there seems to be no purpose, social, moral, religious, or political, for which a novel is written in Europe or America, but the same species of literature is used for in China. There, as well as here, the novel is expected to present a true picture of whatever phase of life it undertakes to delineate. A novel, entitled "The Fortunate Union," will serve as an illustration. We select this all the more readily, because it serves to disprove the

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allegation, so often made, as to polygamy having the sanction of the laws in China. That some Chinese marry two or more wives is not to be disputed; but do not Christians occasionally do the same? In China, concubinage is allowed, but not polygamy. The Chinese wife is recognized as of equal rank with her husband, and certain rights are guaranteed to her, while the handmaid, or concubine, is received into the house as a domestic, and generally with the consent of the wife.

The "Fortunate Union" is divided into chapters, like the Waverley Novels, each having some verses at the top, generally quotations, bearing some relation to its contents. Also, as in Scott's works, original stanzas are introduced here and there, in the progress of the narrative, to serve as embellishments, or to be sung by some of the characters. It will be seen that, in the specimen we are about to give, the dialogue is full of life and vivacity, and the delineation of character well defined and eminently natural. Passing over several chapters, each of which contains some incident, adventure, or situation, well calculated to interest the reader, we come to a scene in the ninth chapter, in which an intriguing and unprincipled uncle proceeds to tell his niece, the heroine, what horrible things he has heard of the hero, whose enemy he is:

"'Niece,' said he, 'have you heard the strange news?' She pleaded the retired life of a female in her situation as a sufficient reason for being ignorant of what was passing abroad. 'Well, then,' continued her uncle, 'you must know that when I advised you to marry Teihchoongyu, I had the best opinion of his character; most fortunately, however, you refused steadily to give a hasty assent—your happiness would otherwise have been ruined for life! Can you guess what sort of a person he has proved himself to be?' 'I know nothing of his birth and family,' replied the young lady, 'but, from what I have observed of his conduct, it would plainly appear that he is a young man of extraordinary virtue.' 'Of extraordinary virtue, indeed!' exclaimed the other, impatiently; 'you used to have some share of penetration once, niece! what has become of it on this occasion?' 'But how has he belied his former character?' inquired Shuezpingsin. 'Why, he is nothing better than a practised seducer,' replied her uncle. 'I know not what schemes he might have had in view when he pretended sickness, and gained a lodging in this house; but you may consider it the height of good luck on your part that he was obliged, by the sound rating I gave him, to desist, and took his departure in an affected passion. *The earthen pitcher*, however, *gets broken at last;* and no sooner did he reach the neighboring village, than he betrayed himself.' 'Pray, what was it he did to betray himself?' asked the young lady."

In this there is nothing forced or overdrawn—no exag-

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geration. The replies of the young lady are in perfect keeping with the characteristic generosity of woman. The more she hears against the hero, the more steadily does she cling to his cause, and seek to vindicate it. Seeing that no general assertion in regard to his conduct would have any effect on her, or tend, in the least, to alienate her good wishes from him, not to call them by a tenderer name, the uncle proceeds to enter into details as follows:

"'Well,' said his niece, smiling composedly, 'let Teihchoongyu be what you say he is; it concerns myself no more than if the favorite disciple of Confucius had been really proved to be a murderer.' 'I know it does not concern you!' exclaimed he; 'but this event shows how very difficult it is to be sure of a person's character on a short acquaintance, and that, to avoid the chance of being deceived, one's knowledge must be better founded than on a casual meeting.' 'In a matter with which I have so little concern,' observed Shuezpingsin, 'there is not much occasion to argue the point; but what you have been pleased to say seems intended to ridicule my want of penetration, in forming a wrong opinion of this young man. Did it apply to any person but himself, I should not think it worth while to say a word in reply; but, after the mutual services we have rendered each other, the slur you throw upon his character implies that our acquaintance was dishonest, and slanders my own reputation equally with his. I have, therefore, a good reason for repelling it.' 'I do not know,' cried her uncle, 'whether to be most angry or amused by what you say. I never had any cause of enmity towards this young man: what should make me slander him, then? He happens to be a libertine, and entices away a young woman. You live quietly at home, and know nothing about it; but the people near the magistrate's office report it to me—why blame me on their account? If you choose to say that you mistook his character, and that this was a thing you could not help, I can understand you; but if you attempt to maintain that he really is not guilty, I suspect all the water in the Yellow River will never wash him clean from the imputation.' 'If I think it worth while to maintain anything,' replied Shuezpingsin, 'it will be, that he is not what you call him, and that the whole is the slanderous invention of worthless people. You may then learn that I was not deceived in my good opinion. Any other point I do not think it necessary to argue.' 'My good niece, you are very obstinate,' said Shueynn. 'That he *is* guilty, has been proved by a number of witnesses. What is there for you to say on the subject?' 'You assert that it has been proved by witnesses,' answered she; 'and until we hear something authentic, I will not debate the point with you; but, judging from reason and principle, I must still maintain that this young man cannot be what you say; and though such a report may have gone abroad (admitting that it be not a fabrication altogether), there must yet be something more in it than has come to light; for, should he really prove to be guilty of the charge, I will engage to forfeit both my eyes to you.' 'Why, the woman he carried off has been apprehended in his company,' exclaimed Shueynn, 'and taken before the village officer, who transferred them both to his superior. They are now on trial—there can be no fabrication in *this*. Your attempt to vindicate his character, after matters have reached this point, proves only that you are blinded by excess of love.' 'It is vain attempting to persuade you, at present, uncle,' said the young lady; 'but do not be too positive. Inquire a little farther, and you may arrive at the real truth.'"

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The result is a happy one. The true character of the uncle is fully developed, and that of the hero is as fully vindicated. In the whole range of fictitious literature, foreign or domestic, there is, perhaps, no more agreeable example of poetical justice, than is presented in the case of this slanderer; and all the other characters, good, bad, and indifferent, receive their reward in a similar manner.

It would lead us too far to take any particular notice of the canonical and classical writings of the Chinese. We may observe, however, in passing, that the *Y-king*, or book of transformations, is admitted by those European scholars best acquainted with Oriental literature to be one of the most ancient books in the world—probably none are more ancient, save the writings of Moses. The general opinion, among those who have devoted most attention to the subject, including Sir William Jones, is, that it must have been completed 2800 B. C. Whatever was the date of its composition, it contains the most ancient specimens of Chinese poetry, philosophy, history, &c., &c.

The earlier missionaries greatly misrepresented the religion of the Chinese, though, doubtless, unintentionally; denouncing the people as atheists, or idolators.* It was owing to these representations, that the college of the Sorbonne, at Paris, issued one of its famous decrees, in October, 1700, declaring every proposition which maintained that the Emperor of China believed in God, to be heretical, "it being well known that the Chinese worshipped nothing but clouds," &c.

"Nil præter nubes et cœli numen adorant."

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* M. Arnauld, in his address to the Jesuits on the sins of philosophers, has some curious remarks on this subject. He reminds them that the most learned and observant of their society had maintained that the Chinese *literati* were idolators only by dissimulation and hypocrisy; because it pleased the vulgar that they should be so—that what they called their gods were but active virtues of the natural body. "Les plus habiles missionaires," he says, "de la Chine, dont il y en à qui font de vostre société, soutainnent que la plus part de ces lettrés sont Athées, et qu'ils ne sont idolatres que par dissimulation, et par hypocrisie, comme beaucoup de Philosophes Payens qui adorient les mesmes idoles que le peuple, quoi qu'ils n'y eussent aucune creance; ainsi qu'un peut voir par Ciceron et par Seneque. Ces mesmes missionaires nous aprennent que lettrés ne croient rien de spirituel et que le Roy d'enhaut que vostre P. Mathieu Ricci avoit pris pour le vray Dieu n'est que le ciel materiel; et que ce qu'ils appellent les esprits de la terre, des rivieres et des montagnes ne sont que les virtus actives de ces corps naturels," &c., &c.—*Cinquiéme Denunciation du Peché Philosophique*, p. 35.

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What proved in time to be the truth is, that of all the heathen—all who do not believe in the Christian religion—the Chinese have the purest and simplest religion—the freest from superstitions and absurd legends. In all their writings, ancient and modern, there is abundant evidence of their faith in a Supreme Being, who will reward the good and punish the wicked, as could easily be shown by extracts. But one extract will be sufficient for our purpose. We select one written nearly three centuries ago, because a more modern one might be said to have been influenced by our laudable efforts to convert the people. After a war between China and Russia, concluded in 1689, the emperor of the former caused a marble monument to be erected, in September of the same year, at Niptcho, then at the boundary line between the two empires, upon which the following inscription was engraved in the Chinese and Latin languages: "Should any ever determine to rekindle the flames of war, we pray the sovereign Lord of all things, who knows the heart, to punish their perfidy," &c.*

The poetical literature of China is chiefly dramatic, though a large portion of it is lyrical, consisting of odes, sonnets, ballads, &c. In no country is an author more honored; but one who does not write verses of some kind is compared to a flower without fragrance.† The principal pro-

* *History of Russia under Peter I. founded on memorials communicated by the Empress Elizabeth*, vol. v., p. 87.

† It may well seem incredible that the Chinese, even of the present day, have many sentiments which coincide exactly with those of the ancient Greeks in regard to corresponding subjects. This is particularly true of their views in regard to intellectual culture. Thus, in a volume entitled *Chinese Moral Maxims*, consisting of translations, and published in London in 1839, the following passage occurs: "The highest order of men (called *Shing*, PERFECT or inspired) are virtuous or wise independently of instruction; the middle class of men (*Ho-en*, GOOD or moral) are so after instruction; the lowest order (*Yu*, stupid or WORTHLESS) are vicious in spite of instruction." All the earlier Greek works now extant are pervaded by similar sentiments—they are to be found alike in those of the poets and philosophers. We quote one example from the *Works and Lays* (Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι) of Hesiod:

Οὗτος μεν ΠΑΝΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ὸς αυτος παντα νοησει,
ΕΣΘΛΟΣ δ' αυ κακεινος, ὸς ευ ειποντι πιθηται,
Ὸς δε κε μητ' αυτος νοεη, μητ' αλλου ακουων
Ευ θυμω βαλληται ὸδ' αυτ' ΑΧΡΗΙΟΣ ανηρ.

('He, indeed, is the BEST of all men, who himself hath known all wisdom; though he is GOOD, who hath obeyed a good instructor; but he is the WORTHLESS man, who hath neither possessed spontaneous wisdom, nor acquired it by listening to another!')

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duction in the collection now before us is a tragedy in five acts, entitled *The Sorrows of Hăn*, of which the translator says in his preface: "The unity of action is complete, and the unities of time and place much less violated than they frequently are on the English stage. The grandeur and gravity of the subject, the rank and dignity of the personages, the tragical catastrophe, and the strict award of poetical justice, might satisfy the most rigid admirer of Grecian rules." The object of the tragedy is to expose the evil consequences of luxury, effeminacy and indolence in the sovereign. The plot is so complicated, that to give any definite idea of it would require much more space than we can devote to it on the present occasion. We may observe, however, that it turns principally on love and perfidy. The piece opens with the entrance of the Tartar Khan, making a soliloquy, commencing thus:

"The autumnal gale blows wildly through the grass amidst our woollen tents.
And the moon of night, shining on the rude huts, hears the lament of the mournful pipe:
The countless hosts, with their bended bows, obey me as their leader;
Our tribes are the distinguished friends of the family of Hăn."

The villain of the play is the king's minister. He suggests to his master that he cannot better serve his majesty and his country at present, than by going on a selection tour through the country, in order to add to the imperial harem all that is most beautiful in womanhood, from the ages of fifteen to twenty. What Eastern monarch would not be pleased at so agreeable a suggestion? But the minister is more intent on making money than in gratifying the imperial wishes; and accordingly receives bribes for recommending as beautiful those whose charms, if they ever had any, have faded; whereas the really beautiful are rejected, if they cannot pay. An instance of this kind is related by himself as follows:

"The brightness of her charms was piercing as an arrow. She was perfectly beautiful; and, doubtless, unparalleled in the whole empire. But, unfortunately, her father is a cultivator of the land, not possessed of much wealth. When I insisted on an hundred ounces of gold, to secure her being the chief object of the imperial choice, they first pleaded their poverty; and then, relying on her extraordinary beauty, rejected my offers altogether. I therefore left them. (*Considers a while.*) But no! I have a pretty plan. (*He knits his brows, and matures his scheme.*) I will disfigure her portrait in such a manner that, when it reaches the emperor, it shall secure her being doomed to neglected exclusion. Thus I shall contrive to make her unhappy for life—base is the man who delights not in revenge!"

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He had to take her to the palace; but he disfigured her portrait. This, he hoped, would make her unhappy for life; because, once admitted within the precincts of the palace, she could no more leave it than a nun can leave the cloister to go abroad again in the world. But we quote another extract, which explains itself, and shows that in the palace of a Chinese emperor, as well as in the cottage of a Hebrew shepherd, "the way of the transgressor is hard:"

"(*Enter Emperor, preceded by a eunuch, carrying a light.*)

"*Emp.* Since the beauties were selected to grace our palace, we have not yet discovered a worthy object on whom to fix our preference. Vexed and disappointed, we have passed this day of leisure roaming in search of her who may be destined for our imperial choice (*hears the lute*). Is not this some lady's lute?

"*Attend.* It is; I hasten to advise her of your Majesty's approach.

"*Emp.* No, hold! Keeper of the Yellow Gate, discover to what part of our palace that lady pertains, and bid her approach our presence; but beware lest you alarm her.

"*Attend.* (*Approaches in the direction of the sound and speaks.*) What lady plays there? The Emperor comes; approach to meet him! (*Lady advances.*)

"*Emp.* Keeper of the Yellow Gate, see that the light burns brightly within your gauze lamp, and hold it nearer to us.

"*Lady.* (*Approaching.*) Had your handmaid but known it was your Majesty, she would have been less tardy; forgive, then, this delay.

"*Emp.* Truly, this is a very perfect beauty! From what corner of the earth come such superior charms?"

A dialogue ensues. The perfidy and avarice of the minister are revealed. He is ordered to be beheaded, but makes his escape. Procuring a true likeness of the lady, now a princess, he makes his way to the Tartar camp, and invents a tale by which he induces the khan to demand her. After considerable negotiation, hastened, on the part of the barbarian, by threats, the emperor is prevailed upon, by his servants, to surrender her, rather than endanger his throne. It seems to him like parting with his life, and the princess, who fully reciprocates his affection, is equally overwhelmed with grief and despair. The parting scene is finely drawn—well calculated to touch the heart. The princess is carried away to the Tartar camp. There she takes part in other scenes, of painful interest. The khan tries in vain to win her affections. The result is thus shown:

"*Princess*—(*to the Khan*). Great King, I take a cup of wine, and pour a libation towards the south—my last farewell to the emperor (*pours the libation*). Emperor of Hân, this life is finished; I await thee in the next (*throws herself into the river*)."

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A tragedy, entitled the "Orphan of Tchao," forms the groundwork of one of the best tragedies of Voltaire, although, as then translated by Premare, it was little more than the skeleton of the original. In short, the best parts of the Chinese drama were omitted—those compared with the Greek chorus—a fact of which the author of the *Henriade* and *Alzire* was not aware, being entirely ignorant of the original, but which is now known to all who have paid any attention to Chinese literature. "Our countryman, Doctor Hurd, in his 'Discourse on Practical Imitation,'" says Mr. Davis, "formed a very different opinion of this tragedy from that of Voltaire. He conceived that it embraces the two essentials of dramatic poetry—unity and integrity of action, and a close connection of the incidents of the story; for, 'first,' he observes, 'the action is strictly one; the destruction of the house of Chao is the single event on which our attention turns from the beginning; we see it gradually prepared and brought on; and with its completion the tragedy finishes. Secondly, the action proceeds with as much rapidity as Aristotle himself demands.' And having noticed its resemblance in many points to the Electra of Sophocles, 'let me add,' says he, 'an intermixture of songs in passionate parts, *heightened into sublime poetry*, and somewhat resembling the character of the ancient chorus.' Had Premare translated more of these lyrics, he would probably have found the resemblance still more complete."*

Comedies are much more popular among the Chinese than tragedies; but the former are often so immoral and licentious, that no respectable European or American woman could witness their representation, although they are attended by Chinese women whose character is irreproachable. According to the author of one of the books whose titles stands at the head of our article, a Chinese audience is not satisfied with the mere relation of a criminal act or indecent story; the eye must be gratified by a sight of every process of the transaction:

"'The history of husbands deceived by their mistresses,' says M. de Guignes, 'being frequently the subject of their comedies, there occur therein sometimes situations so free, in which the actor exhibits so much truth, that the scene becomes extremely indecent.' And he mentions an instance of which he was an eye-witness, where the heroine of the piece, 'devint grosse et accoucha sur le théatre d'un enfant.' The piece was called the *See-hou* Pagoda, being the history of the destruction of the Pagoda, now in ruins, on that famous lake described by Mr. Barray, under

* Mr. Davis's *Brief View*, p. 84.

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the name of *Luifung-ta*—the Temple of the Thundering Winds. Several genii, mounted upon serpents, and marching along the margin of the lake, opened the scene; a neighboring bonze shortly after made love to one of these goddesses, who, in spite of the remonstrances of her sister, listened to the young man, married him, became pregnant, *and was delivered of a child on the stage*, who very soon found itself in a condition to walk about. Enraged at this scandalous adventure, the genii drove away the bonze, and finished by striking the pagoda with lightning, and reduced it to the ruined condition in which it now appears."—Mr. Davis's *Brief View*, p. 29.

In the works of Confucius, there are specimens given of the songs and ballads of all the provinces of China. Four large books are devoted to these specimens, the largest and most interesting of which is entitled *Kwofoong*—"the manners of different states," and the compiler tells us that the object of collecting these songs and ballads was to enable the emperor to form a correct estimate of the sentiments and dispositions of the people, for whose gratification they were composed; so that Fletcher of Salton was not the first, after all, who suggested the idea that the popular songs of a people exercise more influence upon them than the wisest or best administered laws. It would be a fruitless task to attempt to classify these various kinds of lyrics. We must, therefore, content ourselves with selecting a short poem here and there, endeavoring to present as much variety as possible. Among the most ancient poems collected by Confucius, are effusions which give evidence of a high degree of refinement and culture. The following from the *Seaouya*, though admitted to be only a feeble paraphrase, will serve as an example; it seems to be a remonstrance on the part of the poet, addressed to a former friend, who had wronged him or who had proved ungrateful:

"Now scarce is heard the zephyr's sigh
To breathe along the narrow vale:
Now sudden bursts the storm on high,
In mingled rush of rain and hail;
While adverse fortune low'ring frown'd,
Than ours no tie could closer be;
But lo, when ease and joy were found,
Spurn'd was I, ingrate—spurn'd by thee!

"Now scarce is felt the fanning air
Along the valley's sloping side,
Now winds arise, and lightnings glare,
Pours the fell storm its dreadful tide:
While fears and troubles closely prest,
By thee my love was gladly sought;
But once again, with quiet blest,
Thou viewest me as a thing of naught!

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"The faithless calm shall shift again,
Another gale the bleak hill rend;
And every blade shall wither then,
And every tree before it bend;
Then shalt thou wail thy lonesome lot,
Then vainly seek the injured man,
Whose virtues thou hadst all forgot,
And only learn'd his faults to scan!"

Much of the earlier poetry of China is of the plaintive kind. A large number of swains bewail the hard-heartedness or faithlessness of their mistresses, and the superior influence of their rivals; and, in doing so, fill the imagination with the boldest, often the most beautiful imagery. We have now before us an ode of this character. A beautiful girl is courted by two youths; one the heir of a large estate, the other the heir to nothing except poverty and love for the Muses. The former, as is too often the case in the West as well as the East, succeeds; and the only consolation of the latter is to pour forth his grief in song, comparing his successful rival to the *Kiew*, or robber-bird of China, the emblem of all that is rapacious and cruel:

"The nest yon winged artist builds
The robber-bird shall tear away:
So yields her hopes the affianced maid,
Some wealthy lord's reluctant prey.

"The anxious bird prepares a home,
In which the spoiler soon shall dwell:
Forth goes the weeping bride constrain'd,
A hundred cars the triumph swell.

"Mourn for the tiny architect,
A stronger bird hath ta'en its nest:
Mourn for the hapless stolen bride,
How vain the pomp to soothe her breast!"

Compilers of hand-books of literature often tell us that the Chinese have neither satires, pastorals, nor epics. We could not prove here that they have each; but that they are not altogether strangers to the first will sufficiently appear from an extract which we take from a novel, entitled "Dreams of the Red Chamber," the verses being a specimen of those poetical embellishments introduced into prose works, as intimated above. We need only premise that the piece is translated line for line, and almost word for word—being as nearly literal as the radical dissimilarity between the two languages would admit:

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"The paths of trouble heedlessly he braves,
Now shines a wit, and now a madman raves;
His outward form by nature's bounty drest,
Foul weeds usurp'd the wilderness, his breast;
And bred in tumult, ignorant of rule,
He hated letters, an accomplish'd fool!
In act deprav'd, contaminate in mind,
Strange, had he fear'd the censures of mankind!
Titles and wealth to him no joys impart,
By penury pinch'd, he sank beneath the smart;
Oh wretch, to flee the good thy fate intends,
Oh, hopeless to thy country and thy friends!
In uselessness, the first beneath the sky,
And curst, in sinning, with supremacy!
Minions of pride and luxury, lend an ear,
And shun his follies, if his fate ye fear!"

But a few brief extracts, in the form of translations, taken at random, can give no adequate idea of the true characteristics of Chinese poetry. As our space will not admit long passages, we may as well, therefore, confine ourselves to the above for the present, especially as we have more to speak of, besides, than we can find room for. A few general observations are as much as we can add now. First, let us remark, that of nothing, which we cannot see, do we feel more certain, than that the day will yet come when the literature of China will prove a rich mine, and attract more attention than any other literature has done, with, perhaps, the sole exception of that of Greece. We are well aware that many will smile at this—remembering only the sneers which they have so often heard against the civilization of the "Celestial Empire," &c., &c. But let those who will indulge in self-complacent ridicule of a people whom they cannot understand, say what they will, it is not the less true that the Chinese have a series of well-connected annals, that extend back, without interruption, at least 4,000 years. None who have paid due attention to the subject venture to deny this; but, even those who do, admit that at least the records of 2,000 years are authentic and reliable. This is more than can be said of Hindoo annals; although it is so much the fashion, just now, to represent the antiquity of Hindoo civilization as far higher than that of China. But the truth is, that the former can hardly be said to have any authentic annals; since the Vedas can only be regarded, when duly put to the test, as a series of fables. Even the genealogies of the Hindoos are without date. The earliest books of the Chinese refer to their cycle of sixty years, which they retain to the present day, and which serves to regulate

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the inequalities between the lunar and solar year. The Hindoos have the same cycle, but make little use of it, and there is no account of it in any of their books, which can be said to be more than a thousand years old. The former are acknowledged on all hands to have been acquainted with the art of printing more than two thousand years ago; they were the first to make paper, as well as to print books; whereas, the latter were unable to do either, until within a comparatively recent period. As long as the Hindoos were governed by their own sovereigns, or had what might be called a native government, quite as little was known in Europe, about their language and literature, as there is now about those of the Chinese. But it is known that the latter have an excellent code of laws; a code founded on good sense and practical wisdom—one that treats all according to their capabilities and deserts; while the former adhere, to the present day, to the *caste* system, the most unjust and odious that has ever existed in any civilized country.

ART. II.—1. *The Demon of Socrates. Plato's Works.* London. 1854.

2. *Demonology and Witchcraft.* By JAMES N. WELLES. Edinburgh. 1829.

3. *The Koran.* Translated by GEORGE SALE. London. 1861.

A BELIEF in the existence of angels and demons—that is, of two intermediate orders of spiritual intelligences,—on the one hand, between the Supreme Highest and man, and, on the other, between man and the Evil One, distinctively termed, in its two phases, angelology and demonology, is by no means peculiar to the Jewish or Christian religions; it has been inherent in the minds of every nation from the birth of human intellect. In fact, such a belief seems to be the inseparable adjunct of even a partial discrimination between good and evil. It is enwrought, with countless modifications, in the Egyptian, Roman, Grecian, Brahminical, Persian, Mohammedan, and all the other false systems of theosophy; and hence the fantastic stories

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of ancient mythology, and the many sentimentalities and gross absurdities of modern mysticism. In them all,

> "Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
> Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Of the origin of the first-born sons of God, or the purpose or data of their creation, nothing is revealed to us. Whether they were the inhabitants of by-gone worlds, which, long antecedent to the birth of our earth, had completed their destined orbits, and been resolved into rudimental chaos; or whether, myriads of ages back into eternity, ere the chronometer of Time had been set in motion, or the revolving spheres had sounded the key-note of their celestial hymn, the All-Wise had created them to be the attendants upon His own illustrious state, the recipients of His bounty and love, and the executants of His decrees—are secrets no better known to the wisest *savant* than to the simplest student of revelation.

Origen, Bede, and various other reverend fathers of the early Christian Church, maintain that the creation of angels was coeval with that of the heavens and the earth; others, of equal authority, conjecture that they are intended by the term *light*, created on the first day; that at the fiat of God, "Let there be light!" this glorious order of creatures sprang at once into vigorous existence. Some Hebrew writers suppose them to have been created on the first day, others on the fifth. To none of these theories, however, do the verses succeeding the third of the first chapter of Genesis afford sufficient support; and also conflicting with them, are those of as wise and more experienced commentators, who contend for the high antiquity of angels, and aver that their birth was long previous to the creation of this terrestrial sphere. That this latter assumption is grounded upon Scripture, distinct proof is given by the Lord himself, in the book of Job, when, out of the whirlwind, He demanded of the patriarch where was he, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This passage implies that the angels were interested spectators of the quickening into teeming life of the rude and shapeless mass of matter; although it gives us no inkling as to whether, as alert ministers, they were allotted any participation in the mighty work; whether, at the command of their King, they reared the luminous sapphire dome that spans the heavens;

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rolled the bright luminaries of the firmament—the sun, the moon, and the stars—into their circumambient orbits; confined the rushing waters within their prescribed boundaries; constructed the superb aisles of the pillared forests; painted the flowers and foliage in all their lovely diversities of hue and tint; planted, for natural observatories, the purple masses of mountain and promontory; margined lake and rivulet with emerald mosses and sparkling crystals, and sanded their beds with granulated gold and gleaming gems; or laid out the surface of the land in picturesque undulations of vale and hillock. All this we know not. But, as this article is not designed to treat on true or orthodox pneumatology, we will limit ourselves to a flying tour through the empyrean of heathenism, alighting now and then on some jutting point of truth.

The gods of Greece, as they would not deign to signify their presence to the uninitiated and profane multitude, were believed to choose the oracles as their media of communication with earth-dwellers; although, whether any of the ever-dreaded evil deities, who infested those classic precincts and atmosphere, also availed themselves of the vehicles provided for the accommodation of the good spirits, the priests seemed to take no pains to ascertain, but, with superb indifference, delivered each oraculum as the genuine revelation of a holy divinity. It would tend little to edification, to attempt here an enumeration of the legion of gods of the semi-civilized heathen, or the uncouth idols of savages, which are all but incorporations of spirits—before which so many hundred millions of our deluded fellow-mortals bow down in blind homage. In spite of all the arguments that boasted rationalism can advance, in refutation of the existence of spiritual beings, skepticism, as regards the belief in them, is the *exception*, not the rule; the soul instinctively recognizes their secret influences, both good and evil. A clinging faith in the supernatural is an implanted attribute of the mind, whether it be illumined by the light of revelation, or submerged in the darkness of sullied nature. In the two classes of believers, however, the effects resulting from their belief are vastly dissimilar: in the one case, it is an overflowing source of peace and pleasure; in the other, of slavish doubt and dismay.

The worship and tributes of pagan devotees to their deities were never the spontaneous offerings of love, but rather bribes, extorted to propitiate merciless tormentors, of

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whom they always stood in mortal terror. "The moaning demons who flit along the Stygian morass" received more sincere and earnest worship than did the spirits of love and beauty. The untutored aborigines of Africa and America, in common with the more classical heathens, believe that their dim caverns, their mighty forests, and their fathomless waters, are haunted and peopled by both kind and inimical deities—local spirits—who, having once passed through a human probation, love to revisit and hover around the favorite spots of yore, and, as occasion offers, perform good or bad offices to their successors in the procession of life. The histories of even the purest of the heathen divinities display attributes of such shocking depravity as must necessarily have eradicated the plainest principles of inherent morality. From Monsieur Jupiter, who, ensconced on the summit of Mount Olympus, brandishes his sceptre with imperious air, down through the innumerable hordes of lesser divinities who throng his court, there are but few of the gods and goddesses whose personal characteristics and antecedents are not of a disreputable order; the exceptional cases being the Muses, those eminently strong-minded females, Minerva and Diana, Apollo, and, perchance, a few others.

To those nations who paid divine honors to separate spirits, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was a fruitful hot-bed of idolatry; for, as it was conjectured that the soul, on its dismissal from its own human body, passed into that of some inferior animal, although it was not known what—as they were favored with no revelation on the subject—the objects of worship were, consequently, multiplied to an incredible degree. Nor did that suffice, for, not content with the living animals which they surmised might possibly be the tabernacles of departed souls, they carved their images in wood and stone, and silver and gold, and placed them on high altars as recipients of divine honors. Before these shrines they poured forth their griefs for those recently deceased, who had just commenced the weary process of expiation, and returned thanks for the nearly completed metempsychoses of others just returned to earth as new-born babes.*

* Why the Evil One is generally represented, especially in old nursery pictures, with a cloven foot, horns, and tail, and why, in all our associations of him, he is thus marked, is accounted for by De Foe, who assumes that the idea originated with the Golden Calf, under which form the Hebrews worshipped him, and proceeds thus: "And some think, also, in this shape the Devil most

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It was generally believed that angels and demons are immortal and indestructible, excepting a certain class of fallen spirits, called Astral, the offspring of forbidden unions between mortals and immortals, who were supposed to have their dwellings in the four elements, over which they individually preside, and who, being less culpable than others of their aerial brethren, were granted the boon of annihilation, and doomed to perish, with their respective elements, at the end of the world. The cabalistic writers distinguish them as sylphs, who disport in the air; gnomes, who inhabit the earth; salamanders, who revel in fire, and naiads, or undines, who float in the water. These deities probably belong to the same romantic class as the fairies of Ireland and Scotland, and the various mountain, water, and household sprites, that impart such a weird-like air to the popular traditions of Germany and Scandinavia. By their partisans, they are worshipped as lesser divinities, who, although not possessed of divine powers, are, nevertheless, able to bestow good or evil luck upon a household. It is a rather amusing fact, that while Europeans represent evil demons as *black*, the negroes of Africa suppose them to be *white!*

The ancient Greeks and Romans had a profound faith in the existence of angels or demons, and cherished a lively sense of their communion with mankind. Plato, in the ensuing terse words, explains their views: "Every demon is a middle being between God and man. All the commerce and intercourse between gods and men is performed by the mediation of demons. Demons are reporters and carriers from men to the gods, and again from the gods to men; of the supplications and prayers of the one, and of the injunctions and rewards of devotion from the other." He furthermore asserts that every person has two demons, or genii, to attend him through life, one of whom is a prompter of good thoughts and actions, the other of evil. Hesiod, also, one of the earliest of the Hellenic authors, and in whose writings is said to appear the first distinct religious recognition of demons, maintains that good angels are frequent visitors to earth on errands of love. Thus he describes their authority and ministrations:

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ordinarily appeared to the Egyptians and Arabians, from whom it was derived. Also, in the old writings of the Egyptians, I mean their hieroglyphic writing, before the use of letters was known, we are told this was the mark that he was known by; and the figure of a goat was the hieroglyphic of the Devil."

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"Aerial spirits, by great Jove design'd
To be on earth the guardians of mankind;
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below;
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide;
They can reward with glory or with gold,
Such power divine permission bids them hold."

Plutarch asserts that the holy angels are the overseers and auditors of divine worship, of all acts of which they are watchfully observant; and alludes to a very ancient belief in the existence of certain wicked and malignant demons, who, prompted by envy, endeavor to hinder good men in the pursuit of virtue, lest finally they should become partakers of greater happiness than they can hope to enjoy. Speaking of spirits, Apuleius says:

"These the Greeks call by name *demons*, and being placed as messengers between the inhabitants of earth and those of heaven, they carry, from the one to the other, prayers and bounties, supplications and assistance, being a kind of interpreters and message carriers for both. Through the same demons, as Plato says in his Symposium, all revelations, the various miracles of magicians, and all kinds of presages, are carried on. For especially appointed individuals of this number administer everything according to the province assigned to each; either by framing dreams, or causing ominous fissures in entrails, or governing the flights of some birds, or instructing others in song, or inspiring prophets, or by launching thunders, or causing the lightning to flash in the clouds, or other things to take place by means of which we obtain a knowledge of future events. And we have reason to believe that all these particulars are by the will, the power, and the authority of the celestial gods, but through the obedience, aid, and services of demons; for it was through the employment, the services, and the care of these, that dreams forewarned Hannibal of the loss of one of his eyes; that inspection of the entrails foretold to Flaminius a perilous carnage; and that auguries assured to Attius Navius, the miracle of the whetstone. Nor, indeed, would it be conformable to the majesty of the celestial gods that any of them should either frame a dream for Hannibal, or withdraw the victim from Flaminius, or direct the flight of the bird for Attius Navius, or form in verse the predictions of the Sibyl. It is not becoming that the gods of heaven should condescend to things of this nature. This is the province of the intermediate gods, who dwell in the regions of the air, which are adjacent to the earth, and on the confines of the heavens, just as in each part of the world there are animals peculiarly adapted to it, those which fly, living in the air, and those which walk, on the earth."

The Emperor Julian, the Apostate, whose head must have been enlightened, though his heart was untouched by the sublime and liberal truths of Christianity, became a zealous slave of paganism, and attempted to revive even its most antiquated orgies and superstitions. In Neander's *History of the Christian Religion and Church* is found a set of in-

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structions, which, it was supposed, he drew up for the direction of his heathen priests. In them he advocates and defends the use of images in the temples of his deities. He says:

"Out of the Supreme Unity emanated first the pure world of intelligence, embracing the gods, who are exalted above all contact with sensible things, and who live only in pure spiritual intuition; the intermediate link between these and the partly spiritual, partly sensual race of mankind, is formed by the eternal living images of those invisible gods in the heavens, viz.: the divine souls veiled under the resplendent heavenly orbs, which visibly represent the former, and by which their influence is diffused down to the earth. But since these great heavenly beings are still too far removed from the sensual race of man, and since, moreover, no sensual worship, such as is adapted to man's sensual nature, can be paid to these, images of the gods have been invented on earth, in order that, by paying homage to them through these, we might thereby obtain their favor; just as those, who pay homage to the emperors' images, obtain thereby the favor of the emperors, not because the emperors stand in need of such homage, but because, by showing our willingness in whatever it is possible for us to do, we evince the true piety of our dispositions. * * * * So, whoever loves the gods, looks with pleasure on their images, penetrated with awe towards those invisible beings that look down upon him."

Olympiodorus, the Egyptian historian, observes that there is one special demon, who, on the departure of the soul from the body, conducts it into the presence of the judges; another who puts into execution the sentence which by them is pronounced; and a third, to whom is allotted the guardianship of life. This latter he considered to be conscience, which he styles, *the Supreme Flower of the Soul.* Socrates, the most enlightened and excellent of the heathen philosophers, publicly professed that he was always attended by a demon, or invisible conductor, to whose government he entirely committed himself, and whose warning voice frequently arrested him in the contemplated commission of an injurious or rash action. This demon, or genius, which he did not designate by any particular name, he declared, had often by its divine voice saved him and others from imminent peril and sin. After the disastrous battle of Delium, it rescued him from certain death or captivity. By the more astute and shrewd of his compeers, this familiar spirit was, however, believed to be nothing more preternatural than an illumined judgment, tempered by long experience and an invincible love of virtue.

It was the opinion of Hesiod that, when good men die, they attain great honor and dignity, and become demons. Plato gravely declares that he himself *saw* the souls of the

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departed flitting about like shadows. The pre-existence of the soul in heaven was a notion cordially entertained by Plato, and derived by him from the East; it has been prevalent at various periods since, and was among the heresies of Origen. It was thought that, upon the fall of the rebel angels, a probationary course was ordained to those remaining, in order to fully test their integrity. Pythagoras regarded the body as a penitentiary, in which erring spirits were incarnated, as a punishment for sins committed in a prior state. In accordance with this conceit, which is invested with a spice of awful sublimity, every human form was regarded as the vehicle of either a good angel or an evil demon. And, indeed, somewhat of the spirit of the superstition remains to this day, for it is not unusual to hear it remarked, "Such a one is my good angel," or, "my evil genius."

The Romans had their penates, their lares, and their manes, under whose supposed influence that war-loving people lived and acted. These divinities, who were both national and domestic, were believed to be all-puissant; augurs invariably invoked their aid on all important occasions. The penates were lesser divinities, celestial and infernal; the lares and manes were the souls of ancestors, more especially those of such as had rendered themselves famous or illustrious during their mortal career. These latter exercised a guardianship over their descendants, and the place of their own sepulture, it being customary among the Romans to bury the dead within their life-time dwellings. When these were mischievously inclined, they were called larvæ and lemures. The term demon, although in Scripture phraseology it invariably signifies an evil spirit, had more frequently, in heathen vocabularies, a favorable meaning.

The worship of the gods and demons was inseparably interwoven with the politics of Rome; and although the religion of the Romans was not so beautifully æsthetic as that of the luxurious Greeks, it was of a far purer nature, and conduced to a more virtuous state of society. Seneca, in his essay on Superstition, observes: "The whole of the vulgar crowd of gods, which, for ages past, a Protean superstition has been accumulating, we shall worship in *this* sense, viz.: that we ever remember the worship we pay them is due rather to good manners than to their own worth. All such rites the sage will observe, because they are commanded by the laws, *not* because they are pleasing to the gods!" Good

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Seneca, didst thou flourish in our day, verily would we dub thee a cruel wag, or the prince of satirists!

The belief in a purgatory was another dogma entertained by many of the heathen, as can be abundantly proven by reference to Hellenic and Oriental authors. Virgil, in his account of the visit of Æneas to the infernal regions, intimates his faith in private purgatories, or expiatory sufferings, though on a smaller scale than those pictured by the luridly-glowing pencil of Dante. He says:

"We have each of us a demon, from whom we suffer, till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed, hath done away the inherent stains and hath left celestial reason pure from all irregular passions, and the soul, that spark of heavenly fire, in its original purity and brightness, simple and unmixed; then are we conveyed into elysium, and we who are the happy few possess the fields of bliss."

The Koran, that curious intermixture of Pantheism, Judaism, Christianity, and the ravings of an unprincipled charlatan, commands an implicit and unquestioning faith in the ministry of angels; it is interfused through the whole of its teachings. The Koran holds that the angels are endowed with pure and subtle bodies, composed of ethereal fire; that they are of a diversity of forms, and devoted to divers offices. Some are employed in adoring Allah, in various postures; others, in chanting his praises; and others in offering up intercessions for mankind. Not a few are occupied as recording angels, carefully noting down every thought, and word, and action, of each probationer of time; and upon some of the most highly favored and noble devolves the transcendent honor of bearing the august throne of the Deity. Mohammed further taught that, among the hosts of spiritual beings, there are four mighty tetrarchs, angels who are pre-eminently distinguished by the favor of the Supreme, and who, by virtue of the suppositious offices assigned them, are to be held in extreme veneration. The first of these celestial potentates is Gabriel, on whom, among other lofty titles, is conferred that of the *holy spirit*, and the angel of *revelations*, he being believed to be the prime minister of heaven, and the one to whom is committed the writing of the divine decrees. Next in order comes Michael, the friend and protector of the Jews; then Azrael (or Raphael), the angel of death, who dissolves the union of soul and body; and, lastly, Israfil (or Uriel), who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures, and is the Angel of Resurrection, his princi-

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pal office being to sound the trumpet at the last day. The offices of the four chief angels are described in almost similar language in the apocryphal gospel of Barnabas, a forgery of some nominal Christians at an early day of the Church, and partially adopted as a text-book by the Mohammedans. Therein it is stated that Gabriel reveals the secrets of God; Michael fights and vanquishes his enemies; Raphael receives the departing spirits of mortals; and Uriel is to summon every soul to judgment in the day of account. The Mohammedans believe that, to every child born into the world, there are allotted attendant guardian angels, one stationed on the right hand, to note down on a tablet his good deeds, and another on the left, to record his evil; and that they are changed every day, and therefrom entitled *Al Moakkibat*, or, the angels who continually succeed one another. The one who notes down a man's good actions has command over him who notes the evil ones; and, when a person performs a praiseworthy deed, the angel on the right hand writes it down *ten* times; and when he commits an evil one, the kind angel says to the angel on the left: "Forbear setting it down for seven hours; peradventure he may pray, or may ask pardon!" The angel to whom is committed the final summing-up of human actions is named *Al Sifil*. There are likewise two most terrible angels, *Munkar* and *Nekeer*, the Searchers of the Tomb, who, immediately after interment, visit the grave, and with fearful voices arouse the newly buried, whose soul is supposed to linger some days, or until decomposition sets in, and question him straightly respecting his faith. Should his replies not be satisfactory, they torment him cruelly, beating his head with huge maces of iron, until he yells with agony; but, if completely assured of his orthodoxy, they recompose the dead to rest, and leave him until the final visitation of the day of doom. This comfortable article of faith is certainly borrowed from the Jews, for it is nearly similar to that one of theirs which bears on the same point. They have also another tradition, that at the last day, Hell, with its entire population, will be dragged towards the tribunal of God by seventy thousand halters, each halter being hauled by seventy thousand angels.

Of the cause of the expulsion from heaven of the rebel angels, and the subsequent fall of man, Alkoran gives the following history:

"I had no knowledge of the created princes (the angels), when they disputed concerning the creation of man (it hath been revealed unto

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me only as a proof that I am a public preacher), when the Lord said unto the angels, 'Verily, I am about to create man of clay; when I shall have formed him, therefore, and shall have breathed my spirit into him, do ye fall down and worship him.' And all the angels worshipped him in general, except *Eblis*, who was puffed up with pride, and became an unbeliever. God said unto him, 'O, Eblis, what hindereth thee from worshipping that which I have created with my hands? Art thou elated with vain pride, or art thou really one of exalted merit?' He answered, 'I am more excellent than he; thou hast created me of fire, and thou hast created him of clay.' God said unto him, 'Get thee hence, therefore, for thou shalt be driven away from mercy, and my curse shall be upon thee until the day of judgment.' He replied, 'O Lord, respite me, therefore, until the day of resurrection.' God said, 'Verily thou shalt be one of those who are respited until the day of the determined time.' Eblis said, 'By thy might do I swear, I will surely seduce them all, except thy servants who shall be peculiarly chosen from among them.' God said, 'It is a just sentence, and I speak the truth. I will surely fill hell with thee, and with such of them as shall follow thee altogether.'"

This elucidation of the very abstruse mystery, the origin of evil, and the fall of Satan and his adherents, has, to quote the words of Irenæus, "some affinity with an opinion which has been pretty much entertained among Christians, viz.: that the angels being informed of God's intention to create man after his own image, and to dignify human nature by Christ's assuming it, some of them, thinking their glory to be eclipsed thereby, envied man's happiness, and so revolted." The devil, whom Mohammed, from his utter despair, names *Iblees*, or Eblis (perdition or refractory), was, according to the same authority, in his original state, *Azazil*, one of the grand dignitaries nearest the eternal throne; whence, according to the passage from the Koran, already cited, he was banished for refusing, at the command of God, to pay homage to Adam. The book concerning the assumption or death of Moses calls this demon Samael, prince of the devils, and states that when he advanced towards the conductor of God's people, with a design of forcing his soul out of his body, he was so struck with the lustre of the saint's countenance, and the virtue of the name of God written on his rod, that he retired in trepidation. Some of the Rabbins gave a very fanciful account of the manner in which the same Samael prevailed on Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit. They assert that the Tempter took great advantage of her not repeating to him the divine prohibition in the precise terms in which the Creator prescribed it. He had distinctly forbidden them to eat of that tree, or even to touch it. Nevertheless Eve, in a spirit of proud self-trust, ventured near it, when Samael, in the guise of a serpent, seizing the opportunity, laid hold of

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her and pushed her against it; and, having thus made her sensible that death did not ensue from the contact, from that persuaded her that neither would she die did she partake of its fruits. The existence of an intermediate order of aerial beings, between angels and fiends, is another of the extravagances of Mohammedanism. These they believe to be, like the superior spirits, created of fire, but of a grosser and inferior material than angels; for, like mortals, they require physical aliment, and, like mortals, they are liable to physical death. They are both good and evil, and shall be judged in regard to their actions, and shall, even as men, receive future salvation or damnation. Some of them are called *jins*, or genii, some peris, or fairies; others, divs, or giants; and others tocwnîs, or fates. These fanciful sprites are a prolific source from whence is drawn the legendary lore, the romances and poetry of the Persians, Arabians, and Turks; and on their histories and marvellous adventures is founded the greater portion of the current literature, profane as well as sacred, of those imaginative people.

The ministry of angels, and their supervision over human affairs, was a favorite and firmly believed in doctrine of the ancient Persians. They supposed that the eternal throne was situated in the sun, which, for that reason, became the chief object of their adoration; and that through the stars were distributed the various orders of angels that encircled it. In common with different other orientals, they held that the stars are either themselves spirits, or vehicles of spirits, and that the falling stars are firebrands, which the good angels hurl after the bad who dare to encroach upon their territories. They considered that, in the direction of human affairs, particular angels had different provinces and posts assigned them, with which their brethren interfered not; and in honor of them they bestowed their names upon the months and days. How these names were ascertained is a nice question, and one not very likely to be answered. For the days of the month they had thirty angels, and twelve greater ones for the year. With them, as well as the Moslems, Gabriel was the favorite angel. His reputed gifts were many and great. They believed him to possess the power of making the voyage from heaven to earth in an hour, and of being able to overturn a mountain with a single feather of his wing. Him they called *Sorûsh* and *Revân Cakhsh*, or the *Giver of Souls*, in contradistinction to the office of the Angel of Death,

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to whom, among other appellations, they gave that of *Mordâd*, or the *Giver of Death*. Michael, who was believed to be the provider of sustenance for human kind, they named *Beshter*. Besides these formidable angels, the Persians have two antagonistical head genii, one good and the other evil. These twain, who are respectively named Ormuzd (spirit) and Ahriman (matter), divide the government of the world between them. "One of these guides (says Didron) presides over virtue, and reigns during the day; the other one over evil, and governs the night. Ormuzd, the good genius, is luminous, sparkling, resplendent, as pure as the light which is subject to him; Ahriman, on the contrary, is dark and funereal as night and hell, over which he has dominion." Ormuzd was the highest of the seven bright and holy Arushapands, the other six being created by him for coadjutors in the dissemination of light; and, not to be outdone by his great rival, Ahriman also exerted his power, and called into being six coequal arch-devs, to countermine the beneficent designs of the pure spirits. Ormuzd then created twenty-eight amiable gentry, named Izeds, and Ahriman follows suit with an equal squad of devs, unwholesome imps whose province it was to produce trouble and discord. After these, spirits on both sides sprang into being in such flocks as to defy enumeration, and dire was the strife which waged betwixt them, from the moment of espying one another. This reprehensible Ahriman shall, we are happy to be assured, be ultimately overpowered, purified, and forgiven, having first, as strict poetical justice demands, been handsomely tortured.

The Chaldeans held that the soul was originally endowed with wings, which, on its descent from its native element to commence its trial, or probation, on this comparatively darksome sphere, fell off, rendering impossible its returnward flight, until they should have been restored in full vigor and beauty. How to reproduce these celestial pinions became, as a matter of course, the all momentous question to every votary of the creed. To the inquiry of some of his disciples, by what means the wings of the soul might be made to grow again, Zoroaster replied:

"By sprinkling them with the waters of life."

"But where are those waters to be found?"

"In the garden of God," replied the sage.

Basilides, chief of a sect of Gnostics, who flourished in the second century, constructed, with clever ingenuity, a

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celestial empire of superb magnitude. The first rank of intelligences, consisting of seven illustrious princes, or *dions*, who were divinely created, occupied stations in the highest sphere, within the effulgent attraction of the throne of Abraxas, the Supreme Lord. These princes, who, in their exuberance of bliss, were unwilling that such happiness should be restricted to a few, by permission of their sovereign, created a lower world, and an inferior class of beings to inhabit it; who, in their turn, created other and immense multitudes of angels, until the number of successive orbs and orders of aerial beings amounted to 365. Hence the superstition of the Basilideans in associating the angels with the days of the year, as they considered that each day bore upon it the impress of a grand work, the creation of a distinct order of celestial beings. The residents of the lowest sphere, coming in proximity with the rude mass of chaos, which sullenly rolled in gloom, conceived the project of shaping it into order and beauty, and of filling it with a new race of creatures, different from any heretofore made. This design they carried into execution, conferring upon man his physical nature, to which the Beneficent Supreme added the crowning endowment of a reasonable soul. Basilides also communicated to his disciples the history of the fatal rivalry and ambition which introduced fell discord among the heavenly harmonies, and forever untuned the silver music of the spheres. Space forbids us to more than allude to the angelic system of Dionysius, who enumerates nine orders of the angelic hierarchy; or to the theories of other worthies, who stoutly contend for an equal number of evil angels.

The Syrians, whose belief was fashioned very much after that of the Persians, pretended to have in their possession a testament of the patriarch Seth, in which was unfolded a complete theory of spirits, and an elaborate account of their several orders and offices. According to Kirsscher, the Syrians have the most regularly graduated theory of angelology of any nation of heathens. In the order of their several ranks, they distributed the celestial hierarchy through the planetary system, from the body nearest to the earth to that at the summit of light. The sphere of the moon was the home of the angels; that of Mercury contained the archangels; Venus and the sun the principalities and powers; and Saturn the thrones. The cherubim dwelt in the fixed stars, and the seraphim, the holiest and most exalted of all

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the intelligences, in those luminous orbs which are so high up as to be almost imperceptible to human vision. The Curds pretended to equal erudition on the subject. The Sabæans had seven star-spirits, and twelve star-spirits of the zodiac, who were ever active in evil. To them they charged the origin of Judaism and Christianity, which they alike detested.

The entire theory concerning the existence and ministry of angels, Mohammed borrowed from the Hebrews, who themselves freely confess to having learned the names and offices of the superior intelligences from the Persians—the illuminati of the East—who pretended to vast and almost exclusive knowledge in medicine, astronomy, and the occult sciences; for, previous to the Babylonish captivity, there is neither angel nor archangel mentioned by name in Scripture. Many of the rabbins concur in the olden belief, that the holy angels were created of fire, in proof of which is adduced the passage in the 104th psalm, "Who maketh His angels spirits: His ministers a flame of fire." Some of the most eminent rabbies considered Michael and Gabriel to be endowed with eternal duration, but the vast multitudes of heavenly inhabitants to be merely ephemeral, being born every morn and dying every evening. The Talmudists, in their fertility of theoretic fancies, likewise hold to an inferior order of angels, whom they style *Shedim*, and who are of a similar kind with the Iris and Peris. The Jews, always in quest of forbidden novelties and devices, adopted the heresies of the East, and not only countenanced the speculative and specious fantasies there inculcated, but outrivalled them in absurd vagaries.

Many of the Talmudical legends outvie in puerility and folly the wildest rhapsodies of Alcoran. One of these is the story of the three angels, who are ceaselessly employed in weaving and making fragrant garlands out of the prayers of devout Israelites. The name of the first is Achtariel, that of the second Metatron, and that of the third Sandalphon. Metatron was esteemed to be the most illustrious of the angelic host, some believing him to be the second person of the Trinity; other learned rabbies identify him with the prophet Enoch; and one informs us, that when this eminent saint was in a course of translation to heaven, the numerous ranks of angels smelled the scent of him at the distance of five thousand three hundred and eighty miles, and mani-

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fested some dissatisfaction at the introduction of a human creature into their august assemblage, until God deigned to pacify them by an explanation of His benign purposes. The olfactories of those angels must have been delicately susceptible. Although Scripture mentions but one archangel, Michael, to whom is assigned the guardianship of Israel against its fierce antagonist, Samael, the cabalists pretended to domicile among the planets a heptarchy of mighty archangels, or angels of the Presence; and Kirsscher has favored the world with their respective titles and order of precedence. Schvetgen, a writer of ripe oriental learning, describes, in another wise, the heavenly disposition of the holy angels. "Four troops of ministering angels praise the holy, blessed God; the first is Michael, at the right hand; the next is Gabriel, at the left; the third is Uriel, before; and the fourth is Raphael, behind Him." Each of these puissant generals, be it underderstood, is accompanied by his subalterns and legions. The angel of death is named Duma, a terrible spirit, depicted by the superstitious Jews as covered all over with eyes; and it is asserted that in the closing hour of life he plants himself at the foot of the dying person's couch, and summons him by his full name. This formidable deity wields a naked, glittering sword, at the extremity of which hang suspended three drops of gall. When the sick person perceives his presence, he opens his mouth to cry out, when the poison falls in. The first drop produces death; the second, paleness and lividness; and the third causes the dissolution of the body in the grave. There exists among the Jews a singular custom, derived from this superstition. When a death occurs in a house, the water contained in every vessel is carefully poured out; the belief being, that the Angel of Death may have washed his sword therein, and left some of the fatal poison. The Talmudists likewise believe in the terrible inquisitorial visits of the Angel of the Grave, who tortures his victims with implacable cruelty. Nor is it sufficient to render the last hours of dissolving nature thus agonizing—dread horror pursues the hapless victim even to the silent precincts of the tomb. Accredited expounders of the Law teach, that when a Jew is buried, "the Angel of Death seats himself upon his grave, and, at the same time, the soul of the deceased returns to his body, and sets him upon his legs. Then the angel, taking an iron chair, one-half of which is as cold as ice, and the other half burning hot, strikes the body with it, and separates all

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the members; he strikes it a second time, and beats out all the bones; then he strikes it a third time, and reduces the whole to ashes. After this, the good angels reunite the parts, and replace the body in the grave." Would they not have done better, had they prevented the necessity for their kindly offices? In the bondage of so sad a belief, it is no marvel that one of the Hebrew funeral prayers entreats the Lord to have compassion on the departed one, and to command the Angel of Death to stay his hand.

The ancient religious systems of the inhabitants of India resemble, in divers respects, those of the Egyptians and Romans. Like them, they had swarms of topical deities, some say 330,000,000, both benevolent and evil, whom, with fear and trembling, they worshipped, and to whom they ascribed their misfortunes, accidents, and afflictions. According to popular opinion, these gods were supposed to be the spirits of deceased mortals, who carried with them, into the spiritual world, the same dispositions that they had in this, whether amiable or malignant—whether inclined to serve their favorites or injure their enemies. The Vedas, or sacred books of the Brahmins, on the contrary, assign to these numerous deities a more elevated position than mere sons of Adam, as well as a priority of existence. In the Vedas it is stated, that the Eternal, or Infinite Spirit, Bramh, first called into being the god Brahma, and then "created an assemblage of inferior deities, with divine attributes and pure souls, and a number of genii, exquisitely delicate." Those text-books, likewise, inculcate, that the tribes of inferior deities have unlimited control over human affairs, interfering with them whenever they choose, without regard to the content or discontent of those most concerned, and that against their unjust acts there is no appeal whatever; for "the Supreme Spirit has nothing to do with creatures, nor they with him." All the inspirations and favors of these gods are granted in answer to prayers and religious ceremonies and *costly offerings*. Ah, cold, cold and dreary is the creed which deprives its adherents of faith in a superintending Providence! To such hopeless orphanage, "Our Father" is an unknown expression. The Angel of Death has ever, by all classes of false religionists, been regarded as an inexorable monster, as a being whom it is impossible to conciliate. Homer averred that he was the only god who refused to be moved by the charms of music, and in whose honor no hymns were ever sung.

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What can be more shocking to the mind than the dread ordeals of the grave, taught by Mohammed and other angel worshippers? What a fearful bondage to endure through life! What a deadly blight upon every fruit and blossom that bordered even the most delightsome pathway to the unknown future! Even the most virtuous man, it mattered not how firm his consciousness of rectitude, must have shrunk appalled from the prospect of death, expecting, as he did, the moment after he was deposited in his narrow dwelling, the inquisitorial visits of the Judges of the Grave, who, if his faith swerved in the minutest point from their stern and unrevealed requirements, would inflict upon him unimaginable torments. After the tempests of life, the languors of decay, and the agonies of dissolving nature, the prospect of undisturbed repose for the worn-out frame is, to the waiting believer in "life and immortality," most soothing and grateful. He closes his eyes on time, joyfully participating in the sentiment of the Apostle—"O, Death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

ART. III.—1. *More's Latin Works.* Louvain. 1566.

2. *The Life of Sir Thomas More.* By WILLIAM ROPER. London. 1822.

3. *Tres Thomæ.* By THOMAS STAPLETON. Coloniæ Agrip. 1642.

ALL earnest, truthful lives possess a genuine human interest, and wield a magical influence over the heart. Nothing false or unreal can lastingly enchain the sympathies of the soul; no sham can permanently fill the void in the human breast. The age most strongly characterized by earnestness and truth will consequently possess in the greatest measure the elements of vitality, and will, not only live longest in the world's memory, but will be also invested with the highest degree of interest. Thus, the sixteenth century, which was especially distinguished for the restless energy of its thousand hearts and brains, will always occupy the most prominent page in the earth's history. Wherever we gaze throughout that stirring period, we per-

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ceive that men were leading real, earnest lives. There were then, as Carlyle would say, genuine men and no shams. Julius II., arrayed in the warrior's panoply, leading forth his fearless host against the foes of Rome, was in earnest. Luther, proudly raising the standard of revolt at Wittemberg, and rousing men, by his stirring eloquence, to spurn the authority they had never before questioned, was in earnest. Munzer was in earnest, when he collected swarms of infuriated zealots around his banners, and, in the name of religion and liberty, went forth on his iconoclastic career, strewing the earth with death and ruin. Calvin, too, was in downright earnest, when he broached his startling doctrines at Geneva, and, defiant of the world's blame, burned Servetus for conscience' sake. Bluff King Harry was in earnest, when he ignored the papal authority, which he had so zealously defended against the first reformer, and assumed ecclesiastical supremacy as the right of the crown. Thousands of others, whose names are inscribed on the records of fame, or, mayhap, written only on the Book of Life, lived, suffered, and passed away in those days of fervid earnestness; but the history of none is so charming, sad, and instructive, as that of Sir Thomas More.

Truly enchanting is his story, not only because his life was more earnest than that of his cotemporaries, and his character shone with superior brilliancy, even amid the dazzling spirits of that age of giants, but chiefly because there is a sweet air of home about his person; there is a kindliness in his nature, a sympathy in his soul, a simplicity, yet, withal, dignity, in his conduct, that resistlessly win a way to our hearts. It is not altogether More's greatness that charms us, for, in our ideas of great, perfect men, there must be a certain vagueness, that the sentiments of awe and admiration may be duly engendered; whereas, no character possesses stronger marks of individuality than Thomas More's. His household goodness, that clings to him even on the scaffold; the unrefined benignity that marked his intercourse with his fellow beings; the homeliness that coexisted with his genius and learning, his eloquence and fame; these are the qualities that command both our respect and love. Mournful, too, is the tale of his wrongs, trials, and sufferings, to all save the glorious sufferer himself, for no cloud can overshadow him, without being brightened by the steady radiance of his lightsome spirit. And if ever there lived a

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man, who conveyed instruction not only in his words and writings, but also in every action of his life, that man was Sir Thomas More. All men may derive benefit from the contemplation of his life. Protestants ought to be taught humility and charity from the instance of one of the wisest and best of men, remaining in what they deem the most fatal errors; Catholics should see in More's example, that meekness and candor are the true ornaments of all modes of worship; while both may laudably unite in imitating his magnanimity, fortitude, and integrity.

It is impossible to peruse More's story without becoming infected with enthusiasm in his cause, and it is equally impossible to write his history without being seemingly tinged with the zeal of a partisan. Thus, not only More's son-in-law, Roper, Rastell,* his nephew, and Cresacre More, his grandson, speak of their venerated relative in the burning words of love; but even Macdiarmid and Mackintosh cannot shield themselves from the mysterious enthusiasm which almost the very name of Sir Thomas begets. Affection and admiration change his biography into eulogy. And it is only right. There can be no grander panegyric than the plain, unvarnished story of a good man's life. There is so little drawback to perfection in More, that one cannot think of him without loving him, or speak of him without praising him. Indeed, praising him would be a work of supererogation, if justice had its due. But, in these latter days, some have arisen, who do not scruple to lavish censure upon the man that antiquity chose to honor, and what has hitherto been eulogy must now become apology. We respectfully suggest that the animosity of those modern detractors arises from envy, prejudice, ignorance, and perhaps in some instances from wilful misrepresentation. Merle D'Aubigné† does not hesitate to regard More as a fanatic, vibrating between "two opposite poles, worldliness and asceticism, and addicted to jesting in the daytime, and expiating his gayety by scourgings at night." Christopher Anderson‡

* The life of More, in Dr. Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Biography," was most probably written by William Rastell, for he is known to have prepared a biography of his uncle, though it was never printed by him. What strengthens this opinion is, that the author of the aforesaid life speaks of himself as "having collected the works of More for publication," a task which Rastell performed in 1557.

† *History of Reformation*, B. 17, c. X.

‡ *Annals of the English Bible*, Vol. I., p. 438.

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boldly asserts that More was a freethinker; and Fronde* deliberately charges him with intolerance and "illegal acts of tyranny."

It is not, however, strange, that those three personages should view More with bitter prejudice, for, in exalting their own heroes, they are only too much interested in lowering the character of More in the estimation of their readers. D'Aubigné, in elevating his own gods in the temple of Fame, must needs cast down the statue of Sir Thomas from its time-honored niche, for it would in sooth ill-become the persecutor and the sufferer, the tyrant and the victim, to stand side by side in the sight of the idol worshippers. More, the victim of Henry, would detract from the glory of Calvin, the persecutor of Servetus; and so the effigy of the English Chancellor is burnt before the sacred fane of the Genevan Reformer, and his image is left in the sublime solitude which is meet for heroes. Anderson has a very good reason to disparage the merits of More, for he cannot but recollect the rude handling which Tindale (*he* is Anderson's idol) received from the sage of Chelsea. And Fronde would make but a poor fist of his hero's cause, if he did not depreciate as much as possible the worth of the noblest victim that was sacrificed to the hatred of the "second Phalaris," as Paulo Jovio calls Henry the Eighth. All hero-worshippers are iconoclasts. D'Aubigné and Anderson, being religious hero-worshippers, and opposed with their demigods to the creed of Sir Thomas, are inclined, if not absolutely to attribute new faults to him, at least, to exaggerate the imperfections he possessed. Fronde, a hero-worshipper of the deepest dye, prostrate before the image of his idol, Henry VIII., cannot allow any excellence whatever to have its dwelling-place in any other mortal frame, and so does his best to make out a case against the poor Chancellor. But truth will be the best vindicator of More. He lived and died in support of its interests; it will not now fail to espouse the cause of the sufferer. During his whole life, he never feared to subject his actions to the strictest scrutiny, and it is not to be expected, now that he has passed away, that his conduct will suffer aught of detriment from the most searching investigation. Facts are the best refutation of false charges, and, as they cannot be alleged in support of any accusation

* *History of England*, Vol. II., 73, *et alibi*.

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brought against him, we need not tremble for the reputation of Thomas More. For, if, even during his life, men, whose hatred would have shamed Lucifer by its intensity, were baffled in their attempts to malign him, we may well smile at the efforts of those who now seek to throw dishonor upon the escutcheon which has hung untarnished over his honored grave for three centuries. Alas! how true of himself is that saying of More: "Men use, if they have an evil turn, to write it in marble, but a good turn we write in the dust."* His censurers find so little that is blamable in him, that they are compelled to make up in virulence what their charges lack in truth. But, despite his cavillers, let us reverently and lovingly disinter the remains of the departed knight, and tread our way through life's storms and calms in his blithesome company.

Thomas More, the only son of Sir John More, was born in London, in the year 1480. His father, according to the testimony of the affectionate Sir Thomas, was a man "courteous and pleasant in his manners, harmless, gentle, full of compassion, just and incorrupt;"† and all these noble qualities he bequeathed to his brilliant son. After receiving the rudiments of education at the school of St. Anthony, in Threadneedle street, young master More became an inmate of the house of Cardinal Morton‡ (for it was the custom, in those days, for youths to engage in the service of some nobleman or church dignitary), and under that powerful patron he had unusual facilities for acquiring vast stores of information, and for fitting himself for the high station which, in after years, he attained. In his seventeenth year he quitted

* Shakespeare, we presume, had this sentence from More's Richard III., in his mind's eye, when he makes Griffith say to Queen Catharine:

—"Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water."

† *More's Epitaph.* Sir John had besides a strong mixture of whimsicality in his composition, of which his son largely partook. The old gentleman (as Camden relates in his Remains) had an original idea about matrimony; for he said that "a man choosing a wife was like one dipping his hand into a bag containing twenty snakes and one eel—'twas twenty to one that he caught the eel." But, "*video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor,*" he had the courage to take *thres dips* himself and the luck to avoid the serpents each time.

‡ In his Utopia, More shows his grateful appreciation of this prelate's favors, by bestowing upon him a glowing and just eulogium. The Cardinal foresaw and predicted More's future eminence, for he is reported to have said: "This child here, waiting at table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man."—Roper.

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the retinue of the churchman, and went to Oxford, where he was entered as a member of Christ Church, then called Canterbury College. The period of his sojourn at the University (1497–1499) was peculiarly fortunate in the brilliant array of its celebrated classical scholars; for at that time, not only Colet, Gracyn, and Linacre, but also Lilly and Erasmus were inmates of the academy halls.

This is the most eventful period of More's life, for during this time his character was formed. Associating on terms of the strictest intimacy with such men as Dean Colet, Linacre, Lilly and Gracyn, he could not but imbibe their peculiar spirit. The unformed mind of the susceptible student could not help being biased by the example, conversation and tastes of those elder associates. They had all recently returned from the shrine of literature, Florence; and there they had not only taken a mighty interest in the cause of the revival of learning, but had also drunk in the spirit of reform from the burning words of Savonarola himself. To have heard the impassioned orator of San Marco hurling his wild philippics against those in high places, was to become, almost in one's own despite, enamored of the cause of the Reformation. Yet it was not such a thorough reform as Luther and Wickliffe urged, that Savonarola with a giant's might sought to effect. He only called for a reformation of morals, not of doctrine; he wished for no infringement of the Church's authority, but aimed at a thorough purification in every direction. Savonarola has been considered by many as the precursor of the reformers; he is regarded as the aurora, as Luther is viewed as the sun, of the Reformation, but there is no real ground for this assumption. Savonarola never in reality rebelled against the Church, as did the monk of Wittemberg. He believed devotedly in all her dogmas; he participated in her sacraments; he had himself taken the solemn vows of the religious profession, and had even urged Pico to become a monk.* He only demanded a reform in practice, not in dogma, and in the name of the Church, which he venerated till death, he called with Isaiah's fervor that she should be purified from her many defilements.

And such a reform as he labored to realize, More's English friends strove to inaugurate at home. And he, with all

* Savonarola's sermon on the death of Pico.—More's *Life of Pico.*

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the ardor of a youthful enthusiast, espoused the sacred cause, and never till death deserted its interests. He wished his beloved England to rival Florence, not only in the revival of learning, but, chiefest of all, in the work of reform. Some pretend, from certain passages in More's writings, that his fidelity to the Catholic Church may in a measure be questioned, but his whole life disproves such a supposition. No act or word of his can be construed as implying the least disbelief on his part in any essential dogma of the Catholic creed; though he may have had his own opinions on matters *extra fidem*. Some maintain that in early life he did not place implicit credence in the dogma of the Pope's supremacy; but it is clear that in after years he modified his creed on this point, for at his trial he affirmed that "no temporal prince may, by any law, presume to take upon him the supreme government of the Holy Church, which rightfully belongs to the see of Rome, as a special privilege granted by the mouth of Christ himself to Peter and the bishops of Rome, his successors."* Nothing that he ever said or wrote can materially conflict with his faith as a Catholic; for, however he may sigh, pray and labor for a godly reformation in morals, he would consider it a daring tempting of the Most High to meddle with the established dogmas of the Church. As More always ridiculed and rebuked superstition and immorality,† many churchmen, as a consequence, smarted as sorely beneath his lash as ever did Barnes or Tindale; yet never, withal, was he lacking in respect and obedience to the clergy as a body; no matter in what wise he chastised the corrupt members, he ever cherished a deep-seated reverence for the corporate hierarchy. True, he was a reformer, but only of the Savonarola type; and it is necessary to bear this in mind, in order to explain satisfactorily many seeming anomalies in his writings. His biting sarcasms against monkish corruptions, and his defence of Erasmus's *Moria*, in which clerics are most unmercifully belabored, must consequently be viewed as bitter denunciations of flagrant abuses, and not as pleas for innovations in matters of faith.

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* Roper, 83.

† As an instance of the severe manner in which More handled the vices and errors of the religious orders, *vide* "*Epistola Thomæ Mori in qua refellit rabiosam maledicentiam monachi cujusdam juxta indocti atque arrogantis.*"—Latin Works.

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But now Master More must quit the quiet academic shades of Oxford, the cradle of the dearest friendships of his life, and betake himself to the dim apartments of New Inn, there to pore silently over solemn tomes of legal lore. His assiduity is ere long rewarded, for he is soon admitted as a member of Lincoln's Inn. Glance we now, for a moment, at the youthful advocate, as he sits in his solitary chamber, deeply immersed in his studies. There is nothing of classic elegance in his figure or features. His frame, low, yet well proportioned, seems neither capable of continued exertion nor great endurance. His chestnut* hair falls unheeded over a brow already impressed with the pale cast of thought. The natural expression of deep earnestness and habitual seriousness, that so well beseems his fine Saxon face, is relieved by the bright sparkle of his clear, gray eye, which contains within its depths worlds of humor and kindliness. There is an air of unaffected carelessness about his gait and dress, which would at first seem at variance with his solemn profession.† Piles of Greek and Latin books, with some French works, with a lyre, lie scattered around the lonely apartment, showing that the dry technicalities of the law had not transmuted the refined tastes of Erasmus' friend. But other furniture there is too in that unadorned room, which bespeaks another purpose than that of charming the imagination or ravishing the ear; for a hair shirt, a scourge of knotted cords, and a rough log are to be seen in the domicile of young Thomas More. He feels that, even amid the bustle of business, his spirit will not escape the contagion of vice in the vast world of London, and so he afflicts his body with the direst severities, that it may learn to be meekly subject to the mandates of his iron will. His Saviour for his sake bore on His godly head a cruel crown of thorns—More wears beneath his lawyer's cloak a "sharp shirt of hair;" his Saviour was inhumanly scourged at a pillar—More freely uses the discipline on his delicate frame; his Saviour fasted long in the wilderness, and had not even a stone whereon to lay His head—More

* Cressacre, from whom we take our description, says that his grandsire's hair was "neither black nor yellow."

† Erasmus tells us that More, especially in his latter years, wore his lawyer's gown awry, which gave him the appearance of having one shoulder higher than the other. His peculiarity, of course, found numerous imitators, who, though they contrived to ape his singularity of manner, "were withal," says old Ascham, "most unlike him in the more essential things of wit and learning."

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thinks himself happy if he can in a measure imitate his Divine Master, by keeping rigorous fasts and betimes resting his weary head on a rude billet of wood. What would M. D'Aubigné have him do? Alas! poor Sir Thomas is in a dire difficulty: if he innocently makes merry, he is charged with laxity of morals, or worldliness; if he chastises his body and reduces it to subjection, he is accused of fanaticism. Which horn of the dilemma would the poor knight, were he alive, choose to be gored on, for M. D'Aubigné charitably presents a pair?

Four years pass away while More dwells near the Charterhouse, practising all the austerities of the Carthusian rule, though he has bound himself by no vow. Still he has had a serious notion of becoming a monk, Franciscan or Carthusian, but his pure mind shrinks in abhorrence from the open contaminations of the monastic institutions, and finally he discards the wish of entering the so-called religious state. Then he had a purpose, as Roper states, together with his friend Lilly, to become a priest; but, fearing that he did not possess the holiness requisite for so sacred a profession, he definitively decided on following a laic's more humble calling.* With Pico's life as a pattern for him, he will seek to attain as a layman his ideal of the highest perfection.†

Almost at the very moment that More turns his back forever on the cloister, impulsive Luther is binding his soul with the solemn vows at the Augustinian convent in Saxony. More's delicate spirit recoils with disgust from a lifelong imprisonment in those dark cells, where corruption so often held sway; but Luther impetuously rivets on the fetters, which, in after years, when he shall feel their thraldom, it will not cost him a thought or effort to rive. Thus seclusion within an abbey's walls begets effects so opposite in their natures. More returns to the world, from the very threshold of the sanctuary, a more devoted son of the Church; while Luther goes forth from his cell with the zealous spirit of the religious revolutionist stirring in his heart and throbbing in his brain, and with the strength of a giant he shivers the mighty fabric of the papal religion, that had stood for ages, and lives free and triumphant amid its colossal ruins.

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* Erasmus says of More, in a letter to Hutton: "Maluit igitur maritus esse castus quam sacerdos impuris."

† *Letter to Joyence Leigh*, Stapleton.

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And now that More has resolved to pass through life as a layman, thus closing a sure, and in those days almost the sole, avenue to preferment, according to the recommendation of his Church, he seeks a spiritual director, whose advice in all matters religious he will implicitly follow; and Dean Colet is chosen as "the cunningest physician for his soul that he can find." And truly the choice was most creditable to his good sense. Following the counsel of his ghostly father, More entered the marriage state in the year 1505, and Roper records a curious fact, that exhibits, in a striking light, the peculiarity of More's character. Inclination, it seems, directed his affections to the second daughter* of Mr. John Colte, of Essex, and, "yet when he considered within himself that this would be a grief and a kind of underrating to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her, he, out of a kind of compassion, settled his fancy upon the eldest, and soon after married her, with all her friends' good-liking." Few, we think, in any age, stretched self-renunciation to such an extreme point. The year after his marriage, More entered Parliament, and there his bold speech and vote against a subsidy claimed by the king, Henry VII., was an earnest of the youthful statesman's upright course throughout life, as well as a rebuke to the cringing minions of an unjust sovereign. Had he been content that his conduct should be determined by conveniency, instead of equity, he might have basked in the sunshine of royal favor as cosily as the very happiest court moths; but he could never act against his convictions of right; and, as he held that "the service of our country is not a mere chimerical obligation, but a real and solemn duty, which a good man will exert all the means in his power to perform," he could not give his voice to a measure that clashed with the interests of his native land. His opposition had the effect of exasperating the king, who,

* To this young lady, More's beautiful poem, "Ad Elisam," is most generally surmised to have been addressed. It is considered one of the most elegant lyrical productions of the sixteenth century, and not without reason, as the following extracted lines will attest:

"Jam subit illa dies, quæ ludentem obtulit olim
Inter virgineas te mihi prima choras;
Lactea cum flavi decuerunt colla capilli,
Cum gena par nivibus visa, labella rosio;
Cum tua perstringunt oculos dua sidera nostros,
Perque oculos intrant in mea corda meos;
Cum, velut attactu stupefactus fulminis, hæsi
Pendulus a vultu tempora longa tuo;
Cum sociis risum exhibuit nostrisque tuisque
Tam rudis et simplex et male tectus amor."

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without a distinct avowal of his own particular political creed. Indeed, if we consider the age, the occasion, and the character of the sovereign, we must acknowledge that bolder or more startling views, social and political, than those contained in *Utopia*, were never broached by any statesman upon his entrance into the precincts of the palace. Regarded simply as a literary production, *Utopia* possesses uncommon merits; but, viewed, as it should be, as a political treatise, it cannot fail to excite our surprise and admiration. It is the bold expression of his public sentiments, by a man who engages against his will in the king's service, and whose strict principles of honesty will not allow him to conceal his position from the world. In this political romance, as More styles it, he declaims, in the very teeth of the king's continental wars, against the injustice and brutality of contentions between nations, and dwells on the impropriety and impolicy of maintaining large standing armies. In the face of a baseless title to the French throne, urged by the English princes ever since the days of Edward III., More asserted that "a monarch, distracted with the care of two kingdoms, was unable to apply his mind to the interests of either;" and recommended his royal master "to stay at home, the kingdom of France being already too great to be governed by one man." In view of the multitudinous grinding exactions that oppressed the country, he maintained, that not only the king's interest, "but also his honor and safety, consisted more in his people's wealth than in his own;" that "the nation chose a king for their own sake and not for his; and that, therefore, he ought to take more care of his people's happiness than of his own, as a shepherd is to take more care of his flock than of himself." In opposition to the cruel enactments in force against thieves, Sir Thomas held, that "it is unlawful, as well as absurd, and detrimental to the commonwealth, that a thief and a murderer should be punished alike;" and that the laws, by permitting wholesale ejectments from estates, first made the thieves and afterwards punished them, all the while offering a premium for the commission of darker crimes, by the harsh penalties which they inflicted for a trivial offence; for, terrifying thieves too much provokes them to greater wickedness."

In defiance of the intolerant spirit of the age, even when the first upheavings of the mighty religious earthquake were beginning to be felt throughout Christendom, he openly

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avowed that "no man should be punished for his religion," and that "every man might follow what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by gentle and unassuming means, without bitterness against those who held a contrary opinion; but that he should use no other arms than those of persuasion, never having recourse to reproaches or violence."*

Thus did his mighty intellect overleap the narrow boundaries of thought, in his own time, and grasp the great principles of religious freedom and sound equity, which only years afterwards were revealed to the minds of Penn and Romilly.

But, despite the novelty and antagonism of More's views, Henry, whose character still possessed those manly and noble traits that promised such a glorious future for England, persists in making him his follower. Once attached to the royal retinue, the knight has no cause to complain of the niggardliness of his master, for honors are rained fast upon him. He is knighted, made Master of Requests, Privy Councillor, and Treasurer of the Exchequer, in rapid succession; all those favors being thrust upon him without any solicitation on his part, in a manner that showed the anxious solicitude of the King to secure his attachment. Under every new advancement, however, More retains the same modesty, naturalness, and integrity that adorned his private life; each superior station he attains only calling forth superior talents, without imparting a single blemish to his character. He truly verified the saying of Lord Verulam, that "there is no surer sign of a worthy and genuine spirit, than when honors amend a man: for their natural tendency is to corrupt;" for the possession of the very highest offices chastened, instead of tainting, his heart. On various occasions he is sent on missions to Bruges and Calais;† but, as his mind was not ambitious,

"For close designs and crooked counsels fit,"

he tires of those ceaseless arts of royal gamesters to overreach each other, and writes in bitterness to Erasmus: "I approve of your determination never to be involved in the busy trifling of princes; from which, as you love me, you must wish that I were extricated. You cannot imagine how painfully I feel myself plunged in them, for nothing can be more odious to me than these legations."‡

* *Utopia*, B. ii., cap. 11. Also, *Apology*, &c.

† Roper, 47.

‡ *Erasmi Opp.*, iii., 589.

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By the king's special direction, More is appointed (1523) Speaker of the House of Commons; his sincere plea of incapacity, alleged in order to shirk the new dignity, being overruled by the Chancellor, who replied that "his Majesty, by long experience of his services, was well acquainted with his wit, learning, and discretion; and therefore he thought the Commons had chosen the fittest person to be their Speaker."* However, he does not, as is customary, assume the garb of servility with the mantle of office, but pursues steadily the upright and independent course which is consonant with his character. In his first speech, under color of profound awe and veneration for majesty, he administers a severe rebuke to the sovereign for his arbitrary restraint on the freedom of parliamentary debate, and demands that every man "might fully discharge his conscience, and boldly in every thing declare his advice without fear of the king's displeasure;"† and thus he contributes greatly to establish the liberty of speech which should prevail in the legislative hall. On one occasion, when the Commons hesitated to grant a subsidy required by the government for carrying on the war against Charles V., not on the ground of its expediency, but lest thereby all the specie might be drained from the realm, Sir Thomas maintained "that there was no fear for a penury and scarceness of money, since the intercourse of things was now so well established throughout the world, that there must be a perpetual circulation of all that was necessary for mankind; and that consequently their commodities would ever find money;"‡ his keen-sighted mind thus anticipating a primary principle in modern political economy.

When, however, afterwards the Chancellor himself presents a request for further supplies, More, with quiet steadiness, refuses to make any answer to the demand, alleging that "though all the members had with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his own head their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his grace reply."§ And his silence in this

* Roper, 49.

† The Journals of Parliament of those times are lost, or have never been printed; but Roper records the speech.

‡ Herbert's *Henry VIII.*, 112.

§ Roper, 13 *et seq.* In after times his example was closely followed by Speaker Lenthall, when Charles I. came to the House of Commons to arrest the five members who had incurred his displeasure.

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instance was more politic than open refusal of the king's claims, for though the Commons already wielded great power, by the control of the nation's purse, yet any direct resistance to the crown would be an unreasonable exertion of immature authority, and would only retard the growth of the House's strength. As the Speakers hitherto had been reckoned supporters of government measures, More's real, though not formal, opposition, in so important a matter, was at once singular and vexatious; though, as he had given no pledges to the ministry, he could be accused of no dereliction of duty. "I wish to God you had been in Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker," said Wolsey to the unyielding statesman in his gallery at Whitehall. "Your grace not offended, so would I," replied Sir Thomas, "for then I should have seen the place I long have desired to visit."*

But such a bold disregard of the royal behests shows more independence and rectitude than is at all agreeable or convenient in the councils of kings, and so Sir Thomas must needs vacate his seat, that it may be occupied by some more pliant tool of power. Erasmus remarks that Wolsey, who was mainly instrumental in procuring More's resignation, was jealous of his great abilities, and "feared him more than he loved him;" still, however, if he did really seek to awaken the king's resentment against him, he failed, for promotion still comes unasked upon More, he being made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and being sent at different times on embassies to France and the Netherlands.

Yet, during all this time, More is not the least elated by his continued flow of good fortune. For each new favor he receives he manifests a real thankfulness to his liberal prince; but he does not make the slightest exertion to secure further preferment, and has, in fact, to be pushed, in his own despite, up the ladder of power. He is neither dazzled nor captivated by the king's increasing fondness for his society, for at length "Henry would scarce ever allow the philosopher to quit the palace; for, if serious affairs are to be considered, who can give more prudent counsel? or if the king's mind is to be relaxed by cheerful conversation, where could be a more facetious companion."† There was a waywardness in Henry's very favors, and a tyranny in his friendships, that made his kindnesses seem more like the caresses of a beast

*Cresacre, 53. † *Erasmus to Hutton, Opp.* II., 187.

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of prey than the genuine demonstrations of human affection; and More, who penetrated his real character, felt that to be trusted and loved so confidingly by such a sovereign was, in reality, "*être à cheval sur le dos du tigre.*"

"When I saw the king," says Roper, "walking with him for an hour, holding his arm about his neck, I rejoiced, and said to Sir Thomas, how happy he was whom the king had so familiarly entertained, as I had never seen him do to any one before, except Cardinal Wolsey. 'I thank our Lord, son,' said he, 'I find his grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any other subject within this realm: howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for, if my head would win him a castle in France, when there was war between us, it should not fail to go.'"

But, during the whole period that he is serving the public in so many different capacities, he does not in the least remit his literary labors. In his beloved Alma Mater, a senseless, and therefore violent, conspiracy has arisen against the study of the Greek classics, and in defence of this noblest of earth's languages, More addresses a powerful letter to the "Fathers, Procurators, and other Members of the Senate of Oxford;" and so eloquently does he plead the cause of the celebrated historians, philosophers, orators, and poets of Greece, that Greek learning again comes into as great repute at the old university as it ever was at Cambridge.* A spirit of worldliness pervades the whole nation, and More strives to check its growth, by recalling men's minds to the shortness of life, in his "Treatise on the words of Scripture, 'Remember thy last end.'"

Hitherto in his writings he only sought to amuse, instruct, or improve his readers, but now he enters the ranks of religious controversy. A wild revolution has broken forth in the north of Germany. Luther at first assails only the doctrine of indulgences, but he afterwards attacks more vital points of the Church's belief: the Pope's supremacy, the invocation of saints, the mass, and the sacraments. With a prophet's clear vision, More foresees the fearful tempest that will burst from these dark clouds. "I perceive," said he, with a seer's solemnity, "the signs of the coming evil, like as, before a great storm, the sea swelleth and hath unwonted motions, without

* Wood's *Oxford Annals*.

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any wind stirring." The blaze, which Luther enkindles at Wittemberg to consume the papal bull, is the signal fire, which, like the beacon of Agamemnon,* speeds on its fiery course, from hill to hill, over the whole earth, not like that transmitted flame which flickers at the termination of a ten years' war, but the outburst of a conflict whose consummation no prophet can foretell. The new doctrines spread with startling rapidity, and men began to array themselves in the hostile ranks of Protestant and Catholic. Some oppose the new opinions with the sword; thousands with the pen. Henry VIII. himself, whose scholastic education inclined and qualified him for the task, does not think it unbeseeming his royal person to enter the field of disputation, and accordingly he sets his lance in rest, and opens a polemical joust with the bold German monk.† Luther cares not one jot for the royalty of his opponent, and so does not scruple to cast dirt upon the kingly robes. The reformer's intemperate reply, which Hallam‡ says would almost justify the supposition that there was a vein of insanity in his very remarkable character, elicits an answer from More, written in the same reprehensible tone as his adversary's letter, giving occasion to the just reproach of Bishop Atterbury, that those two combatants had the greatest knack of any men in Europe at calling bad names in good Latin. It may be pleaded as an excuse for More's undignified style of invective, that as Luther had chosen "the figure of rhetoric called sauce-malapert" for his weapon of defence, it would not be discreditable for him to employ the same implement of warfare. The great blame undoubtedly rests with the one who inaugurated such an uncharitable mode of warfare. More repeatedly asserts that he resorts to such language only as a retaliative measure. "Since all the question between me and the heretics is of the faith, instead of reasoning, let them forbear railing. If they will not—which were the best—revoke their heresies, nor—which were the next best—be heretics themselves only, holding their tongues and being still, but will

* *Vide* opening of Æschylus' *Agamemnon*.

† The *Vindicatio* is Henry's, at least in style, for it is written with the sceptre; but there can be no doubt that the matter was mainly contributed and arranged by Wolsey, Fisher, and More. The latter says "he was only a sorter-out and placer of the principal contents of the book."—*Letter to Cromwell, Appendix to Roper*.

‡ *Constitutional History*, i., 64.

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necessarily be babbling, and corrupt whom they can, let them at least be reasonable heretics and honest, writing reason, and leaving others alone, then let the brotherhood find fault with me if, after that, I use them not in words as fair and mild as the matter will bear."* The virulence of his response may also in a great measure be attributed to his zeal in the king's cause, and not to any feeling of personal rancor against the Father of the Reformation; for he says: "As for myself, let them use their words against me at their pleasure, as evil and as villainous as they list; I am content, and give them no worse words again. But as to their railing against my brethren, I purpose not to bear that so patiently as to forbear to let them hear some part of the like language as they speak."†

But controversial wrangling can oppose no barrier to the onward course of the new opinions. Through Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, sweeps the wild revolutionary torrent, and that Church, which was supposed to be the Rock of Ages, is overwhelmed beneath the mighty waves. Even in the very realm, whose king was but lately styled Defender of the Faith, many swerve from their allegiance and acknowledge the new suzerainty. To them is addressed Bubenhagen's famous letter, "To the Saints in England," and More's answer, written in a calm, sad, and earnest tone, shows that his heart is not so full of lightness as of yore. Barnes, Tindale, and Fisher publicly uphold the new doctrines, and More defends the Church against them in two tracts,‡ whose controversial spirit is adroitly veiled beneath a garb of humor and satire. Still the reformer's tenets gain strength by opposition, and at length they find entrance into the very household of their strongest opposer. More's son-in-law, William Roper, who has dwelt for years beneath his roof, from reading Luther's books, becomes a partisan of the new faith, and is seized with a zeal for proselytism.§ Sir Thomas reasons with him with all his power, but his arguments are of no avail. Then he ceases to combat the young convert's views, exclaiming, in pity and sorrow: "In sober sadness I see, son Roper, that disputation will do thee

* *Apology.* † *Ibid.*

‡ "*Refutation of Barnes and Tindale,*" and "*Supplication of Souls,*" in reply to Fisher's "*Supplication of Beggars.*"

§ "He had an itching publicly to preach, thinking he should be better able to edify the people than the best doctor that comes to St. Paul's Cross."—*Rastell.*

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no good. From henceforth I have done; I will dispute with thee no more. But this will I do—I will pray for thee, and implore that God may be favorable to thee, and touch thy heart."* Then, with a holy trustfulness in Heaven, he betakes himself to that self-same chapel, where he had before prayed for his daughter's life, and there he pours forth his orisons for his son-in-law's welfare, in fervor and humility. And not long after, for better, for worse, Roper returned to the religion in which he had been nurtured, and "lived and died a valiant champion of the faith."†

At times, in the heat of polemical strife, More's zeal outruns his mercy, but the fault must be chiefly attributed to the spirit of the age and the violent asperity of feeling which religious rivalry is so apt to beget. No means that could be employed in annihilating an antagonist were, in those days, thought unfair; and churchmen, the supporters as well as the opponents of the new doctrines, did not scruple to relieve the gravity of their dogmatic writings with choice morsels of satire, invective, personal abuse, and, oftentimes, vulgarity. Luther, Cochlæus, Hutton and Erasmus‡ did not consider their controversial conflicts as gentle passages of arms, in which all imaginable courtesies should be shown to each other, but, rather, as rude battles with infidels, in which every possible advantage might be lawfully taken. If we, then, will recollect that the times sanctioned, and the best men employed, the most unfair modes of warfare, we cannot but wonder at the very little leaven of bitterness that sours More's polemical works; and, as it is, we must rank him, in dignity and charity, next to gentle Melancthon. Besides, what wonder if drops of gall should sometimes fall from his pen, when his heart is so cruelly afflicted? All the utopian dreams which, since boyhood, he has cherished, are at last dispelled. Europe is convulsed by a violent war between the Emperor and Francis I. The daring Bourbon, with his army of Lutherans, beleaguers the Holy City and compels Clement VII. to fly in terror from his palace. Saxon boors, infuriate with religious enthusiasm, devastate the fruitful fields of Germany. In England, the king's unrepressed passion for Anna Boleyn and the boldness of the Protestant

* Cresacre, 135. † *Ibid.*

‡ For in *Hyperaspistes*, written in reply to Luther's *De Servo Arbitrio*, Erasmus lays aside his usual dignity, and uses a style wholly uncongenial with his tastes.

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refugees and their adherents are tracings of a mysterious hand portentous of doom.* War, rapine, discord and death are holding a revel over the globe. A fearful blight has come over the ripening harvests of the world. The earth had just awakened, from a night of barbarism and ignorance, to a grand morning of enlightenment and learning. The wondrous printing press sows knowledge broadcast over the land; the arts and sciences rejoice in another golden age in the days of Leo—the Moors are expelled from beauteous Spain—new worlds are discovered where the Gospel light must penetrate—feudalism is extinct, liberty rises from its grave—there is new life in the veins of men, healthful beatings in their hearts, earnest workings in their brains; the morrow will be glorious. Fair is the promise, never was there fairer; but suddenly a German monk comes and spoils all. So thinks Master More. He would have a reform too. All his life he has striven with Gracyn and Colet to effect a reformation, such as Basil, Chrysostom, Athanasius and the Gregories in the early days of Christianity sought to realize. But now he must give over his labor of cleansing the Church and bear a hand to support the tottering structure. Is it strange, then, that amid the universal bitterness, the milk even of his kindness should become curdled, and that he should not at all times spare those whom he considers the authors of all the wild commotions that trouble the earth? Ah! let us pardon the occasional faults of that mighty pen, and rejoice that its powers were not oftener diverted from their proper course.

But turn we now, forever, from More's controversial character, and view him again in public office, occupying the highest station which a subject may attain. Wolsey, the mighty—the pet child of fortune—who ventured,

> "Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
> For many summers in a sea of glory,"

who sought to leap from York to Rome, and, to aid him in

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* "'Now would to our Lord, son Roper, upon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack, and were presently cast into the Thames.' 'What things are those,' quoth I. 'In faith, son, they be these,' said he. 'The first is, that, whereas the most part of Christian princes be at mortal war, they were all at universal peace. The second is, that, whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with many errors and heresies, it were well settled in perfect uniformity of religion. The third is, that, as the matter of the King's marriage is now come into question, it were, to the glory of God and the quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion.'"—Roper, 27.

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his rise, had Cardinals for his pensioners, the French King for his friend, and the German Emperor for his client, even he at last fell,

"Like a bright exhalation in the evening."

The great seal is tendered to Sir Thomas, and his natural reluctance, to accept a post so exalted and dangerous, is only overcome by the reiteration of the noble command given him by his sovereign, on his first entrance into his service, "to look first to God, and after God to the king." In his reply to the eulogium, pronounced by the Duke of Norfolk, upon his talents and virtues, on occasion of his installation as Chancellor, the good knight exhibited a modesty, boldness, honesty of purpose, and sense of the precariousness of his position, that win our respect and admiration.

"'The weight,' said he, 'is hardly suited to my weak shoulders; this honor is not correspondent to my poor desert: it is a burden, not a glory; a care, not a dignity; the one, therefore, I must bear as manfully as I can, and discharge the other with as much dexterity as I shall be able. * * * But when I look upon this seat, when I think how great, and what kind of personages have possessed this place before me, when I call to mind who he was who sate in it last of all—a man of what singular wisdom, of what notable experience, what a prosperous and favorable fortune he had for a great space, and how, at last, he had a most grievous fall, and died inglorious, I have cause enough, by my predecessor's example, to think honor but slippery, and this dignity not so grateful to me as it may seem to others; for both it is a hard matter to follow, with like paces or praises, a man of such admirable wit, prudence, and splendor, to whom I may seem but as the lighting of a candle when the sun is down; and also the sudden and unexpected fall of so great a man as he was, doth terribly put me in mind that this honor ought not please me too much, nor the lustre of his glittering seat dazzle mine eyes. Wherefore I ascend this seat as a place full of labor and danger, and void of solid and true honor; the which by how much the higher it is, so much the greater fall I have to fear, as well in respect of the very nature of the thing itself, as because I am warned by this late fearful example. This, therefore, shall always be fresh in my mind, this will I have still before mine eyes, that this seat will be honorable, famous, and full of glory unto me, if I shall, with care and diligence, fidelity and wisdom, endeavor to do my duty, and shall persuade myself that the enjoying thereof may be but short and uncertain: the former my labor ought to perform; the latter my predecessor's example may easily teach me. All which being so, you may easily perceive whether I take great pleasure in this dignity, or in this most noble Duke's praising me.'"*

Still, though his high position brings little satisfaction to the heart of the Chancellor, his appointment is hailed

* Roper, 38.

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with gratification by the inhabitants of the realm, and all the European celebrities. Erasmus writes to John Fabius, Bishop of Vienna: "Concerning the new increase of honor lately happened to Thomas More, I should easily make you believe it, were I to show you the letters of many famous men, rejoicing with much alacrity, and congratulating the king, the realm, himself, and also me, for More's honor, in being made Lord Chancellor of England."

Still, even amid the honors of his new employment, his simplicity and piety cling to him as closely as his independence and integrity; for "each day, before he sits on his own seat, he asks the blessing of his aged father upon his knees." Wolsey had been accustomed to make his daily visits to the Court of Chancery, with the combined pomp of the Cardinal and state official;* but More comes to the judgment-hall attended only by his eight sturdy oarsmen, and clad in the simple attire which he retained through every accession of power. In the days of the churchman's domination, judgment was tardy in coming to those whose suits were not backed by gold; but now all men are treated with the strictest impartiality, and justice cannot be purchased.

With such energy and zest did Sir Thomas perform the duties of his office, that the suits, which had been for twenty years accumulating, were at length all disposed of, and when one day he ended a case and called for the next, litigation was at a discount, not a single cause remained to be heard. This extraordinary circumstance gave occasion for a truthful epigram:

"When More somewhile had Chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The same shall never *more* be seen
Till More be there again."

His integrity was as extraordinary as his application to business. No unjust sentence can be procured by entreaty or bribery. When Heron, More's son-in-law, relied upon his relationship for a favorable judgment, he was undeceived by an adverse decree. When Dauncey, another of his sons-in-law, expostulated with him for his churlish integrity, the Chancellor made known that "if his father, whom he reverenced dearly, were on one side, and the devil, whom he hated with all his might, on the other, the devil should have his right."†

* *Vide* Cavendish, *passim*. † Roper, 41.

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More's impartial and honest conduct, viewed by itself, would do honor to the brightest period of Spartan purity; but, when it is contrasted with that of his predecessors and successors in office, it becomes doubly admirable; for not only does he faithfully perform his duty, but does it when it is the fashion to act in a manner directly the opposite. If we consider that the pressure of bribery, power, fear, family interest, servility, or entreaty, had more influence in shaping a decree than any consideration of justice or duty; that Wolsey, when he was forced to resign the seals, possessed palaces and estates as valuable as the king's own; and that Audley, who succeeded More, was, as the French Ambassador Marillac, called him, *un grand vendeur de justice*;* we cannot help admiring the soundness of a heart which could not be in the least tainted by the prevalent corruption and venality, and must agree with the old writer, who said that More, coming between Wolsey and Audley, was like Christ placed between two thieves. The best evidence of his uprightness in the administration is, that none of his decisions were ever thought deserving of being reversed.

Having raised More to the first station in the realm, Henry naturally supposed that the increase of dignity would beget an augmentation of subserviency on the part of his servant, and accordingly he presses him for his opinion concerning the divorce. More, as he had done on former occasions, seeks to avoid the question, but the king becomes still more importunate to know his thoughts on the matter, and he reveals them with his customary candor and ingenuousness.

"To be plain with your Grace, neither your bishops—wise and virtuous though they be—nor myself, nor any other of your council, by reason of your manifold benefits bestowed on us, are meet counsellors for your Grace herein. If you mind to understand the truth, consult St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and other holy doctors of the Greek and Latin Churches, who will not be inclined to deceive you, either of respect for their own worldly interests, or by fear of your princely displeasure."†

Again urged by his sovereign to give further consideration to the subject, he tells him, that he cannot agreeably serve him in the matter, without violating the regal injunction he received on his acceptance of office, "Look first to God, and after God to the king."‡ Throughout his whole

* Le Grand, i., 224. † Roper, 48. ‡ *Ibid.*

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public life, we see that he avoids not only unconscientious compliance with the king's will, but also unnecessary disobedience in all matters where his conscience did not actually require opposition; and this submission in him does not arise from slavishness, but from a true sense of duty, most creditable to his heart.

But now the situation of the Chancellor becomes daily more and more embarrassing. His grateful feelings for the many favors bestowed on him, his affection for Henry as his friend, his love for him as his sovereign, and his natural gentleness and amiability of disposition, disinclined him to resist the wishes of his royal master; whereas his delicate sense of right, his reverence for ecclesiastical authority, his sympathy with an innocent queen, made him view with alarm the conduct and designs of the king, which seemed to forebode a rupture with the Church of Rome. Besides, not only the distaste for public business, which these conflicting feelings naturally engendered, but also ill-health, resulting from ceaseless literary and judicial labors and family misfortune (for Sir John had but recently died), afforded powerful inducements for the knight to retire from the Chancellorship. Furthermore, preparations were already being made to ignite those fires at Smithfield, which were to consume in their blaze both Lutherans and Catholics, and Sir Thomas, though he had at last been brought to accept intolerance, to a certain extent, as a theory, was unwilling to cast a single fagot upon the funeral pyres of the adherents of orthodoxy or heterodoxy. He accordingly frequently begged to be relieved of the great seal; but Henry, though fully aware of his opposition to his favorite measures, would accept his resignation only after repeated solicitations.

When "Lord Chancellor More was Lord Chancellor no more," he retired to his Chelsea home, not bettered, by a single penny, for having held, during nearly three years, the most lucrative office in the kingdom. Having never been dazzled by dreams of ambition, he resumed his private station with heartfelt joy, hoping, now that he was aloof from forensic tumult, "to devote the evening of his days to letters and philosophy."

But his expectations of enjoying undisturbed his poverty and repose are doomed to disappointment, for he is pursued even into his retirement by the persistent animosity of unrelenting enemies. He is accused of bribery, and is cited to

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answer the charge before a council presided over by Lord Wiltshire, Anne Boleyn's father. The ex-Chancellor freely acknowledges that he had accepted a large silver-gilt cup as a new year's gift from a litigant, some time after the decree had been given; and just as the Earl shows his exultation at such an admission of guilt, Sir Thomas coolly adds, that he had ordered the cup, filled with wine, to be returned to the donor. Again, he admits, that he had accepted a glove from another suitor; and, when it is proved that it contained money, he quietly replies that he had rejected the lining.*

Foiled in their attempt to substantiate against him charges of venality, his enemies bruit it abroad that he had been most severe to heretics, and Sir Thomas, to clear himself of this and other imputations, publishes his famous *Apology*. In this last of his voluminous works he rebuts, with a quietness and circumstantiality that are the surest marks of truth, the accusations preferred against him. He boldly affirms, that only in two instances did he use severity towards heretics: once he caused a boy, who had taught another to speak against the sacrament, to be whipped before his household; and again, a half-witted person, "who insulted women, and was guilty of gross indecencies in church," was publicly chastised by his order. "As regards heretics, save only their good-keeping, I never caused anything to be done to any of them, in all my life, except only to these two."† Though he was at the time defenceless and obnoxious, no one was hardy enough to question the truth of his declaration. It was only thirty years afterwards that Foxe ventured to oppose this ingenuous defense by a vague and inaccurate counter-statement, and on this authority alone rests the imputation on More's veracity. Strype and Burnet re-echoed the honest but inexact martyrologist's charge, without examining the contrary evidence; and now Mr. Fronde, with great flourish, and, no doubt, sincere exultation, reproduces the baseless accusation. Any one, however, who considers More's character for probity and veracity, his opposition to intolerance, and the avidity with which his statement, if untrue, would be confuted by his enemies, will be unwilling to accord credence to any impugnation of the knight's humanity. But we have positive cotemporary evidence, which disproves More's alleged want of toleration. Erasmus, who is a witness, at

* Cresacre, 221. † *Apology*, chap. 36.

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least, as reliable as Foxe, says: "It is a sufficient proof of his (More's) clemency, that, while he was Chancellor, no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many have suffered capital punishment for them in France, in Germany, and in the Netherlands."

And More himself repeatedly asserts, that he was averse to all harshness in the case of dissenters:

"And yet, as touches heretics, let me not be misunderstood; I hate their errors, not their persons, and very fain would I that the one were destroyed and the other saved. And that I have towards them no other mind than this—how loudly soever these blessed new brethren, the professors of verity, belie me—I ask to be judged by my conduct. If all the favor and pity I have used among them to their amendments were known, it would, I warrant you, plainly appear; of which, if requisite, I could bring forth more witnesses than men could ween."*

Again, he says, in his usual humorsome manner:

"Of all that ever came into my hands for heresy, not one of them, so help me God, had any stripe or stroke given him; nay, not so much as a fillip on the forehead. All I had to do was the sure keeping of them—and yet not so sure either, but that George Constantine found means to steal away from me. And some said, that, when he got away, I fell into a wonderful rage. Now, surely, though I would not have suffered him to go, if it would have pleased him to tarry still in the stocks, yet, when he was neither so feeble for lack of meat, but that he was strong enough to break the stocks, nor was he so lame with lying, but that he was light enough to leap the walls, nor so mishandled in the head, but that he had wit enough, when well out, to go his way; so, neither was I so heavy at the loss of him, but that I had youth enough left me to get the better of it; nor so angry with any man of mine, that I spake any evil word for the matter, other than to my porter, to whom I said: 'John, see the stocks mended, and locked fast, lest the prisoner should return and steal into them again.' And as for Constantine, how can I do other than give him credit for what he did. Never will I be so unreasonable as to be angry with any man, who, when he finds himself sitting ill at his ease, shall change his position for a better. * * * And when men say that Master Chancellor would rejoice, and had a cruel desire of the death of heretics, I will venture to say, knowing him as well as I do, that, in this respect, they grossly belie him."†

Viewed in the face of these declarations, stamped as they are with the seal of truth, Mr. Fronde's four distinct cases of prosecution, alleged against More, would reasonably disappear, but, examined even in the light of facts, they are found wholly groundless. Philips, the first victim of "More's philosophical mercies," owed his three years' imprisonment, as Mr. Fronde allows, to Bishop Stokesley; and More, as Chancellor, was bound to arrest the heretic,

* *Apology*, chap. 49. † *Ibid.*

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and deliver him for trial to the ecclesiastical authorities, who were the proper judges in religious matters. If he was present at the trial, and sought to induce the accused to retract, it was most likely through motives of humanity; at all events, he had no hand whatever in the sentence, for his judicial authority ceased with his delivery of the culprit to the spiritual tribunal. We must bear in mind that laws then existed against heretics, and, however much More might be opposed to them, he was bound, by virtue of his office, to execute them, exactly as other severe or unjust enactments of the criminal code, of which he just as strongly disapproved. He is as much bound by law to issue the writ "de hæretico comburendo" against Lollardists and Lutherans, as to pronounce sentence of death upon those guilty of theft. The act is proper legally, though morally unjust.

Fields, who is also claimed by Mr. Fronde as a sufferer for justice' sake, was not tried for heresy, as is apparent from his memorial to Audley, for he was sentenced by the Star Chamber to imprisonment in the Fleet. Bilney, another of the unhappy victims, whose fate excites the sympathies of the paradoxical historian, was first tried before Wolsey, not in the capacity of Chancellor of England, but of Bishop of York; afterwards he recanted, at the instance of the Bishop of London, and having relapsed he was sent to the stake by the Bishop of Norwich. More maintains* that Bilney died a Catholic, and Foxe furiously vituperates him, not (as Mr. Fronde probably supposed) for having sentenced one more martyr to die in the cause of truth, but for seeking to erase a name from the Protestant martyrology. Baynham, the last sacrifice to More's bitter hatred of orthodoxy, was not condemned, as Foxe himself admits, by Sir Thomas, but by Braford, the vicar-general of London diocese; and he was not chained to a tree in More's garden and whipped, for More distinctly disclaims having used violence in any cases but those already mentioned. When Fronde furthermore charges More with a disregard of the statutes of the Fourth and Fifth Henries, limiting to a certain time the period of imprisonment, he evidently forgets the proclamation of 1529, granting power to the bishops to hold heretics in custody at their discretion.† The king's

* Preface to *Refutation of Tindale.* † Given in Foxe, iv., 677.

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proclamations, according to the concessions of the Parliament, had the validity of law, and, consequently, to act in contravention to the authority thus conferred upon the bishops, would be illegal, and at the same time hazardous to the heretics, for they would then exchange the prison for the stake.

If, then, we recollect that More's administration occurred during a season of violent persecution; that intolerance was the creed of the age; that he himself finally had been drawn, though with the greatest reluctance, to adopt it as a theory; that he was filled with horror at the excesses of the Anabaptists in Germany and the Lutherans in Italy; we must acknowledge that, abstaining as he did from any personal share in the detestable practices of the times, he gave stronger proofs of charity, humanity, and enlightenment than any other man of his day.

Now come the days of More's trials and glory. Anne Boleyn, who had been previously privately married to Henry, is crowned on the first of June, 1533; but More, who is not one of those glow-worms that shine in the summer of their friends' good fortune, and crawl away in the adverse storm, shows his attachment to the unfortunate Catharine by absenting himself from the imposing pageant. This silent rebuke to

"The minions of splendor, shrinking from distress,"

is made known to the king by officious courtiers, and Henry, probably prompted by his new queen, only seeks a pretence to visit More with his displeasure. The affair of the Nun of Kent furnishes an opportunity, and the names of More, Fisher and others are placed together on a bill of attainder, for having given credence to the ravings of the religious enthusiast. More clears himself of the charge, in a letter to Cromwell, but is examined by a deputation, and counselled to change his opinions concerning the divorce. He persists in maintaining his former convictions, and when he is threatened with the king's displeasure, if he is obstinate, he calmly replies: "These terrors be arguments for children, not for me."* And he went home rejoicing, and said to Roper: "I will tell thee why I am so merry, son Roper; it is because I have given the devil a foul fall, and that with these lords I have gone so far as without great shame I can never go back again."† With nothing foolhardy or reckless in his disposi-

* Roper, 70. † *Ibid.*

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tion, that inclined him to court danger for its excitement, More passes through the trial, when it comes, with quiet steadiness, heartily rejoicing that he had, at the hazard of his life, resisted a strong temptation and escaped the seductions of a corrupt court. The Duke of Norfolk is afterward dispatched to exert every means, persuasion, entreaty, and threats, to induce the ex-Chancellor to acknowledge his concurrence in the decisions on the divorce pronounced by the universities and bishops. "By the mass! Master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince brings death." "Is that all?" rejoined More. "Then the difference between you and me is but this—that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow."* On account of his opposition to the king, Lord Manners charges him with ingratitude for the royal favors, saying bitterly: "Even so the old proverb is, '*Honores mutant Mores.*'" "The proverb is most apt, my lord, if rightly translated," retorted Sir Thomas, "Honors change manners."†

The statutes are then passed, conferring spiritual supremacy upon the king, establishing the succession, and legalizing Henry's second marriage; and it is made high treason to slander said marriage, or to seek to prejudice the rightful succession, if the offence is committed by writing, printing, or deed, and misprision, if by words only. More is commanded to proceed to Lambeth, to take the oath before the four commissioners. He knows the consequence of a refusal to subscribe to the test. He has pondered the matter deeply and weighed the cost. "If I have to choose between my conscience and the scaffold, shall I take the oath against my conscience and live, or shall I refuse it and die?" "As the city of London could not make a law against an act of Parliament, which bound the whole nation, neither could this realm make a particular law, incompatible with the general law of Christ's Universal Catholic Church."‡ And so he chooses. It was clearly beyond the jurisdiction of Parliament to make the king head of the Church, and More's conscience will not allow him to acknowledge authority which Henry himself had, in former days, disclaimed. Parliament may lawfully settle the succession, and More is

* Roper, 73.

† Cresacre; also Sir Richard Balstrope's *Essays*, 1715.

‡ Trial, given in Roper.

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willing to swear to it as established, but he cannot consistently take the oath.

He is then sent to the Tower,* and, until the moment of his death, his fortitude and vivacity do not forsake him. At the gate of the Tower lodge the porter demands the customary perquisite of his office, the prisoner's upper garment. "Marry, good Master porter, here it is, and sorry am I that it is no better,"† said Sir Thomas, as he proffered the officer his cap. He meets Bishop Fisher in the Tower-yard, and accosts him: "Well met, my lord; I hope we shall meet in heaven." And Fisher, as he enters the archway, answers: "This should be the way, Sir Thomas. 'Tis a very strait gate we are in."‡ As the gay knight enters his apartment in that famed Bastile, he observes gravely to the keeper: "Good Master Lieutenant, methinks I shall have no reason to mislike my fare; but, whenever I do, do not, I pray you, spare me, but thrust me out of your doors at once."§

New trials await him still, for his daughter and wife seek, by tears and entreaty, to shake his firmness. Worldly Alice upbraids him with the folly of biding in a filthy prison, when he might be, if he willed, in his right fair home at Chelsea. "Yea, in God's name, I muse what you mean by still fondly tarrying here?" "Why, good Alice, tell me one thing," answered her gentle husband, "is not this house as near heaven as mine own?"‖ But Alice insists on the madness of resisting the test, when, by taking it, he might be free, and "lead a happy life in his home, perhaps, for twenty years to come." "Well, now, good Alice," replied he, "if you had said some thousand, nay some hundred years, it had been somewhat; and yet he were a very bad calculator that would risk the losing of an eternity for some hundred or thousand years."¶

He remains firm as a rock; no solicitations can affect his resolution; no influence that can be brought to bear upon him causes him to swerve in the least from the strict path of rectitude. When duty points the way, he cannot choose but follow its directions. Though others, remarkable for wisdom and piety, freely take the oath, their example does not move More, for he intends not "to pin his soul to any man's back,

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* April 17th, 1534.

† Cresacre, 184.

‡ Bailey's *Life of Bishop Fisher*.

§ Rastell.

‖ Roper, 79.

¶ *Ibid.*

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not even the best at that day living, for he knows not whither he might hap to carry it."* He stands, amid the universal backsliding, almost the only bright example of adherence to principle and obedience to conscience.

It is useless to dilate on his prison life, though it is the most interesting portion of his eventful career. His irrepressible cheerfulness, his calm resignation, his trustfulness in God, his diffidence in his own strength, his mental activity, expending itself in the composition of his touching letters and devotional works—the noblest legacy of his genius to mankind; his ingenious devices to maintain the communication with his relatives and friends, and his continual practices of piety, evincing the depth of his religious feelings, are all matters of history. With Lovelace, who was afterwards confined within the same dark walls, he could feel that

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage."

Neither need we linger over the records of his trial in that very court, where he himself had, in former days, presided with such honor. Never was there a nobler prisoner arraigned before any bar in a nobler cause, and never did one deport himself more nobly. His respectfulness, simplicity, calmness, dignity, and adherence to legal forms, won the unwilling admiration of his judges, though his unanswerable defence did not procure him justice. Audley pronounces against him sentence of law for treason—hanging, drawing, and quartering—but immediately informs him that the king, in consideration of his former high station, commuted his punishment to decapitation. "I thank his grace for his kindness," said the unnerved prisoner, "but I pray God to preserve all my friends from favors such as these."

Now, indeed, was the field at last won. The dread ordeal was passed, and he, who had so much mistrusted his own fortitude, bore himself with more calmness, strength, and cheerfulness than those who were tasked with depriving him of life. Fronde, with a fidelity and grace wholly his own, describes the last wonderful scene in his life:

"The four days which remained to him, he spent in prayer and in severe bodily discipline. On the night of the 5th of July, although he did

* *Margaret Roper to Alice Allingham.*—Rastell.

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not know the time which was fixed for his execution, yet, with an instinctive feeling that it was near, he sent his daughter Margaret his hair-shirt and whip, as having no more need for them, with a parting blessing of affection. He then lay down and slept quietly. At daybreak he was awoke by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him that it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. 'I am much bounden to the king,' he said, 'for the benefits and honors he has bestowed upon me; and, so help me God, most of all am I bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me shortly out of the miseries of this present world.'

"Pope told him the king desired that he would not use many words on the scaffold. 'Mr. Pope,' he answered, 'you do well to give me warning; for, otherwise, I had purposed somewhat to have spoken, but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness' command!'

"He afterwards discussed the arrangements for his funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and, when all was settled, Pope rose to leave. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears. 'Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope,' More said, 'and be not discomfited, for, I trust, we shall once more see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss!'

"So about nine of the clock he was brought by the lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long—which fashion he had never before used—his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short, and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

"The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. 'See me up safe,' he said to Kingston; 'for my coming down, I can shift for myself.' He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed; and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the Miserere psalm on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. 'Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive,' he said; 'pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty.' The executioner offered to tie his eyes. 'I will cover them myself,' he said; and, binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay, while he moved aside his beard.

"'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured; 'that has not committed treason.' With which strange words—the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time—the lips most famous throughout Europe, for eloquence and wisdom, closed forever.

"This was the execution of Sir Thomas More; an act which was sounded out into the farthest corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder, as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something

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of this calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which, in his eyes, was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their color from the simplicity of his faith, and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evinced than in that last scene."*

The sensation caused by his death throughout Christendom was as great as that created not long before by the outburst of the Reformation. Emperors,† kings, statesmen, poets, Protestants and Catholics, united heartily in testifying their love and admiration for his memory, and execrating the blood-thirstiness of the tyrant who wrought his destruction. Still, to this day, one is almost tempted to rejoice at the cruelty of Henry, for it was the means of proving the capacity of human nature. More, in all the relations of life, had approached, as nearly as any man that ever lived, to relative perfection.

His life, if ever one was, is worthy of imitation. No matter from what stand-point we view him, his conduct is ever marked with nobility and rectitude. In his private relations, as a dutiful son, affectionate husband, loving father, kind master, faithful friend, conscientious man, and true Christian, we contemplate his character with reverence and delight. In his public capacity, literary and official, he wins our admiration. A genuine poet, yet no visionary; a true philosopher, inculcating kindly precepts; an earnest controversialist, with somewhat of the acerbity of the times; a constant author, yet continually busily engaged in public affairs; a successful pleader, yet always on the side of right; an able statesman, without the cunning arts of the diplomat; an honest courtier, never guilty of improper compliance; an assiduous judge, unapproachable in uprightness; he played his varied rôle on the world's stage as simply, honestly, and nobly as ever man that lived. "For learning and probity, for justice, contempt of money, humility, and true generosity of heart, he is one of the glories of the English nation;"‡ while for integrity of soul, soundness of heart, the consistency between his convictions and his life, and his glorious champion-

* *History of England*, vol. ii., 380 *et seq.*

† Charles V. said: "This will we say: If we had been the master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city in our dominions than such a counsellor."—Roper, 95.

‡ Burnet, iii., 356. The Bishop of Salisbury translated *Utopia*.

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ship of the cause of conscience, his image will ever be gratefully cherished in the warm heart of humanity.

> "Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
> Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
> A dauntless soul, erect, who smiled on death,"

More passed through life, seeking to be good rather than great or wise,* loving, as few ever loved, *his country, his king, his fellow-men, and his* GOD; and on this account, while there is a spark of love on earth for virtue, greatness and honor, his name will ever be among the brightest on the roll of fame.

ART. IV.—*Maud.* By ALFRED TENNYSON.

MANY poets have held to our lips cups filled with divine nectar, albeit flecked, sadly we confess it, with stains of earth-dust. Brave and fair is that "high companie," but strongest of all, of our time, is Tennyson. Half in the shadow he stands, holding a beaker; to what shall we liken it? Ruby, Bohemian glass veined with white—a sullen white, not lighting the glass by a bright contrast, but, rather, giving it a weird, ghostly hue. These ghostly veins of white are shaped and wreathed into wonderful figures, and on the goblet is engraven "Maud." That cup has been filled at the fountain of passionate human life: yet, watch awhile, see how at intervals the dull white becomes clear, and towards the rim even gleams through the dark red with a hidden luminousness.

Let us look for a few moments at this puzzling *Maud.* Very slight indeed is the outward action of the poem. A man, rendered morbid by circumstances only dimly hinted at, which crushed fresh life out of him when young, lives alone in a little house in the woods, nourishing blindly his bitterness. He sees Maud, whom he knew when both were children; he loves her and she loves him. But she has a brother who wishes to marry her to a lord. Once, after a festal evening, Maud steals out into the garden to meet her "true lover." They are surprised by her brother and the rich suitor; words

* "For I had rather pass for a good man than a wise one."—Letter to Peter Giles, prefixed to *Utopia.*

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follow, her lover becomes angry, a duel is fought, her brother falls, and the lover flies to the coast of Brittany. Then follows delirium. Of what becomes of Maud we are not fully informed. Finally the curtain falls on her lover hastening to the war in the Crimea. Not only is the action slight, but the connection is dimly traced: wherefore does *Maud* take such deep hold on people, and, especially, *morbid* people?

Humanity! thy heart lies bare to the poet. As thou art, as thou longest to be, yea, more, as thou wert made to be, so speaks he, standing the expresser of what thou thyself only faintly discernest in thyself. Not in one single human being doth the poet appear unto us; for the perfection of an individuality, as of an idea, is found alone in God. But he, in very deed and truth the perfect poet, has not left himself, at any time of the world, without a witness to that part of his character. As the need of any particular era arose, he supplied it. As each succeeding age stood on the battle-plain of earth, better panoplied for that warfare—reaching out more eagerly for that ever-recurring warfare of man's mind with spirit and matter—so also was the poet sent, with clearer insight, deeper passions, and stronger cognitions. Afar off, through the troubled murmurs of the past, come clarion rings of poesy swaying the souls of nations—as a wind sways the crested palm-trees, because of their appointed mission. Cymbals and trumpets always mingle with the song of the poet in those far-off regions which stretch in misty crimson magnificence, fascinating and yet oppressing us with an undefined feeling of uncertainty and dissimilarity. But as years roll on, each one pressing its stamp on the pages of earth's history, these surroundings are laid aside, and the unaccompanied voice of the poet reverberates through men's souls, speaking, heart bared to heart, mind bared to mind, by virtue of that grand spiritual consanguinity knitting us together, so that, "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." This mode of unaided expression prevails more than ever in this age, even to an unnatural degree, tending, in fact, to neglect of all musical rhythm in the earnest attempt to decipher the records burned upon our souls. And this tendency (unnatural, for as, in the sunbeam, light is wedded to heat, so, in poetry, rhythm is wedded to truth) is in direct accordance with the spirit of this age.

This marvellous age! Various titles have been given to it. We, too, claim the right of baptism, and call it the *morbid age*.

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In so naming it, we do not blind ourselves to its daring in reachings to the heart of things, its noble action, its ceaseless search for truth: no, for it is in these very things that the justice of the name is found.

In the first, or barbaric age, mankind, like overgrown children, wrangled for slaves and petty crowns; yet amidst their littleness were traces of a strength, uncouth, indeed, but prophetic of future development, while flashes of keen spiritual intuition shone, though rarely, over the barren waste of a civilization which took direct cognizance only of the physical nature of man. Then came the youth age of the world, when people lived freely, frankly; the freshness and impetuosity of young life brightened the earth. This was in the palmy days of Greece. The Greeks chatted of wonders, ran from house to house in search of new wonders, laughed about them when found, and divided them into classes, sometimes startled by a brief vision of the intensity and mystery of these wonders: as in fairy tales boys build palaces in the happy sun-light, and under the luminous stars, only sometimes gazing with a vague awe busy at their hearts, as trails of lustrous purple splendor slowly pass over their skies. Whence do we know this? From their own records of that child-like reverence shown to the "prophetic, the poetic and the love-madnesses," and of the wonder excited by Socrates and Plato—Plato, whose philosophy, unperfected and unsounded even by himself, must have been to their clear, transparent natures very much like the symbol of chaos. For they (as is said in the Phædrus of the rhetoricians who "knew the things before tragedy, but not tragedy itself") knew the things before the soul, but not the soul itself, nor dared to enter in, only passed around it. Plato broke from their quibblings and hair-splittings, and pressed into the holy of holies, seeking to know even the One himself.

That, too, passed away, and the transition age came, when men, fairly awakened to the truth of the awful spirit-world—awful because infinite in its capacities—became blinded to the reality of the matter-world. Demons and genii, imps and angels, Sathanas and Jehovah, surrounded them on every side: still, although awakened, they failed to turn to the only sure clue of knowledge; the mystery of their own being they left unsearched, referring all that baffled them to supernatural influences. But the daring inquiry of ripening humanity suddenly startled this ghostly phantasma

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goria: one by one beautiful veils were torn off, and the soul fell back upon its own naked self. What did this inner search reveal? Heights of goodness, reaching up unto God; depths of wickedness, falling down to the devil; a fierce struggle, shaking the mind by its intensity; fine, clear intuitions, piercing even to the knowledge of God; dull bluntnesses, hindering when the spirit-sword had almost cut its way to the goal. Out of this analysis of the facts of man's soul grew a morbid development of his mind. Among all these discordant elements could there be any harmony? And, more, did not the continual violation of truth and good, discernible in the world, tend to show that there was no all-good or all-truth? Back, back the reasoners were driven, till face to face they were with their own souls; and, oh! the utter horribleness of that; for within ourselves we find no peace, only a perpetual uproar of discords, hinting at capabilities of harmony, but not yet in harmony. Listen to the dirge of a mind so tossed about:

"We are puppets, man in his pride, and beauty fair in her bower;
Do we move ourselves, or are mov'd by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off the board and others ever succeed?
* * * * * * * * *
The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
An eye well practis'd in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;
For not to desire and admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day, like the sultan of old, in a garden of spice.
For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?"

The valley of the shadow of death had darkened around Maud's lover, whoever we were; God pity all who walk therein. Then, faith and trust are almost dying out; then, as he says of himself,

"A morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt"—

then God seems falling from his pedestal, and the soul's despairing cry is, "If thou *be* God, let not the waters prevail against me!"

This morbidness is the characteristic of this age; men and women pass by us, who daily drink of the bitter cup filled from the charnel-house of hypochondria—hypochondria, which is but the final result of morbidness. What shall

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make whole a human being thus diseased? "A course of natural science," say the chemist and astronomer, "will restore peace to his soul, by showing him the exquisite harmony in the motions of invisible atoms and ponderous spheres; also, the unwavering affinities in the elements of material existences. Surely, an investigation of these facts will calm him." "A thorough knowledge of both the inductive and the deductive method," says the metaphysician, "will show him his errors and how to overcome them; for he shall then see clearly the distinction between the known and the unknown; also, the grounds on which all belief should be logically founded." Ye be blind leaders of the blind; great as those means are, they are not great enough. Sisters! brothers! lay bare your hearts one to another; draw tenderly near to each other, for it is only throbbing, human love that shall break the spell. Yes, a love—whether between man and man, or man and woman, or woman and woman—but a love, that in strength and glory shall be a type of God's, will lead us back repentant, wearied children to the bosom of our Great Lover. Understand, however, all words have their own proper significations, which significations should not be distorted or violated any more than the characteristics of human beings should be; therefore, by love do not suppose that sentimentality, or passion degraded into lust, is intended. Far from us all be either idiocy or sensuality.

Let us see how Maud exorcised, by slow degrees, the spirit of bitterness and selfishness from the heart of her knight. Here is a simple, child-like acknowledgment of the fact. He speaks of her brother—

> "Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!
> Has not his sister smil'd on me?"

And, again—

> "I have climb'd nearer out of lonely hell."

Won from that living death, life becomes doubly fresh and glowing. More, still, he knows that Maud loves him. There is no need of enlarging on that topic; you are referred to any quantity of yellow-covered publications for edification as to the orthodox manifestations of so-called love; this one piece of information is volunteered, that not one out of a hundred know what love is; perhaps, because we have never had a chance—perhaps, because our souls are not great

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enough. Howsoever that may be, this was a pure fire, burning out all dross of selfishness, so that he

> "Would die
> To save from some slight shame one simple girl.
> Not die, but live a life of truest breath,
> And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs."

It developed reverence and gratefulness also, so that he says:

> "I dream of her beauty with tender dread,
> From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
> To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
> Of a peacock, sits on her shining head.
> And she knows it not—oh! if she knew it,
> To know her beauty might half undo it.
> I know it, the one bright thing to save
> My yet young life in the wilds of time,
> Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
> Perhaps from a selfish grave."

Yet Maud has hidden God by her presence. All beauties have become vassals to her alone; the roses, the pimpernels, the acacia, and the violets, when the March wind, blowing their leaves, unveils the dewey blue of their eyes, all are prophetic of Maud alone.

The high-priestess, Suffering, robed in violet vestments, sits enthroned over the world; her left hand presses the brow of humanity; her right points up to the glory of God, breaking through clouds. Not capriciously or unjustly does she use her power, but wisely, her clear eyes seeing the faculties and capacities of each individual, and also the means for the development of those faculties and capacities. Each human soul knows her aspect sooner or later, nor could these two escape. They were parted. The story is told vaguely: Maud met her lover in the garden, her brother came with the "babe-faced lad" and "heap'd on her terms of disgrace," the lover retorted, the brother struck him, being angered, they had recourse to the

> "Christless code
> That must have life for a blow,"

till there

> "rang a cry for a brother's blood.
> It will ring in my heart and my ears till I die, till I die!"

Away on the Breton strand we next see the hero, but of Maud he knows nothing. Long days of agony and delirium

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and weary longing follow, while still, over all, ring clear notes of unselfishness and reverent love for his "bird with the shining head;" still his prayer is,

> "Let me and my passionate love go by,
> But speak to her all things holy and high,
> Whatever happen to me!"

Then comes the grand victor-song, swelling full and glorious, like the triumphal march of Beethoven's C minor symphony:

> "'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
> (For I cleav'd to a cause which I felt to be pure and true),
> 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
> That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
> And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
> With a loyal people shouting a battle-cry,
> Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
> Far into the North and battle and seas of death.
> Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
> Of a land that has lost for a little her love of gold,
> And love of a peace that was full of wrongs, of shames,
> Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
> And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
> Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
> For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims.
> Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
> And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
> And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
> And noble thought be freer under the sun,
> And the heart of a people beat with one desire,
> For the long, long canker of peace is over and done."

"I have conquered! I have conquered!" chant musician and poet alike; "down, petty complaints; *on*, soul! to the warfare for thy race."

Clear eyes have traced for us the cycles of the slowly-revolving double stars; strong hands have hewn out a path through the labyrinth of earth's bosom, laying open the hieroglyphics by the way; here the prophet heart of a poet has laid bare to us a soul that, in a great measure, is the type of the age. But shall we look with failing hope upon this tendency, to be found in science, in art, in religion? Not so; the strength which, uncontrolled, leads to morbidness, can, when controlled, God helping us, conquer it. By dint of earnest, truthful action, we shall yet "beat our music out."

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ART. V.—1. *Œuvres complétes de Molière, édition variorum*, &c. Par CHARLES LOUANDRE. 3 vols. 12mo. Paris: 1858.

2. *Œuvres de Molière, avec un Commentaire, un Discours Préliminaire, et un Vie de Molière.* Par M. AUGER, de l'Académie Française. 9 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1819–1827.

3. *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière.* Par J. TASCHEREAU. 8vo. Paris: 1825.

4. *Recit de la Cérémonie de l'Inauguration de la Fontaine Molière*, 15 *Janvier*, 1844. 8vo. Paris: 1844.

No intellectual productions are more extensively borrowed than French comedies. They are deemed lawful plunder by all nations of Europe; and by none more than by the English and ourselves. Nor is this the result of any passing whim; it has been the same for more than two centuries. But the reverse is true of French tragedies. Many of the latter, too, have, indeed, been translated; but scarcely any of them have succeeded. The French people are, proverbially, the most mercurial in Europe. None are gayer, more sprightly, more easily pleased. So exuberant is their vivacity, that the English and Germans, if not ourselves, found upon it the charge of levity and thoughtlessness. But the truth is, that those who do so, let them belong to what country they will, are thoughtless themselves. Otherwise they would understand, that what amuses people, so different from each other in their tastes and temperaments as the Germans, Italians, Danes, Swedes, English, Spaniards, &c., must have its foundation in human nature itself. In short, it must be genuine wit or humor that elicits a smile alike from gay and grave. The best proof of this universality is to be found in the freedom with which the dramatists of all nations borrow, as we have said, from the comic drama of France. A mere catalogue of the French comedies, which have been "adapted" to the stages of other countries, would occupy more space than we intend to devote to our whole article; not to mention the hundreds of comic pieces, the chief materials of which have been drawn from the same source. And what French comedies in general are to the rest of Europe, the comedies of Molière are to the French people.

By this we do not mean that Molière is less known abroad than other comic dramatists. The reverse is the fact. No other dramatist of any country is so well known; not ex-

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cepting Shakespeare. There is no literature in Europe in which the names of his principal characters are not expressive of the same groups of ideas which he associates with them. For the present, we need only mention his Tartuffe and Bourgeois Gentilhomme in illustration of this. It is true, that an author, writing in the French language, has advantages which no other language affords, since it is studied generally, and more or less spoken, by the educated classes of all nations. At St. Petersburgh and Moscow, as well as at London and Vienna, Berlin and Venice, Rome and Naples, New York and Boston, it is deemed an almost indispensable accomplishment to be more or less familiar with it. This would secure any particular work a ready introduction to a large class of foreigners; but it would not cause it to be translated, except it possessed merit. On the contrary, a work, in a language understood by comparatively few, would be much more likely to be translated, for the simple reason, that in the original the latter could be read by few; whereas the former might have a large audience in any of the enlightened nations of Europe or America, nay, in Asia or Africa.

But there is no comedy of Molière which has not been translated into all the principal languages of Europe. Of the majority, there are several versions in English, German, Italian, Spanish, Danish, and even in Russian; but in none has justice been done to the original—in no instance, of which we are aware, does the translation give any adequate idea of the inimitable humor of the author, or of his profound knowledge of human nature; and, in order to appreciate it in the original, the reader must be well acquainted with the latter. This we hope to illustrate more or less as we proceed, though the present article is intended merely as an introduction. The comedies of Molière are far too numerous and too pregnant with thought—they contain too many instructive lessons—to be disposed of in one paper. The task, if attempted, would be as vain as if a Frenchman undertook to analyze the works of Shakespeare within equal limits. No author can be fairly judged without copious specimens from his writings—certainly a larger variety than would fill all the pages which we can devote to the author of *Tartuffe*, on the present occasion. This explanation of our intentions seems the more necessary, because it is so much the habit of the present day to be gigantic and munificent in promises, but Liliputian and niggardly in their fulfilment.

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The writings of all are much more influenced by the circumstances by which they are surrounded, through life, than is generally supposed. This is particularly true of Molière, who commenced his career dependent on his own efforts, even for his daily bread. An outline, however brief, of his history, will therefore form a fitting introduction to our observations on his comedies. Like many other celebrated men, Jean-Baptiste Pocquelin has left some doubt as to the place of his birth. To this day it is a matter of discussion; but the best authenticated account is, that he was born in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of Rue des Vieilles Etuves, Paris, on the 15th of January, 1622.* His family, though not aristocratic, was respectable. It consisted of decent burghers, who had for generations followed the business of tapestry manufacturers. Jean Pocquelin, the father of the poet, had the reputation of being the best upholsterer in Europe. This seems sufficiently attested by the fact that he received the appointment of *valet-de-chambre-tapissier* to the king of France, a position which was then deemed one of honor as well as profit. At all events, the father was so well pleased with it, that his highest ambition seems to have been to enable his son to succeed him. He soon found, however, that the future comedian had no taste for upholstery, nor was he slow to discover that he was not destined to be a plodder—that, in short, he possessed genius. Under this impression, he was induced to place him at the Jesuits' College, Clermont, now the college of Louis-Le-Grand, though not without much importunity on the part of the future dramatist, supported by his grandfather. To the latter, Molière himself gave most of the credit for the world-wide fame which he afterwards attained. It seems the old man was passionately fond of the theatre. He was in the habit of attending the performances at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which was then the great centre of dramatic taste, and he frequently took his grandchild with him. The more the latter saw of the theatre, the more passionately fond of it he became; but it is remarkable that the effect of the most laughter-provoking comedies on him was, to make him sad rather than joyful,

* The following is a copy of his baptismal certificate, taken from the register of the parish of St. Eustâche: "Du samedi, 15 janvier, 1622, fut baptisé Jean, fils de Jean Pocquelin, tapissier, et de Marie Cressé sa femme, demurant rue Saint-Honoré; la parrain Jean Pocquelin, porteur de grains; la marraine Denise Lescacheux, veuve de feu Sébastien Asselin vivant marchand tapissier."

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though it is probably nearer to the truth to say that they made him thoughtful. At all events, he had little taste for working at his trade after he had seen some twenty of the best comedies of the day performed by the best actors. The change thus produced was not a little accelerated by romantic tales which his grandfather took great delight in relating to him, and the old man had also sufficient intelligence to be able to analyze the plots of most of the pieces presented at the theatre, and sufficient literary ambition to attempt a criticism of each. For a time this was anything but pleasant to the father of Jean-Baptiste, who thought it would be the ruin of his son. Nor, indeed, did the prospect seem good to any ordinary observer who knew the family; for the future poet, though now fourteen years old, knew little more than how to read and write and cast up some accounts.* Indeed, it seems that he knew less than most of his playfellows. This, however, was not his fault. He was anxious to derive information from every possible source; but he had no time. When not working in his father's shop, he was at the theatre; and when he sat to rest, he devoted himself more to thinking than reading. But, once in college, he was the most industrious of students. In five years he passed through all the regular studies, including rhetoric, criticism and philosophy. The records of the college bear testimony to this day to his wonderful proficiency. Yet it was during the same period he formed those acquaintances which had the greatest influence on his life and fortunes. At Clermont he first met his good friend Chapelle, who at once took such a liking to him that he procured him lessons from the philosopher Gassendi, the fruits of which may be traced throughout his works, especially in the *Femmes Savantes*. Here, too, he met the traveller Bernier, Colbert, the satirist, the poet Hesnault, the critic Cyrano de Bergerac, and the Prince de Conti, brother of the great Condé. Each of these celebrated men gives us more or less insight into the college life of the author of *Tartuffe*, but he gives

* Some say that he did all he could to discourage him from study. "Si l'on croit quelques biographes," says M. Louandre, "le père de Molière, homme dure et borné, aurait tout fait pour étouffer l'intelligence naissante de son fils; il ne lui permittait pas de regarder hors de sa boutique, il ne voulait pas qu'il apprit autre chose qu'à lire, écrir et compter. Par bonheur pour la gloire de la France, l'aïeul paternal, Jean Pocquelin, qui aimait le théâtre, conduisait souvent son petit-fils à l'hôtel de Bourgogne. Ce serait là que se serait éveillé son génie."—*Œuvres de Molière*, vol. i., p. 39.

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none himself; and we may add that he is no more communicative in regard to any other period of his history. It is characteristic of him, as of most of the world's greatest thinkers, that he took no thought of his fame. There were cyclopædists then, as there are now, who were ready and willing to note down every little incident in an author's life, and to give it just such coloring as he wished, for a consideration. In other words, he could have purchased a biography as he could a garment—quite as cheap—but the day he died not a line had he left in reference to himself. All his biographers express their wonder, as well they may, at this, contrasting, as it does so remarkably, with the voluminous memoirs left by fourth-rate authors, whose works will scarcely survive the dissolution of their bodies in the grave.*

Owing to this modesty on the part of Molière, we should know as little about his private life to-day as we do of that of Shakespeare, were it not that in the time of the former the printing press was in pretty general use, especially in France, and authors were allowed more companionship with the great than they were in England. But if Molière neglected to record his own aspirations and successes, he did not forget the world with which he was surrounded. Even in college, he carefully studied the characters of all with whom he had intercourse, at the same time availing himself of every suggestion that a man of genius could turn to practical account. Thus, for example, it was his conferences with Gassendi that inspired him with a desire to translate Lucretius and Plautus. Although he was not successful in either task, there is abundant evidence in his writings that he profited largely by each. Nor was he a whit less modest, on leaving college, than he was in entering it. Since he did not like the drudgery of a *valet-de-chambre-tapissier* at the age of fourteen, it is not strange that he did not like it at nineteen, after he had cultivated the acquaintance of the greatest philosophers, poets, and historians of ancient and modern times. When called upon to take his father's place, however, he did not object. Though much against his will, he accompanied Louis XIII. to Narbonne in 1641. The king

* "Il y a dans l'existence de Molière," says Bazin, "qui a beaucoup écrit, et que son métier a longtemps tenu en vue, cette double singularité qu'il n'a pas laissé une seule ligne de sa maine, que nul de ses contemporains, de ses amis, n'a rien recueilli, rien communiqué au public de sa personne," &c.—*Notes Historiques sur la vie de Molière*, p. 3.

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had the perception to see that he was entirely out of his sphere, and he had the good-nature to tell the young poet that he appreciated his disposition to be obedient—willing to gratify his sovereign as much as possible, even in an uncongenial office, he was at liberty to devote himself to more agreeable pursuits. Another king would have gone further and given him a congenial position at court; but Louis XIII. was but an indifferent judge of the capabilities of those around him. At all events, young Pocquelin found himself at liberty soon after his return from Narbonne. Nor was he slow in availing himself of it, for soon after we find him studying law at Orleans, where he was admitted in due time to the bar. His friends thought now that he was fully devoted to the law. Most probably he thought so himself for a while; but he soon grew tired of its dry technicalities. Some say that the want of clients was the chief cause of his disgust. Be this as it may, he returned to Paris in 1645. He soon formed a society of young men who met two or three times a week for the purpose of acting plays for amusement. In a short time they amused others as well as themselves; large audiences came to see them; this naturally suggested the idea of emolument; the question was duly discussed in all its bearings; and the result was the formation of a permanent company, with Molière at its head.

This gave great scandal to the poet's friends; for the profession of an actor was declared infamous by the law. Public opinion held it pretty much in the same light, with the exception that eminence was held to retrieve the character of the actor, and entitle him to the esteem of, at least, the middle ranks of society. It does not seem that young Pocquelin anticipated any such distinction as this; but he was anxious to conciliate the prejudices of his friends in any way in his power. It was with this view that he dropped the family name, to save it from degradation, and assumed that of Molière. This is the name by which he has since been known to the world, and which will be illustrious as long as the highest order of literature is admired; whereas, Pocquelin is saved from obscurity only by the shadow cast upon it by the assumed appellation.

Among the company thus formed, and which styled itself *L'Illustre Théâtre*, were several whom Molière was destined to render famous; including Madeleine Béjart and her two brothers, Mademoiselle Duparc, &c. Its success at

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the beginning of its public career was by no means brilliant, and the same may be said of several pieces written at this time by Molière, of which little more than their names is now known. We are told by the best informed of his biographers, that he undertook a tragedy at Bordeaux, entitled *La Thébaïde*, but it proved an utter failure—was literally hissed off the stage. This satisfied the author that the serious was not his forte. He must have made several similar attempts previously; for nothing is heard of him from 1646 to 1653. During these seven years, he went about from one country town to another, and not unfrequently he found it difficult to procure the necessaries of life. That his pen was not idle, however, is sufficiently proved by the *Maître d'Ecole*, the *Docteur Amoureux*, the *Médecin Volant*, and the *Jalousie du Barbouillé*, though it does not appear that any of them had ever been printed until lately. They were of sufficient merit, at all events, to attract the attention of the Prince de Conti, his school-fellow, who was the first to patronize his troupe, and who subsequently introduced him to Philip of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV. The latter prince was so much pleased with his writing and acting that he permitted him to call his company *Le Troupe de Monsieur*. Still he did not venture to brave the criticisms of a Parisian audience; but the honorable reception he had experienced at Bordeaux, Béziers, Pézénas and Narbonne, from the most cultivated of the country *noblesse*, inspired him with renewed confidence in his genius. This was all he wanted, as the result proved; for it was at this time he produced at Lyons his comedy of the *Etourdi*, the earliest of his pieces which have been deemed worthy of preservation in their integrity. The success of this was such as to satisfy his most sanguine expectations, so far as country audiences were concerned. He did not remain long at Lyons, however; he proceeded to Avignon, where he was also received with every demonstration of favor and esteem; and from Avignon he was invited to Béziers by the Prince de Conti, where soon after *Dépit Amoureux* was produced. These two pieces, very different as they are, and of very unequal merit, established the reputation of Molière in the provinces. *L'Etourdi* is rather a series of detached pieces than a regular drama—

"Et chaque acte en sa pièce est une pièce entière,"

and it has been censured accordingly. But there were then no regular comedies on the French stage. The piece has but

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little plot; it turns upon the schemes of an intriguing valet, to facilitate the union of his master with the heroine. The task proves amusingly difficult, because the lady's lover is of so bustling and prying a character that he is everywhere present, just at the moment that it is to be desired that he should be at the greatest possible distance. There is no truer specimen of a gentleman-like coxcomb than Lélie, the principal character. But this could not be inferred from any English translation of the piece with which we are acquainted. Take, for example, that by Dryden, or, rather, by the Duke of Newcastle, for Dryden merely adapted the piece to the stage from the Duke's version, giving it the title of *Sir Martin Marplot*, that by which it is best known to English readers. The hero of the latter is entirely different from that of the former, and the same may be said of the *dénouement*. The coxcomb of Molière is gay and light-hearted, but shrewd and sensible withal; whereas Dryden's Sir Martin is simply an awkward, bustling fool; one so unworthy of the heroine, that it is deemed best to bestow her hand on the intriguing domestic—a piece of indecorum, which would not be tolerated on the French stage, and for which Molière has afforded no excuse. Yet, to this day almost, universal as the French language is, the author of *L'Etourdi* is censured for the errors of his translators, by persons who, though very intelligent in other respects, cannot understand that no two compositions may be more different than a comedy in one language and that which purports to be a translation of it in another.

The success of the *Etourdi* and *Dépit Amoureux* were such that the Prince de Conti thought he should be honored by appointing Molière his secretary—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Prince had perception enough to see that the poet was destined to shed a lustre, if not on the age in which he lived, at least on all who favored him with their patronage and support. But it seems the appointment was offered only on condition that Molière would abandon the stage. This he respectfully but firmly declined to do, informing his patron that he was too much attached to his profession to render it possible that he could relinquish it, even for one whom he loved and esteemed as much as him. Others, however, place the refusal of the poet on a different footing—alleging that he was willing enough to accept the sinecure, with all the advantages which it offered, but

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that he was deterred by the fate of Sarrasin, who came to his death in the same office. It was said that the Prince was in the habit of maltreating his secretary, the immediate cause of whose death was supposed to be a blow on the head with the fire-tongs, in the hands of his enraged master. But the story is no longer believed; nor should it be; for nothing is more inconsistent with the character of the Prince, as drawn by those who knew him best, and who would not be likely to conceal so brutal an act.

Whatever was Molière's object, he still continued his wandering life in the provinces. Both the plays of which we have just been speaking had been translated into several languages before he ventured to try his fortune in Paris the second time. Nor was it without much misgiving that he finally resolved on doing so. In 1658 he proceeded to Rouen, where he spent the summer, occasionally taking a trip to the capital incognito, in order to ascertain as best he might what his chances of success were. It was during one of these secret visits that he obtained permission from Philip d'Orleans, the king's brother, to offer him the services of his company, and called it *Le Troupe de Monsieur*. Philip was so well pleased with the performances that he did not hesitate to introduce Molière to the king and the queen-mother, as not only the director of his company, but the author of several dramas of singular merit—pieces which had elicited the applause of the most fastidious critics in Europe. This secured their attention at once. The *Salle des Gardes* of the old Louvre was immediately fitted up as a private theatre. The director was called upon to select whatever piece he thought best for the first representation; and, with that graceful modesty which was always characteristic of him, he chose Corneille's *Nicomède*.

This was a fine play, but far too serious for a company used to such brilliant and amusing pieces as those of Molière. The director saw that the king was about to withdraw from his place with his whole party; but he was determined not to fail without a fair trial. He instantly came to the front of the stage and begged permission to address their majesties, which was readily granted. Those who knew Molière best, and had most confidence in his abilities, were astonished at the eloquence, good sense, and good taste that characterized his speech; and its effect on their majesties was all he could have desired. He commenced by thanking them mo-

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destly for the honor they had done him in coming, and for their gracious kindness in bearing so long with a company so little accustomed to a royal audience; and ended by humbly requesting that they would allow him to represent one of those little *divertissements* with which he was accustomed to entertain the less fastidious audiences of the provinces. The king consented; all waited until the actors dressed themselves for their new *rôles;* and the *Docteur Amoureux* electrified the whole court. This confirmed the reputation of Molière. The king not only authorized him to establish his company in Paris, but also to perform at the *Théâtre du Petit Bourbon* alternately with the Italian comedians.

It was not until he was thus favored that he ventured to commence the satirical war in which he has proved, more conclusively than any other modern writer, that the pen is more powerful than the sword. No satires have had more effect, in any age or country, in correcting abuses of various kinds than the comedies of Molière. This is particularly true of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, which was produced soon after the permission referred to was granted by the king. It would be foreign to our purpose, on the present occasion, to enter into any details as to the cause or object of this satire. We may remark in passing, however, that it was chiefly levelled at a coterie of women of rank who then held sway in Paris, and pretended to be the supreme judges in all matters of taste, culture, and refinement, especially in the niceties of the French language. They met daily, or, rather, nightly, at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whence they issued those bulletins by which all making any pretence to *bon ton*, were to be guided. No one deemed worthy of being a member of this coterie spoke as other people did. All affected a sort of jargon, which was held to be most fashionable and elegant in proportion as it set common sense at defiance. Ribou published a dictionary of this curious dialect, which gives a more correct idea of its character than any description we could attempt to give. In this curious work, water is defined as *l'humeur celeste;* a night-cap is called *le complice innocent de mensonge;* a disdainful smile, *un bouillon d'orgueil;* a chaplet, *une chaine spirituelle*, &c., &c. Nor was it alone in their language and conversation that the ladies of this society affected to differ from all the world besides, and set public opinion at defiance; they were equally peculiar in other respects. For example, the marchioness

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who presided generally received her visitors, whether male or female, in bed. Strange and absurd as all this was, it was taking deep root; for who could deny that what had the sanction of Voiture, Ménage, Balzac, de Sevigné, Pascal, L'Enclos, Bossuet, Deshouillères, la Rochefoucauld, and others of equal eminence in the world of literature, was worthy of being respected? So thought the highest dignitaries of the bench; so thought even the most pious and distinguished prelates. Yet Molière had the courage to undertake exposing the whole system to public ridicule and scorn. One of the rules of the coterie was, to address each other as *ma chère*, *ma précieuse*, &c. Hence the title of the play. The principal characters are two females, the daughters of an honest burgher. Wishing to be fashionable, like their neighbors, they discard their baptismal names, as not being sufficiently elegant for the times, and adopt the more classic appellations of *Aminte* and *Polixène*. They affect a corresponding change in their whole conversation and demeanor. As for their father, they have the greatest contempt for him; for they have grown so sentimental and classic all of a sudden, that he cannot understand them, but, supposing them to have lost their senses, is in great tribulation. Madame de Rambouillet, the head of the society, is distinguished by the romantic appellation of Arthenice. Two gentlemen propose to the honest burgher for the hands of his daughters. He thinks them excellent matches, but the ladies reject them with scorn, because they are so vulgar as not to be acquainted with the new dialect. The good man remonstrates in vain; the suitors are dismissed as unworthy of notice. In order to avenge themselves, the latter cause their two valets to be prepared for the occasion, and introduced to Aminte and Polixène as noblemen and paragons of fashion. They introduce themselves as the Vicomte de Jodelet and the Marquis de Mascarille, and the more absurdly and impudently they act the more highly are they esteemed by the *Précieuses;* until, towards the conclusion, their true character and calling are discovered, and the piece ends, overwhelming the fine ladies with shame and confusion.

The delight which this piece gave the general public is described by all as unbounded. For four months it had an uninterrupted run. The charges for admission were raised; still the people flocked to see it in thousands—not only the citizens of Paris, but all who resided within twenty miles of

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the capital. Great was the glory of the strolling actor; though he excited the hatred of a large number belonging to the first families in France, even those who were most pointedly ridiculed acknowledged the force of his genius and the general truthfulness of his satire. For example, it is related that when M. Ménage, who was a prominent member of the coterie, was leaving the theatre, after hearing *Les Prècieuses* for the first time, he expressed his own recantation in the words of Clovis, when he became a convert to Christianity, and told the assembled Franks they must now burn the idols they had hitherto adored. "Monsieur, nous approuvions, vous et moi, toutes les sottises qui viennent d'être, critiquées si finement et avec tant de bon sens; mais pour me servir de ce que saint Remi dit à Clovis, il nous faudra brûler ce que nous avons adoré, et adorer ce que nous avons brulé."*

No wonder that Molière himself was rejoiced; but, far from assuming any new airs, he continued as modest as ever. The chief effect of his success on himself was to satisfy him that his forte lay in satirizing the follies, extravagances, and vices of the day. His own remark was, that it was not necessary for him any longer to study Plautus and Terence, or to patch up fragments from Ménandre.†

But the greatest misfortunes of Molière commenced with his greatest glory. No one affords a more striking and painful illustration of the adage, that unalloyed happiness is not the lot of man. Molière had, now, abundance of money as well as fame; but he wanted what he prized more than either, the love of his young wife, which he had the painful consciousness of being given to another. We here approach a most disagreeable episode in the life of Molière; but a part, at least, of the truth must be told, in order to satisfy the requirements of biography. While the poet was travelling in the country, he formed a *liaison* with Madeleine Béjart, an actress of his company, to whom we have already alluded. This does not seem to have lasted long. Soon again the susceptible poet formed another attachment, of which the object was Mademoiselle Duparc, who failed to return it. This caused him great grief. Mademoiselle de Brie, then in

* *Histoire du Théâtre Français*, par les frères Parfait.

† "Je n'ai plus que faire d'étudier Plaute et Terence, ni d'épulcher des fragments de Ménandre."—Louandre, vol. i., p. 188.

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the prime of youth and beauty, readily understood his situation, and she lost no time in trying whether tenderness and friendship could not heal the wounds of love. She, too, belonged to the stage. When Molière came to Lyons, she was a member of another company; but, being a lady of education and intelligence, it was only necessary for her to read one of his pieces, or converse with him, in order to feel assured that he was no ordinary director. Accordingly, she lost no time in offering him her services, nor did he hesitate to accept them. By degrees she brought him to confide his grief to her. In a short time all need for sympathy on his part had passed away. But one day Molière appeared before her as sad as ever: "What does this mean?" said she. "Are you indeed relapsing again?" His reply was, that all her care had been useless; for that the malady, instead of leaving him, had only changed its form; and that he now required a physician who should save him from the wounds she herself had inflicted. Her response was equally witty and appropriate. "These wounds," said she, "will not hurt you; for they have been more fatal to myself than to you." This was the simple truth. It had been well for Molière that he had continued faithful to this lady; for, though an actress, she was a faithful and virtuous woman. There is no doubt that he married her; but it is equally certain that he was not long married, when he formed new attachments. He was all the more to blame for this, because all his biographers bear testimony to her high personal attractions. Thus, she is described by Bazin, as "tall, slender, and graceful; noble in her carriage, and natural in all her attitudes, with something particularly delicate in her face and features, which rendered her most fitting for the part of an *ingénue*. Her eyes possessed a peculiar charm, derived from their mingled expression of candor and tenderness. She was more intelligent than witty, and had not a shadow of coquetry." No actress of her time was more popular than Mademoiselle de Brie; but her popularity never made her haughty, or weaned her affections in the least from Molière. Even after he abandoned her, she still continued to love and admire him; nay, after his death, her chief pleasure was to personate the heroines he thought most of himself. Her favorite character was that of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*. On one occasion, when sixty years of age, she yielded this character to a young actress, more suitable, she

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thought, than herself, to personate a heroine of sixteen. But the pit refused to accept the change; the greatest uproar prevailed, until the favorite had to be sent for; and next day the following verses appeared in the *Mercure:*

"Il faut qu'elle ait été charmante
Puisqu' aujourd'hui, malgré les ans.
Apeine des attraits naissans
Egalent sa beauté mouranté."

The worst sin that Molière ever committed was to abandon a woman like this. Nor was retribution slow in reaching him for it; for the girl of sixteen years old, whom he had undertaken to educate himself, brought scandal and disgrace upon him. Armande Béjart, the sister of his former mistress, was twenty years his junior when he married her. The relationship alone would have been a cause of scandal; but it was even alleged that Armande was his own daughter, by Madeleine Béjart. Montfleury, an actor of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, wrote a pamphlet to prove the charge, and went so far as to present it to Louis XIV., in the form of a petition. The infamous attempt failed, however; it is to the glory of le Grand Monarque that, in order to give the most emphatic proof of his regarding the whole story as a slander, he became sponsor himself for Molière's first child by Armande, in conjunction with his sister-in-law, Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans. Of the many acts of kindness and friendship done by Louis XIV. to the literary men of his time, this was perhaps the most magnanimous; but it could not prevent Amande from being guilty of the most scandalous conduct as the wife of Molière. It was impossible for the poet himself to be ignorant of her conduct, for many years before their separation. Even now, it was she who separated from him, under pretence of being offended at some allusion to her amours. When his friend Chapelle came to console him, telling him that he was well rid of so false a woman, his reply was: "Shall I tell you all I have suffered since our separation? My heart is torn by regrets. I seek everywhere excuses for Armande's faults; and *I find a thousand.* I consider her youth and the temptations that surround her. I enter into her interests—I pity, and can no longer blame. I absolve her, in short, and hate myself for having been able to leave her. I affirm it—there is but one kind of love—it is that which I have described to you. Oh! my dear friend,

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everything in this world is associated in my heart with Armande. Nothing can console me for her absence; and if I were to behold her at this moment, my emotion, my delight, would deprive me of reflection. I should no longer have eyes for her defects, but only for her charming and agreeable qualities."*

We shall not trouble our readers, on the present occasion, with any account of the different intrigues in which it was publicly known Mme. Molière was engaged, for they would occupy a large part of our paper by themselves. The many injured husbands whom Molière ridiculed in his comedies had ample satisfaction when they heard of his own misfortunes, for the worst of them had hardly been more imposed upon than himself. Several of his comedies are either wholly founded on intrigues of this kind, or have a direct bearing upon them—such as *Sgnarelle, ou Le Cocu Imaginaire*, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, *La Critique des L'Ecole des Femmes*, *Le Mariage Forcé* and *George Dandin*.

But to return to *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. This famous piece was translated, or, rather, imitated by Shadwell, the McFlecnoe of Dryden, under the title of *Bury-Fair*, which, though little known now, was well received at the time of its publication. Molière's next production was the *Cocu Imaginaire*, first performed in 1660. This was not so successful as either of his two former pieces, although it was played before large houses, night after night, for six weeks. *Don Garcie, ou Le Prince Jaloux*, was somewhat similar to the *Cocu*, but more serious in its tone, and, whenever

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* In several of his plays, Molière alludes, but too plainly, to his own misfortunes. It is the portrait of the faithless and seductive Armande we have in scene 9, act III., of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, where Cléante, begs Corielle to say all he can think of against Lucile, "in order to fortify his resolution against any residue of his love that might yet plead her cause."

"*Corielle*—Puis que cela, va comme cela, je vois bien que vous avez enire de l'aimer toujours.
"*Cléante*—Moi! j'aimerais mieux mourir, et je vais la haïr autant que je l'aimée.
"*Corielle*—*Le moyen si vous la trouvez si parfaite?*"

He makes Arnolphe speak still more plainly in the *Ecole des Femmes*, thus:

"Après vingt ans, *et plus de méditation*
Pour me conduire en tout avec précaution,
De tant d'autres maris j'aurai quitté la trace
Pour me trouver après dans la même disgrace?"

No one acquainted with the circumstances can doubt that it is to the ingratitude of Armande he alludes, in that passage, in the same scene in which Arnolphe (himself) discovers that he has lost Agnès (Armande), and that she loves Horace:

"* * * * * En venir a cette perfidie;
Ma'gre tous mes bienfaits, former un tel dessein:
Petit serpent que j'ai rechauffe dans mon sein!"

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Molière attempted to be grave, he signally failed. It was so on this occasion. But his next piece, *L'Ecole de Maris*, made amends for all, for it received the unanimous applause of all Paris. When Fouquet, Minister of Finance to Louis XIV., gave his celebrated entertainment to his royal master, it was this play he had selected for the occasion, and it elicited the admiration of all. It was at the same entertainment *Les Fâscheux* was first produced, and those who read it will agree that it was worthy of the occasion for which it was expressly written. Without being indelicate or vicious, it deals intimately with vice. There are various detached scenes, in which a lover, having an assignation with his mistress, is constantly interrupted, and prevented from seeing her by persons who, having nothing to do themselves, must needs annoy others. But never did *bores* afford more genuine amusement. His next work is *L'Ecole des Femmes*—the best comedy he had yet written. This, too, was immediately translated. The "Country Wife" of Wycherly is, however, but a poor imitation of the original. Molière's hero had been an intriguer in his youth; he therefore flattered himself that he was fully acquainted with all the wiles of womanhood. In order to avoid the misfortunes then so common among his neighbors, he resolves to marry his own ward, a young girl who seems as innocent as an angel, and who, to all appearance, would never look at any of the ruder sex but her guardian. She knows enough, however, to persuade him that she is devoted to him, but, while he is indulging in visions of future bliss, she finds occasion to unite herself to one more suited to her age. Although the public were delighted with the piece, the critics were loud and bitter in their censures, charging the author with outraging both the French language and the cause of morality. We know of no finer piece of criticism than Molière's defence of *L'Ecole des Femmes*. "In this," says M. Taschereau, "he had the good fortune to escape the most dangerous fault of an author writing upon his own compositions, and to exhibit wit where others would only have shown vanity and self-conceit." It was on the same occasion that Boileau, the French Horace, said: "Let the envious exclaim against thee, because thy scenes are agreeable to all the vulgar; if thou wert less acquainted with the art of pleasing, thou wouldst be able to please even thy censors." Every succeeding piece, while it increased his popularity, also in-

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creased the number of his enemies. The Duc de la Feuillade was so much enraged, because he thought himself the original of a ridiculous nobleman in the *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, that he so far forgot himself as to assault the author in one of the galleries of the Tuilleries.

The next pieces in order were *L'Impromptu de Versailles* and *La Princesse d'Elide*—both brief—each rather a series of detached scenes than a regular drama. *Le Mariage Forcé*, produced the same year, contains but one act; but in this there is sufficient wit and humor for five. Its object is, to satirize the sophists of the Sorbonne, who regarded all philosophy that did not accord with the categories of Aristotle as a heresy, which all friends of learning were bound to deprecate and oppose. The principal character is a philosopher of fifty-four, who takes a notion to marry a fashionable young lady; but, before venturing on so serious an affair, he consults several of his friends. Their advice is not altogether favorable; he agrees that they are right; and accordingly concludes to let the matter drop. The lady's father visits him, armed with a cudgel, and a still worse weapon. The lady's father had gone to him previously on a similar errand, but without having recourse to physical force. The colloquy between the father and the discouraged lover is indeed very amusing, but not half so comical as that in which the brother takes part. The latter is a model of politeness in his remarks to his intended brother-in-law. He may, he says, by all means refuse to marry his sister; such is his privilege; but a duel must be the inevitable consequence. It is in vain the lover tries to prove, by force of logic, that there should be no fight; but finally, in order to avoid it, agrees to send for the priest, and the marriage ceremony is duly performed.

The *Mariage Forcé* was soon followed by *Don Juan, ou Le Festin de Pierre*, and *L'Amour Medecin*, each of which was highly successful. Don Juan gave great offence to the bigots, who charged the author with being the Atheist of the piece, and did all in their power to have him punished accordingly. They complained to the king; but, instead of giving them any encouragement, Louis XIV. bestowed on Molière's company the title of *Comedians du Roi*. Nor was this a mere matter of form, for the title was accompanied with a pension of seven thousand livres. In his *Amour Medecin*, the poet made war on altogether a new class—the medical faculty. At this time the science of medicine was

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at a very low ebb, even in Paris; the doctors paying much more attention to their mode of dress than to their books or their patients; though it may be doubted whether they dealt so much in quackery as our own faculty do at the present day—at least, they did not pretend to have so many infallible cures for all diseases that flesh is heir to. At all events, they made use of a sort of jargon which was scarcely less ridiculous than that of *Les Précieuses*, of whom the poet had already so happily disposed. Another of their peculiarities was, to ride only on mules, and their dress was somewhat similar to that of the Shakers of the present day, but much more grotesque. All their oddities and affectations were attacked by Molière without mercy and with the utmost effect. Four of the faculty of Paris, most distinguished for their gravity and pretensions, are brought upon the stage under Greek names. They are made to hold consultations, which have more reference to anything than to the case of the patient; and they separate without any two agreeing on any mode of treatment; each warning the rest that death is sure to ensue if any treatment is pursued but that which he recommends. To *L'Amour Medecin* succeeded the *Misanthrope*, considered by the French critics the most regular and artistic of Molière's compositions. It seems, indeed, it was somewhat too correct for the Parisians; for it received but an indifferent reception on its first representation. The author was not slow to divine the cause; and, as a remedy, he wrote the lively and amusing farce entitled *Le Medecin malgré lui*, to accompany it. The object of this was, to secure attention for the principal piece. In this, it was entirely successful; and nothing more was necessary in order to satisfy all, capable of judging, of the high merits of the *Misanthrope*. Trifling as the farce was—nothing more, it is said, than the work of two hours—it was deemed worthy of translation by Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, under the title of the *Mock Doctor*. When the friends of Molière congratulated him on the success of his *chef d'œuvre*, he replied, that they had yet to see his best effort—"vous verrez bien autre chose," said he to his friend Boileau. What he alluded to was his *Tartuffe*, which he had nearly finished at the time, and of whose success he had little doubt. For this he had good reason, since he had already the approbation of the king, the queen, the queen-mother, and the Prince de Condé, each having witnessed in private the repre-

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sentation of the first and second acts. But some courtiers too happened to be present, and more than one distinguished ecclesiastic. There were persons present who not only regarded the piece as an attack on religion, but had influence enough to induce the king to interdict its representation in public. The truth is, that those who gave this advice were more concerned about themselves than the Christian religion. Doubtless they knew that they were hypocrites, and a guilty conscience needs no accuser. At all events, they succeeded in throwing obstacles in the way of Molière. Finally, however, the king removed the interdict, the author having shown him that he had altered the names of the characters—substituting Panulphe for Tartuffe, and changing the title from Tartuffe to Impostor. But, before the representation had time to take place, the king left Paris to join the army in Flanders, and the President of the Parliament, to whom he delegated his powers, prohibited the piece. There was good reason for this, sufficient to satisfy the king; for the most liberal, wise, and tolerant of the clergy denounced the play as profane and immoral. Bossuet and Bourdaloue, each equally famous for his eloquence, wisdom, and piety, wrote and preached against *Tartuffe*. But there was one prelate who fearlessly and vigorously defended Molière—the learned, witty, and amiable Fénélon, author of *Télémaque* and archbishop of Cambrai. Nor did he spare the failings of either Bossuet or Bourdaloue in doing so. "Bourdaloue," said he, "n'est point Tartuffe, mais ses enemis diront qu'il est Jesuite." The archbishop fully justified all that is said in the play against hypocrisy, on the ground that there can be no worse member of society than the hypocrite. "L'hypocrite," he says, "est le plus dangereux des mechants, la fausse pieté étant cause que les hommes n'osent plus se fier à la veritable. Les hypocrites souffrent dans les enfers des peines plus cruelles que les enfants *qui ont égorgé leur pères, et leurs mères, que les épouses qui ont trempé leurs mains dans le sang de leur époux, que les traîtres qui ont livré leur patrie, après avoir violé tous leurs serments.*" Nothing could be more emphatic than this; and it produced its effect accordingly. Molière himself wrote several letters to the king in defence of the morality of the play. Finally, in August, 1667, *Le Tartuffe*, so long proscribed, was publicly represented, and fully confirmed the author's right, not only to be regarded as the father of French comedy, but also the best of comic

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dramatists. It would be idle to attempt to analyze a drama like *Tartuffe* within the limits we could devote to it in the present article. We can do little more than remark, in passing, that for energy, vivacity, and fidelity to life, there is nothing in the whole range of dramatic literature that surpasses the opening scene—that known as *L'entrée de Madame Pernelle*. We see nothing of the principal personage until we are fully prepared for him; but his character is so naturally developed, that we grow more and more anxious for his appearance, until at last he enters in the second scene of the third act. Even in Shakespeare, there is no scene more admirably conducted than that between Cléante, Orgon and Dorine, where Orgon replies to each circumstance the *Servante* relates to his wife, "et Tartuffe?" The interest is enhanced by every incident, nay, almost by every word, until the hypocrite is made to unveil his own character, in a fit of affected humility, saying to his victim:

"Savez-vous, après tous, de quoi je suis capable?"

Molière was not idle while the interdiction remained against *Tartuffe*. He composed two pieces, *Mélicerte*, and *Le Sicilien, ou L'Amour Peintre*. The former is a species of heroic pastoral; but it was never finished. It was intended to be in five acts; but the king grew impatient, so that it had to be concluded in two. This is greatly to be regretted, for the fragment is one of the best of its kind to be found in any language. Of all Molière's pieces, it is the most elegant and classical; in short, it is just such as one might expect from a genius like Molière, when he placed the scene of the action in the beautiful vale of Tempe. The best critics compare *Mélicerte* to the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, and to the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, which are regarded by competent judges of all nations as the most admirable specimens of pastoral poetry. Paris had scarcely got over the excitement caused by *Tartuffe*, when the comedy of *Amphitryon* from the same prolific pen was presented. The subject is taken from the *Amphitruonis Supposita* of Plautus; so are the principal incidents; at the same time no one can charge Molière with plagiarism, except such a charge be founded on the fact that he has quite as little regard for pious or moral scruples as the Roman dramatist. Nor is he a whit more careful in this respect in *George Dandin*, his next piece, in which the heroine, Angelica, is represented, if not criminal, at least coquettish

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and impudent. As usual, there were several Parisians who became enraged with the author, insisting that they were the originals of Monsieur de Fonaille, George Dandin, &c. In the *Avare* the author tried to make amends for the three dramas which preceded it. The general conception of this, too, and several of the scenes, are taken from Plautus; but the French comedy is much more moral than the Latin original. Nor is this the only respect in which the former is superior to the latter, yet it was but indifferently received by the Parisians. It fared otherwise in England, however, having been translated by Fielding; and it retains its place to this day on the English stage among the best of its class.

It is needless to do more than mention *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* in a desultory paper like this; for Monsieur Jourdain, the hero, has been naturalized in every country that can boast a literature. It will be sufficient to observe, that, although, like several of its predecessors, it had to encounter much opposition at the beginning, its merits were finally acknowledged; and it is now ranked with the noblest specimens of the comic drama. *Les Fourberies de Scapin* is all that could be expected from its title. This is the piece in which the celebrated phrase occurs, *Que diable alla-t-il faire dans cette galère?* The delineation of character is but a secondary object in this piece; indeed, it may be doubted whether anything of the kind was intended; the main object being to exhibit lively scenes of adventure, seasoned, as usual, with that species of intrigue for which the French are distinguished to the present day. *Les Femmes Savantes* is another of Molière's *chefs d'œuvre* with which our readers are sufficiently acquainted.* The *Malade Immaginaire*, though one of Molière's best plays, is now remarkable chiefly for the circumstances under which it was first produced; it was the author's last production; also the last in whose representation he took a part; for it was only a few hours before his death that he played the

* Molière has been charged, on account of this play, with being in favor of keeping women in comparative ignorance; but no charge is more unfounded. In no other works do we find a nobler defence of cultivated intellect in women. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to quote one passage—we choose that in *L'Ecole des Femmes*, in which he says:

"Mais comment voulez-vous qu'une bête
Puisse jamais *savoir* ce que c'est qu'être honnête
* * *
Une femme d'esprit peut trahir son devoir
Mais il faut pour le moins qu'elle *ose le vouloir*;
Et la stupide au sien peut manquer d'ordinaire,
Sans en avoir l'envie et sans penser le faire."

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part of Argan, and gave utterance to the following prophetic words:

"*Argan.*—Par la mort nom de diable, si j'étais que des médecins je me vengerais de son impertinence, *et quand il sera malade je le laisserais mourir sans secours. Il aurait beau dire et beau faire.* * * *Je lui dirais —Crève, crève, cela t'apprendra une autre fois à te jouer à la faculté.*"

Of the difficulties attending Molière's burial, as well as the chief incidents in his life, we have spoken in a former article.* We have, therefore, little to add, on the present occasion, to this sketch, further than to remark, in general terms, that there is no author of equal merit, so little known, either in this country or England. There are but few who are aware that he is recognized by the best critics of all Continental Europe as superior to all other dramatic writers, not excepting Shakespeare, in the department of comedy; still fewer, perhaps, are aware that among all the moderns there is no critic who can pretend to surpass Molière, if indeed there is one in France, England, or Germany, that equals him. This could be easily proved from his writings. For our own part, we are acquainted with no criticisms, since the time of Longinus, that can be compared to his letters to the king and others, in defence of *Tartuffe*. If there be anything better, it is his own preface to *Les Facheux;* if this in turn is surpassed, it is by *Le Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, and the *Impromptu de Versailles*.

No author of any age was better appreciated in his day than Molière. King, queen, *noblesse*, and people, vied with each other in their admiration of his genius. Le Grand Monarque himself was in the habit of taking a part in the representation of several of his pieces. In the *Amants Magnifiques*, for example, he condescended to personate Neptune, the ocean-god, in the first *entrée de ballet*, and in the last *entrée* he represented the Sun, the favorite emblem of the same deity. The Great Condé did the poet similar honor; so did the great Cardinal Richelieu. The two greatest queens of their time—Marie-Thérése of Spain, "sans reproche devant Dieu et devant les hommes," and Anne of Austria, whom the poet himself describes as "Cette mère heureusement féconde," &c.—were equally delighted with the author of *Les Femmes Savantes*. Nor was this any mere transitory feeling; it was not caused by any passing whim,

* See No. I., Article, *The Modern French Drama*—p. 67 *et seq.*

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or fashion of the hour. To this day Molière continues to be honored in a similar manner by rich and poor; because his portraitures are peculiar to no age or country; but it may be said of them, as Cicero says of the law of nature, "Non alia Romæ alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia post hac, sed et omnium temporum et locorum." His plays are still acted by kings and princes in the North as well as in the South, at St. Petersburg and Berlin, as well as at Paris and Madrid. Nor is he a whit less remembered by the masses of his countrymen. Any one acquainted with Parisian life is aware that there is to this day a class of servants known as *Les Sertantes de Molière*—those of whom the prototypes are Nicole, Andrée, Martine, Marotte, &c., &c. Of still greater universality are his Mascarille and Sganarelle, Claudine and Nerine, Monsieur Tillerin and Monsieur Jourdain.

Such, in short, has been the popularity of Molière since the day his *Etourdi* was first produced at Lyons, to the present, a period of more than two hundred years, that the monument erected to his memory, in 1839, can hardly be ranked among the instances of tardy justice to the illustrious dead. His memory should indeed have been commemorated long before this; but he has no need of any further monument than that which he built himself; for well might he say with Horace, were he not much more modest than the Roman satirist:

> Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius.

It is well, however, that he has been honored in the manner alluded to, though, so far as his native city or the French government was concerned, more by accident than design. The *Journal des Débats* of February, 1839, contained the simple announcement that the authorities had decided to construct a fountain at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and the Rue Traversière. Monsieur Régnier, a comedian of the *Théâtre Français*, no sooner saw the article than he wrote a letter to the Prefect of the Seine, pointing out to him, that the contemplated edifice was to occupy the space immediately opposite to the house in which Molière died, and that it would be easy to combine the fountain with a monument to the father of French comedy. The Prefect submitted the proposition to a higher authority. Due attention was given it, and the result was, the adoption of M. Régnier's suggestion. Soon after the work was commenced, and on the 15th of

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January, 1844, the monument was duly inaugurated. Among the public bodies, learned societies, &c., who assisted at the inauguration, were the municipal corps; the different academies of the Institute; a deputation from the committee of dramatic authors; a deputation from the society of dramatic artists; the associates of the *Théâtre Français;* and the commissioners for the monument. The whole proceeded in a body from the *Théâtre Français*, headed by a battalion of the National Guard. The greatest living authors of France delivered appropriate speeches on the occasion. All the preliminaries having been gone through, the Prefect of the Seine deposited a box in the base of the monument, containing a medal struck in honor of Molière, a copy of his works, and a memoir of his life, in one volume, and an account of the ceremony. This being done, M. de Rambuteau presented a laurel crown, which was placed on the head of the statue, and each of the literary corps hung an olive wreath on the monument. Thus, in one edifice, are combined a statue and a fountain. Could the author himself have got his choice, he could hardly have wished a more appropriate tribute to his genius.

ART. VI.—1. *Unité de Poursuite du Ministère Chrétien.* Par L'ABBÉ DE VALIÈRE. Paris: 1851.

2. *Letters on Clerical Manners and Habits; addressed to a Student in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J.* By SAMUEL MILLER, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government in the said Seminary.

3. *History of the Jesuits, from the Foundation of their Society to its Suppression by Pope Clement XIV.; their Missions throughout the World, their Educational System and Literature; with their Revival and Present State.* By ANDREW STEINMETZ, author of "The Novitiate," "The Jesuit in the Family." London: 1848.

"WHATEVER office is worthy of our ambition," says Plato, "has a right to claim that we fully qualify ourselves for it." The most thoughtless and indolent would hardly deny this; but how few give it practical illustration! Not one out of a hundred; and the number is diminishing from year to year.

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What was admitted, on all hands, in times past, to require years of close study, is now disposed of in as many months. Save the devoted few, the people of the present age are too precious of themselves to tax either mind or body with protracted labor. They yield to none in their desire to be regarded as intelligent, and even learned; but, if they can maintain the semblance of knowledge and wisdom, that is all they care for. The natural consequence is, that smattering is the rule; real intelligence the exception. Were this aversion to persevering effort confined to the pursuit of abstract knowledge, it were less to be deplored; but it extends more or less to all pursuits, except, perhaps, to the pursuit of money. Our present business, however, is with intellectual labor, or, rather, the general aversion to it. Centuries ago, what are still called the learned professions, by courtesy, were really learned. Far be it from us to deny that there are individual clergymen, physicians, and lawyers, at the present day, whose acquirements would have done honor to their respective professions when true learning was most valued; but such are not often met with. Nor can the public at large think it necessary, when they observe the facility with which the lawyer or the physician can become a minister of the Gospel, and *vice versâ*.

The period of human life is too short, even when protracted to its broadest span, to enable the most brilliant, studious, and persevering to acquire an accurate knowledge of several professions or callings. To succeed in anything of the kind is as impossible as to serve God and Mammon. Even if one devotes himself to one calling, he should try to ascertain whether it is such as he is calculated for by his talents and disposition. It is by acting on these principles that the Church of Rome has been enabled to maintain its power so long, and exercise so wonderful an influence over the human mind. And, if we look at her history, we shall see that she has lost this power and influence at different periods, precisely in proportion as she lost sight of those principles, or, in other words, as soon as she neglected to put the right men in the right places. As we do not pretend to be theologians or the organ of any sect, we may be excused for believing that human knowledge was the power that enabled her to crown and uncrown kings and emperors, while armies mutually hostile to each other looked on in silence and awe. It was in view of these wonderful tri-

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umphs of mind over mere brutal force that Bacon told the world that knowledge is power, and that Goldsmith, putting the same sentiment in a more beautiful form, has said that

"Those who think must govern those who toil."

To the present day, the Church of Rome makes appointments, not according to the caprices, but according to the capabilities, of the candidates. Thus, one is assigned a curacy, or a parish; another is sent out as a missionary; another is made a teacher or professor, &c.—each according as he is qualified by nature and education; but none are expected to be capable of discharging each of those duties indiscriminately, or in turn. Can the same be said of our Protestant churches? We fear not; and this is what we desire to call particular attention to in the present paper; for it is a question in which all Protestants have an interest. We know, ourselves, several worthy men of fine talents, who studied for the ministry, but who have been rejected by as many congregations because they do not happen to possess the gift of eloquence, or are not "attractive" preachers. The Church of Rome would have found various occupations for these. Why should not our Church do the same? If for no other reason, justice to the rejected members would require it.

But any claim that we make for rejected clergymen presupposes a good education. If they are too indolent to study —if they are of that class who would eat of the almond, but hate the trouble of breaking its shell, then we say, let them be expelled by all means; let us have no drones in the ministry—none that would pretend to teach others what they could never take the trouble to learn themselves. At the same time, it is well to bear in mind that the prevailing notion in reference to the present facilities for clerical education is very erroneous. Nothing is more common than the remark, that any one who wishes may be educated for the ministry. The assertion is based on the fact, that books and colleges are numerous; but much more is required than this. Neither books nor colleges are ever so cheap but that many will be excluded from them—perhaps the very persons who would profit most by them. We see that poverty keeps thousands of children from our common schools, in which all is gratis. They have nothing to pay for either books or tuition—still they cannot go. It is the same with many young men who

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would gladly enter the ministry. There ought to be some provision, to encourage these; they ought at least to be enabled to secure a liberal education. This will be the more readily admitted, if it be borne in mind that in no country in the world are there fewer inducements to enter the Church than in the United States. In all the principal countries of Europe, the ambitious young man seeking holy orders may expect rich sinecures; if he has sufficient political influence, he may calculate on a position in the Church that would secure him a larger annuity than that of the President of the United States, together with a splendid palace, and not for four years, or seven, or twenty-one, but for life.

The inducements were still greater in former times, when even princes aspired to be dignitaries of the Church, and cardinals were prime ministers to great and powerful kings. All our readers will readily assent to this; but there are some who will hesitate to believe that clerical students had better facilities to prepare themselves for their sacred functions, three hundred years ago, than they have to-day; though such is certainly the fact. Nay, were we to say that they had better facilities in the dark ages, all things considered, we should be guilty of no exaggeration. It is too often forgotten that even in the very first ages of the Church she commanded the services of the most learned men of the Pagan world—Pagan philosophers who had embraced Christianity. Of this character were Origen, Pantænus and Justin Martyr, who are now justly ranked amongst the most illustrious fathers of the Church. The first work of these good men was to establish schools in different portions of the Christian world. But, had they done nothing but to establish the famous School at Alexandria, they would have been entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. It was under their auspices the Scriptures were first translated from the original languages in which they were written; it was they, in short, who made the Alexandria school the nursery of piety and learning for all Christendom.*

For one dollar given now for clerical education, at least a thousand were given during the earlier ages of the Church; although there are now more than ten thousand nominal Christians for every one there was then. Enormous sums were placed at the disposal of the bishops, to enable them to

* Neander, vol. i., p. 527, *et seq.* Mosheim, vol. i., p. 81.

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secure the best instruction for those whom they deemed suitable for the ministry; and we are told that, when found thus suitable, it mattered little whether they were rich or poor; those receiving their tuition for charity being as readily admissible as if they were the owners of boundless estates. According as rich and poor were educated, they were appointed, as above intimated, to such positions as they were found, upon examination, to be best qualified for. The skeptical reader may ask, how could this be possible? But there were ample means. Thus, for example, we have the testimony of Neander,* Guizot,† and Gibbon,‡ to the fact that, in the cathedrals of Constantinople and Carthage, the clerical establishment contained not fewer than five hundred ecclesiastical functionaries.

Thus was Christianity supported, and thus were its ministers provided for both intellectually and physically, until those northern barbarians, to whom so many at the present day are proud to trace their descent, commenced their irruptions upon civilized Europe, destroying, in their devastating course, the accumulated intellectual treasures of ages—including some of the noblest vestiges of Greek and Roman civilization. "The gradation," says an eminent writer, "is very remarkable. The irruption of the barbarians caused the entire ruin of the empire; the ruin of the *empire destroyed ambition to cultivate the sciences; want of ambition occasioned negligence, and contempt of letters; these produced idleness, which, as a necessary consequence, was followed by ignorance; and ignorance plunged its victims into anarchy and vice.*"§ It required the most persevering efforts of those who had power, influence, and money, to repair the desolation thus produced. The monastic institutions, though only in their infancy at this time, did incalculable good. It was not alone the fathers of the Church the monks studied and caused their pupils to study; for it is to their indefatigable labors that we owe almost the whole of the Latin and Greek classics which we now possess, and which are used as text-books in the colleges of every enlightened country. Every monastery had its library, which contained copies of the best works extant. This, too, may seem incredible; but, in order to give it credence, it is only necessary to remember

* Vol. ii., p. 151. † *Hist de Civ.*, vol. i., p. 64. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 423.
§ *Histoire Litteraire de la France*, par Benedictins, tome ii., p. 57.

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that there were numbers of monks who, in accordance with the plan of unity of pursuit and division of labor, did nothing else but copy manuscripts.

During the turmoil of the dark ages, the monasteries lost their chief support. This, as a matter of course, impaired their usefulness; and the results were soon but too obvious. In proportion as they declined ignorance increased, and the dark night of barbarism threatened to return in all its hideousness. Had Charlemagne done nothing else than to remedy this state of things, he would have been justly entitled to be called the Great. We do not mean on religious grounds—for religion, or the difference between any creed and another, is not the question which we are discussing, or want to discuss. That we leave to those whose business it is to cure souls, or show how they may be cured. Ours is an humbler task, that of proving the utility and value of education, and awarding due credit to those who have contributed most to the good cause, without regard to their theological opinions. This being our motive, we could never join in the hatred entertained by many well-meaning persons against the Jesuits, because, however grave were their faults in other respects—however reprehensible were some of their dogmas—it is beyond question that modern civilization is vastly indebted to their admirable schools. Not only are their annotations on the classics the best we have, but they have produced many Latin and Greek works themselves that bear the true classic stamp. That they have been expelled in turn by Catholic kings, emperors, and even popes, seems at first view to establish the fact that they were bad men. But if we remember that knowledge was the instrument with which they effected all their conquests, and that it is an instrument which sovereigns often dread worse than the sword, we are apt to make some allowance for the faults of the proscribed fraternity, even when represented as most grave. We should do this all the more readily and cheerfully, did we reflect that some of the greatest and most liberal minds of modern times have been trained by the Jesuits.* At all events, it is not necessary that Protestant young men, intended for the ministry, should imitate the faults of the Jesuits, nor is there any danger that they will.

* "Que," says Chateaubriand, "peut on reprocher aux Jesuites? Un peu d'ambition si naturelle au génie.—*Génie du Christianisme*, vol. iii., p. 201.

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What we wish is, that they would emulate their untiring industry and perseverance in the pursuit of learning, and, like them, devote themselves to preaching, teaching, writing, travelling, editing or annotating, &c., according as they find themselves calculated for one avocation or another.

But the latter as well as the former need encouragement. Protestants, more than Catholics, cannot become scholars without means; provision must be made for the poor. If communities will not do this, the government should. No country has done more than our own for general education, but, for the most part, we have left clerical education to shift for itself. Reasons are assigned for this, we are aware, which are regarded by many as satisfactory; but it seems to us that nothing is satisfactory that excludes many worthy young men from the ministry because they happen to be but scantily provided with the world's goods. In this there are few, if any, modern rulers, whether they be called kings, emperors, or presidents, who might not learn a useful lesson from the liberality and forethought of Charlemagne, as evinced in his famous Capitularies. In an Imperial Circular, addressed to "Bangulf, Abbot, and his brotherhood," and copied by Guizot, we find the following passages: "We beg to inform your Devotion to God, that, in concert with our councillors, we have deemed it beneficial that in the bishopricks and monasteries confided by the favor of Christ to our government, care should be taken, not only to live orderly and according to our holy religion, *but, moreover, to instruct in the knowledge of letters, and according to the capacity of individuals, all such as are able to learn.*"* That more was intended by this than mere religious instruction, is obvious from a subsequent passage in the same circular: "It is certain," adds the monarch, "at all events, that the allegories, emblems, and imagery of the holy writings will be more readily comprehended in their true spiritual meaning *by those who are versed in general learning.*"†

In another circular, which is also quoted by Guizot, the great emperor of the dark ages speaks still more plainly: "Charles, by the aid of God, King of the Franks and Lombards, and Prince of the Romans, to the high ministers of religion throughout our dominions: Having it near at heart that the churches should more and more advance towards perfection,

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* Guizot *Hist. de la Civil.*, vol. iii., p. 88. † *Ibid.*

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and being desirous of restoring, by assiduous care, *the cultivation of letters, which have almost entirely disappeared amongst us, in consequence of the neglect and indifference of our ancestors, we would excite, by our own example, all well-disposed persons to the study of the liberal arts,*"* &c.

Of all Protestant sects, the Episcopalians have approached nearest to the Catholics, or, rather, have deviated from them least in the high estimation in which they have always held education. At no time have they affected to despise it, as other churches have done; and this will serve sufficiently to explain why it is that more illustrious names are to be found among her ministry than in that of all other Protestant sects put together. Need we say that there are some sects who have been wont to regard learning not only as a superfluity, but as positively injurious in some cases. The learned Dr. South, in speaking of the Anabaptists of the time of Cromwell, says: "Latin unto them was a mortal crime, and Greek looked upon as a sin against the Holy Ghost. All learning was then cried down; so that, with them, the best preachers were such as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In all their preachments, they so highly pretended to the spirit, that they could hardly spell the letter." Even at the present day there are one or two sects that do not deem it in the least necessary that their ministers should understand any language but their own; nor do they think that their preaching is anything the less edifying for having but a very imperfect knowledge of the vernacular itself. In their opinion, tailors, shoemakers, or butchers, who hardly know a noun from a verb, can deliver as good a sermon, and offer up as suitable a prayer, as the Doctor of Divinity who can read every text in the Bible in the original, whether Hebrew, Syriac, or Greek.

In England, the Episcopalians can hardly claim much credit for having a better educated ministry than any other sect, for no church in the world is so munificently supported. Besides all the advantages that enormous wealth can afford, it has control of the principal universities. And even these, be it remembered, had their origin in a pious wish that the clergy should be well educated. Hume† tells us that King Alfred was the founder of Oxford, which he endowed with "privileges, revenues, and immunities." At all events, it is

* Guizot, vol. iii., p. 6.

† Vol. i., p. 74.

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beyond dispute that its original design was to afford all possible facilities for the education of those intended for the ministry. But in time its scope was widely extended; for we are told by the most reliable historians of those times, that, at the middle of the thirteenth century, it had no fewer than 30,000 students.* The Church had still more to do with Cambridge; for no king can claim to be its founder. The monks were the first who attempted to establish it, but at a distance of some thirty miles from its present site. In all the records of both the universities there is evidence that their chief design was to prepare students for the ministry, especially *poor students*, who had not the means to purchase books or secure the aid of competent teachers. In short, no expense was spared from the time of Alfred to that of Henry VIII. to assist clerical students in their course of study, and "to furnish a decent and permanent maintenance for poor men of learning of the clerical order."† It was with the latter view that Fellows were first appointed, the object of their appointment being that they might have a stipend to support them, until they could secure a benefice, or such other position in the church as they were found best suited for. It is to the honor of Cardinal Wolsey, that, whatever were his faults in other respects, or however fond of amassing money, he did not forget either Oxford or Cambridge, but greatly increased the resources of both, and exercised all the influence he possessed to create a taste for classical studies. If we turn to any other country in Europe that can boast first-class universities, we shall find a similar state of things. The University of Paris was purely clerical in its origin; for several centuries it was known throughout Europe as "the first school of the church."‡ For the Institute, also, which begins where other institutions of learning may be said to end, the civilized world is indebted to a churchman—the illustrious Cardinal Richelieu. Nor does thoughtful and learned Germany form any exception to the rule, for the best of her famous colleges were founded by ecclesiastics of some grade, and chiefly, though not exclusively, for ecclesiastical purposes. The University of Prague, for example, one of the most ancient in Europe (A. D. 1348), was founded by the king of

* Huber's *Hist. of the English Universities.* † Huber, vol. i., p. 204.
‡ Mosheim, vol. i., p. 94.

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Bohemia, at the suggestion and under the guidance of Pope Clement II., and it was a cardinal legate who induced Charles IV. to enrich the same institution with lands, libraries, allowances for professors, stipends for students, &c., &c. Is the world to appreciate the good work anything the less, because the cardinal, or his master, told the emperor that he would save his soul from the tortures of Pluto by being thus liberal in aiding the cause of education? We only wish that the rulers of the present day could be similarly persuaded. In our opinion, it would be good rather than evil, to teach the Congress of the United States to regard ignorance as a demon, whom it is the duty of every honest citizen to turn his face against.

There is, indeed, no want of liberality in this country, either in or out of Congress. This is particularly true in regard to education. The mistake is that little more is required, on the part of our ministers, than to be able to read the Bible in the vernacular, so that they can preach from it with tolerable fluency. There are but few who bear in mind that none are capable of expounding the Scriptures who are not acquainted with the original; the metaphorical expressions in which they abound must be studied in their native garb. Nor is even this sufficient; it is also necessary to have some knowledge of the state of science among the Jews, when the more recent books of the Old Testament were written. It is forgotten that even a modern poem, which is the production of a cultivated and well-stored mind, cannot be understood without due preparation. What ordinary reader, for example, can understand the *Divina Commedia* of Dante? In order to be able to appreciate, at its true worth, a single canto of that marvellous poem, it is necessary to be acquainted with all the learning of the author's time. This, too, is the reason why there are so few who derive any real pleasure from the perusal of *Paradise Lost;* and why there are so many, even of those considered learned, who are content to admire that great epic, without ever reading beyond the first book—save, perhaps, a few lines here and there—just enough to quote, and show that their admiration is not exclusively founded on hearsay.

In short, it must be understood that clerical ignorance is the sure precursor of public corruption. It will not meet the question to say that the clergy have not as much influence in America as they have in Europe. In our opinion, they have

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quite as much, if not more. In European countries they have indeed more control over the masses than they have here, but it seems to us that here they have more control over the higher classes. Nowhere are the clergy more popular with the ladies than in the United States; and those who are popular with the ladies are not likely to be unpopular with the gentlemen. Let it be admitted, then, that our clergy, of all denominations, possess a great ascendency. The truth is, that this ascendency is the strongest of all worldly inducements to our young men to enter the church; and by this we mean no reproach. The greater the ascendency possessed, the greater the power of doing good; but the greater also the power of doing evil. Let the fullest ascendency be conceded to the clergy, by all means; but let them be qualified to turn it to the best account, for the benefit of civilization as well as religion.

Until this is done we cannot be surprised at all we hear of "star" preachers and fashionable churches. The few who happen to possess education and talent will attract enormous audiences, while those deficient in both will have to preach to empty benches—that is, except they are fortunate enough to be young and handsome. In this case they may become the favorites of the ladies; if they can boast of a little talent together with their comeliness of person and youth, they are sure to have the ladies on their side, and then they need have no fear for the rest. But this is a grave defect in itself, and it has its origin in the very evil we are speaking of. A modest lady should blush to avow that she goes to hear a preacher because he is handsome. This is particularly true of a married lady; for who will not think that her butler or coachman, if she has either, would attract her in a similar manner, if equally comely in his person? This would certainly be the natural inference, though such a remark may be made, and doubtless often is, by a woman of the purest mind. It is the habit we are speaking against, not the casual or thoughtless remark of an innocent woman, who merely repeats what she has heard hundreds say. But it is no compliment to the preacher as such; it is rather a satire upon him. We have no account that any one ever went to hear Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Burnet, Hooker, or Berkeley, because he was handsome.

Luther, as well as Wolsey and Richelieu, was of opinion that clergymen who are more in favor with women than

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with men are to be regarded with suspicion, because the fact shows that they pay more attention to the former than to the latter. The Bible tells us all to love our neighbor as ourselves, but nowhere does it say, so far as we can remember, that we should love our neighbor's wife better than the good man himself. A commentator more witty than orthodox has attempted to account for this by assuming that the command to prefer the woman to the man was deemed superfluous by the inspired writers, seeing that it was not addressed to women.*

If the Rev. Dr. Miller has said anything bearing directly on this subject, in the volume entitled *Letters on Clerical Manners and Habits*, which is one of those placed at the head of our article, it has escaped our notice; although Letter XII. is entitled "Female Society, Marriage," &c., and is headed with the text, "Entreat the elder women as mothers, the younger as sisters, with all purity," &c. It may be replied, that he did not think it necessary, or in other words, that he did not suppose clergymen would show any undue favor to women more than to men. But let us see what he does warn them against, and then judge whether this was the cause of the omission. For example, in the table of contents, we have the following summary of Letter III.: "Offensive personal habits—*Spitting on floors and carpets—Excessive use of tobacco—Use of ardent spirits*—Fondness for luxurious eating —Boisterous laughter—Paring the nails—Combing the hair —Yawning—*Pulling at articles of furniture*," &c. In the summary of Letter IV., we find such sins as the following: "Excessive silence—*Tale-bearing and tattling—Prying into the secrets of families—Propagating ill reports—Rude familiarities*," &c. The question is, whether the clergyman whom it is necessary to warn against the use of ardent spirits, tale-bearing, propagating ill reports, &c., is too sanctimonious to pay more attention to the fair sex than his strict duty, as a minister of the gospel, would require. Be this as it may, the fact, that a Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in a theological seminary, feels called upon to write such letters, goes far to prove that our clerical education must be very defective. Young men, thoroughly or properly educated, need not be warned against habits

* "Il ne faut pas dire aux hommes," says the Abbé de Lécourc, "que les femmes meritent être aimée plus que les autres hommes. La nature leur dite cela," &c.

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that would be degrading to those who never belonged to any seminary more learned, or fastidious, than the common school. The root of the evil lies in the poverty of our very best theological seminaries. Is not this a reproach to our men of wealth? Our millionaires are liberal enough in contributing to the establishment of lay schools and libraries. Assuming that their chief object in doing so is fame, they could attain it quite as well, if not better, by helping poor clerical students in securing an education that would qualify them for their sacred calling. We might easily illustrate this; but one example will be sufficient—that of Robert de Sorbonne, who founded the college that bore his name—the Sorbonne—which maintained for centuries the highest reputation of any similar institution in the world, and whose decrees were respected throughout Christendom. So great was the fame of the Sorbonne, that in time the name was extended to the whole theological faculty of the University of Paris. But we do not make the appeal on behalf of any particular sect; although we think it right that those who can best appreciate education should have the preference. Nor would we exclude the Catholics. We should rather remember what they have done in times past; and how much we all owe them accordingly. Of all Protestant sects, the Episcopalians set the highest value on education, and are the most willing to avail themselves of its advantages. The Unitarians rank next, then the Presbyterians; as for the rest, we fear they still regard learning more or less as

> "——— that cobweb of the brain,
> Profane, erroneous and vain;
> A trade of knowledge as replete
> As others are with fraud and cheat."

ART. VII.—1. *The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney.* By MRS. S M. DAVIS. Ticknor & Fields: Boston. 1859.

2. *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney, in prose and verse.* In 3 volumes. Fourteenth edition. London. 1725.

HERE and there, in history, we meet the name of one, whose rare accomplishments and noble deeds so thoroughly gained for him the admiration of the age in which he lived, that he is seldom spoken of, but with praise. All his biogra-

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phers seem to well-nigh worship him; every cotemporary record has something to say in his favor; no poet of the time can write, without rendering a tribute to the memory of one so worthy. Such a man, undoubtedly, was Sir Philip Sidney; one who, viewed as a scholar, was pre-eminent among those of his time; as a counsellor, was "one of the ripest and greatest of that day in Europe;"* as an author, was by no means inferior; as a soldier, was valiant; and, as a Christian gentleman, was as perfect a model as the world ever saw. The patrons of literature, at the present day, are apt to forget him, standing as he does so near the illustrious names of Spenser, Bacon, and Shakespeare; and indeed it is not as a literary man that we would chiefly regard him, though we may say a few words on this point before we leave the subject; but looking at his character and acquirements, viewing the dignity which accompanied all his acts, the readiness with which he confronted wrong, whether in the conduct of lord or queen, and the grace of manner which gave such a charm to everything he did, no one can wonder that he was so generally respected and beloved.

Philip Sidney was born on November 29th, 1554, at Penshurst, in West Kent. He was of noble descent. The lineage of the Sidney family may be traced as far back as the time of Henry II., when Sir William Sidney, a native of Anjou, came over to England with that sovereign, and was afterwards made one of his chamberlains. Not to waste words with genealogies, it is sufficient to state, that Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Philip, had been the most intimate friend of the young king, Edward VI., who had died the year before, and that the new queen, Mary, had just appointed him her vice-treasurer. Out of compliment to the husband of the queen, whose nuptials had so lately been celebrated, Sir Henry named his son Philip.

Biographers often pay much attention to the early years of the subject of their memoirs. Sometimes this may be fitting. "The child is father to the man," we know; and often the childhood and youth of one who afterwards became illustrious have an untold charm for the general reader. Yet it is oftener but a forced rendering of the most trifling incidents, which fills the first pages of a biography. The fact is, that childhood, in the case of every one, is the time when all is as

* William of Orange.

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yet incomplete, undeveloped; and the events of this period are no more a sure herald of those of years to come, than the cloudless morning sky is a sure sign of brightness for the day. We shall not search, then, for any marvellous stories of the childhood of Sidney. We have no doubt there may be such, and perhaps authentic accounts; but we care little whether they be trustworthy or not—with us, for the reasons stated, they would have but little weight. We shall only say of these early years, that they were marked by much love for knowledge, the unfolding of a most generous disposition, and a calm dignity of action. The most finished picture of him at this time, when he was attending school at Shrewsbury, is given by Lord Brooke—his school-fellow and kinsman, and afterwards his biographer—who says:

"I will report no other than this, that, though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man; with such a staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn, above that which they had usually read or taught."

After three years of study, partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, in 1572, Sidney obtained a license from Queen Elizabeth "to go to parts beyond the sea," to perfect himself in foreign languages. First visiting France, we find him there received with great distinction by Charles IX., who seems to have become much attached to him. However, Sidney was not one to place any trust in a king who would give sanction to such a massacre as that of St. Bartholomew; so, we presume, their friendship was short-lived, as it was hardly a fortnight after his arrival at Paris that the dreadful massacre took place. We cannot stop to speak of the events of that sad night (August 24, 1572), nor of the ruthless carnage of the ensuing days and weeks, in which more than 30,000 of the Huguenots were put to the sword, in different parts of France. Sidney was sheltered, meanwhile, in the house of Walsingham, and was glad to leave Paris as soon as he could safely do so. After spending some time at Strasburg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and Vienna, and studying for several months in Italy, at Venice and Padua, he returned to England in May, 1575, after an absence of three years. These years had not been lost to him; nor had he gained from them simply the advantages of travel

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—the seeing of other countries, the intercourse with other men; but he had thus laid a foundation, by thorough study, for the reputation which he afterwards attained, of being the most accomplished man of his day. French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin, had been diligently pursued; philosophy and science had not been neglected; while the study of horsemanship and feats of arms had filled the intervals of rest from the study of books. Well might his uncle, Leicester, be proud of him, and be glad to present at court so accomplished a nephew. Of the character of Leicester it is said, and that justly:

"He seems not to have possessed a single virtue, nor was he highly distinguished by the qualities of his understanding; but the unlimited favor of Elizabeth, which, for many years, rendered him perhaps the most powerful *subject* in the world, invested him with a factitious importance, while, on his part, by a degree of hypocrisy, so daring that it rather confounded than deceived the minds of men, he contrived to avoid open censure. Even flattery, however, seems to have been ashamed to raise her voice for him while he lived, and the calm and patient research of after times, with all its habitual respect for the memory of the illustrious dead, has busied itself in vain to find a single bright spot on his character."*

In this sketch of "the mighty peer," we may read the fact of his undoubted villainy, and yet of his manifest favor with the queen. It is the latter which we wish chiefly remembered, as being the means of the introduction of Sidney at court. Perhaps it was simply because he was the nephew of Leicester, that Elizabeth at first received Sidney so graciously; but she was not long in learning that there were in him talents of no common account, and a character of no common degree of integrity. This fact must have shown itself in his face. He was handsome; but there was nothing of passionate beauty in those features—nothing of the sly shrewdness in the eyes—nothing of the coarse restlessness of expression about the lips; all was clear and calm, the whole look of the face seeming to tell of the nobility of mind and heart beneath—beautiful, because noble; charming, because good. It was indeed a high honor for him to receive, the following year, the appointment of ambassador to the emperor of Germany, on such important business as effecting an alliance between England and the Protestant powers of Europe against the advance of Catholicism. Sidney was

* Lodge's *Portraits*, etc., vol. ii., p. 189.

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young—but twenty-one years of age—yet he was old in judgment, and the duties of this mission he performed with the skill of an experienced diplomate. However, for some reason, this was the only foreign service in which he was ever engaged, until the last years of his life.

There have been many attempted explanations of the queen's conduct, in continually refusing his promotion. "She would not further his advancement," one tells us, "not only out of emulation, but out of fear to lose the jewel of her times."* But the queen was ruled by Cecil, whose plan was, "that able men should be by design and of purpose suppressed."† Those were times in England's history when it was not safe to entrust too much power to an ambitious subject; and in the thoroughness with which Sidney had just fulfilled his mission, as well as in the "golden opinions" he had thus won from every one, perhaps the keen eye of the Lord Secretary saw dangerous elements. But they did not know the man, after all. He was *human*, and might have used his ambition for his own aggrandizement, had he been promoted. Yet we cannot believe it, nor does his subsequent career in the Netherlands furnish any grounds for such a belief. It is natural for men to try to find some fault, at first, with one who does well; and if he be gifted, moreover, with a noble "presence," they are prone to add to the charge of ambition, that of pride. Sidney says in one of his letters, while abroad, "I understand I am called very ambitious and proud at home, but certainly, if they knew my heart, they would not altogether so judge me." So we see that he did not escape the common fate, though all such charges, whatever commotion they may have made at the time, have left his character unsullied.

> "Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die:
> They with the sun and moon renew their light
> Forever—blessing those that look on them." ‡

But though Sidney remained in England, it was not as a mere ornament to the court. These years gave time for careful observation, and we may be confident that he improved them. An opportunity was soon afforded for the exercise of his judgment in what closely pertained to the welfare of the nation. We refer to the proposed union of

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* Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*. † Lord Bacon.

‡ Tennyson's *Princess*.

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the crowns of France and England, by the marriage of Elizabeth to the Duke of Anjou, the heir presumptive to the French throne. Sidney, as a liberty-loving Protestant, was strongly opposed to this. In his noted letter to the Queen, in 1580, on the subject, he showed his keen discernment of the right and the wrong of the affair, at the same time presenting his case with such a manly boldness as but few would have dared to assume. In the Life of Sidney, which we have placed at the head of our article, it is said (p. 141) that the Queen *asked his advice* upon the subject; but we can find no authority for this statement, which, if true, would seem to rob the action of Sidney of half its praise. Hallam, on the other hand, after speaking of the compliance of the Council with the Queen's plans, whatever they might be, says that "Sir Philip Sidney, with more real loyalty, *wrote her a spirited remonstrance*, which she had the magnanimity never to resent."* Of the disastrous consequences to England, which might have followed this proposed match, by placing again a Catholic sovereign on the throne, and laying England open to the schemes of the wily Catherine de Medicis, we can form no estimate. Whether or not Elizabeth was finally averted from yielding to her passion by this letter of Sidney's, we cannot with certainty say. However, it undoubtedly influenced her, and has been justly regarded as a master-production. After boldly, yet courteously, carrying through the argument against the marriage, the letter concludes with the following graceful exhortations:

"Against contempt, if there be any, which I will never believe, let your excellent virtues of piety, justice, and liberality, daily, if it be possible, more and more shine. Let such particular actions be found out (which be easy as I think to be done) by which you may gratify all the hearts of your people: let those in whom you find trust, and to whom you have committed trust, in your weighty affairs, be held up in the eyes of your subjects: lastly, doing as you do, you shall be, as you are, the example of princes, the ornament of this age, the most excellent fruit of your progenitors, and the perfect mirror of your posterity."†

Soon after this, a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, arising from the flagrant insults thrown out in public by that haughty lord, was the occasion of Sidney's betaking himself for a while to a life of retirement. His rights had been despised and trodden upon, but instead of assuming that calm dignity of which he was capable, and thus silencing his opponent, he

* *Constit. Hist.*, vol. i., p. 233. † *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 303.

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seems for once to have lost all self-control, and degraded himself to the level of a contemptible adversary. Indeed, words would have been followed by blows, had not the queen herself interfered, and remonstrated with Sidney for his conduct. But he was not satisfied with her defence of aristocracy against the broader claims of right, and he plainly told the queen as much, to her face. She, doubtless, valued him too highly, to punish this unwonted boldness with royalty, and at his request soon after granted him leave to retire for a time from the court. The season of quiet thus given he spent at Wilton, with his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It was here and now that he wrote the *Arcadia*.

Though we do not intend any elaborate criticism of this romance, it would be unfair to pass it by unnoticed. Gaining an unbounded popularity during the century subsequent to the time it was written (passing through as many as fourteen editions), it is now seldom read, except for purposes of criticism. And indeed it would be absurd to try to uphold it as a model of style, in this our day, when literary taste has undergone such changes as it has during the last three hundred years. In fact, even to the wildest lover of romance, much of it must be exceedingly tiresome. The language is often beautiful, but the style, as a whole, is one of extreme affectation. Then, too, the verses scattered throughout its pages are certainly very weak specimens. Perhaps, to a mind of modern culture, they do more to spoil the effect of the whole, than all the high-flown words and long sentences of the prose portion.

But however many are the faults of the *Arcadia*, it has never been severely censured, save by one or two critics. Horace Walpole, indeed, calls it "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance;" and William Hazlitt wastes many words in condemning it. Does the latter want to speak of the verboseness of the *Arcadia*—a thing which no one denies? He tells us the author "contrives to spoil, and spoil purposely and maliciously, in order to aggrandize himself," all the fine conceptions of his imagination. Does he wish to say anything of the frequent references to wood and stream, mountain and plain, many of which are full of beauty? He shows us the author "reading a pragmatical, self-sufficient lecture, over the dead body of Nature." Who, that has carefully read the *Arcadia*, will say that these judgments are well founded? If, again,

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he would make good his opinions by quotations, he is contented to give but few, and those by no means the best specimens of the style or thought. He says nothing of that description, where Sidney speaks of Musidorus as having "a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit quite devoid of ostentation, high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering as slow to come to the uttering, a behavior so noble as gave a majesty to adversity," &c. He does not give this sketch of Nature: "Do you not see how all things conspire to make this country a heavenly dwelling? Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age, with the happiness of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? Doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to eye and ear, do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? And these fresh and delightful brooks, how slowly they glide away, as loth to leave the company of so many united things in perfection; and with how sweet a murmur they lament the forced departure. Certainly it must be that some goddess inhabiteth this region, who is the soul of this soil." He says nothing of the celebrated prayer put in the mouth of Pamela, nor of the life-like picture of every-day marriage happiness, as given in the case of Argalus and Parthenia. Moreover, he leaves us entirely ignorant of such little sententious passages as these, in which the *Arcadia* abounds: "There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a respected friend." "In the book of her beauty there was nothing to be read but sorrow; for kindness was blotted out, and anger was never there." "Who frowns at others' feasts, had better bide away." "The journey of high honor lies not in smooth ways." "Who doth desire that his wife should be chaste, first be *he* true; for truth doth deserve truth."

If now, on the other hand, we were to say something of the number and worth of the literary opinions in favor of this almost forgotten *Arcadia*, perhaps such a statement could not fairly be called an argument in its behalf. Yet, surely the united praise of Shakespeare,* Spenser, Cowper,

* Certainly a very good way of indirectly praising a book, is that of using its style or thought. Shakespeare is generally allowed to have borrowed many of his incidents from the *Arcadia*, e. g., that of Gloster and his sons, in "King Lear," and that of Valentine and the Banditti, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

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Raleigh, Cowley, Young, D'Israeli, Hallam, Charles Lamb, and our own Irving, might well outweigh the violence and bitterness of Horace Walpole and William Hazlitt.

The *Arcadia* has been styled *the* prose correlative to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Both are full of the most fantastic conceits; both look back to the glories of chivalry, whose spirit seemed again revived at the gay court of Elizabeth. One, however, is the brilliant effusion of youth, the other the calm effort of maturer years; one is an uncorrected production,* the other, though incomplete, may with truth be called a "finished" work. In the latter, again, the luxuriance of expression, so common among writers of that time, takes the form of verse; in the former, it drags along in the ill-constructed periods of a cumbrous prose. While not attempting to place Sidney on a level with Spenser, we cannot but see in these circumstances a reason why the one work now lives, and the other is neglected. Perhaps the *Arcadia* was read so extensively at first,† more from admiration of the author, whose learning and accomplishments were still the common talk of his countrymen, and whose recent bravery on the field of Zutphen was not yet out of mind, than because of any high excellence in the work itself. But, however this may be, it will probably never be restored to the place it once held in the literary world. The taste which would prompt to the writing of such romances is no longer deemed correct. A modern fiction, whose characters should be rustic shepherds and gallant knights, whose scene should be laid among the hills and plains of ancient Greece, and whose pages should present a medley of sentiment and philosophy, unnatural love and pious prayer, were a rarity indeed. Yet, for all this, we return again with the question—who doubts that the *Arcadia* is worthy of a high place in the literature of the age in which it was produced? That age has now gone—with all its ridiculous fashions, its brilliant displays, its jousts and tournaments—the last tribute to departed knighthood, its vain and fickle, yet noble queen—the life that inspired the whole. We are fallen on different times. As

* For this reason, Sidney is said to have earnestly requested, on his deathbed, that the *Arcadia* might be given to the flames. Undoubtedly there are many, who would say that it would have been better for his fame, and as well for the world, had his request been granted.

† It was first published in 1590; four years after Sidney's death.

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the world has grown older, we have come to look more steadily upon the *realities* of life. But let us not for this reason forget the days of "brave knight and gentle ladie," nor speak ill of those times of transition from romance to fact. The present, worthy as it is, is but the gathered wisdom of *all* the past.

To return to the events of Sidney's life. In 1581, we find him representing his native county in Parliament, acquitting himself with honor, wherever there was need of sound judgment and careful foresight. He is not heard of, indeed, as an orator, but rather as a counsellor; he does not show his power in long speeches, but in the quiet though important work of advising. We have spoken of his letter to the queen, on the subject of the French marriage. It was during this year that the last efforts were made by the French duke to consummate his plans. His proposals were renewed by an imposing legation, sent over for the purpose, and in compliment to whom a brilliant military display was given, in which Sidney took part. Still Elizabeth hesitated and delayed; nor did her conduct, on a personal visit from the duke, soon after, amount to anything more than a prolonged hesitation, and a final rejection of his offers. On his return to France, he was accompanied by a numerous escort of lords and gentlemen, among whom are mentioned the names of Leicester, Sidney, and Raleigh.

We can but speak briefly of *The Defence of Poesy*, an essay written by Sidney at about this time, and generally considered the best of his productions. Ever since the beginning of the fifteenth century, poetry had been on the decline; and from the time of Chaucer, among the many names which have come down to us—such as Lydgate, Skelton, Surrey, Buckhurst—we can find none of great eminence. During the first part of this period of literary degeneracy, England had been continually engaged in civil dissension or foreign war, and subsequently the great doctrines of the Reformation had been moulding the minds of men, leaving them neither time nor disposition to attend to what seemed then so unimportant as poetry. But now the storm was over: there was no more the confusion so prevalent during the reign of Henry VIII., nor the general cry of sorrow which again woke the land as Mary urged on her cruel persecutions: with the accession of Elizabeth had come the days of peace and quietness. Poetry, now roused to a new life in this time of rest,

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would strive to bring again the age of Chaucer, or to furnish even better models; but it met with scornful opposition from the Puritans—the leading party of the time—who at first seemed to wish to be as extreme in intellectual reform as in that of morals and religion. It was mainly to answer the objections of these men, that Sydney undertook *The Defence of Poesy*. Here, as D'Israeli well remarks, he, "for the first time in English literature, has exhibited the beatitude of criticism in a poet-critic." After showing the high esteem in which the poet was held by the Greeks and Romans—as the "Ποιητής"—the "Vates"—"Maker" and "Seer"—he gives him a place above the historian or the philosopher, in imparting lessons of either patriotism or morality. With intense enthusiasm for the merits of his subject, he ardently sets forth the claims of the various kinds of poetry—pastoral, elegiac, comic, tragic, satiric, lyric, heroic, as well as defends them all from the imputations of uselessness or the inculcation of falsehood and vice. While thus defending poetry in general, against the charges brought forward, he shows his own accurate discernment, by not attempting to uphold the poets of his day. Indeed, in their poor productions, he finds one cause of the prevalent dislike shown to the art itself. Most English poetry was then dramatic in form; and against the coarseness of sentiment, and the absurdities of action therein shown, he speaks most sharply. The disregard of unity of place, shown in "Gorboduc" and the kindred plays of the time, is thus treated:

"But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"*

We can make room but for one more quotation; it shall be his closing imprecation upon all haters of poetry:

"But if you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot bear the planet-like music of poetry; if you have so earth-

* *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 113.

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creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather, by certain rustical disdain, will become such a Mome, as to be a Momus of poetry; then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph."*

Again, in 1582, did Sidney petition for promotion, asking for the place of master of ordnance, in connection with his uncle the Earl of Warwick—and again did the queen deny his request. Perhaps it was partly to make amends for this, that early in the following year she conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Soon after these events, we read of Sidney's marriage to Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. His biographers seem to unite in considering this as one more case, besides those already discovered, of a man marrying one for whom he had perhaps a high regard, but not the one he loved. The really "adored" person in this case was Penelope Devereux, for whom Sidney had long felt an ardent affection, and we are assured that the feeling was reciprocated. But Sir Henry seems not to have been the best friend to the father of the lady, or else, as has been assumed, her guardians were not satisfied as to the extent of Sidney's wealth; so the match was broken off, and Lady Devereux afterwards married Lord Rich. We have spoken of these incidents, as the after conduct of Sidney has been made a matter of scandal, and some have severely censured him for the freedom with which, in his poem of *Astrophel and Stella*, he addresses the object of his affection, though she was then the wife of another man. Perhaps there may be some ground for such an accusation; it is not, however, for us to say; if we thought there were any proof of vicious conduct on the part of Sidney, we would be the last to seek to cover his guilt, for there is far too much of such moral looseness now in the world, and its ruinous results are far too manifest, for any man of honor to utter one word of defence of even his nearest friend, if such a charge were proved against him. But, happily for us, we can find no proof of anything wrong imputed to Sidney; nor can we think it fair, in spite of his known character, to bring up this poem—written undoubtedly in the hour of

* *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 124.

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intensest excitement, to calm his own troubled spirit—as a witness against him. Then, too, it was first printed in 1591—long after his death; and what evidence is there, that the lady in question ever saw it, till this time?

Just here is as fit a place as any for speaking of Sidney's poetry. His *Astrophel and Stella* has been already referred to. It is simply a collection of sonnets, supposed to be addressed by "Astrophel" (himself) to "Stella" (Lady Rich), and interspersed throughout with love-songs. He has, besides this, a few miscellaneous poems, which are only a continuation of the same style of composition; in fact, the theme of love is his only theme, and the sonnet or the song his only mode of expression. There is, many times, the most careful regard to rhythm, and such a richness of imagery as not only pleases but fairly charms us; but as for the thought, the sentiment of his poetry, we must say, it has seldom satisfied us. Though not positively sensual, there is need of but little imagination to fill out the picture. Love is generally mere animal passion; beauty is but some physical grace of movement or form. And then, too, such delineations of passion! We rarely find his passion depicted in only a few words or a few lines, as would have been the case, had he been a true poet; but everything is overdrawn, told and retold, and with so many exaggerations as to actually sicken one. Take, for example, the 87th sonnet in *Astrophel and Stella:*

"When I was forced from Stella, ever dear,
Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella! whose eyes make all my tempests clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas! I found that she with me did smart;
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did hear.

"For me, I wept to see pearls scattered so,
I sigh'd her sighs, and wailed for her woe,
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen:
Thus, while the effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vexed, if vexed I had not been."

Truly, this subject of "tears" is here "long drawn out." How different, in all elements of power, is this long show of words from Mrs. Browning's:

"Now I sit alone, alone,
And the hot tears break and burn."

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Or from this:

"Slow, slow, as the winter snow
The tears have drifted to mine eyes!"

Whoever will examine these poems of Sidney, will, we think, be satisfied of the truth of our remarks. Among the miscellaneous poems, however, there is one sonnet, which is so far a marked exception to all we have said, that we transcribe it:

"Leave me, O love! which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

"Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.

"O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide,
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

"Then, farewell, world, thy uttermost I see,
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me."*

The spirit of adventure which so fired almost every one in England, at about this time, did not leave Sidney unaffected; and, had he been suffered to carry out his plans, he would have taken a prominent part in one of the most extensive expeditions of the day. He in fact agreed, early in 1585, together with some thirty other gentlemen, each of whom was to furnish £100 for the purpose, to fit out a large naval and land force to accompany Sir Francis Drake on his second voyage of discovery. But in some way, the queen got word of the preparations being made, and just as the party were all ready to sail from Plymouth, a royal despatch came, forbidding Sidney's departure. Truly, his ambition seemed checked at every point. He had repeatedly failed in his solicitations for foreign service, and, now that he would try his powers in a scheme of his own, he was thus peremptorily stopped. But soon after, either the injustice or the inexpediency of such a continued course of refusal seems to have shown itself plainly to Elizabeth. Besides being admitted to the Privy Council, he was, in November of this year, given a post of influence in the Netherlands.

* *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 250.

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This is not the place to speak at length of the complicated affairs of the Netherlands, of the long struggle of the Provinces against the oppression of the Spanish, nor of Elizabeth's motives for interfering in behalf of the Dutch. Whether they were motives of religion or of self-interest, let others say. We are now concerned chiefly with the facts which throw light on the life of our subject. It was on the occasion of the death of William of Orange that Elizabeth was first induced to take any active part in the cause of the Dutch. In this, the darkest hour of their calamity, after failing to secure aid from France, they renewed the offers made to Elizabeth some years before—consenting to become her subjects, on condition of her giving them assistance. Though she rejected the sovereignty, she agreed to send them aid, in the shape of both money and troops, and as a pledge of payment received several of their towns, among which was Flushing, situated at the mouth of the Scheldt, and one of the most important posts in the Netherlands. Sidney was appointed governor of this town, where he arrived, as we have intimated, in November, 1585. The command of the English auxiliary forces was given to Leicester, of whom perhaps the queen entertained high hopes. But she was as blind to the actual extent of his abilities as can well be conceived. Little good did it do him, attended by a splendid retinue, to be received by his nephew with such pomp and display, as he landed at Flushing. His inordinate vanity, in accepting the supreme authority at the hands of the Dutch, contrary to his instructions, drew down upon him the merited rebuke of Elizabeth, who cuttingly reminded him that he was merely one whom she "had raised out of the dust." This, however, was not the worst; for his humble apologies made all right with the queen, and he even retained his assumed position. But, alas! in the experience of war he was utterly deficient, and his movements were attended by misfortune and disgrace. Not only did he show himself unable to carry on military affairs, but he so oppressed the people that they soon repented of their former adulation. As he afterwards owned, it was owing to the sound advice and superior skill of Sidney that he was able to maintain his authority at all.

At first holding the place of colonel of the Dutch regiments, Sidney was soon promoted to the rank of general of horse, under Leicester, and already had he been successful in several important movements, as the time of the fated

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battle of Zutphen drew near. Leicester, unable with a smaller force and inferior powers of generalship to cope with the Duke of Parma, as his next best course, laid siege to Zutphen during September, 1586. His troops numbered some 8,000 in all, and the beleaguered town would soon have been obliged to surrender, had it not been for re-enforcements sent by Parma. Having partially effected an entrance into the town, by some unguarded pass, on the night of the 21st, the morning after, their further advance was intercepted by Sidney, who, with 500 English cavalry, attacked a like force of six times that number. His undoubted bravery at this time has been sneered at by Walpole, as being "the rashness of a volunteer;" but none of his cotemporaries, nor any of his biographers, seem to have so considered it. He well knew the responsibility placed upon him; the weakness and inaction of Leicester had taught him that he must himself take the lead, or give up everything. Bravely did that handful of men advance to the charge, cheered on by their gallant young leader. The darling courtier, the charming writer, the accomplished gentleman, could now be the stern soldier, and strike home blow on blow as fearlessly as any of his fellows. And, after hard fighting, they won the day for England; but at what cost? He whom they all so loved, and of whom they were so proud, had received his death-wound. Sadly they bore him off the field, saying, as he met Leicester, "This have I done to do you honor, and her Majesty service." After lingering on for many days, constantly suffering severe pain, he died on the 17th of October following.

"Thus," as says another, "ended a life, doubtless of great designs, but of few incidents. The jealousy and timidity of Elizabeth denied to him any share in her state confidence; excluded him from a cabinet which he would have enlightened by his counsels, and purified by the example of his honor and integrity; and devoted him to an honorable banishment, and a premature death."* We have spoken briefly of Sidney as a statesman, as an author, and as a soldier. But, in whatever light we view him, there is always the same nobleness of heart, showing itself many times under most adverse circumstances. As, fainting from his death-wound, he gave the cup of water for which he had asked, untouched, to the dy-

* Lodge's *Portraits*, vol. ii., p. 178.

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ing soldier, with the well-known words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine," he left to the world a most perfect index of his character. This term, "gentleman," so much in use, is but little understood by most men. They look to grace of movement, and pleasing manners in society, and whoever possesses these alone they carelessly style a "gentleman." No matter how selfish, no matter how mean or hypocritical at heart, this outward show of good feeling will generally carry men through this deceiving world, and give them the name of "gentlemen." But where is the Christian here—one who has, indeed, all the grace and refinement that any one could ask, but who does what he does for men, with an honest, loving heart, and who, though wearied out or dying, yields his own good to the good of his fellow? *He* is the *true gentleman;* and, to him, refinement of manners—the outgrowth of a generous soul—adds a charm which no one can resist. For, with him, outward grace is but the language of an inner culture. Was not Sir Philip Sidney such a man?

ART. VIII.—*Aurora Leigh.* By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall.

ONLY two years have elapsed since we had an elaborate critical paper in this journal on the poetical works of Mrs. Browning.* We were able, however, to do little more than to allude to *Aurora Leigh;* but we promised to review the whole poem on an early occasion. The recent death of the gifted author has imparted new interest to her writings. Of her life, it is needless to say anything here, farther than that she was born at London, in 1809; that she commenced to write verses and scan Greek when a mere child; that she travelled much, resided a good part of her time in Italy, where she died last June; and now reposes, under an Italian sky, beside John Keats and Percy Bysshe Shelley. For the rest, we refer to her poems, with much more confidence than to any biography of her that has yet appeared.

Some books we read and throw aside, never again to touch, and wonder why they were written. What fools men do make of themselves! And yet these books have

* See *National Quarterly Review*, for June, 1860.

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their uses. We doubt not but that they have proved, often, an unexpected blessing to their authors; some have awakened as from a dream, affrighted, and have had no more dreams because they have not eaten such stuff as dyspeptics feed on, and, therefore, have grown fat. They have more wisely given themselves up to trade and physic—perhaps to the plow and the sickle, and henceforth been happy in turning up the warm earth. Others have worked themselves clear of all the crudities of the brain, and have thrown off the superabundant matter floating there once and for ever, and by thought and patient effort have dived deeper within the ocean of thought, and have brought up pearls and gems of rarest beauty and priceless worth. Did not Byron do this? have not a few more done the same? Therefore, let them write and publish what they write; the great public must be patient; we can afford to wait upon these fledglings, who may have the will but not as yet the power. If they belong to the *tribus* that sings, we shall hear them on some clear June morning, and all the world will listen—as we now listen to Aurora! Alas, some are killed in the effort; witness Keats; but he had first sung those carols which are not of earth and worthy of Shelley's Adonais—

> "All he had loved and moulded into thought
> From shape, and hue, and odor and sweet sound,
> Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
> Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
> Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
> Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
> Afar, the melancholy thunder moaned,
> Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
> And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay."

We have found many passages in *Aurora Leigh* to mark to erase; some with a rapid stroke, and hands somewhat nervous; others calmly, and with meditative head and heart. We have read no modern poem more full of thought, that stirs the blood, quickens the pulse and makes it leap. At times, we pause and listen, for the notes of Aurora are not always clear. Why should they be?—this mild Florentine, with the smell of oleanders on her wings, and her heart all full of snatches from the Tuscan groves; full-throated, she can scarcely pant them out, without, at times, tripping each other's heels. We sometimes say, either the poet must be dazzled or we are. Well, we read her again, and it is all clear. The fault is in us, not in her. Often have we known that

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the reader must be *en rapport* with such poets, or they can not be understood. Never read *Aurora Leigh*, when your head is weak from too full a stomach, or dyspeptic—better read Japanese. Whether it is that we cannot see the pebbles shining at the bottom of this tarn, or so shallow that the pebbles have no shining, we cannot, at times, say; but, it is certain that, like the great cosmos, it has its riddles, mysteries, morasses, deserts, fogs and fens; but, for all these, it is God's cosmos.

This *Aurora Leigh* is a great poem. It is a wonder of art. It will live. No large audience will it have, but it will have audience; and that is more than most poems have. To those who know what poetry is, and in what struggles it is born—how the great thoughts justify themselves—this work will be looked upon as one of the wonders of the age.

We say *Aurora Leigh* will live, not by special grant of the great public, for this will not know that such a thing has dawned upon it. The day dawns upon us, not because we will, but because the sun wills. It will not be by grant of the king or the senate, or because of tinted paper and gold, but because,

> "It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever!"

It is one withal that has in it life and cannot perish. It is sometimes quaint, as the oaks of Wordsworth's:

> "Those fraternal four of Bowerdale
> Joined in one solemn and capacious grove
> Of intertwisted fibres, serpentine,
> Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved—
> Nor uninformed of phantasy and looks
> That threaten the profane!"

This book could not have been written when *Prometheus Bound* and her earlier works were wrought. These, like all works from the great masters, were but the froth and bubbles tossing on that sea which alone could have produced them, but which, at best, were froth and bubbles, not the sea. She did not know until Aurora arose what daylight was, what the sun could do, what glory it casts upon the breezy trees and the slumberous earth, the seas and its multitudinous waves.

The first verses, even of true poets, are generally formal and precise, imitations perhaps of others. Pretty verses, suited to the modes of thought and taste of the people, on a level with those who are pleased with them—"flats," noth-

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ing more. All men are poets of the kind that young poets are who appear in ladies' magazines, but all have not the power to sing. If they have the will, they lack the ambition to tempt them to make the effort. Some mistake the will for the power, and chatter like the jay-bird; and they are as well pleased as the lark with his morning carol. So Byron sang his early lays, and so Pope and Dryden. They sang in youth as if from the experience and deep insight of age, making sad music, discordant, false. The key-note was false, and they mistook the minor for the major.

But few have escaped this anachronism of their life in poetry. They antedate their power and sing at sixteen what can only be sung at forty, if sung at all. Burns escaped this, and so did Henry Kirke White. They took their lessons from their hearts, and never went beyond them. They sang because they could not help it. They borrowed no notes, even from the nightingale.

Why *Aurora Leigh* was written may be seen in the first lines of the poem:

> "Of writing many books there is no end;
> And I, who have written much in prose and verse
> For other's uses, *will write now for mine,*
> *Will write my story for my better self,*
> As when you paint your portrait for a friend,
> Who keeps it in a drawer and looks at it
> Long after he has ceased to love you, just
> To hold together what he was and is."

She also says, in her dedication to John Kenyon, Esq.: "Ending, therefore, and preparing once more to quit England, I venture to leave in your hands this book, *the most mature of my works, and the one into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered.*"

Thus, as is well known, she had written much both "in prose and in verse," for others' uses—this book for her own. In all her previous contributions, the same original, self-poised mind appears at times, but in none of them does it stand out so fully and so clearly as in *Aurora Leigh;* and hence its superiority to anything written by her pen. She lost sight of old, dead forms. No longer the mocking bird—if, indeed, she ever was—but now the lark, up-springing from the dewy grass, she flings her arrows, clear and keen:

> "All the earth and air
> With thy voice is loud,
> As, when night is bare,
> From one lonely cloud,
> The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed."

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What her conceptions are of a poet, his mission and his uses, may be seen in the following passage:

> "I write so
> Of the only truth-tellers, now left to God,—
> The only speakers of essential truth,
> Opposed to relative, comparative,
> And temporal truths; the only holders by
> His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms;"

How she looks down upon

> "Your common men

Who

> "Build pyramids, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine,
> And dust the flaunty carpets of the world
> For kings to walk on, or our senators,
> The poet suddenly will catch them up
> With his voice like thunder—'This is soul,
> This is life, this word is being said in heaven,
> Here's God down on us! What are you about?'"

At this voice of thunder, they are startled from their daily work;

> "Look round, look up, and feel, a moment's space,
> That carpet-dusting, though a pretty trade,
> Is not the imperative labor after all."

The uncommon force and felicity with which Mrs. Browning expresses her thoughts are not the least of her excellencies. She has a rich vocabulary—a large utterance, never at a loss for the right word in the right place. This strikes the reader throughout the entire work. She is not always smooth or even in the flow of her language, as Wordsworth, nor is she tame, as he sometimes is, in the medium through which she chooses to give expression to her conceptions of truth. Never cramped by system, as though poetry had a language solely its own, but in the largeness of her ideal, she deals with the world of art as God does in nature. Sometimes rugged, disjointed, abrupt, throwing up her mountain masses as fiery sparks, letting down the awful avalanche, with the thunder which follows it; and then, as the river flowing "at its own sweet will," through open glades and towering trees, castles and broken towers, now spreading out over the marsh-moor, then compressed between the jaws of mountains, ready to devour it. In any phase of thought, finding, without effort, apparently, words which convey their own music, independent of the thoughts which they utter. No writer was ever truer to her own ideal, than our Aurora.

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She writes from her heart, and is one with nature in all her moods.

"The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blaz'd by art."

The life of Aurora shows the training to which she had subjected herself in view of her art. It is worth our study. She was of a Tuscan mother, the heroine of the poem, but of an English father. At the age of four years, her mother died in Florence, and left her in the hands of her father and the nurse Apunta. She tenderly refers to this scene in her past life of helplessness, and ever after laments the loss of a mother's care and love.

"My mother was a Florentine,
Whose rare blue eyes were shut from seeing me
When scarcely I was four years old; my life,
A poor spark snatched up from a failing lamp.
Which went out therefore. She was weak and frail;
She could not bear the joy of giving life,
The mother's rapture slew her."

She felt, after this, a mother-want, and went bleating through the world, as a lamb shut out, at night, from the fold. Her father, kind, good man, did all he could to reconcile her "to the new order," but, like all fathers, failed, not from the want of will, but power.

"Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just),
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words.
Fathers love as well,
Mine did, I know—*but still with heavier brains,*
And wills more consciously impossible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly;
So mothers have God's license to be missed."

The mother of Aurora was first seen by her father, when a trail of chanting priests and girls were passing along the streets to the cathedral; when

"A face flashed like a cymbal on his face,
And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,
Transfiguring him to music."

We doubt whether a more striking figure than this can be found, as expressive of a face of beauty and of brightness;

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and the sudden and transforming effect it produced upon the beholder. It lives in the memory, and transfixes both the sight and the seer at once and for ever. We feel "the silent clangour" of "brain and heart" as this bright cymbal, in the sun, flashes on our face. After her death, Aurora, her father, and Apunta left Florence, and sojourned among the mountains of Pelago—

> "God's silence on the outside of the house,
> And we, who did not speak too loud, within."

The effect of the picture of her mother, taken after she was dead, upon the mind of Aurora, is touchingly and truthfully exhibited. It carries us back to childhood, when all things are strange and new, and phantasies flit through the heart and brain, which are too evanescent and shadowy to be distinctly remembered, and which only a few can ever recall:

> "I, a little child, would crouch
> For hours upon the floor, with knees drawn up,
> And gaze across them, half in terror, half
> In adoration, at the picture there—
> That swan-like, supernatural life,
> Just sailing upward from the red, stiff silk
> Which seemed to have no part in it, nor power
> To keep it from quite breaking out of bounds;
> For hours I sate and stared."

For years, that picture took all shapes and forms; from every object she saw, and all the books she read; some, strange and fantastic, others dull and vague, or beautiful and sweet; and finally fixed itself on the dead mother, without sigh or smile, in her grave at Florence.

Her father died when she was ripening into girlhood—just thirteen—and left her in the world to grope her way along its tortuous paths. She woke up as from a dream, as one does after the fever fit is over, not able to gather up the threads of life, so strangely broken, so inextricably tangled. Just two lines we quote, for their singular strength and sublimity, with reference to death—the death of her father:

> "Life, struck sharp on death,
> Makes awful lightning."

Many such short, Shaksperian sentences may be found in this work, which will pass into the common speech, as they never can be forgotten. We deem this to be one of the triumphs of poetry. It fulfils its office in those words

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which linger in the memory, and enter into the life of all this busy, bustling world—of duty and enjoyment, of grief and love. It does more for us than kings or senators, than philosophy or art—than a hundred battles, which give birth to empires or level them in the dust. Those sentences which we learned at school, or at our fathers' hearth-stone, or which were floating on the genial air and caught up by every breath of wind, are the waifs, belonging to the king, which all his subjects share in—the seed-truths, which make our golden harvests in after life. Every language possesses them; and a nation owes its stability more to their presence and power, than to all its laws or institutions. Shakspeare abounds with them, and also Milton; you find them in Bunyan's Pilgrim; in Gray's Elegy; in Cowper's Task; in Longfellow's and T. Buchanan Read's poems. They partake of the nature of the parable and the fable; of the familiar sayings—the maxims of Solon, or the greater of Solomon. They are the crown-jewels of a kingdom, distributed, not in parts, but in whole, to all the subjects—each having all, without trenching on the rights and privileges of others—like the blue sky, and the common earth, and the great seas. They are loop-holes, through which we look into the unseen and the eternal. They contain in them the wealth of an empire, as they give it all its wealth. Their power lies in the harmony unconsciously felt by all men, and by deeper minds continually recognized, in the resemblances of the natural and the spiritual—the conventional and the real. They are witnesses for the truth amidst the lies and storms of this most unintelligible world. They are the true types of all the antitypes which lie in our pathway—not chosen arbitrarily from the dead forms which everywhere appear, but, being one with nature, they harmonize with it, and permit us

"To see into the life of things."

There are some minds, so dull and stupid, so earthly and sensuous, that all poetry to them is as unsightly as dead seed in the fructifying soil, forgetful that from these the beautiful forms of life are eliminated—both the graceful flower and the thick corn; and for this it is sown. They are but the prophecy of the future. To the one, but seed in a state of decay; to the other, the oleander and the violet—and the harvests of every autumn. To those who shrink from con-

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templating a higher-world order than that which lies around them, all this is illusive, if not mummery; to them, earth casts no shadow—nor the sun. Images of the beautiful and the sublime waylay them never in the dusty road of life. To them, as to Peter Bell,

> "A primrose by a river's brow,
> A *yellow* primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

But Nature is a loving mother. She would tell us all she knows, if we had ears to listen; but she will do it in her own way and time. The fewest willingly listen to her voice. The poets are her chosen children, on whom she lavishes her richest love—the Benjamins of the family of Rachel, having the lordly dish. They learn as much from her silence as from her utterances. Her "dark sayings" to them leave large inferences. Latent affinities, remote allusions, enigmatical forms of speech, are the thyme from her skirts, scenting all the air, or voices which

> "Thrill inly with consenting fellowship
> To those innumerous spirits who sun themselves
> Outside of Time."

Aurora, at the age of thirteen, was sent, by the dying wish of her father, to England, to a maiden aunt—his sister—to be cared for and educated. Her feelings, on leaving her Tuscan home, are most graphically described:

> "A stranger, with authority, not right
> (I thought not), who commanded, caught me up
> From old Apunta's neck; how, with a shriek,
> She let me go; while I, *with ears too full*
> *Of my father's silence*, to shriek back a word,
> In all a child's astonishment at grief,
> Stared at the wharfage, where she stood and moaned—
> My poor Apunta, where she stood and moaned!"

She reached England:

> "Oh, the frosty cliffs
> Looked cold on me."

The train swept on through the tessellated fields of her father's island. "The skies, themselves, looked low and positive"—not like her Italy—"God's celestial crystals!" She wondered if this could be the land of Shakspeare.

> "Not a hill or stone
> With heart to strike a radiant color up,
> Or active outline, on the indifferent air!"

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She describes the first appearance of her aunt—surely, not a proper person to entrust this wild flower from the Tuscan groves with; but, perhaps, the best a dying father had on earth; she, at least, was his sister:

"She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; o o
A close, mild mouth, a little soured about
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves,
Or, peradventure, niggardly half truths."

Aurora, then, was somewhat of a phrenologist, and took note of these defective organs; but she understood them better on a nearer acquaintance. Children are good physiognomists, at least, and read the heart in the eyes and nose and lips—more, certainly, in the atmosphere, which surrounds those with whom they come in contact:

"Her aunt had lived
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was act and joy enough for any bird.
Dear heavens, how silly are the things that live
In thickets, and eat berries!"

So thought, doubtless, this maiden aunt; and, it is no wonder, if she did not understand this oriole of the "thickets," scarcely fledged, and now, for the first time, brought to her cage. What cared she for her "clear water" and "fresh seed"—she, who had drunk from the clear spring, and eaten of all the berries of her native woods!

Aurora threw her passionate arms around the neck of her aunt, and would have clung there through life, but for the want of that warm love, in return, which, alone, can make it:

"She loved my father, *and would love me too,*
As long as I deserved it."

In truth, her father had married a Tuscan girl, and had not only, in her judgment,

"Fooled away
A wise man, from wise courses,

but had deprived her,

"His sister, of the household precedence."

For this she never could forgive her, and so she hated her,

"Till hate, so nourished, did exceed, at last,
The love from which it grew, in strength and hate."

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She did what she deemed her duty towards Aurora, generous and bland,

> "More *courteous*, than was tender."

Sometimes, however, fearful

> "That God's saints
> Would look down suddenly and say, 'Herein
> You missed a point, I think through lack of love.'
> *Alas! a mother never is afraid*
> *Of speaking angrily to any child,*
> *Since love, she knows, is justified of love.*"

Aurora was a manageable child:

> "Why not?
> I did not live to have the faults of life;
> *There seemed more true life in my father's grave*
> *Than in all England.*"

She was subjected to the ordinary training of young girls—studied arithmetic, geography, and grammar; the creeds, from Athansius back to Nice:

> "The articles—the tracts against the time;
> Dances the polka and Cellarius;
> Spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax;
> Read scores of books on womanhood,
> To prove, if women do not think at all,
> *They may teach thinking,*
> "And last,
> I learned cross-stitch, because she did not like
> To see me wear the night with empty hands,
> A-doing nothing."

Romney, her cousin, when he returned from college, was her friend and companion. He was rich, talented, had much of the genius of Aurora, but was taken up with generalities and systems, and tangled in the meshes of socialism. Their lives were not set to the same music; of course he fell in love with her, but was rejected. Sorry girl! what a good match it would have made, looking from the standpoint of her maiden aunt and any one's maiden aunt. She was in love with art—with life, which was her art. He,

> "Why, sir, you are married long ago,
> You have a wife whom you love,—
> Your social theory."

Already had Aurora been communing with her own heart and nature. She had felt the dawning of a "new life within her life." She had read, by stealth, the books, bad and good,

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found in the garret of the old manse of her fathers. She had fallen upon the poets and drank their nectar, as of one of the gods and had written verses—such as young poets write:

"Oh happy mornings, *with a morning heart*
That leaps for love, is active for resolve,
We ik for art only."
"So, like most young poets, in a flush
Of individual life, I *poured myself*
Along the veins of others, and achieved
Mere lifeless imitations of life verse,
And made the living answer for the dead,
Profaning nature."

But it was not always so, nor yet, we think, long. A nature like hers would find enough within to satisfy the demands of her art. It was natural enough for one, just waking from the conventional life about her, to imitate the life, or forms of life, into which she had entered. You see her now, looking out from her *green* room, upon the trees and shrubbery—stealing out before day from the sleepy house, and taking her fill of the sweet breath of morn, and drinking inspiration from the hills and woods,

"As a hunted stag
Will take the waters, shivering with the fear
And passion of the course!"

Her twentieth morn she reaches, and there she

"Stood,
Woman and artist—either incomplete,
Both credulous of completion!"

"I was glad that day;
The June was in me. With its multitudes
Of nightingales all singing in the dark,
And rosebuds reddening where the calyx split.
I felt so young, so strong, so sure of God!"

Early in the morning of this day,

"Till my aunt awoke
To stop good dreams,"

she went out in the open air to keep her birth-day, and sauntered through the acacias and over the dewy grass, to crown herself "in sport, not pride"—

"to learn the feel of it,
Before my brows be numb as Dante's own
To all the tender pricking of such leaves?"

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She chose, not the bay, being not overbold, nor yet the myrtle—

> "Which means chiefly Love; *and Love*
> *Is something awful, which one dare not touch*
> *So early o' mornings.*"

Nor yet the verbena, nor guilder rose—

> "Ah! there's my choice—that ivy on the wall.
> *That headlong ivy!* not a leaf will grow
> But thinking of a wreath!—
> I like ivy; bold to leap a height,
> 'Twas strong to climb."

Thus, speaking to herself, half singing it:

> "Because some thoughts are fashioned like a bell,
> To ring with once being touched."

Thus drawing a wreath, drenched with dew, across her brow, half blinding her with its tears, she,

> "turning, faced
> My public!—Cousin Romney—with a mouth
> Twice graver than his eyes."

It was here, and with a blush of flame, she stood transfixed, in presence of her cousin—

> "You, my cousin."

The passages which describe this unexpected interview no one but a poet could write. We must transcribe a few of them; but, to feel their force and beauty, the scene itself must be read and studied. To show the intense aspirations of the heroine, take the following:

> "I would rather take my part
> With God's dead, who afford to walk in white,
> Yet spread his glory, than keep quiet here,
> And gather up my feet from even a step
> For fear to soil my gown in so much dust."

He twits her on the art she has chosen, and reminds her how many have failed, and that she ought not to be satisfied —will not be—with the half praise bestowed on

> "Mere woman's work."
> "Stop there!"

she answered:

> "I would rather dance
> At fairs, on tight ropes, till the babies dropped
> Their gingerbread for joy—*than shift the types*
> *For tolerable verse, intolerable*
> *To men who act and suffer. Better far*
> *Pursue a frivolous trade, by serious means,*
> *Than a sublime art frivolously!*"

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Of her "sublime art," she says:

—"Poets become such
Through scorning nothing. You decry them for
The good of beauty, sung and taught by them,
While they respect your practical partial good
As being a part of beauty's self. Adieu!
When God helps all the workers for his world,
The singers shall have help of Him—not last!

We have said *Aurora Leigh* should not be read, but studied deeply, meditatively. We know of no better work for the youthful mind, filled with lofty aspirations, to pore over, than this. If one wishes to know the stuff that poets are made of, the things that they endure, the struggles to reach a purer life, the patience and the toil to attain it, the self-abnegation needful, the world of thought and feeling to which they are admitted, ere they see in the desert the sphynx with sober face, the sounding of that desert ere they catch a full sight of the presiding spirit which dwells there, the failures, the praise—which means scorn, the blame which is often the highest praise, the self-reliance in a world where none can stand alone, let them read *Aurora Leigh!*

"I worked with patience, which means almost power.
I did some excellent things indifferently,
Some bad things excellently. Both were praised,
The latter loudest!"
"I ripped my verses up,
And found no blood upon the rapier's point;
The heart in them was just an embryo's heart,
Which never yet had beat, that it should die;
Just gasps of make-believe, galvanic life;
Mere tones, unorganized to any tune."

Of the English public, she says:

"I apprehend this—
In England, no one lives by verse that lives;
And apprehending, I resolved by prose
To make a space to sphere my living verse.
I wrote for cyclopædias, magazines,
And weekly papers, holding up my name,
To keep it from the mud."

We have written thus far, and felt consciously how little we have said to give proper expression of our sense of the merits of this poem, or to afford the reader a just appreciation of it. The quotations we have made were not selected because they were the gems alone to be found in the book, but to illustrate, rather, certain principles found in it, and to show how poets are made, and what food they live on. The prac-

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tical geologist, who finds a grain or two of gold, or piece of quartz containing the precious metal, does not pronounce his judgment on the wealth which lies beneath the *placer*, much less does he regard the small treasures he has found a safe criterion to judge of the mines, which might contribute wealth enough for a hundred Rothschilds.

ART. IX.—1. *Observations and Inquiries into the Nature and Treatment of the Yellow, or Bulam Fever, in Jamaica and at Cadiz;* particularly in what regards its Primary Cause, and assigned Contagious Powers, &c. By EDWARD DOUGHTY, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, and Surgeon to the Forces. London.

2. *Practical Illustrations of Typhus and other Febrile Diseases.* By JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D. London: Longman & Co.

3. *Rélation Historique et Médicale de la Fièvre-Jaune,* &c. Par M. F. M. AUDOUARD, M. D. Paris.

THERE is every reason to believe, notwithstanding some slight recent reverses, that, before the September number of our journal has had time to appear, the rebellion will have been virtually suppressed. Scarcely any have doubted such a result, since the capture of New Orleans and Norfolk; even the rebels themselves seem to have come to the conclusion that their case is hopeless. North Carolina and Arkansas have lost no time in acting accordingly; the Lieut.-Governor of the former and the Governor of the latter setting the authority of Jefferson Davis at defiance. It is needless for us to enter into any particulars in regard to these facts; they are sufficiently known in all their significance. And, while we write, the fall of Richmond is expected from day to day. True, it may hold out for weeks; but that its capture, sooner or later, is certain, those who sympathized most with the rebellion hardly venture to dispute. In the darkest days of the Republic, while the national capital seemed in hourly danger of capture, we had full confidence that, whatever might be the disasters of the present, the government would ultimately prevail. A lively, unwavering faith in the Federal power pervades all our articles on the subject. Before the war had commenced at all, we pointed out the case

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of the six cantons of Switzerland, which had also seceded, and declared themselves independent; but which the federal government had, in due time, forced to return to the confederation.* We showed that, although battles had been fought to accomplish this, the confederation was not the less perfectly restored, and that peace and tranquillity have since prevailed throughout the Republic. Indeed, according to the closest observers, the Swiss cantons, north and south, east and west, were never more cordially united; never more attached to each other, than they are at the present moment. And what sufficient reason is there to suppose that the North and South of the United States will not become equally reconciled to each other? We have always clung to this view of our difficulties; and it remains to be seen whether we were not as nearly right as those who, contrary to the teachings of all history, have insisted that once different sections of a country encounter each other in bloody conflict, reconciliation between them is impossible. We cannot pause now to show that there is scarcely one of the great nations of the world in which such conflicts have not taken place, at some period of its history. Suffice it to remind the reader that they have taken place in Greece and Rome; in France and England; in Spain and Italy.

But our intention on the present occasion is not to discuss the probable consequences or results of the war. We have no fear of a cause so bravely and vigorously defended and vindicated. We hold the armies of the Republic to be fully equal to the task of maintaining the noble structure against all enemies, foreign and domestic. But soldiers as well as civilians need sympathy. The consciousness that they receive sympathy from their fellow-citizens nerves their arms in defending the national cause. Those who are readiest to brave death in the battle-field are often the first to cower before a pestilence. The finest armies of ancient and modern times have been demoralized by this fear, and often when there were no real grounds for it. The rebel leaders are aware of the fact, and they are determined to avail themselves of it to the fullest extent. They affect to have great confidence in the yellow fever, as a means of cutting off our troops; and there are a great many who ought to know better, who accept their representations as facts.

* See *National Quarterly Review*, No. IV., p. 844 *et seq.*

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The history of all wars shows that, when pestilences do break out, the people, especially those residing in large towns or cities, suffer from them tenfold more than the troops. Indeed, it is after the latter withdraw from the battle-field that the pestilence is most likely to break out, or rage with greatest violence; and this is particularly true of yellow fever. An army attacked in camp by the disease may easily withdraw and choose a situation almost certain to afford perfect immunity; whereas the poor of large cities and towns must remain exposed to the infected atmosphere. This was terribly illustrated during the yellow fever epidemics at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Barcelona. The mortality was ten times as great among the people in each instance as it was among the troops, while the latter were equally exposed with the former to its influence. The British troops stationed at Gibraltar suffered but slightly in comparison with the citizens. All the physicians, native and foreign, bear testimony to a similar state of facts during the epidemic at Barcelona in 1821. It was the comparative immunity thus enjoyed by foreign troops that first led eminent physicians to the conclusion that the disease is not contagious. Surgeon Doughty, of the British army, the author of one of the books which we have placed at the head of our article, had ample opportunities both at Cadiz and the West Indies to examine all the characteristics of the disease, and the conclusions which he draws are placed in a forcible light in the following extract:

"Let six, or any number of patients, laboring under yellow fever, in its most violent degree, be conveyed to any one of the most elevated places of residence in the blue mountains of Jamaica, and let the same number of persons in health, there residing, be compelled to superintend them throughout the fever, whether of favorable or fatal termination—I feel every assurance, the disease, in that situation, would not be imparted from those laboring under it, to any one of those in attendance. It cannot be propagated in a soil which does not in itself impart the seeds of the disease; and the situations I allude to are exempt from the prevalence of yellow fever.

"Suppose, again, six persons were to come down, in a state of health, from their residence in the blue or higher mountains of Jamaica, or Kingston, Spanish Town, or any place where yellow fever prevails in the autumn or sickly season, remain a few days or a week, and then return, without being attacked, it would be a very extraordinary circumstance, if, on their return home, one or more of them did not become affected with fever. Their residence in the mountains would not destroy the susceptibility to the influence of the morbid cause, as I have shown from facts explained by the destructive fever in the 85th and 55th regiments, which had been some time stationed in mountainous situations."

Dr. Doughty had no doubt that the epidemic at Cadiz was

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in all respects the same as that of the West Indies and the United States; that it was generated by a peculiar condition of the atmosphere and soil, and was not capable of being propagated by contagion. He admits that there were no marshes near enough to Cadiz to affect it by their miasmata; but he says that filth had accumulated in the city to such an extent as fully to account by itself for the appearance of the disease; for "the olfactory nerves were assailed with the most noxious exhalations, and the eyes disgusted with every sort of filthy and excrementitious matters thrown indiscriminately into the streets. *Fish, bones, rotten vegetables, and rotten matters of every description, mixed together by contents from the receptacles for the night, formed the delectable covering of most of those extremely crowded and ill-ventilated streets.*" At the same time the heat was unusually great—the thermometer ranging from 95 to 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The same writer observes that, had the disease been contagious, it must have been communicated to the Isla de Leon, which was only one mile from the infected city, and with whose inhabitants the afflicted citizens had daily an unrestrained intercourse. But he finds a still more convincing argument against the theory of contagion in the fact that it rarely, if ever, communicates itself to the attendants on the sick.

"If, therefore," says Dr. Doughty, "not one of the medical gentlemen, or hospital officers, numbering between twenty and thirty; not one of the orderlies in the *Hospicio*, where several cases of this fever were admitted; nor one of those in the *Aguada*, where the greater number of the British troops affected with the disease were placed and treated, and where many of them died, should not fall sick of the same order of fever, I think it is a strong presumptive proof that the bodies of those attacked during the progress of the disease, or after the vital spark was gone, imparted no emanating principle generative of fever *sui generis*. Even had those in Cadiz been attacked, it would be no direct evidence that they imbibed the infection from the sick, exposed as they must be to the general exciting cause. It is, indeed, surprising that, exposed to the same cause, with the possible additional excitement arising from fatigue in their attendance upon the sick, they should escape; but the fact was otherwise in 1810 to my knowledge."

In the work of Dr. Audouard we find a similar state of facts in regard to the epidemic at Barcelona, at least so far as the army was concerned, and no one had more ample opportunities of observing its peculiarities.* He had been

* The Doctor's account of his sensations in entering the afflicted city, and his description of the scenes of suffering and desolation which arrested his attention at every step in the more populous streets, are full of interest.

"The barrier opened, and a man who stood behind it took charge of my

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sent, with other physicians, by the French Minister of the Interior, for the express purpose of ascertaining the true character of the disease, and he was the very first who ventured to hold a *post-mortem* examination on those who died of it. Dr. Audouard informs us that, of more than 1,000 soldiers in the citadel, only ten contracted the disease, and of these ten only four died.* All the public establishments, he tells us, enjoyed similar immunity. Even the poor-house, which contained 1,119 persons, was entirely exempt from the disease, and so were five nunneries, which contained, on an average, over 1,000 inmates each, whereas the monks, who had to perform anxious and fatiguing duties, were carried away in large numbers. The whole population of the city he estimates at about 140,000. All who had means left on the breaking out of the disease, leaving scarcely half behind; and of these, between 16,000 and 17,000, or about four-fifths of the whole number seized, fell victims to the disease.† M. Audouard candidly

* *Rélation Historique et Médicale*, p. 365.

† It is worthy of remark that Barcelonetta, which may be regarded as a suburb of Barcelona, but which contained no soldiers, save a few sentries, suffered vastly more than the city proper. It seems that, of a population of 8,000, more than one half were taken off by the disease.

portmanteau. The moment inspired me with some painful ideas; I was now within the circle of contagion; an instant before, I was surrounded by a crowd of people: but I had advanced only four steps, and now every one avoided my approach. A double barrier, guarded by armed men, separated me from the rest of mankind, and forced me towards Barcelona. My mother, my relatives, my friends, were to me in a different world, and I had no other asylum than that which had become the abode of death. o o o o

"Barcelona was seen towering above the plain which surrounded it, without any change in its appearance. The setting sun threw its rays on that part of the city which was exposed to my view, and the majesty of the buildings, with the regularity of the fortifications, produced a pleasing effect to the eye: but, under this exterior of the most perfect peace and deep calm, which was increased by the silence of the bells, *death continued his merciless ravages among the inhabitants, and pursued unceasingly his mysterious and fatal attacks.* In the mean while, I approached the city, and arrived at one of the two gates through which the dead were carried away; and my conductor pointed out to me, on the glacis, two hundred yards from the road, a large square place, inclosed with wicker hurdles, seven or eight feet high, where the bodies were deposited. As I passed, I shuddered at the sight of this melancholy spectacle of human remains, to which *carts were continually repairing, for the purpose of removing to the cemetery the population of Barcelona.* At length I entered the city, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I traversed different streets, and met with several individuals; some of whom appeared free from any melancholy feelings, while others looked sickly and crept slowly along; and all bending their steps towards the gates of the city, for it was the hour of promenade. Some were furnished with smelling bottles, and others stopped their noses with their handkerchiefs; but the greater part exhibited no marks of fear. These last were principally the lower classes, among whom are generally found the lively spirit, the noisy humor, the

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admits that a monk of the order of Minims, named Constans, was more successful in the treatment of the malady than the most skilful and experienced of the faculty. Of nine of his brethren in the convent who contracted the disease, only one died; and probably this one would also have been saved had he taken the advice of the reverend father. The latter began by administering oily emulsions, which were followed by copious draughts of warm diluents, the design of which was, to produce profuse perspiration.

When the same disease broke out in New York, and assumed its most malignant type, far from showing any preference for soldiers, it was remarked by all that it avoided them, and this seemed the more strange because they were principally foreigners—Irish and Germans. Most of those who had the means of leaving did so, but of those who chose to remain, and who resided in a clean part of the city, and took tolerable care of their health, very few died. It was the poor and reckless—those who paid little attention to cleanliness or regimen—that furnished nineteen twentieths of the victims. Edward Livingston, who was then (1803) mayor of the city, gives his experience to a friend as follows: "I never remember to have experienced a greater fulness of health than at this period. There is something healthful to a man in the consciousness of a duty well discharged. Notwithstanding the number of the

petulance, the irascibility and the goodness which characterize the Catalan. Many of the houses were shut up, and boards nailed on the doors indicated that they were no longer inhabited. Several shops were open for the sale of articles of the first necessity; but all the work-people had ceased to carry on their occupations, except the carpenters, *the sound of whose hammers stunned the ear*, and who, though numerous, were scarcely able to supply the required number of coffins. Some bearers on which the sick were removed to a hospital—the viaticum—empty coffins carried along—several funerals, at which the priests recited the service in an under voice—the modest bier, carrying a corpse without pomp or honors—in short, everything which could recall death to the mind was all that gave movement to the city.

"On my way to the residence of the French Consul, I was conducted through several small streets, where I experienced a new and very disagreeable sensation. In every house fumigation of some sort was carrying on; here, they burned juniper, or gunpowder; there, vinegar, sage, incense, and various other aromatics; and further on they were busy in disengaging muriatic acid gas. In these narrow streets, the houses of which are very lofty, all these odors formed a mixture that rendered the air unfit for respiration; and either from such being actually the case, or from the force of imagination, I thought that I recognized the smell of hospitals infected with the contagion of typhus. On reaching the residence of the consul, I learned that, of the five physicians sent by the Minister of the Interior, M. Mazet had died on the preceding evening, that M. Rochoux had, eight days before, retired to the country, and that Messrs. Bally, Pariset, and Francois, were in good health."—*Rélation Historique et Médicale*, par M. F. M. Audouard, M. D., p. 285–6.

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sick whom I saw every day, my recollection of their sufferings, of their distress, of the interest attaching to their families, to their various relations, did not present itself to my mind only in the mass; I knew each one individually. I identified myself with each one of the sick, for I could call each, with the physician, my patient. I shared the regrets of the family of each victim, the joy of the wife, the children, of each convalescent restored to life, to labor, to the tenderness of family affections. After the first fears of contagion were surmounted, *I ceased to experience the slightest apprehension of danger.*" In spite of his courage, he was finally attacked by the disease; he had predisposed his system to its influence by overexertion and anxiety for his friends. But, even then, his temperate habits saved him. "It was now," he relates, "that I received the reward of what I had done for the people. As soon as it was known that I was in danger, the street in which my house was situated was blocked by the crowd, who pressed even to my chamber to receive intelligence of my condition. The young people took turns, hour by hour, in the care of watching by my bed of suffering. The crisis was violent, but of short duration." In the great yellow fever epidemic of Philadelphia, similar preferences and immunities were remarked. Nor do the records of the disease in New Orleans or Charleston differ in any important respect from those of Northern cities. It is very generally believed at the North that the natives of southern cities are but seldom attacked by the disease. The opinion is founded on the fact that so few of them die in comparison with foreigners; but it is forgotten that they immediately withdraw from the infected atmosphere, and that even the few who remain behind can better afford to pay attention to ventilation, cleanliness and regimen than foreigners. But had we no further proof of the fact that the yellow fever allows no real immunity to natives more than foreigners, than that afforded by the ravages of the disease at Norfolk, a few years since, it would be amply sufficient; and the same terrible epidemic proved beyond doubt that, far from military men being more liable to contract the disease than civilians, it is they who enjoyed most immunity, although in Norfolk, as well as in New York, they were chiefly foreigners.

In short, if we examine all the statistics that have been preserved in either hemisphere, we shall find nothing to justify the boasts of the rebels, and of their sympathizers in

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Europe, that once the warm weather commences, the yellow fever is the only enemy that need take the field against our troops. That they may suffer from it is, indeed, very possible, but by no means inevitable. Nay, it is scarcely probable, seeing, as we have already intimated, that they can always choose an elevated situation and every other sanitary precaution that the best scientific skill can suggest.

As it is thus evident that our troops need feel little alarm more than the rebels, and that they have much less to fear than the masses of the inhabitants of Southern cities, we may dismiss the so-called "Yellow Jack" as a bugbear, only remembering that the Merrimac was once to have captured New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—at least, placed each under contribution. In short, she was to have crippled all our resources to such an extent, that we should be very glad to negotiate on the best terms we could obtain from the victorious rebel government, and the first news we hear afterwards is, that she has had to be blown up, to prevent her from falling into our hands!

All this, however, is no reason why we should not say a word to show how the approach of the disease may be detected, and in numerous instances stayed in its progress. Of all maladies, yellow fever is the most insidious in its attacks, and the most deceitful in its operation. Scarcely any two persons are affected with it exactly alike. There may be a score of patients in the same room, all suffering from yellow fever, and yet no two having the same symptoms; but the symptoms of all as different from each other as if they were those of as many different diseases. In nine cases out of ten, the attacks that seem mildest at the beginning are the most likely to prove fatal; and this apparent mildness may continue for several days—nay, until an hour or two before death—the patient being able to walk about most of the time. It is remarkable that it is in this scarcely perceptible form it runs its course most rapidly, terminating in "black vomit," and death in from two to five days. Sometimes it assumes the remittent form, and presents regular exacerbations and remissions; and the patient may be thus affected for seven, or even eleven days; and finally, when all begin to regard him as rapidly recovering, he may fall gently asleep, and never awake. But when the earlier symptoms are strongly marked, and the sufferings of the patient are most acute, in the generality of cases the danger is least.

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The most ordinary symptoms are slight headache, or nausea. Unlike all other fevers, it is seldom ushered in by a well-defined chill. Its approach is generally marked, however, by an icy coldness of the whole surface of the body, especially of the extremities, accompanied with a sensation of languor, a tenderness in the region of the precordia, and pains in the eye-balls—the eyes at the same time presenting a peculiar hectic flush. The sensation of coldness of the surface alternates with one of heat, so intense, as often to make the patient think that some pungent fluid must have been poured over the skin. The pulse scarcely affords any criterion whereby to judge of the real condition of the sufferer; sometimes it seems perfectly natural and healthy, while the most fatal symptoms are present. None who have witnessed the peculiar flush of the countenance, in the later stages of yellow fever, can ever forget it. The perspiration is often profuse, but without in the least mitigating the local sufferings, or producing any perceptible effect on the action of the heart or arteries. After the patient has suffered intensely for two or three days, he sometimes experiences sudden relief; both mind and body feel at ease; and friends begin to regard the disease as having yielded to treatment; but, soon this is found to be only a temporary lull, for it is followed by that yellowness of the skin which gives its name to the disease, and which is the precursor of the fatal black vomit. The stomach, always morbidly excited, now begins to eject this black matter, in enormous quantities, until death supervenes. A short time before dissolution, there are sometimes violent hæmorrhages from the tongue, gums and other parts of the body. Yet there may be well-defined cases of yellow fever, without any of these symptoms being present; there may be neither yellowness of the skin nor black vomit; but, when both are absent, their place is supplied by violent eructations of gas from the stomach, a symptom which is almost certain to terminate fatally.

At the same time the distinctive pathological appearance in yellow fever is the matter of the black vomit. This symptom may not appear, as we have said, before death; but we are assured by Dr. Audouard and many other eminent physicians who have fully investigated the subject, that it is discernible in all cases after death. Sometimes it is found in the stomach, and sometimes in the intestines; in the former it resembles

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coffee grounds; in the latter it assumes nearly the color and consistence of pitch.

When yellow fever assumes its most malignant type, it may be doubted whether the plague or any other disease is more fatal. But this rarely occurs, and when it does occur it does not last long. Fortunately, even in its worst form it is not necessarily fatal. When the patient is taken in hand in time by a good physician, he has every reason to hope that he will overcome the disease. Could the doctors agree as to whether it is contagious or non-contagious, a much larger proportion of the patients would be saved. At present a large majority are opposed to the contagion theory; indeed, the number of those who believe in its contagiousness are rapidly diminishing.

As to the modes of treatment used they are almost innumerable, but it will be sufficient to mention those found most efficacious. It is well to bear in mind, however, that what may cure one, two, or three, may kill a fourth and fifth, in the same hospital. This diversity of effects arises partly from the difference in the symptoms at different stages of the disease, and partly from the differences in the constitutions of the patients. What Dr. Audouard relied most upon was, an infusion of tamarinds, barley-water with honey, camphorated enemata, and camphorated oil rubbed on the abdomen. In only one case he tried leeches, but with no good effect—the patient died. Bleeding he had no faith in; he knew many cases in which others tried it, but always with a fatal result. Of all the medicines used, what approximated nearest to the character of a specific was cinchona; this he knew, in the hands of others as well as his own, to have cured a large number. But the best yellow fever physicians of Europe and America have great faith in blood-letting, provided it be commenced at an early stage of the disease, before the system becomes too much enfeebled and incapable of producing reaction, for in the latter case it is certain death. When blood letting is dangerous, the best medicines are external stimuli, the object of which is, to aid the powers of the system in their efforts to produce a warmth at the surface. The bowels should always be kept open, chiefly by oil or injections; hot bricks, bottles of hot water, cayenne pepper, sinapisms, &c., should be applied to the extremities, especially to the feet whenever the patient begins to suffer from a sensation of coldness in those parts. There is nothing more useful than ice in yellow fever; it is often used both

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internally and externally, with the best effects. Blisters, too, are much relied upon by experienced practitioners, especialy when the vomiting is violent and protracted. The spirit of turpentine with the oil of cinnamon, in thirty-drop doses, has been known to effect cures after even the black vomit had made its appearance. But the best remedies of all are good nursing, fresh air, and general cleanliness.

ART. X.—*National Academy of Design. Catalogue of the Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition.* New York: 1862.

BEFORE we offer any opinion on the contributions to the present exhibition, we will make an observation or two on art criticism in general, especially as it is practised in America. In doing so, the first idea that occurs to us is, that our artists are but little indebted to our critics. Of no other enlightened country is this remark so true as it is of ours; nowhere else does the critic afford less aid to the artist. The great defect of the former is, that he is too appreciative—too prone to admiration. He thinks he serves art because he praises everything that comes before him as a specimen of it; but the effect of his indiscriminate eulogies is, to do evil rather than good. His motives do not alter the case; whether he bestow extravagant praise without venturing to find any fault, in order to serve the artist, or gratify the purchaser of a picture; or whether he is carried away by his feelings, believing the judgment he passes to be just; the result is the same.

It must be remembered that feeling, like any other faculty, requires to be educated. If we are too enthusiastic, we must learn to restrain our enthusiasm, by comparing the subject that excites it to the best we know of the same kind. Thus, for example, if we are unusually pleased with a group, before we give expression to any superlatives in its praise, we should pause to see whether it will bear a comparison with Raffaelle's Cartoons; and if we are delighted with a painting of the Saviour, we should ask ourselves, or those who know better, how it would compare with Titian's "Christ crowned with Thorns." If, instead of adopting this precaution, we praise a piece whose greatest merit is to be passable, as if it were one of the noblest efforts of Angelo or Correggio, what we deserve for our pains, from both artist and public, is derision and contempt.

"The critic of art," says Lessing, "ought to keep in view not only the *capabilities*, but the proper objects of art." Nor is it by any means necessary that the critic should himself be a practical artist, for the best artists, even when most liberally educated, are not the best critics. This is true

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of even Angelo. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a good painter but an indifferent critic. Burke was no painter, but who will deny that the author of the Essay of the Sublime and Beautiful was an excellent critic. It is only the artist who is one merely by courtesy that pretends that none but artists are qualified to pass judgment on works of art. Those conscious of their own merits, or whose merits have been gratefully acknowledged by the world, value the opinions even of such as have received no training in literature more than art. "A painter," says Da Vinci, "ought not to refuse to listen to the opinion of any one; if we know that we are *able to judge of the works of nature, should we not think them more able to detect our errors.*" In literature it is the same—in all successful attempts to delineate nature, whether with pen or pencil. Voltaire and Molière, Richardson and Sterne, Butler and Burns were equally ready to profit by the criticisms of their housekeepers—generally old women, who pretended to know nothing of either Aristotle or Longinus. M. Rio tells us, that while Raffaelle was engaged on the "Transfiguration," he induced an illiterate old woman to visit his studio twice a week, in order to give her opinion of the work, as it proceeded.* The same course was pursued by the ancients. Phidias did not scorn to listen to the opinions of the humblest, in regard to his Jupiter. And that the Romans were equally liberal and tolerant, we have sufficient evidence in the works of Horace, Quintillian and Cicero. "It is wonderful," says the Roman orator, "how much the educated and the vulgar differ from each other in doing, and how little they differ in judging; all discriminate with a certain tacit feeling, without either art or logic, between what is right and wrong in art and nature."† In no instance can it be more truly said than in art criticism, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A few vague rules, imperfectly understood, do more harm than good. Thus it is that one devotes all his attention to the coloring, another to the form, another to the details, &c. This is what Sir Joshua Reynolds alludes to when he says in one of his *Discourses* (XI.): "I wish you to bear in mind that when I speak of an *whole* I do not mean simply an whole as belonging to a composition, but an whole with respect to the general style of coloring—an whole with regard to the light and shade—*but an whole of everything which may separately become the main object of a painter.*" Dante has similar thoughts in his *Monarchia.* The author of the *Inferno* tells us that he is deficient in the perfection of his art who understands final form only, taking no care of what pertains to that form of the divine similitude in the universe. This, he says, is not the course of Nature; Nature is deficient in no perfection when there is need for divine

* *La Poèsie Chretienne dans son Principe, dans sa Matière et dans sa Formes.* Par A. F. Rio

† "*Mirabile* est cum plurimum in faciendo intersit *inter doctum et rudem*, quam *non multum* differat in judicando: omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant; neque earum rerum quendam funditus natura voluit esse expertem."—*Cicero, Orat.*, iii. 5.

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intelligence; therefore, she takes into account all *media* through which she may reach the completion of her design.*

But all our art critics seem to consider necessary is, to have at hand a dozen or so of phrases which they can use with a certain degree of flippancy on all occasions, by merely transposing the terms. We have now before us a brief paragraph by one of this class of critics—one who occupies a high rank among the fraternity, if, indeed, he is not their Magnus Apollo, as he claims to be—in which the word *æsthetic* occurs twenty times. Deprive him of this word in all its forms, which he evidently regards as of great weight, and his whole structure falls to pieces. It is all the same with this class of critics, whether their subject is an original painting, or its worst counterfeit in the form of a wood engraving—whether it be the work of one of the old masters, or that of an amateur sign-painter, who devotes his leisure hours to caricaturing his friends under pretence of painting their portraits. If engravings at somebody's store form the subject, then engravings are just the thing to elevate the public taste—that is, when they are of so superior an order as those under consideration—they are so much better than indifferent paintings, and of course everybody ought to buy them accordingly. True, on some occasions the critic merely fathers this sort of criticism; all the praise being bestowed by the print seller, or owner of the "gallery," and in the most execrable English, or in a dialect which is much more Dutch than Anglo-Saxon. The French send us their bad engravings as they do their bad wines; and the venders, or those inspired by them, declare them the best in the world. In a similar spirit some of the most vulgar specimens of home manufacture are represented as coming from some great Paris or London house, the name of which is duly printed on the face of them.

Under circumstances like these, the wonder is, not that so little progress is made by our artists, but that they make even so much as they do. That there are some good paintings at present on exhibition, far be it from us to deny; on the contrary, there are none to whom it affords more pleasure to do justice to their merits. But the number of this kind are lamentably few; scarcely two per cent. of the whole. A very discouraging feature of the present exhibition is the homage paid to the "almighty dollar." We allude to the portraits of a large number of persons whose sole claim to distinction is, that they have been more successful than their neighbors in money-making; or, what amounts to the same, in securing political offices in which money can be made. Of course these remarks will not apply to all of those whose portraits occupy so large a space in our New York Walhalla; not, perhaps, to more than half.

* Sicut ille deficeret ab artis perfectione qui finalem formam tantum intenderet, media vero per quæ ad formam universalem divinæ similitudinis in universo intenderet media autem negligeret. Sed natura in nulla perfectione deficit, cum sit opus divinæ intelligentiæ; ergo media omnia intendit per quæ ad ultimum suæ intentionis devenitur.—Dante, *Monarchia*, Lib. ii.

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Everybody who has money has a perfect right to employ an artist to paint his picture, and it is equally the privilege of the artist to exercise his talents for any one he finds willing to allow him a fair remuneration. But it seems to us that paintings of this kind should be very good indeed, in order to be entitled to a place in a National Academy. If a private gentleman, who has had the laudable ambition to get his portrait painted, has the further ambition to exhibit it in a public gallery, those who have control of the latter ought to consider whether it is judicious or proper to give it a place. What would be said, for example, of the weekly paper, or magazine, that devoted a large proportion of each number to eulogies of such wealthy men and women as were willing to pay for them? Would not the subscribers have a just right to grumble? A public Gallery of Art assumes to exercise a more powerful and more healthy influence on public taste than any paper or magazine; but can it do so in this way? We think not.

For instance, nobody's taste is anything the better, in our opinion, for seeing any tolerable picture, however large its dimensions, of Mr. George Law. What has he done, or what is he capable of doing, except by his money, to merit the prominence which his portrait receives in the National Academy? As a work of art, its pretensions are but slender. Of several portraits which we have seen from the same pencil, it is undoubtedly the least successful effort. In other words, Mr. Powell has considerable talent, if not genius of a high order, but he has shown little of the former, and none of the latter in his *George Law*, No. 451, in the Third Gallery. True, indeed, none, that have ever seen Mr. Law and known anything of his disposition and character, could fail to recognize him in this picture. At best, the expression of his countenance is neither intellectual nor prepossessing; but it seems to us that Mr. Powell, while intending to give him a respectable appearance, has exaggerated his natural coarseness, made him look still more "purse-proud" and defiant than he is, and even made the hair grow down on his face at least a half an inch lower than it is on the original. The occupation which a stranger would be likely to assign him is that of a drover; but on a nearer view he would be puzzled to understand what is meant by the bridge, the railroad train, the ships, steamboats, &c., &c. "Can it be," he would be likely to ask, "that our burly friend is an inventor;" it might, or it might not occur to him that he was merely a contractor—one that derived all his importance from his cleverness in knowing how to turn a penny more skilfully than his neighbors. Still the artist has made an omission or two. Among the fine craft which he has placed in the back-ground, we see no ferry-boat, no handsome specimen of an Eighth avenue railroad car, drawn by mules, though it can hardly be denied that there was room enough, on so large a canvas. We have said that none of Mr. Law's friends can fail to indentify him at

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the Academy. We have no objection that this be understood as praise of the picture; but Edmond Burke tells us, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, that "It is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it *affecting to the imagination*. If I make a drawing of a palace, or a temple, or a landscape, I present a very clear idea of those subjects; but then (allowing for the effect of imitation, which is something), my picture can at most affect only as the palace, temple, or landscape, could have affected in the reality." Mr. Powell, it will be admitted, has made the idea of George Law sufficiently clear; but we may be permitted to doubt whether Raffaelle or Correggio could have made it affecting to the imagination.

Of a different character is *Dr. Cogswell*, No. 14, by Mr. Hicks. In this we have a tribute to scholarship combined with gentleness of disposition and several other good qualities, which it is not necessary to mention here. We have never heard any one speak of the late worthy Librarian of the Astor Library, but in kind terms. But, of the profound scholarship for which the artist gives him credit, we know little; he may be the best scholar living, for aught we know, but we confess we have never given him credit for more than a moderate amount of lore. Mr. Hicks not only surrounds him with all kinds of learned books in fancy bindings, but also gives him piles of manuscripts. Did we see nothing but the books and manuscripts, we should be much more likely to recall Milton, or Newton, or Franklin, or Humboldt, or Bunsen, than Dr. Cogswell. But the portrait of the man is good—a true likeness—certainly as near the truth as any other painting in its vicinity. The Doctor is, perhaps, made to look a little too serious. Though seated at ease in his arm-chair, there is something in the expression of his countenance that reminds one of those ghosts which it was said he used to occasionally see in the alcoves of the library. Upon the whole, however, the artist has acquitted himself well, and we hold that it is eminently proper that the portrait of a distinguished librarian, who has spent his life among books, should have an honorable place, even in a National Academy.

But we fear we cannot say the same of the full length of *Mr. Hiram Barney*, No. 44, although we yield to none in our admiration of some of Mr. Page's pictures—of his *Gentleman*, No. 162, for instance, owned by Mr. John Hopper. We do not mean that this is handsome; it is nothing of the kind; but the reverse. It reminds one of a Puritan of the grimmest type; but, even in its ugliness, it is perfectly natural. If there is affectation in it, it is the affectation of the "unco-pious," not of the artist. We might also instance his *Lady and Child*, No. 169, which is one of the finest groups in the whole Gallery. The affectionate solicitude of a mother for her child is admirably portrayed; and it is not often that we meet with a more finely-formed head on canvas than that of the boy. But Mr. Barney is made to appear much more like a great

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potentate than like a collector of customs—though only like a theatrical potentate — one going to make a speech to the gods in the pit—a speech like that of Aristophanes' Strepsiades, whom it was necessary to ask so often, What in the world do you mean (τί ποτε λεγεις). In short, nobody would suppose that Mr. Barney was an excise officer, were it not for the thick roll he has in his hand, bearing the inscription "United States Revenue." The custom-house stands in the back-ground, but such is its position that we were not much surprised to hear a child ask his mother, "Why, mamma, who is that big man with the red cheeks that has the house on his back? That's a giant, mamma, isn't he?" In a word, Mr. Page has failed for once; but, as we have already intimated, he can afford to do so. There are paintings on the same wall that fully maintain his reputation; at the same time we should like to see him improve in taste, for there is ample room.

Of all our artists, Mr. Huntington seems to us to have improved most within the last year. His *Chancellor Ferris*, No. 58, possesses merit of a high order. In our opinion, it is the best of the portraits. It is not, indeed, the most striking; there are several others that attract the eye much more readily; but we like it all the better for this unobtrusiveness; and so should all, because it is characteristic of the subject. It is not for a clergyman, and the Chancellor of a university, to place himself, or permit himself to be placed, in an attitude to court admiration. Nothing of the kind is done in this case. The prevailing expression of the full length figure, so far as self seems to be thought of at all, is one of unassuming modesty. The Chancellor is dressed in his academic robes, but they sit gracefully upon him. He wears them as a matter of course; they do not in the least mar his dignity, or make him look a whit the less manly In other hands, it would have been different; the paint, especially on the broad hem, would have been too apparent; and here we find the best proof of Mr. Huntington's taste and judgment. While none of our artists are more felicitous in blending the light and shades, he is always chary of deep tints. He is content to give his subject as sober a complexion as nature has given him; at least he has the good sense to understand that nobody is anything the better for having his face made three or four degrees more florid than it really is.

This is the point, it seems to us, in which Mr. Elliott fails. He is too fond of red—crimson merging into purple. One always sees that he wants to produce a certain effect—not, perhaps, exactly a sensation; but something very like it. Had he been less ambitious in these respects, his half length of *Mr. Fletcher Harper*, No. 111, would have been a masterpiece —certainly the best portrait in the whole Gallery. As it is, we do not regard it as by any means a happy effort. The real Mr. Fletcher Harper is not so ready to jump; at least, his eyes do not seem so impatient, nor yet so inquisitive—so ready to ask every passer-by: "Do you

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see *me!* Behold the proprietor of the Journal of Civilization." Nothing of the kind, Mr. Elliott. Mr. Harper is a modest man, not purse-proud and defiant, like George Law, as you have drawn him. That air of a parvenu, thrusting himself forward in virtue of his money, is not natural to him. And who has ever seen his gold eye-glasses so conspicuously displayed outside his coat? No, no! But still more earnestly do we beg leave to protest against those little pools of blood scattered over the "Gentleman's" countenance. The carbuncles too seem a little exaggerated—too much swollen.

Mr. Elliott has succeeded much better with his *Gentleman*, No. 139, which is in the possession of Mr. J. W. Harper. In this he is much more sparing of the deeper tints, especially of crimson. But even in this there is a little exaggeration—a certain something that reminds one that nature is overstepped. "*C'est ne pas ainsi que parle la nature.*" Mr. Huntington and Mr. Elliott might well barter with each other. The former might borrow some of the superfluous animation of the latter, and give his overstock of soberness and gravity for it in exchange. Both could profit by this—one nearly as much as the other.

In turning towards the door at the head of the stairs, we are reminded that we have forgotten Saintin's *Mr. C. L.*, No. 1, a full length portrait of the proprietor of *Le Courrier des Etats-Unis*. The likeness is good; no one that knows the subject can have any difficulty in recognizing him. But his position is anything but a comfortable one; the whole attitude is forced. The original has no such awkward bend of the neck; nor does M. Lassalle make so ungraceful a movement when laying his hand on a book; but, if we except these drawbacks, we must admit that the artist has a fine taste, and is well acquainted with the laws of harmony. *C. L.* is not his best, however. He has three other portraits on exhibition—*A Child*, No. 118, *A Gentleman*, 525, and *A Child*, 537, each of which, the last especially, is among the best of its kind we have seen. But the most truthful likeness in the whole gallery is *Mr. William Cullen Bryant*, No. 63, by Mr. Wenzler. This, indeed, is almost faultless; it does full justice to the serene, thoughtful, and classic expression of countenance of the author of *Thanatopsis*. If there is any exaggeration, it is in the preternatural whiteness of the hair. In Mr. Thompson's *Returning from the Ride*, No. 49, we have a very graceful portrait of a young lady in her riding dress. The features are well formed and full of animation, and their decided beauty is not a little enhanced by those rich, curling auburn tresses, which fall so coquettishly on her shoulders. Were it not that the left arm seems somewhat larger than the right, it would be the best specimen of youthful womanhood in the whole collection. As it is, it does great credit to the artist, whom it certainly proves to be a man of genius.

We should like to mention several other pieces, of more or less

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merit, but we find that we have already transcended the bounds we had prescribed for ourselves, and without being able to say a word of the landscapes, some of which deserve a high meed of praise. But we shall not fail to return to them on an early occasion. Even now we cannot pass over such pieces as Mr. Hazletine's *Amalfi, Coast of Naples*, No. 21, Mr. Jewell's *Children on the Sea Shore, Normandy*, No. 47, Mr. Ritchie's *Fitting out Moses for the Fair*, and Mr. Gifford's *Roman Campagna*, No. 70, without, at least, commending them to those who have more time to admire them than ourselves. The northern coast of the Bay of Salerno has ever been famous for the unrivalled beauty of its scenery. No other landscape has formed a subject for so many artists. We have seen at least fifty paintings of it, some of them by the best Italian and German artists; and we cheerfully admit that there are not more than two or three—which are by acknowledged masters—the *tout ensemble* of which has afforded us more pleasure than that of Mr. Hazletine.

Art. XI.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1862. *Exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements*, &c., &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M., author of "Principles of Natural Philosophy," &c., &c. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1862.

Whatever those who publish a certain class of books, and perform a certain kind of tricks, may pretend to the contrary, it is always much more agreeable to us to commend than to condemn. But one only stultifies himself by praising everything; if indiscriminate praise has any effect, it is to do mischief. But, apart from its pernicious influence, it is downright dishonesty to pretend, to those incapable of judging themselves, that a worthless book is a good one; it is nothing less false or less reprehensible than helping the owner to impose on the public. The volume now before us is not vicious; it contains nothing injurious either to morals or religion; except so far as attempts to make giants of pigmies have that tendency. But it is certainly unworthy of the Modern Athens; and instead of improving, it grows worse from year to year. None having any faith in title-pages would say so, however. According to this, there is nothing worth noting in science or art, which may not be

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found in its pages. To copy the whole would occupy too much of our space, and be too suggestive of one of Barnum's "sensation" placards. Now, in all truth and honesty, what does this "Annual of Scientific Discovery, or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art," consist of? Before attempting to answer the question, we disclaim any unkind feeling towards the editor. Personally we know nothing of Mr. Wells; we have never had any intercourse with him directly or indirectly; but, from all we can learn, he is a gentleman much esteemed in private life. We hold, however, that a man may be an exemplary citizen and still a very bad editor of an "Annual of Scientific Discovery," &c., &c.

The work before us has really no scientific character. Three-fourths of its contents are composed of extracts from newspapers, passages from "papers," the perusal of which has been listened to in courtesy by certain societies, descriptions, by pretended inventors, of their own performances, &c., &c.; and the remaining one-fourth consists of that sort of crude matter which might be expected in a scientific lecture before a country lyceum. The work which it was intended to imitate is the French *Année Scientifique et Industrielle;* but there are scarcely any two publications, professing to aim at the same ends, that are more different. The articles in the *Année Scientifique* are chiefly original contributions from the most learned men in Europe, who examine what purport to be discoveries, or inventions, before presenting them to the world as such; whereas our "Annual" takes all upon trust, making no effort to separate the wheat from the chaff.

Mr. Wells rarely gives himself the trouble of giving any opinion of his own; he seems to think that his duty is performed when he has pasted together some two or three hundred pages, in which he never uses a pen further than to say, "the eminent Prof. A.," "the learned Dr. B.," "the well-known Mr. C.," &c. Each of these may be followed by several pages of closely printed matter, in which there is not a single idea that could benefit science or art, in any conceivable way. Thus, for example, in glancing over the "copious index," we fancy that we have met with an important discovery; we turn, accordingly, to the page indicated, but all we find is a rather clumsy "puff," by a would-be *savant*, on "my recent invention"—*voilà tout!*

The "Notes by the Editor" occupy some fourteen pages of leaded matter. The greater part of even this department is composed of long extracts. A large proportion of the remainder is occupied by the titles of subjects of papers presented to the "Congress for the Promotion of Social Science;" and, finally, we are presented with "appreciative notices" of certain new books, each of which is declared to surpass all others of its kind. For instance, in the notice of Mr. Baird's "Birds of North America," we are told, that "a work of this kind has long *been admitted to be a great desideratum*" (p. xvii.).

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"The magnificent *and standard* ornithology of Mr. Audubon" *was* a very good thing in its way; but now it must be content to occupy a secondary rank. A Mr. John Warner, A. M., has got out a new book, or pamphlet, entitled, "*New Theorems, Tables, and Diagrams, for the Computation of Earth-work*," of which we are told that "the whole is the result of *immense labor and original research* on the part of the author (!)" In short, this indiscriminate puffing has been carried too far in the "Annual." Did the work emanate from some village in New Jersey, or Indiana, then we should have no fault to find; but that such a crude mixture of platitudes should go forward to the world as a fair representation of the intelgence and enlightenment of Boston is a gross libel, and we protest against it accordingly.

1 *Popular Treatise on Deafness: Its Causes and Prevention.* By *Drs. Lighthill.* Edited by E. BUNFORD LIGHTHILL, M. D., with illustrations. New York: Carleton.

We have derived both profit and pleasure from a perusal of this volume, which is more than we could say of two-thirds of the scientific treatises which fall into our hands, and which it is our duty to examine, with more or less attention. The great defect of works of this kind, in general, is that, although they may be designed for the benefit of all, they are so overloaded with technicalities, that they can only be understood by the favored few—those who can afford to obtain information from other sources, wherever it is to be obtained. The matured experience of the authors of the present volume, in the treatment of all varieties of diseases of the ear, has enabled them to obviate this difficulty; and, accordingly, such is the lucid, popular style in which it is written, that "he who runs may read." On the principle, that prevention is better than cure, the means of the former are treated at considerable length; and those who expect nothing in the remarks and suggestions of the authors, but vague speculations, will find themselves agreeably disappointed. Drs. Lighthill tell us in their preface—and the fact is sufficiently obvious—that they "have endeavored to treat the subject as comprehensively as is practicable in a work of this character, by explaining the anatomy and physiology of the ear, and describing those of the diseases of that organ which are most destructive to hearing." The illustrations which they use in doing so will greatly assist the reader, but the authors tell us that, "They have abstained from giving directions for treatment (except in a few cases), as, by furnishing receipts and formulas for treatment, in a popular treatise, persons are apt to be induced to constitute themselves their own physicians, a practice always productive of more injury than benefit, especially when applied to an organ so complicated and delicate as the ear, which requires a most thorough examina-

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tion, before suitable treatment of any kind can be instituted, even by competent medical men." To this judicious observation, the truth of which will be readily assented to by every intelligent mind, we need only add, that the book should be read by every mother, in short, by all who value the sense of hearing, whether it is already impaired or not.

An Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients. By the Right Honorable Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. London: Parker & Son. 1862.

The title of this work is rather ambitious; it leads us to expect too much—at least more than we shall find it to contain on the closest examination. Still it is far from being an inanity. Even where we have nothing else but conjectures, we feel that they are the conjectures of a scholar and a thinker; and, as such, they are valuable by themselves. The part of the essay which relates to the astronomy of the Greeks and Romans claims most attention, although it may be doubted whether either of those nations, as the author tells us, ever regarded the sun and moon as "celestial beings, driving their chariots across the vault of heaven." We ought rather to remember that, even at the present day, both the sun and moon are addressed as persons in certain kinds of prose, as well as in poetry. Our author makes an ingenious, if not successful, attempt to trace the progress of astronomy from the time of Thales to that of Democritus. This he would have us regard as its philosophic period; the scientific period being that in which the science attained its highest perfection, under the auspices of Plato and Aristotle.

Thus far the author confines himself to facts, which are pretty well attested; but when he comes to pass sentence on the Egyptians and Assyrians he disposes of each in a summary manner. Neither, he thinks, possessed any astronomical knowledge worthy of the name. For the pyramids he has not much respect. He admits that they are very large buildings; but he intimates that their size is almost their only claim to distinction. As for the inscriptions on them, he has little doubt that most of them are erroneous, though he could not read one! It is much easier to condemn them than to take time to understand what they say. The learned Bunsen and other Egyptologists have freely interpreted many of them; but, far from commending them for this, our author is rather of the opinion that they have done mischief.

In short, he does not think that any good can arise from theories which ascribe a higher antiquity to the world than that assigned to it by the Bible; though it is not altogether on religious grounds that he objects to them; but he thinks it is very absurd to suppose, for one moment, that the Egyptians and Assyrians—neither of whom had a printing press, an electric telegraph, a railroad, a British Constitution—knew as much of

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astronomy, or any other science, as we of the nineteenth century do. To this we need hardly add, that our author places the geologists nearly in the same category with the Egyptologists. That the former, as well as the latter, have based their calculations on false *data* he has little doubt, though, as in the case of the inscriptions on the pyramids, he could not point out a single instance in which they have erred. But Her Majesty's Minister-at-War may say a great many things that seem flippant and even silly, and still be praised as a scholar and philosopher. At all events, the "Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients" will amply repay perusal; though it is a survey carried on, for the most part, as we have seen, without chart or compass—one in which the surveyor magnifies every modern thicket into a forest, diminishing every ancient forest to a shrubbery.

Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux, faites à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris. Par H. MILNE EDWARDS, Professeur au Museum d'Histoire Naturelle. Tome Septième, Première Partie. 8vo. Paris: 1862.

We presume there are few scientific readers, who pay any attention to the issues of the French press, who are not acquainted with the general characteristics of this work. When completed it will be one of the most valuable contributions to natural history of which the age can boast—at least, to that branch of it known as comparative anatomy. In the seventh volume, now before us, the treatment of digestion and absorption is completed, and that of secretion commences. The views put forward are not alone those of the author; who fortifies his own opinions by those of the most eminent naturalists, anatomists, and physicians of ancient and modern times. Medical students will find much that is at once instructive and interesting in the author's dissertations on the physiology of the secretory glands and the supposed functions of the ductile glands. To the general reader, these discussions would naturally seem dry and unentertaining; but the same may be said, still more emphatically, of those on comparative philology, which have occupied the greatest minds of the age, and the value of which, in elucidating the early history of countries and races, is now universally acknowledged. The two studies bear no slight resemblance to each other. One teaches the affinities between different languages; the other the affinities between different animals, and different tribes of the same animals, including man; each showing how those affinities may be turned to account for the benefit of science, and consequently for the benefit of the human race.

Economistes Modernes. Par LOUIS REYBAUD, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy, Frères.

French writers have paid more attention to political economy since the beginning of the present century, than any others. The works on the

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subject by Faucher, Chevalier, and Bastist, are studied throughout Europe; nor are they altogether unknown in this country. What M. Reybaud has undertaken to do is to review these; in doing so, he extends his criticisms to the theories of Cobden, Mill, and one or two others. The volume consists of six essays, which appeared about a year ago in different numbers of the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, in which they attracted no slight attention throughout Europe. The part of the book devoted to a criticism of Mr. Mill's theory as to the future of the working classes is worth a volume by itself; indeed, there are but few volumes that contain so much that is at once amusing and instructive. But all the worse for Mr. Mills, whose pretensions to superior wisdom in political economy are laughed at without mercy. The paper on Cobden and Chevalier is also a good specimen of searching criticism, though it is not exclusively critical. Interspersed with arguments, designed to confute certain theories of the gentlemen noticed, are hints and observations which, in connection with those in the other essays of the same series, form a correct and interesting exposition of the ideas on political economy most popular in France at the present time.

An Exposition of the Swedish Movement-Cure, Embracing the History and Philosophy of this System of Medical Treatment, with Examples of Single Movements, and Directions for their use in various forms of Chronic Disease, forming a Complete Manual of Exercises; together with a Summary of the Principles of General Hygiene. By Geo. H. Taylor, A. M., M. D., Principal Physician to the Remedial Hygienic Institute of New York City. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1862.

The salutary effect of exercise on the human system has been acknowledged from the earliest records. Hippocrates and Galen had equal faith in its influence. The former was of opinion that, when judicially taken, it was better than all drugs. That gymanastics were not so universally practised by the ancient Greeks and Romans merely for the purpose of strengthening the muscles is evident, from several passages in the works of Plato and Aristotle. The learned Bopp thinks that one of the principal works of the latter philosopher, which have yielded to the ravages of time, was one on gymnastics as a means of preventing disease. In short, no one that knows anything of physiology would venture to deny that exercise is beneficial. But of all the moderns, to a Swede is due the honor of having first attempted to reduce the principles of gymnastics to a practical system of hygiene; and the author of this book was the first to introduce the same system into this country. Even now we believe there is no regular "movement-cure" establishment in America but his, and that of his brother—the former situated in Thirty-eighth street, and the latter in the Cooper Institute, in this city.

The author of the volume before us, not content with studying all that had been written on the subject, proceeded to Sweden in order to obtain

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instruction from the founders of what is now known throughout Europe as Hygienic Gymnastics; and hence it is that he dedicates his book to Professor Gabriel Branting, Director of the Swedish Central Gymnastic Institute, and Herman Sotherburg, M. D., Professor of Orthopœdic Surgery in the Carolinian Medico-Chirurgical Institute, Stockholm, "as a testimonial of gratitude for their kind personal instructions, and generous hospitality." Altogether apart from its scientific character and the valuable suggestions which it contains, it is so agreeably written, and embraces so much information of a curious and interesting character to which none can be indifferent, that it is more attractive to the general reader than many a novel.

Dr. Taylor makes no attempt to depreciate the services of the regular faculty, but on the contrary. His own early studies and sympathies would naturally preclude him from this.

"To a thorough understanding of all the principles of the MOVEMENT-CURE, "he tells us in his preface," an intimate acquaintance with *Anatomy* and *Physiology*, and, indeed, with medical science generally, is absolutely essential. Of course, skill in *diagnosis*, and in the practical application of these principles in the treatment of the countless ills of human flesh, can be acquired only by long and patient training and study. I do not expect, for I know it would be quite impossible in the nature of things, to turn every good-natured person, who may do me the kindness to peruse these chapters, into a good doctor. I should be entirely satisfied—the height of my ambition would be reached—could I but prevent a few hundreds of my Christian fellow-men and women from making *bad doctors of themselves*.

"I have not endeavored to shake my reader's faith in the wise, prudent, conscientious, and learned physician. *No one honors him more than does the writer.* Blessed, say I, is the man or woman who has a *good doctor*, but more blessed he who *can do without him!* To enable my reader *so to do*, has been my main aim in the preparation of this *manual*."

To this we need hardly add, that, let the "movement-cure" be right, or wrong, the book is worth reading. It is copiously illustrated, and has the additional advantage of a full alphabetical index.

The Dean of Lismore's Book; A Selection of Ancient Gaelic Poetry from a Manuscript Collection made by Sir James McGregor, Dean of Lismore, in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. THOMAS MCLAUGHLAN, and an Introduction and Additional Notes by W. F. Skene. Edinburgh; Edmonstone & Douglas. 1862.

The Dean of Lismore was one of the most learned men of his time; at any time there have been few better linguists. It would be easy to meet with one that had studied more languages; for it does not seem that he studied any save the Greek and Latin and the Gaelic; but with these he was well acquainted. There is reason to believe that his chief object in studying the classics was, to qualify himself for a more effectual prosecution of his Celtic researches. Be this as it may, he collected many valuable Celtic manuscripts, most of which he transcribed with his own hand. During the greater part of the Ossianic controversy these were not to be found; but as soon as they were brought to light the genuineness of several of the Ossianic poems was acknowl-

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edged by those who had hitherto been most zealous in maintaining that they were worthless fabrications. In short, the Dean of Lismore's book is now the only authority of any weight to which the friends of Macpherson can refer, to show that he translated in good faith from the Gaelic.

The conclusion to which the learned editors come is, that the first publication of Macpherson, that entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland," was a genuine work. On this they pledge their reputation as critics and scholars; but of the epics of Fingal and Temora they are not so sure. They believe, however, that even of these Macpherson was not the sole author; what they deem most probable is, that he found each in miniature in the form of a legend, and that he fabricated the rest. The editors do not content themselves with mere assertions, as too many have done, in regard to the same case. They give their reasons at length, and in doing so show that they have fully investigated the subject. Viewed in any light, the book is curious and valuable. To Celtic scholars it particularly recommends itself; but no ethnologist, indeed no student of history, let his conviction be what it may, can examine its pages without meeting with facts and suggestions worth remembering.

A Grammar of the Latin Language, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By E. A. Andrews and S. Stoddard. The Sixty-fifth Edition, revised, with Corrections and Additions. By E. A. Andrews, LL. D. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

It has been our duty and our privilege to examine many text-books for the study of the Latin language, on both sides of the Atlantic, and we can truly say that one combining so many excellencies as the more recent editions of that now before us, we have never seen. No other grammar has contributed so much to render the language of Virgil and Cicero an attractive study. Indeed, it may be doubted whether it is possible to simplify its principles more than Prof. Andrews has done. Those that have been most successful in the compilation of other grammars are those who have most closely imitated him—especially in his mode of arranging the paradigms of verbs, the declensions of nouns, the primary and secondary rules, notes, &c.

For five years past neither teacher nor student has asked our opinion of the relative merits of different grammars without our recommending Andrews and Stoddard's in the strongest terms, though it was only by accident it first fell into our hands. Most persons naturally regard the form of grammar they have studied themselves as the best, but none could be more different from that now before us than the one which was most popular with teachers, if not with pupils, in our time—we mean Jacobs' Grammar—most of the rules and explanations of which were in Latin. The illustrative extracts were in the same language, so that, to be

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able to get one's lesson in any intelligible way, it was necessary to be already somewhat of a Latinist. It is admitted by Europeans that Americans are much more successful than themselves in the compilation of text-books for schools; but they seek to lessen the compliment by the explanation that we want to learn everything so fast, and are so impatient of long studies, that, in order to encourage us, it is necessary that our text-books should be more lucid and simple, more systematically arranged, in a word, more easily mastered, than those of any other country. This is intended as a censure on the national aversion to hard study, but it is more than a tacit acknowledgment of the superior skill and judgment of our compilers. Fortunately, the sixty-fifth edition received the most careful revision from the author, only a few weeks before his death, and it also received as additions all that was valuable in the results of the most profound German research and scholarship.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Leisure Hours in Town. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

The more we see of the Parson, the more we like him. Not that he is always entertaining, or instructive, though generally both, and to a high degree. There is scarcely one of his essays in which he does not treat us to a piece of egotism, which shows that, let his talents and acquirements be what they may, he is fully conscious of them. But Goldsmith had the same foible; so had Lamb. Nay, who had not? Scarcely half a dozen of the world's greatest minds. If, when we reflect on this, we do not forgive the Parson, he is sure to tell us something good in so happy a way, that we are forced to do so. Our author is not merely an essayist; he is a keen and manly critic—one who is not afraid to speak out what he thinks and feels. In proof of this, we need only refer to his Essay "Concerning a Great Scotch Preacher"—the preacher alluded to being the Rev. John Caird, whom her Majesty Queen Victoria honored with a command to publish a sermon which he delivered before her at Balmoral, some two years since, on *Religion in Common Life.* The criticisms at pages 350–1 are sharp and truthful. What if the critic is sometimes open to criticism himself—so was Aristotle; so was Jeffries. We all improve by pointing out each other's faults. Sometimes the Parson does the work admirably; instance the paper entitled "Some Talk About Scotch Peculiarities," which certainly contains some capital hits; and they are given in such a sly, funny way that even those who receive the severest of them can hardly take offence. Our author "takes off" the characteristic, thrifty habits of the Scotch most truthfully; illustrating

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them by a humorous account of the various uses to which the good people of Glasgow are willing to devote their City Hall for the purpose of turning an honest penny. A portion of this is worth quoting:

"I have had occasion, once or twice," says the Parson, "to see the City Hall at Glasgow. Whenever the freedom of the city is given to any eminent man, the ceremony takes place there, the Lord Provost making a speech on the occasion. It is a large, ugly building, in a street called the Candleriggs, which runs out of the Trongate, the main artery of Glasgow traffic. It is very large, holding some three or four thousand people. It is simply a huge square room, with a flat ceiling. Galleries surround it on three sides: on the fourth side is a large platform, backed by a fine organ. It has a cheerful appearance, being painted throughout in white and gold. This Hall is used for all kinds of purposes; the Corporation, very shabbily I think, making a profit by letting it out to any one who may want it. There the Wizard of the North was wont for many a day to perform his tricks: there did Mr. Barnum exhibit Tom Thumb: there have Jenny Lind and Grisi sung: there does Julien yearly give a course of concerts: there has Kossuth spoken, and there Mr. Macaulay, Lord Elgin, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Dickens, and a greater man than all, Sir Archibald Alison: there has Mr. George Tompson howled: there has the Anti-State Church Association made itself ridiculous: there next day have the friends of the Kirk rallied by thousands: and on the day after, the advocates of the Democratic and Social Republic: there have been held cattle-show dinners and Crimean banquets; and there *soirées* in honor of all sorts and conditions of men, from Mrs. Beecher Stowe down to Mr. Stiggins (who became a dissenting minister in Whistlebinkie after his historic kicking by the senior Mr. Weller): and after these pleasing variety of engagements during the week, the Hall is let for divine service on Sunday. There hath the Rev. Dr. Bahoo wept, and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon bellowed: there hath a young scamp of ten years old preached to a congregation of thousands: and there hath the Rev. Mr. McQuack retired with a collection of £3 15s. 8¾d. for the mission to send flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs to the uninstructed Howowows."—pp. 413–14.

This is followed by a description of a religious festival at the same hall, and it so happens that it is one to whose general truthfulness we can bear testimony. But much of the satire will apply to "festivals" nearer home than Glasgow. Who will deny that we have a Rev. Dr. Bahoo in New York, and a Rev. Melchisedec Howler, and a Rev. Mountybanke Buffune, too. If there are any who would do so now, we think they will be apt to change their minds after they have read the following extract:

"The first announcement of the approaching festival is an advertisement in the Glasgow newspapers, that a Congregational Soirée of St. Gideon's Church will be held in the City Hall upon a certain evening. The Rev. Dr. Bahoo, M. A., D.D., LL. D., in the chair. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Melchisedec Howler, the Rev. Jeremy Diddler (Missionary to Borrioboolagha), the Rev. Roaring Buckie (of Yellington-cum-Bellow), the Rev. Soapy Sneaky (domestic chaplain to the Hon. Scapegrace Blackleg), and the Rev. Mountybanke Buffune. By the kind permission of Col. Blazes, the band of the gallant 969th will attend. Tickets, including a paper of sweeties, a cooky, two figs, and five cups of tea, price eightpence each. N. B.—A collection at the door *to prevent confusion*.

"The proceedings begin at six o'clock upon the appointed evening, by which hour the people are seated at long tables arranged in the hall, displaying a large assortment of teacups of many varied patterns. Each person on entering has received a paper-bag, containing the promised cooky (you would call it a penny-bun), the figs and the sweeties. The platform is covered with men, the leading individuals of the congregation, and the speakers of the evening. *That* is Mr.

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Soapy Sneaky, with the long lank hair, the blue spectacles and the diabolical squint. That fat, round, little man is Dr. Bahoo, already affected to tears by the contemplation of so many tea-cups, and by the reflection that they will all be broken within the next hundred years. That is Melchisedec Howler, with tremendously developed jaws and a bull-neck, but hardly any perceptible forehead. And that is Mr. Buckie, with the apopletic face, and corpulent figure. First, a psalm is sung; then a long prayer is offered. The band of the 969th then plays a polka. Next, greasy men go round and pour tea of uninviting appearance *out of large kettles* into the numberless tea-cups. The men on the platform partake of the same cheering beverage. A great clatter of crockery is heard. Many of the guests, ere they have finished their fifth cup (they are breakfast-cups), become visibly distended: most of the children find it expedient to stand up. Tea being over, the military band plays the 'March of the Cameron Men,' or 'Bonnie Dundee,' amid great shouting and stamping. The Rev. Dr. Bahoo, the minister of the congregation, then gets up and makes a speech in the nature of a sermon, with a few jokes thrown in. The reverend gentleman gets much excited. He frequently weeps during his speech, and in a little laughs again. He tells the people how hawppee he is to see them awl: how many additional seats have been let in St. Gideon's Church during the past year: how many scores of Sawba schule teachers and Sawba scholars are connected with the congregation. A psalm is then sung by the people: a polka follows: then there is a pause to allow the figs to be eaten. Then the Rev. Melchisedec Howler addresses the meeting. He shouts and stamps: he bellows out his ungrammatical fustian with perfect confidence. Happy man! he is so great a fool that he has not the faintest suspicion that he is a fool at all. Streams of perspiration flow down his face. In leaving the hall, you will hear the general remark among the enlightened audience, 'Wasna' yon gran'?' 'Oh, but he *swat extraordinar.*' The meeting goes on for three or four hours, with the same strange jumble of prayers and polkas, religion and buffoonery, tears of penitence and roars of laughter. At length, about ten or eleven at night, after three cheers for the chairman, the benediction is pronounced, and the festival is ended."—pp. 414–16.*

But the most comical "peculiarity" of all is the *heritors*, the parties whose business it is to build churches, and repair them when they need it; that is, it is their duty to see that those things are done. How well they fulfil their duty may be inferred from the fact that, as the Parson expresses it, there are "abundance of churches in Scotland which no mortals would ever guess were churches; buildings without one trace of Christian character, *whitewashed barns externally, with a belfry at one end;* and internally, just four walls and a flat roof, with a higgledy-piggledy of rickety pews, and a rude box at one end to serve as a pulpit (p. 417). These are the sort of churches, the style of architecture of which is to be determined by the "heritors," after a suitable amount of discussion, prayer-offering, psalm-singing, &c., &c. Although we have already devoted more of our space to "Leisure Hours" than we can well afford, the author does justice to the heritors so fully, that we will not hesitate to give one more extract:

"Let me try to give you an idea of a meeting of heritors: It is held in the

* No works are more promptly republished in this country than those of such "divines" as the Rev. Dr. Bahoo, the Rev. Melchisedec Howler, and the Rev. Mountybanke Buffune. No sooner are they issued at Edinburgh, or Glasgow, than the Messrs. Robert Carter & Brothers, Sheldon & Co., and Gould & Lincoln, are doing all they can to outstrip each other to see who will first get his finger on the prize. We all remember what squabbling there was about the sermons of Spurgeon, and certain other performances of a kindred character.

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church. About ten minutes before the appointed hour, we see three or four blue-nosed, pragmatical-looking old fellows approaching, arrayed in long brown great-coats of remote antiquity, each man wearing a shocking bad hat. These are some of the smaller heritors, each possessor of a few bare acres of moorland, in some wild part of the parish. They are certainly Dissenters, probably Cameronians, and quite ready, at a word, to smite the prophets of Baal, as they would call your amiable bishop, or your good rector. They look around in a hostile and perverse manner, and snuff the air like wild asses' colts. A little after comes a man with a red pimply face, a hoarse voice, and a bullying manner. It is the *factor* of some proprietor who is ashamed to do dirty work himself, but does not object to having it done for him. Then comes a little withered anatomy of a man—a retired merchant or tradesman, who has bought a few fields, planted them with hoaks and hashes, and built there an ouse from his own design—a great work of hart. Half-a-dozen more blue-nose small heritors, two or three more factors, and one or two gentlemen, complete the meeting. Suppose they are examining the drawings of the new kirk, Oh, rare are their critical remarks.

"'Aw doant see ony need for a speere,' says one low fellow; 'Whawt's that croass doin' aboove the gahble?' says another; 'we're no gangin' to hawve a rawg o' papistry in this pawrish.' 'If that's the way to build a church,' says a pig-headed blockhead, who never saw a decent church in his life, 'I know nothing about church building.' Sober truth the creature utters; but he fancies he is talking sarcastically. Something is said of an open roof. 'Who ever saw a roof like thawt?' says one of the blue-nosed men; 'thawt's jist like maw barrn.' A Cameronian elder says, in a discordant whine, 'Goad is to be wurshupped in spurrit and in trewth: whawt house will ye big into him? Habakkuk thirteenth and fifth.' 'Stained glass,' says a pert little shopkeeper from Whistlebinkie, 'is essentially Popish and Antichrist.' Finally a burst of coarse laughter follows the witticism, from an individual with a strong smell of whisky. 'If Mr. McDonald wants the kirk sae fine, let him pye for it himself. Aw heer he was bred at Oxford; maybe he wants us a' to turn prelatists. He had better gang awa' bawk to Inglan' wi' his papish notions.' At this juncture the honorable proprietor's utterance becomes indistinct, and in a little a loud snoring proclaims that he is asleep. While the discussion is going on, some of the heritors are spitting emulously at a pew door about a dozen feet off. They generally hit it, with a dexterity resulting from long practice."—pp. 420-1, 2.

We had intended to have a word to say in reference to the paper on "College Life in Glasgow," which some will esteem as the best in the book. This, too, gives an interesting insight into Scottish habits, and indeed into Scottish life in general, for the boys who enter college exhibit the chief peculiarities of their parents. The remarks of the Parson on the University of Glasgow would apply with almost equal force to all the Universities of Scotland; and this will sufficiently explain why it is that Scotland has produced so few classical scholars of any eminence. "Leisure Hours" is embellished with a handsome portrait of the author; the volume is gotten up in every respect in a manner worthy of the gentlemen whose imprint it bears.

The Cave of Machpelah and other Poems. By JAMES CHALLEN. 16mo, pp. 220. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

We have here a volume of poems which has fallen into our hands by accident. Although it was, we perceive, first published nearly eight years since, we have to admit that it has hitherto escaped our attention. Nor

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do we find that many others of the critical fraternity have been more fortunate in this respect than ourselves. But on examination we can easily divine the cause. It is ushered in with no flourish of trumpets; it has not even a preface, not to mention a dedication. All is left to the reader. Dealers in catchpennies are apt to place the most attractive class of their wares in front; the author of this volume does the reverse. Judging from the first page of the table of contents, one would expect nothing more worldly than psalms and hymns; for "The Cave of Machpelah," which extends over some ninety pages of the beginning of the work, is composed of a variety of pieces with such titles as "Burial of Sarah," "Song of Moses," "Miriam," "The Pillar," "Balaam," &c.; and need we say that these are not of the class that attract the general reader? And critics are very much like their neighbors, in concerning themselves more with things earthly than things heavenly. We feel convinced that numbers have laid down the volume on this account, without taking the trouble to read a single stanza. Nor would the pious reader feel more prepossessed in its favor after a perusal of one or two of the first pieces; for the author does not even tell us that he is a clergyman, as he is; he gives neither prefix nor affix in connection with his name, but leaves the tree to be known by its fruit. We like modesty, especially in a clergyman and poet; and, in the present instance, it is the modesty of genuine merit. All this we will not try to prove by extracts from the *Cave*, which is too theological for our taste; but we have abundance of good things besides it. We will see if our readers will not agree with us in this. Among the miscellaneous poems, which extend over more than a hundred pages, there are effusions which are really charming (nay, indeed, such may be quoted almost at random), for their spring-like freshness and beauty. The sky is a frequent subject for the Muse, for the very good reason that there is much poetry in it; but it is not often that it is addressed in a sweeter strain than that of the poem which commences thus:

"*The Sky.*

"What is man? we humbly cry,
As we look upon the sky,
With its diamond-glittering dome,
Arch of man's eternal home.
To your starry orbs we turn,
Where a thousand torches burn,
Trembling in the azure blue,
Brilliants bright, of every hue.
To the wakeful, sorrowing band,
Speaking of the better land;
Sending messages of love
From their burning thrones above.
Old familiar faces, *thou*,
Ever calm and bright as now;
In thy sweet and sunny smile
We our anxious cares beguile.
To behold thy glories shine,
Shepherds on their hills recline;
And childhood, in its wildest glee,
Lifts its tiny hands to thee."—p. 139.

In altogether a different vein is the "Song of the Lightning." The three opening stanzas are highly poetical and spirited, especially the first and second. The four concluding lines of the second have no slight tinge even of the sublime; but every succeeding stanza exhibits a falling off, because it is not natural, or in character, that the truly great should be-

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come so obsequious and humble, even though in chains. This is a defect in the poem, though many will regard it as a beauty. We can only make room for a part; the reader must seek out the rest for himself, and judge whether we are right or wrong:

"*Song of the Lightning.*

"I am found in the tempest, I sport with the storm,
And I laugh in the cloud-wrath with glee;
I assume every shape, so fantastic my form,
As I dance on the white foaming sea.
In the gloom of the night, when the dark clouds are high,
And the ocean is yawning below,
Like an angel of terror, I gleam in the sky,
And mock at each impotent foe.

"When like smoke from the censer, so pure and so white,
The mist on the mountain is seen,
And the leaves hang in silence, or flash in the light,
And display all their pride and their sheen,
I think how the roar of my voice will be heard,
And the oak of the forest will quail;
And the king of the desert will start at my word,
And the heart of the stoutest will fail.

"Struck dumb by the hand that has palsied my tongue,
Though I speak, 'tis in accents so low,
That no ear can detect what is said or is sung,
So relentless and strong is my foe.
Incessantly talking, I tell all the news,
From Georgia to Texas and Maine,
I shall die with the *ennui*, for I now have the *blues*,
And I ne'er shall recover again."
—pp. 180–81.

The poem on Shelley is one of the best we have seen on the same subject; indeed, we are not sure that the genius of the author of *Queen Mab* has inspired a loftier effusion. We can only make room for the second stanza, which can hardly be regarded as a fair specimen:

"*Shelley.*

"To me the sea
Looks like Infinity!
I stand upon its barren shore,
And hear its solemn moan and breakers ever-more.
This suits me well;
Its deep and awful swell
Seems like the breath of an eternal being,
Now coming nigh, and then for ever fleeing.
Its waters mingle with the sky, and run
Together, as if they 'twain were one;'
And both so long have looked at one another,
They seem like twins—a sister and a brother;
Looking so fondly and so lovingly,
They've grown alike by force of sympathy."
—pp. 128–29.

Another piece, which would have done no discredit to Shelley himself, is that entitled "Memory and Hope;" but this we must not make fragments of; and it is too long to quote entire. We can only make room for one extract more. This will speak for itself, though it is by no means for its superior merit that we select it. There are several happier efforts among the miscellaneous poems—gems of a purer water; but this suffers less from being taken apart:

"*The Emigrants.*

"To the far-off West we are going,—
We and our children dear!
And the day seems long and weary,
And the journey rough and drear.

"The old hearthstone is desolate,
The embers now are dead;
And the garden gate is swinging wide,
And all from thence have fled.

"The precious household treasures—
We have borne them all away;
Brother, and wife, and sister,
The old, the grave, and the gay.

"We inherit no land or portion,
No gold or precious store;
Our wealth is a father's blessing,
It is this,—and nothing more."
—p. 162.

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We might easily point out faults in the *Cave of Machpelah*—more than in other books of far less merit; yet fewer than it contains itself of beauties. If we might venture to make a suggestion to the author, we would say, that although a clergyman, he is far more successful—more truly poetical in singing of earth than of heaven. But we do not wish our readers to depend on our judgment; we would have them judge for themselves; and, in this instance, those who try will have no reason to be sorry for their time.

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his eldest Son, with a Portrait, in two volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

It is almost needless to say that there is much in these volumes that is brilliant and interesting. At the same time, many will be disappointed with them. They scarcely sustain the fame of Leigh Hunt. The sparkling wit and humor that characterized his conversations are seldom to be met with in his letters. The latter bear the traces everywhere of having been written too carelessly—almost without thought. The author was too indolent; he had abilities enough; but he rarely exercised them to their full extent. In other words, he was a man of undoubted genius; but he lacked energy and perseverance. It is, however, only as the correspondence of a poet and essayist, from whom much was expected, that we speak of the volumes before us in any other language than that of admiration; had they been presented to us as the correspondence of an ordinary author, the surprise would have been on the other side.

In short, it is only when we compare Hunt's letters to those of other poets and great thinkers, that we find them wanting in wit or humor, wisdom or philosophy. But had the volumes contained not a line of his own, either in poetry or prose, they would have been well worth reading. In proof of this, it would be almost sufficient to say that they contain specimens of the best epistolary efforts of Shelley, Moore, Campbell, Keats, Talfourd, the Brownings, Landor, Proctor, Lord Brougham, Hume, &c. Besides, they reveal many facts hitherto unknown to the public. For example, although few in the literary world were ignorant of the generous intention of Shelley towards Leigh Hunt, none but private friends knew, until now, that his intention has been respected and acted upon by his wife and brother. The poet was to have left his brother poet a legacy of £2,000; accordingly, Mrs. Shelley and Sir Percy insisted on settling on him an annuity of £120. This is noble and exemplary; it should redound for ever to the honor of those who gave it, as well as to that of the generous author of *Queen Mab*. A joint letter, written by the Brownings, possesses an interest far above its literary merits, though the letters are of a high order, because it reveals the religious creed of the author of *Aurora Leigh*. "I believe," she says, "in the divinity of Jesus Christ, *in the intensest sense*—that he

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was God absolutely. But for the rest, I am very unorthodox about the spirit, the flesh, and the devil." This is characteristic of Mrs. Browning, who was always enthusiastic in the expression of her opinions, whatever they happened to be at the time. This was the great difficulty Her sentiments were constantly changing. It is to be feared that, could she have written another letter to Shelley, the same evening, she would have had a creed equally acceptable to him. The letters of Walter Savage Landor, in the same volume, are highly characteristic of the author of "Imaginary Conversations;" but it would lead us too far to show how; and a similar remark will apply to the letters of several others.

Lyrics for Freedom and other Poems, under the auspices of the Continental Club. 12mo, pp. 243. New York: Carleton. 1862.

What the Continental Club is, or who are its members, we do not pretend to know. The present volume came into our hands with no prestige of author or publisher to prepossess us in its favor; on the contrary, to use a technical phrase, all the accessories were against it. First, the title attracted us; then the patriotic spirit, which pervades the book, led us along from "Lyric" to "Lyric," until scarcely a stanza had escaped us. We have not, indeed, been charmed all the time. This, it is true, we had a right to expect; for we are told by the Secretary of the Continental Club, in the Introduction, that the contents are "good, bad, and indifferent." The scriptural part has evidently devolved on the worst poet, and the one least familiar with Lindley Murray. We quote the folllowing lines as a specimen:

"*Biblical Authority for Rebellion.*

"'Tis true that foul rebellion's sword
Works the vengeance of the Lord.
As *Egypt was* in Bible doomed,
When clouds of locusts o'er *them* loomed
That ruined all their ripening grain,
And made their land a desert plain;
So, where goes Rebellion's host,
Eating away, at others' cost,
The peaceful farms and fields of green
Of all their fruit are ravaged *clean*."—p. 211.

But let us admit, that, for one extract of this kind, we could give ten which the most fastidious may read with sympathetic pleasure, if he can boast the least tinge of honest patriotism. Of this character is

"*Halting in the Breach.*

"Halting in the breach
In the traitors' wall;
Will no lesson teach,
But your country's fall?

"Wait you for the night
That shall surely come,
Ere you, for the Right,
Strike the demon dumb?

"Only backward turn,
Hearts of craven hue,
That could never learn
Promptings good and true!

"Souls of God-like stamp,
Guide with steady speed,
Life a faithful lamp,
In their country's need.

"Halt you never, then;
Rend the cloud in two;
And, like honest men,
Fight the battle through!"
—pp. 115–116.

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The effusions under the head of "Home and Camp" are in perfect keeping with the spirit that actuates all classes of loyalists at the present moment. We should not be surprised to learn that the war song entitled "A Soldier's Life for me" had become popular in all our camps. We quote a stanza or two:

"*A Soldier's Life for Me.*

"Oh! a soldier's life for me,
Where the thundering cannons roar;
And the banners of the free
On the fields of battle soar!
At the sound of the kettle drum,
And the clarion trumpet's peal,
From our peaceful homes we come,
With our trusty swords of steel.

"A life on the tented field,
Where the trump of the sentinel,
When the distant musket pealed,
Gives note that all is well!
And the soldier's brief repose
Is under a cloudy crown,
Where the struggling moonlight glows,
And the watchful stars look down!

"Oh! a soldier's life for me,
And a death on the field of fame,
Ere the cause of our Liberty
Be bowed by a traitor's shame!
And the flag of the true and brave,
With its hue of rainbow light,
O'er the land and sea shall wave,
With its cluster of stars so bright."

—pp. 77–79.

Some of the "Pasquinades" are highly amusing, and occasionally marked by trenchant satire. But in general they are rather coarse. The poet forgets that never does the lancet cut so well as when dipped in oil. "A Word to Jeff," and "John Bull sends," &c., are not precisely in the style of either Juvenal or Butler; at the same time each contains some good hits. We quote two stanzas from the former, but more for their quaint style of logic than for any other merit:

"*A Word to Jeff.*

"We know it's very hard for rogues
To live with honest people,
Who keep a Bible in the house,
And love a church-house steeple.

"But as we kept you all in place,
And 'lowed you to o'erride us,
We thought, in common decency,
You might as well abide us."

—pp. 197–198.

In the lyrics devoted to the Negro we find little to commend; not but they are as good as the generality of their kind. We like to see the Negro free; nay, we yield to none in our detestation of slavery. At the same time we would consult the interests and welfare of the Republic before that of the African race. We must remember that there are those who cannot appreciate freedom—who, in fact, do not care to have it. Are white men to cut each other's throats to force freedom on such? Or can we be sure that, if they had their freedom to-morrow, they would be anything better, morally or physically, than they are; or less a source of uneasiness and peril to the nation? We regard slavery as a great misfortune; but that is no reason why we should regard the African as equal to the Caucasian.

But whether slavery is to end with the present rebellion or not—that

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is, whether the rebels inflict on themselves the very injury of which they have been complaining for years, was the secret design and wish of the North—the *Lyrics for Freedom* deserve to be read. Many of the poems are far above mediocrity—such as would do no discredit to the favored few who are used to general recognition as poets at home, if not abroad. The volume is got up in very respectable style. We do not dislike Mr. Carleton so much, but we can heartily congratulate him on the decided improvement in taste on his part, of which the typography of the present volume affords such agreeable evidence.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

L'Histoire Romaine à Rome. Par J. J. Ampere. Vols. I. and II. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

There is a good deal of romance in M. Ampère's new work, but also a good deal of history. It is such as Mr. Macaulay might have written in similar circumstances, though the style of the Frenchman is not so fascinating as that of the Englishman. This, however, is no reflection on the former, who is indeed a very agreeable and attractive writer. His account of the early history of Rome is replete with interest. He has evidently spared neither time nor labor in his researches, but it is those who have investigated most that are most modest in their statements. One, who had merely glanced over what others had said on the same subject, would have spoken of the laying of the foundation of the Eternal City with as much confidence as of the sacking of it by the Goths. But Mr. Ampère admits that he has nothing but conjectures to offer as to the early history of Rome. With regard to Romulus, he thinks it enough to believe that he existed. "Je croix," he says, "à Romulus." He believes that there was such a man, and that he must have exercised considerable influence in the early days of Rome, but the wolf story, or any of the miracles of which Romulus is the subject, he has no faith in; he does not think them worthy of serious notice. This is right, it is time that those fables should be discarded from history; if they are spoken of at all, it ought to be in a manner to show the credulity of the times in which they were first invented. Yet, how gravely they are related, even in our school histories. In the present work we have some curious theories. For example, we are told that while it is true that Romulus and Remus must have lived at the same time, they were not brothers, but rival chieftains—shepherd kings—the former of the Palatine, the latter of the Aventine. It may seem difficult, if not impossible, to give conjectures of this kind an air of reality; but M. Ampère succeeds in doing so. If asked how, the best way to answer the question is, that the author has devoted himself to every study that seemed likely to shed any light on the early history of

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Rome. Nor is it in Paris, London, or Vienna he has done so, but in Rome. He has studied her story, not only as found in books; he has studied her sculpture, architecture, coins, topography—even her climate, soil, and agriculture. He examines each for himself, so far as it can be examined in his time, and he draws his own conclusions. It is almost needless to remark, that the results of such labors could not be otherwise than interesting and instructive, altogether independently of their historical value. This will be the more readily admitted, when it is borne in mind that M. Ampère is a man of poetic temperament. He is as brilliant and graphic as he is learned, thoughtful, and suggestive. His chapters on the climate, soil, agriculture, legends, and original founders of Rome occupy the greater part of the volumes now before us; but no one, who has paid so much attention to the subject as to be capable of appreciating his views and suggestions, would desire to have a page omitted in either volume.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, PIERRE M. IRVING. Vol. 1. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862.

It seems almost a work of supererogation to write about an author like Washington Irving, in addressing those who know him best; and who, that are acquainted with English literature, do not know him? There are none in America that read good books, or have any taste, who need to be told anything about him; and yet it may be doubted whether he is more popular among his own fellow-countrymen than he is in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Our only excuse, therefore, for writing of him is, that it is natural to all to speak of those who have afforded them pleasure; this remark we apply to ourselves—to all who notice or review his books. His biography is of course a different thing; it is proper that this should be written in time; the sooner after his death the better; and what more suitable hands could it be committed to than those of a near relative? So thought the author himself, as we learn from the preface. "Somebody will be writing my life," said he, "when I am gone, and I wish you to do it. You must promise me that you will." But to mean what is right and good, and to succeed in doing it, are different things. There can be no doubt of the friendly and conscientious intentions of the author of the present biography, but a more sprightly and graphic pen might have been found without much difficulty—one more worthy of dealing with works so elegantly written as those of Washington Irving. But it is not so clear that one possessing all other necessary qualifications could have been found so easily. It has been well said, that all can be more or less eloquent on a subject which they perfectly understand; but, were it otherwise, truth is better, though not always more attractive, than eloquence. Mr. Pierre Irving has evidently spared no pains to collect all that could serve to illustrate the life of his uncle; he has, besides, the advantage of having

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known him intimately for years. Probably no man now living had such an opportunity of understanding his disposition in all its peculiarities. Nor is he without talent as a writer; we only mean that his pen is scarcely able to do justice to the author of the *Sketch-Book* and *Bracebridge Hall*. But what he lacks in this respect is more than counterbalanced by the other qualifications to which we have alluded.

This, however, would not appear from the first chapter, but rather the reverse; for it contains far too much in regard to the genealogy of our author, which is of no value. It is quite proper to glance back at the ancestors as far as they can be clearly seen, or identified; but, in the present instance, the biographer gropes too far in the dark. The fame of Washington Irving is altogether independent of the theory of his being a lineal descendant of William de Irwyn, who, we are told, "*may have been* in the service of Bruce before his (Bruce's) escape from the court of Edward I." The Irving family was already quite old, it seems, in 1369, when the Orkney Islands "yet owned the sway of Magnus V., the last of the Norwegian earls," &c. This genealogy is given on the authority of a Col. Forbes, who claims to belong himself to the same ancient branch of the family. The truth is, that under the various names of Irwin, Irwyn, Irvine, Ervine, the family are to be found in all parts of the British Islands —some, indeed, in highly respectable positions, but the majority in as humble and vulgar circumstances as any other people. There is no great use, it seems to us, in going back more than five hundred years to claim kindred with Magnus I., and then admit that our author's father was "a petty officer" on board a packet ship plying between Falmouth and New York, "when he met, at the former place, with Sarah Sanders," whose grandfather had been a curate. Now, in all probability, the "petty officer" was quite as respectable a man as either William de Irwin or Magnus I., whom the biographer takes so much pains to claim. But we must admit, that this is the only piece of nonsense we find in the present volume; and as it only extends to the nineteenth page, we can afford to pass it over as a harmless fiction. In almost every page, from this forth, we find an anecdote, an extract from a private letter, a fragment of an early composition, &c.,—something that is sure to entertain or amuse. The manner in which our author received his Christian name is thus described:

"'Washington's work is ended,' said the mother, 'and the child shall be named after him.' The appellation was the means of procuring him an early introduction to that illustrious personage, when he came back to New York, then the seat of Government, as President of the United States. A young Scotch maid servant of the family, struck with the enthusiasm which everywhere greeted his arrival, determined to present the child to his distinguished namesake. Accordingly, she followed him one morning into a shop, and pointing to the lad who had scarcely outgrown his virgin trowsers: 'Please your Honor,' said she, 'here's a bairn was named after you.' In the estimation of Lizzie, for so she was called, few claims of kindred could be stronger than this. Washington did not disdain the delicate affinity, and placing his hand on the head of her little charge, gave him his blessing."—pp. 26–7.

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It seems he had a taste for reading in private, at a very early age. His father, who was of a Puritanical turn, was very particular as to the kind of books he permitted him to read, and he instructed his teacher to be equally careful.

"At the age of eleven, books of voyages and travels became his passion. This feeling was first awakened by the perusal of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor. Afterwards he met with 'The World Displayed,' a collection of voyages and travels, selected from the writers of all nations, in twenty small duodecimo volumes, embellished with cuts, and this was an inexhaustible treasure. He was not permitted to read at home after retiring to his bed, but such was their fascination that he used to secrete candles to enable him to do so. These volumes he would also take to school, and snatch hasty moments of reading under the shelter of his desk. One day, Romaine saw him busily intent on one of them, and, creeping up slyly behind him, thrust his hand down, and seizing the forbidden book, ordered him to remain after school to answer for the offence. The result, however, was very different from what he had anticipated; for his instructor perceiving in what the reading consisted, gave him credit for the taste he showed in the selection, and only cautioned him that he could not permit him to cultivate the propensity to the neglect of the regular exercises of the school."—pp. 32–3.

It was the perusal of books like these that inspired him with that love for the sea which exercised so important an influence on his after life. His biographer gives an amusing account of the means he adopted to prepare himself for a sea-faring life; but there are other passages which will occupy, to more advantage, the limited space now at our disposal for extracts. The following paragraph reveals more than one fact with which we confess we were not previously acquainted.

"His education was completed before he had attained his sixteenth year; at least from this period he assumed the direction of his own studies. His brothers, Peter and John, had been sent to Columbia College, and why he did not receive the same advantage he could never satisfactorily explain, except that he was more alive to the drudgery than the advantage of a course of academic training. He never failed, however, to regret the omission in after life."—p. 37.

An extract is given from Irving's account of his first voyage up the Hudson, intended for a periodical, but never before published. It is in his most pleasing style, and shows at a glance what a change steam has produced since the year 1800. We would gladly copy the whole; but, bearing in mind that variety is the spice of life, we can only make room for one paragraph.

"The constant voyaging in the river craft by the best families of New York and Albany made the merits of captains and sloops matters of notoriety and discussion in both cities. The captains were mediums of communication between separated friends and families. On the arrival of one of them at either place, he had messages to deliver and commissions to execute, which took him from house to house. Some of the ladies of the family had, peradventure, made a voyage on board of his sloop, and experienced from him that protecting care which is always remembered with gratitude by female passengers. In this way the captains of Albany sloops were personages of more note in the community than captains of European packets or steamships at the present day. A sloop was at length chosen; but she had yet to complete her freight and secure a sufficient number of passengers. Days were consumed in 'drumming up' a cargo. This was a tormenting delay to me, who was about to make my first voyage, and who, boy-like, had packed up my trunk on the first mention of the expedition. How often that trunk had to be unpacked and repacked before we sailed!"—pp. 40–41.

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We must pass over several chapters; although there is not one which does not contain passages that would amply repay perusal. In all the letters of Irving there is more or less evidence of that affectionate nature in which he resembles Goldsmith, as much as he does in the elegance of his style. Nowhere—under no circumstances, did he forget friends or country. The letter, written from Bordeaux, on his first visit to Europe, to a friend in this country, may be referred to as an agreeable illustration of his feelings in these respects.

"I felt heavy-hearted," he says, "on leaving the city (New York), as you may suppose; but the severest moments of my departure were when I lost sight of the boat in which were my brothers who had accompanied me on board, and when the steeples of the city faded from my view. It seemed as if I had left the world behind me, and was cast among strangers without a friend, sick and solitary. I looked around me, saw none but strange faces, heard nothing but a language I could not understand, and felt 'alone amidst a crowd.' I passed a melancholy, lonesome day, turned into my berth at night sick at heart, and laid for hours thinking of the friends I had left behind. * * * Had this unhappy mood held possession of me long, I do not know if I should not have been a meal for the sharks before I had made half the passage, but thanks to 'the fountain of health and goods spirits,' he has given me enough of the latter to brighten up my dullest moments. My homesickness wore off by degrees; I again looked forward with enthusiasm to the classic scenes I was to enjoy, the land of romance and inspiration I was to tread, and though New York and its inhabitants often occupied my thoughts, and constantly my dreams, yet there was no longer any thing painful in the ideas they awakened."—pp. 63–64.

There is scarcely a single place of any interest in Europe which Mr. Irving has not visited and described, at more or less length. His biographer has evinced considerable taste and discrimination in selecting passages of this kind. Thus, for example, although our author gives a full account in his Journal of his night ascent to Vesuvius, his biographer only quotes a paragraph embodying a personal reminiscence.

"We were toiling up the crater," he says, "nearly in a parallel line with this object, [a hillock in the lava, out of which sulphurous flames issued with a violent hissing noise], when the wind set directly from it and overwhelmed us with dense torrents of the most noxious smoke. I endeavored to hold my breath as long as possible, in hopes another flaw of wind would carry it off, but at length I was obliged to draw it in, and inhale a draught of the poisonous vapor, that almost overcame me. Fortunately for us the wind shifted, or I sincerely believe that in a little time we should have shared the fate of Pliny, and died the martyrs of imprudent curiosity. Col. Mercer, as soon as he saw the smoke coming, turned about and made a precipitate retreat, and did not make a second attempt to ascend the crater. As to Cabell and myself, we were so exhausted and bewildered that we could not stir from the spot, but should have fallen a certain sacrifice."—p. 128.

Many pleasing reminiscences are given in Irving's Journal of his first visit to Paris. Some incidents occur during his residence in the gay capital, which, while they are characteristic of Paris, present the author of *Bracebridge Hall* in a very amiable light. The following paragraph will explain what we mean:

"In the evening went to the Theatre Montansier in the Palais Royal. This is a little theatre much frequented by the frail fair ones. Acting humorous and rather gross; scenery tolerable. After theatre took a stroll in the garden of the Palais Royal; accosted by a *fille de joie*, who begged me to purchase a bouquet of her. I saw it was a mere scheme of the poor girl to get a few sous to buy herself some bread for the next day; it was evident she and the old woman who sold bouquets acted in concert. I pitied her, and paid double price for the bouquet. My head is as yet completely confused with the noise and bustle of Paris."—p. 145.

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We have a large variety of the author's literary gossip in the volume before us; and it is of that character which is always interesting. His aquaintance with Murray, the London publisher, after the failure of Miller, afforded him an introduction at once to many of the most popular and eminent authors of the day. We quote an extract on this subject from his letter to James K. Paulding, written in May, 1820; but for the present it must be our last. His impressions of Gifford and Scott are creditable to all concerned:

"As I am launched upon the literary world here, I find my opportunities of observation extending. Murray's drawing-room is a great resort of first-rate literary characters; whenever I have a leisure hour I go there, and seldom fail to meet with some interesting personages. The hours of access are from two to five. It is understood to be a matter of privilege, and that you must have a general invitation from Murray. Here I frequently meet with such personages as Gifford, Campbell, Foscolo, Hallam (author of a work on the Middle Ages), Southey, Milman, Scott, Belzoni, &c., &c. The visitors are men of different politics, though most frequently ministerialists. Gifford, of whom, as an old adversary, you may be curious to know something, is a small, shrivelled, deformed man of about sixty, with something of a humped back, eyes that diverge, and a large mouth. He is generally reclining on one of the sofas, and supporting himself by the cushions, being very much debilitated. He is mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and is quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming. Murray tells me that Gifford does not write any full articles for the Review, but revises, modifies, prunes, and prepares whatever is offered; and is very apt to extract the sting from articles that are rather virulent. Scott, or Sir Walter Scott, as he is now called, passed some few weeks in town lately, on coming up for his baronetcy. I saw him repeatedly, having formed an acquaintance with him two or three years since at his country retreat on the Tweed. He is a man that, if you know, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind. He enters into every passing scene or passing pleasure with the interest and simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seems too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial or low for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit. When I was in want of literary counsel and assistance, Scott was the only literary man to whom I felt that I could talk about myself and my petty concerns with the confidence and freedom that I would to an old friend—nor was I deceived—from the first moment that I mentioned my work to him in a letter, he took a decided and effective interest in it, and has been to me an invaluable friend. It is only astonishing how he finds time, with such ample exercise of the pen, to attend so much to the interests and concerns of others; but no one ever applied to Scott for any aid, counsel, or service that would cost time and trouble, that was not most cheerfully and thoroughly assisted. Life passes away with him in a round of good offices and social enjoyments. Literature seems his sport rather than his labor or his ambition, and I never met with an author so completely void of all the petulence, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft; but I am running into prolixity about Scott, who I confess has completely won my heart, even more as a man than as an author; so, praying God to bless him, we will change the subject."—pp. 455–457.

With the exception already mentioned, the biographer has thus far acquitted himself well. He improves not a little as he proceeds. We presume he has ample materials for three or four volumes of this kind. All who can aid him with anecdotes, or other *ana*, ought to do so. But the more sparing he is of comments the better. It is otherwise, however, in regard to explanatory notes. True, Irving has not written much that needs explanation; his writings explain themselves; for none are more lucid. But it is often interesting to know what are the circumstances that led to the composition of a particular piece. Besides, many of the letters from abroad, although models of perspicuity in style, would be much enhanced

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in value by historical and topographical notes. But we confess we have no good reason to complain; if each subsequent volume prove as attractive as this, the biographer may in future be as mythical as he likes in his genealogies.

The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains. By RICHARD F. BURTON, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa," &c., with illustrations. 8vo. pp. 574. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

It is not the fault of Mr. Burton if this volume does not prove so attractive to American readers as his work on Africa. It is quite as carefully written, and gives as much information; but it lacks the attraction of novelty. There are few in this country who have not already a tolerably correct idea of the habits and practices of the Latter Day Saints. At least they think they have; which, so far as the book is concerned, is nearly the same. Mormon prophets, as well as others, have no honor in their own country, except among their immediate followers. For the opposite reasons, the work has been well received in England; nor should we be surprised to learn that it has been translated into one or two of the principal languages of continental Europe. Not that Mr. Burton is by any means a brilliant or fascinating writer; indeed, his style is much more remarkable for respectable dullness and insipidity than any other qualities; although his descriptions are in general very graphic. What recommends him most is his undoubted reliableness as a narrator. He spares neither time nor labor in his efforts to obtain correct information, and he does not belong to the class of travellers whose chief ambition is to impose upon the credulity of their readers by relating occurrences that never happened, and describing habits which, if they exist at all, are only exceptional cases. Sometimes, however, he is a little too conscientious; we mean in those instances in which he devotes a dozen pages to what might be compressed into one, or two, without any detriment to the cause of literature. He seems to think, that like the witness giving his testimony before a jury in a case of life or death, he is bound, not only to tell the truth, but the whole truth; whereas everybody knows that there are many things that are true which are not worth mentioning. This tendency to redundance on the part of Mr. Burton will account for the formidable dimensions of his *City of the Saints.* All that is interesting in it might have been compressed into a duodecimo of some three hundred pages. As all our readers may not find it convenient to procure a copy, we will extract a passage or two, which may serve as pretty fair specimens of the book, and at the same time prove somewhat interesting. Our author describes Brigham Young as follows:

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"The Prophet's dress was neat and plain as a Quaker's, all gray homespun except the cravat and waistcoat. His coat was of antique cut, and, like the pantaloons, baggy, and the buttons were black. A neck-tie of dark silk, with a large bow, was loosely passed round a starchless collar, which turned down of its own accord. The waistcoat was of black satin—once an article of almost national dress—single-breasted, and buttoned nearly to the neck, and a plain gold chain was passed into the pocket. The boots were Wellingtons, apparently of American make.

"Altogether the Prophet's appearance was that of a gentleman farmer in New England—in fact, such as he is; his father was an agriculturist and revolutionary soldier, who settled 'down East.' He is a *well-preserved* man; a fact which some attribute to his habit of sleeping, as the Citizen Proudhon so strongly advises, in solitude. His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous; his want of pretension contrasts favorably with certain pseudo-prophets that I have seen, *each and every* of whom *holds himself* to be a 'Logos' without other claim save a semi-maniacal self-esteem. He shows no signs of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism, and never once entered—with me at least—upon the subject of religion. He impresses a stranger with a certain sense of power; his followers are, of course, wholly fascinated by his superior strength of brain. It is commonly said that there is only one chief in Great Salt Lake City, and that is 'Brigham.' His temper is even and placid; his manner is cold—in fact, like his face, somewhat bloodless; but he is neither morose nor methodistic; and, where occasion requires, he can use all the weapons of ridicule to direful effect, and 'speak a bit of his mind' in a style which no one forgets. He often reproves his erring followers in purposely violent language, making the terrors of a scolding the punishment in lieu of hanging for a stolen horse or cow. His powers of observation are intuitively strong, and his friends declare him to be gifted with an excellent memory and a perfect *judgment of character*. If he dislikes a stranger at the first interview, he never sees him again. Of his temperance and sobriety there is but one opinion. His life is ascetic; his favorite food is baked potatoes with a little buttermilk, and his drink water; he disapproves, as do all strict Mormons, of spirituous liquors, and never touches any thing stronger than a glass of thin Lager-bier; moreover, he abstains from tobacco. Mr. Hyde has accused him of habitual intemperance; he is, as his appearance shows, rather disposed to abstinence *than to the reverse*. Of his education I cannot speak: 'men, not books—deeds, not words,' has ever been his motto; he probably has, as Mr. Randolph said of Mr. Johnson, 'a mind uncorrupted by books.' In the only discourse which I heard him deliver, he pronounced impĕtus, impĕtus. Yet he converses with ease and correctness, has neither snuffle nor pompousness, and speaks as an authority upon certain subjects, such as agriculture and stock-breeding. He assumes no airs of extra sanctimoniousness, and has the plain, simple manners of honesty. His followers deem him an angel of light, his foes a goblin damned: he is, I presume, neither one nor the other. I can not pronounce about his scrupulousness: all the world over, the sincerest religious belief and the practice of devotion are sometimes compatible not only with the most disorderly life, but with the most terrible crimes; for mankind mostly believe that

'Il est avec le ciel des accommodements.'

He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murderer. *No one looks it less.* The best authorities—from those who accuse Mr. Joseph Smith of the most heartless deception, to those who believe that he began as an impostor and ended as a prophet—find in Mr. Brigham Young 'an earnest, obstinate, egotistic enthusiasm, fanned by persecution and inflamed by bloodshed.' He is the St. Paul of the New Dispensation; true and sincere, he gave point, and energy, and consistency to the somewhat disjointed, turbulent, and unforeseeing fanaticism of Mr. Joseph Smith; and if he has not been able to create, he has shown himself great in controlling circumstances. Finally, there is a total absence of pretension in his manner, and he has been so long used to power that

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he cares nothing for its display. The arts by which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness."—pp. 239–40.

We have marked in *Italics* certain peculiarities of expression, which, to say the least, are not worthy of imitation; and there is scarcely a paragraph in the book in which similar violations of grammar and taste do not occur. But we must not be too fastidious in dealing with travellers, who, like Mr. Burton, do the best they can to entertain and instruct us. The author gives a pretty graphic account of certain scenes occasionally witnessed in crossing the plains:

"Many of these English emigrants have passed over the plains without knowing that they are in the United States, and look upon Mr. Brigham Young much as Roman Catholics of the last generation regarded the Pope. The Welsh, Danes, and Swedes have been seen on the transit to throw away their blankets and warm clothing, from a conviction that a gay summer reigns throughout the year in Zion. The mismanagement of the inexperienced travellers has become a matter of Joe Miller. An old but favorite illustration, told from the Mississippi to California, is this: A man rides up to a standing wagon, and seeing a wretched-looking lad nursing a starving baby, asks him what the matter may be: 'Wal, now,' responds the youth, 'guess I'm kinder streakt—ole dad's drunk, ole marm's in hy-sterics, brother Jim be playing poker with two gamblers, sister Sal's down yonder a' courtin' with an in-tire stranger, this 'ere baby's got the diaree, the team's clean guv out, the wagon's broke down, it's twenty miles to the next water, I don't care a —— if I never see Californy."—p. 229.

We can only make room for one more extract. We make choice of that which describes an arrival of emigrants at the Great Salt Lake city:

"As we issued from the city, we saw the smoke-like column which announced that the emigrants were crossing the benchland; and people were hurrying from all sides to greet and to get news of friends. Presently the carts came. All the new arrivals were in clean clothes, the men washed and shaved, and the girls, who were singing hymns, habited in Sunday dresses. The company were sunburned, but looked well and thoroughly happy, and few, except the very young and the very old, who suffer most on such journeys, troubled the wains. They marched through clouds of dust over the sandy road leading up the eastern portion of the town, accompanied by crowds, some on foot, others on horseback, and a few in traps and other 'locomotive doin's,' sulkies, and buckboards. A few youths of rather a rowdyish appearance were mounted in all the tawdriness of Western trappings—Rocky Mountain hats, tall and broad, or steeple-crowned felts, covering their scalp-locks, embroidered buckskin garments, huge leggins, with caterpillar or millepede fringes, red or rainbow-colored flannel shirts, gigantic spurs, bright-hilted pistols, and queer-sheathed knives stuck in red sashes with gracefully depending ends. The *jeunesse dorée* of the Valley Tan was easily distinguished from imported goods by the perfect ease with which they sat and managed their animals. Around me were all manner of familiar faces—heavy English mechanics, discharged soldiers, clerks, and agricultural laborers, a few German students, farmers, husbandmen, and peasants from Scandinavia and Switzerland, and correspondents and editors, bishops, apostles, and other dignitaries from the Eastern States. When the train reached the public square—at Great Salt Lake City the 'squares' are hollow as in England, not solid as in the States—of the 8th ward, the wagons were ranged in line for

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the final ceremony. Before the invasion of the army the First President made a point of honoring the entrance of hand-cart trains (but these only) by a greeting in person."—pp. 225–26.

It would be a great mistake to think that the volume before us is devoted exclusively to the Mormons. There is nothing of any interest to be seen in the Great West of which it does not take more or less notice. But our author is too discursive, too fond of introducing tedious episodes, too partial to obsolete statistics. We could also have excused Mr. Burton, had he withheld that long list of works published on Mormonism, with the accompanying notes. The same remark will apply to several tedious letters which he has copied, and, we think we may safely add, most of the matter contained in the "Appendices." The latter consists principally of municipal ordinances, bills, by-laws, &c., &c., of almost interminable length, but of very slight importance, alternating with extracts from newspapers, chiefly from the *Deseret News*. In short, we would not advise any indolent person to take up "The City of the Saints," especially in warm weather; it would be no use.

But it was not intended for such. Those for whom it was intended will hardly be disappointed, namely, the student of history, the ethnologist, the curious in matters religious and moral—in short, all seekers after knowledge who have the resolution and patience to separate the wheat from the chaff. In one word, it is a book that contains a large amount of information that is both useful and interesting, but also a large amount that is neither one nor the other.

Die Länder am unteren Rio Bravo del Norte. (Mexico during the last Forty Years.) Von Adolph Uhde. Heidelberg: Mohr.

Those of our German readers interested in the history and destiny of Mexico will find this work worthy of their attention. The author has not taken up his pen thoughtlessly. In every page of his book we have evidence of study and research. He has also had peculiar facilities for obtaining information, having for some time held the position of British consul at Matamoros; and what his sympathies are in regard to the antagonistic factions may be inferred, from the fact that he contributed greatly to the successful resistance made by that city when attacked, in 1851, by Carbajal. In his opinion, Mexico might have been a Spanish colony to this day, and much better off than she is, had it not been for the proscriptive policy of the home government in excluding the creoles from all offices of trust and emolument. While there were only about 80,000 Spaniards in the whole country, the natives, including Creoles, Indians, and half-breeds, amounted to nearly seven millions; and, out of the latter number, only 300,000 had to take up arms in their war of independence, in order to expel the Spaniards. The work of M. Uhde goes far to prove that the present interference of the European powers, especially

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of France and Spain, in Mexico, should surprise nobody; that we had a right to anticipate such a state of things, whenever any internal dissensions in the United States semed to point out the proper moment for it. The author is of opinion that, had the clergy supported Santa Anna, the country would have been in a very different condition to-day from what it is. He feels sure that a strong centralized government can alone give peace to Mexico; and yet he cannot see how such is to be established, because the country, exhausted as it is after nearly forty years of almost uninterrupted civil war, is too poor to support such a government.

Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession; with a Narrative of Personal Adventures among the Rebels. By W. G. Brownlow, editor of the Knoxville Whig. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1862.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the publisher for some of the proof-sheets of this curious book—we mean, curious in style and treatment, but in matter replete with interest; at least as far as we can judge from the twenty-four pages before us, including the whole table of contents. The volume opens with an autobiographical sketch of the Parson, and we must confess that it is one of the oddest specimens of its kind we have ever read. The author evidently acts on the principle that open confession is good for the soul, for he conceals nothing. He commences by telling us that "It is a delicate task for a modest man to write out a memorial of himself, and especially when he shall undertake to give both his *private* and *public* life." Passing over his account of where his father and mother, as well as himself, were "born and *raised*," we come to where he gives us some particulars as to his age, size, politics, religion, morality, &c. "I am about six feet high," he says, "and have weighed as heavy as one hundred and seventy-five pounds; have had as fine a constitution as any man need desire. I have had as strong a voice as any man in East Tennessee, where I have resided for the last thirty years, *and have a family of seven children.*" (It would seem as if the strength of his voice had some necessary connection with the number of his children.) "I have written several books, but the one which has had the largest run is the one entitled: 'The Iron Wheel Examined and its False Spokes Examined; being a vindication of the Methodist Church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. Graves, of Nashville.' I never was in attendance at a theatre, I never attended a horse-race, and never witnessed their running save on the fair-grounds of my own county. *I never courted but one woman, and her I married.*" But to quote all the comical confessions made by the Parson were to quote the whole autobiography. That the book will be universally read throughout the North, we have little doubt; and that it deserves to be read by all, we feel certain.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Genius of Christianity; or, the Spirit and Beauty of the Christian Religion. By VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND, author of "Travels in Greece and Palestine," &c., &c. A new and complete Translation from the French, with a Preface, Biographical Notice of the Author, and Critical and Explanatory Notes. By CHARLES J. WHITE, D. D. Fourth revised edition. Large 12mo, pp. 764. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1862.

This work did not reach us until the last sheets for the present number were going to press; but, had it been the earliest on our table, it would have been superfluous, on our part, to enter into any particulars as to the character of a book which has been translated into every language in Christendom that has any literature. The best critics of Europe are still in doubt, whether it is more valuable in a religious than in a literary point of view; for there are no finer literary disquisitions to be found anywhere than it contains, especially those in Parts II. and III., under the titles of the Poetic of Christianity, General Survey of Christian Epic Poems, of Poetry considered in its Relations to Man, the Bible and Homer, the Fine Arts and Literature, Philosophy, History, Eloquence.

Each subject is treated as none but a scholar and a man of taste could have treated it. Of the religious part it may be said, that it breathes throughout the genuine spirit of Christianity. There is no bigotry, no intolerance, but a practical illustration of the noble precept, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Chateaubriand makes no effort to justify wrong, let who may do it; but benevolently reminds us that to err is human, and that, before we condemn any individual or class, we ought to see whether the good they have accomplished will counterbalance the evil. It is in this spirit he speaks, for instance, of the Jesuits. "And what," he says, "can the Jesuits be accused of? A little ambition, so natural to genius. Consider what the Jesuits have done; recollect all the celebrated writers whom they have given to France, or who were educated in their schools, the entire kingdoms gained for our commerce by their skill, their toils and their blood, the miracles of their missions in China, Canada and Paraguay, and you will find that the charges against them are far from balancing the services which they have rendered to society." The whole work is complete in this volume. We are sincerely glad to see such a book coming from a Baltimore house at the present crisis; for we regard it as an agreeable evidence of returning prosperity. In times past none of our publishers issued better books than the Messrs. Murphy & Co., or got them up in better style. In common with most persons, they have suffered not a little from the war. From all these considerations, it is pleasant to see them resume the publishing business with so invaluable a work as the *Genius of Christianity*.

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The Koran: translated from the Arabic, the Suras arranged in chronological order, with Notes and Index. By the Rev. J. M. Rodwell, M. A., of Caius College, Cambridge, and Rector of St. Ethelburga, London. London: Williams & Norgate.

It is somewhat remarkable, that while this new translation of the Koran was in the hands of all scholars and literary men in England, and eliciting much approbation, a Boston publisher was busily engaged in reprinting the old, confused and inaccurate edition of Sale, and taking no slight credit to himself for his enterprise, as a publisher, and skill and taste, as a caterer! It is not often that a Bostonian member of the trade is thus short-sighted; and, probably, Mr. Burnham has learned before this that old translations and old port are not always equally valuable, in proportion to their antiquity. In the version of Mr. Rodwell, the suras, or chapters, are arranged in chronological order; in that of Mr. Sale, they are not arranged at all; they are often confounded with each other in such a manner as to destroy all connection, and render the finest passages utterly unintelligible. Mr. Rodwell has reduced the chaos to a system. His version is imbued with the genuine spirit of the original; his historical and grammatical notes evince research and learning, and his criticisms on Mohammedanism are discriminating and just, without being bigoted. In short, the Koran, as it comes from the hand of Mr. Rodwell, is a work which we should like to see reprinted by some American house that has the taste and spirit to do it justice.

The Union Bible Dictionary, for the use of Schools, Bible Classes and Families. Prepared for the American Sunday School Union. By the author of "The Teacher Taught." 16mo, pp. 691. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 1862.

An examination of this work has agreeably surprised us. Inferring from the title that it was intended only for children, we did not expect to find anything in it more than simple definitions. Simplicity is, indeed, a prominent characteristic of the book; but every word is fully explained according as it requires it; and the explanations are historical, geographical and chronological, as well as Scriptural. The volume is illustrated with well executed and accurate colored maps and numerous engravings. The illustrations form a valuable feature in the book; for they include animals, birds, reptiles, trees, shrubs, flowers, plants, temples, styles of architecture, costumes, tombs, as well as heathen deities, &c., in short, whatever is mentioned in the Old or New Testament, with which the reader is supposed not to be familiar. Thus, for example, when we come to the word *embalm*, we are referred to Gen., l, 2, where the word occurs. Then we are told the probable object of embalming; then the process is described; the drugs supposed to have been used are mentioned; the probable cost is stated; finally, we are presented with engravings of mum-

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mies; and for more information on the same subject we are referred to the word *bury*. Turning to *bury* and *burial*, we find the letter-press similarly illustrated with representations of various styles of Eastern tombs, &c. The importance of a work of this kind is obvious enough. Besides aiding the young reader in understanding the text, the illustrations cannot fail to interest him in the study of the Scriptures.

Prison Life in the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond. By a Ball's Bluff Prisoner, Lieut. Wm. C. Harris, of Col. Baker's California Regiment. 12mo. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1862.

We have read this little volume with a good deal of interest. It contains lively and graphic accounts of scenes and incidents which afford new proof of the adage, that truth is stranger than fiction. The author is influenced in his narrative neither by prejudice nor bad temper. His statements bear the impress of truth; and, when he gives his opinion, he does so in the language of moderation and common sense. His narrative of the weary journey of himself and his fellow prisoners, from Ball's Bluff to Richmond, possesses a painful interest; though it is relieved, here and there, by incidents which become ludicrous, in spite of all the disagreeable circumstances with which they are surrounded.

"As the morning broke," he says, "the scene was a sad one to look upon. From our position in the front we were enabled to overlook the entire line of prisoners, who, jaded and worn out, were making the strongest efforts to keep their position in line. Occasionally a poor fellow would stagger up to the commanding officer, piteously exclaiming, 'I can go no farther!' Some were without shoes and stockings, having lost them in attempting to swim the Potomac; others were without overcoats—now doubly needed, as the rain commenced to fall. All were smeared with mud, and as they marched over the slippery road the scene was dreary in the extreme."—p. 16.

The author's description of the Tobacco Warehouse at Richmond, in which he was imprisoned with his comrades, is upon the whole rather favorable—very different indeed from other descriptions of the same building which we have seen; and there is every reason to believe that he is right. Nor is he less willing to do justice to his jailors than to his jail. Of the room set apart for the Federal officers he speaks as follows:

"The room is lighted by gas, the use of which is either kindly or unwittingly given at all hours of the day: we use it for cooking as well as illuminating purposes, and the odor of hot coffee and occasional stews may be scented daily throughout the room. At nine o'clock we have breakfast, consisting of fresh beef—occasionally liver—with five ounces of bread; at one o'clock dinner—boiled or roast beef, with five ounces of bread; at six o'clock supper—five ounces of bread."—p. 23.

This, it will be admitted, was not so bad, all things considered. Some need "extras," however; but they have to pay fabulous prices for them:

"The Confederate government furnishes the rations of bread and beef, with

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salt and brown soap. All other articles of food are provided by the prisoners, at the following prices: Tea, $4 per pound; coffee, $1 per pound; brown sugar, 20 cents; butter, 60 cents; potatoes, $2 per bushel; molasses, $1.25 per gallon. The cost of extra rations, which are confined to the foregoing articles, averages $2.50 per week for each officer."—p. 28.

The unfortunate persons who still remain in the same building have nearly twice these rates to pay; but they cannot do it; their money has long since been exhausted; and it seems they are not allowed to receive more from their friends. At least so it is stated; but the report conflicts in no slight degree with the statements of Lieut. Harris. The accommodations for the first month were of the worst description—suitable only for savages:

"For weeks," he says, "they slept upon the floor, without blankets or overcoats, with blocks of wood—and not enough even of those—for pillows. It was not until three months had elapsed that the Confederate authorities furnished straw and cotton coverlets. Without servants, mess-tables, benches, or even knives and forks, they ate their meals cross-legged upon the floor, and off the window-sills, in a primitive, yet (owing to the quantity furnished), ravenous, style. Without water facilities, except a well in the yard, which was used not only by the officers, but also by five hundred men confined in the upper stories of the warehouse, one of whom only was allowed to use it at a time, hours would pass each morning before an officer was able to wash."—p. 31.

This, however, was not the worst. The abuse they received from visitors was more intolerable to sensitive minds than blocks of wood for pillows—nay, than hunger itself:

"Visitors of all grades," says Lieut. Harris, "were allowed to enter the building, and often subjected them, in the presence of Confederate officers of the prison, to the vilest abuse. Outside of the warehouse, the square was for weeks packed with rebels, who, whenever they caught a glimpse of a Federal officer, hooted at and insulted him. Richmond had, apparently, given up her rabble and filth to centre around the 'Yankee' prisons—as men, women, and even little children scarcely old enough to walk, united in heaping scurrilous abuse upon them."—p. 32.

The chapters entitled Prison Incidents, Our Jailors, a Day in the Privates' Prison, &c., should be read by all; they are evidently faithful pictures—not caricatures. The book is interspersed with humorous anecdotes, extracts from private letters, ironical speeches, burlesque bills of fare, reminiscences of eccentric rebels, &c., &c.

Letter of the President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company to the Secretary of War, in Reference to Improved Facilities of Transportation between New York and Washington, together with other Documents relating to the same subject, and Letters and Papers showing the nature of the services rendered the Government by the aforesaid Railroad at the breaking out of the Rebellion. Washington: 1862.

We have copied the title-page in full, because it gives a correct idea of the contents of the pamphlet; and that we think it is due to the author of the "Letter" that his vindication of the course he pursued at the breaking out of the war should be appreciated as such by the public at large.

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True, indeed, none doubt any longer that Mr. Felton was actuated from the beginning by patriotic motives. Indeed, it was only in times of great excitement that the most censorious and evil-disposed could hope to excite prejudice against a man whose untiring care and attention to the comfort and convenience of the travelling public had for years rendered him so popular with all classes. Nor does his vindication rest solely on his own arguments, sustained as they are by the statements of other railroad functionaries; although, in our opinion, if they did they would be amply sufficient. We need only allude to one of the letters from distinguished United States officers, which appears in the pamphlet before us—that of S. F. Dupont, U. S. N., dated, Flagship Wabash, Jan. 25, 1862, in which the following paragraphs occur:

"It is not only my duty to reply fully to the inquiry, but I am pleased at the opportunity of bearing my testimony to the patriotic zeal and energy which governed the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad Company under your Presidency, during one of the darkest hours of our national struggle, when Baltimore had risen and Washington was in peril.

"My official station at that time, as commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, brought me much in relation with you, thus affording me the opportunity of acquiring personal knowledge of your operations. As to the opening of the Annapolis route, it was entirely of your own planning, and I remember all the circumstances which led to it.

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"In short, I have never seen more energy and zeal in a public officer than marked your whole conduct, and that of the agents employed under you, during the dark hours I have alluded to, and it gives me pleasure to say so."

The Cross-Bearer. A Vision. Boston: American Tract Society.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the value of this little volume for family use, imbued, as it is, throughout with the genuine spirit of Christianity. The contents consist of selections in prose and verse from the best writers, who, by their piety, learning and talents, have shed a lustre on the Church; including Thomas à Kempis, Fénélon, Bushnell, Owen and Bunyan. The progress of the Christian, bearing the cross, from one stage to another, is finely illustrated. The vision is certainly a beautiful one; or may it not rather be called a series of visions? The style in which the book is got up is superb; the typography, paper and binding are each tasteful and elegant; and that the artist has done his part may be seen by a glance at the pictorial representations of the cross-bearer.

Tracts for Priests and People. By Various Writers. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

We should like well to review this volume, for there is a good deal in it that is singular, if not remarkable or striking; but it did not reach us in time. The writers steer a sort of middle course between that of the writers of "Essays and Reviews" and those who have assailed the latter

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as if they had pulled down about their ears the whole fabric of "the religion by law established." The "Tracts" are intended to show that there is error on both sides; that the Essayists and Reviewers are not quite orthodox; neither are the people; and yet those who tell us so are not prepared to inform us what the error on either side exactly is. Though very clever men, they argue somewhat after the manner of Mr. Toodles. It is only their modesty, however, that prevents them from making the authors of "Essays and Reviews" ashamed of themselves; but they will do it yet, if the latter do not renounce their vagaries, and think as directed by the Thirty-nine Articles. It is somewhat curious to find the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" among the tractarians; but the Church of England is worth defending; no other establishment can better afford to reward her champions. Nothing would be easier than to make a divine of Mr. Thomas Hughes, and give him two or three parishes as a benefice. Another of the tractarians is also a layman, but he is pious enough to be a bishop—at least a dean. We mean Mr. J. M. Ludlow, whose "Dialogue on Doubt" is certainly a capital thing in its way. If anybody "doubts" after reading it, let the sin be upon his own head; it is not Mr. Ludlow's fault if rash people will think differently from the manner prescribed by the "Articles" referred to. "The Signs of the Kingdom of Heaven" is the title of the tract contributed by the Rev. Llewelyn Davies; and it is one that will amply repay perusal; though what those "signs" are is not very clearly shown, except they be the "wars and rumors of wars" which are to be the forerunners of the earth's dissolution, and which the Essayists and Reviewers may perhaps be regarded as having commenced.

Encyclopædia Americana. A Popular Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, Literature, History, Politics, and Biography. A new edition, including a copious collection of Original Articles in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Edited by FRANCIS LIEBER, assisted by E. WIGGLESWORTH. In 14 vols., 8vo. Boston: Brown & Taggard.

We are glad to perceive that there is a reaction in favor of this work. All capable of forming an opinion are growing weary of those voluminous works bearing a similar title, the publication of which has been going forward for some time in this country, but whose contents consist chiefly of biographies of living persons, whose claim to occupy the space of one line rests generally on the slenderest foundation. In nine cases out of ten they are thus immortalized because they happen to possess a goodly amount of money or its equivalent. There are many instances in which the candidates for a niche in the new Walhalla pay for the distinction "in trade;" that is, they write eulogies on the work in the papers or other periodicals, and furnish contributions besides.

The latter, too, may consist of eulogies. Thus, A. praises B., and B.

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praises A., through all the moods and tenses; or, perhaps, A. and B. will both occupy themselves in proving how much the world is indebted to some mining or manufacturing company, some quack doctor, or some merchant who has become a millionaire. If, upon the other hand, any living person is noticed in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, he must be one whose genius the world has recognized. Even then he is spoken of not as a model of perfection; not as a Homer, Thucydides, Virgil, Tacitus, or Shakespeare, &c., &c., but according to his merits, and in the language of moderation and common sense. The question is, whether a duodecimo written in this style is not more valuable than a quarto written in the opposite style. The former we can use as a work of reference and quote as an authority; whereas, were we guided by the latter, we should believe that there are more geniuses in one State of the Republic, nay, in one city, than the whole ancient world could boast.

It is too often forgotten that a book must not be valued like a diamond, in proportion to its size. The Essay of Longinus, on the Sublime, is contained in a dozen octavo pages; but it is worth folios on the same subject. Sapho has left us but a small fragment or two of her poetry; but these are the delight of all ages. Upon the other hand, Wickliffe, for example, has written works enough to make quite a library by themselves. We are told that Lubinio Lepus, Bishop of Prague, burned about two hundred. There are still a large number left; but who reads one of them? "Invention," says D'Israeli, "depends on patience. Contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses, for a moment, the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius—the true hour for production and composition; hours so delightful, that I have spent twelve and fourteen hours, successively, at my writing desk, and still been in a state of pleasure." The compilers of the work before us had, evidently, these facts in their minds; they evidently understood, too, that it is not always the best authors that are most praised; but, indeed, on the contrary, they are the most likely to be abused. The most careful and devoted student of Shakespeare can find but few encomiums on the author of *Hamlet* in the writings of his cotemporaries—scarcely any but those of his personal friend, Ben Jonson. Molière, too, was much more abused than praised; and Socrates was so much hated because he gave his honest opinions freely, of all shams, that he was put to death. "On my entering into life," says the witty and amiable Montesquieu, "I was spoken of as a man of talents; and people of condition gave me a favorable reception; but when the success of my Persian Letters proved, perhaps, that I was not unworthy of my reputation, and the public began to esteem me, my reception with the great was discouraging, and I *experienced innumerable mortifications*." We have made these observations in reference to the *Encyclopædia Americana* be-

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cause, satisfied that it is a reliable work, we think we consult the interests of literature by calling attention to its intrinsic merits, as contrasted with the noisy and vulgar pretentiousness of shams. The Supplemental Volume, edited by Henry Vethake, LL. D., contains several elaborate and valuable articles. Those on France, Germany, the United States, Great Britain, China, Magnetism, &c., &c., would be worthy of a place in the best similar works of Europe.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

NOT NOTICED IN THE REVIEW, WHICH MAY BE RECOMMENDED FOR PERUSAL AND STUDY.

The Works of the late Horace Hayman Wilson, M. A., F. R. S., &c. Vol. 1. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

Zur Geschichte des Eigenthums in den Deutschen Städten. Von Dr. W. Arnold, Ord. Professor der Rechte zu Basel. Basel: H. Georg. 1861.

The Wild Sports of India. By Major Henry Shakspear, late Commandant of Nagpore Irregular Force. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Reise der Oesterreichischen Fregatte Novara um die Erde in den Jahren 1857-8-9, unter Befehlen des Commodore B. Von Wullerstorf Urbair. Wien.

Histoire des Mussulmans d'Espagne jusqu'à la conquête de l'Andalousie par par les Almorairdes 711-1110. Par R. Dozy. 4 vols. London: Williams & Norgate.

Beauties selected from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey, author of Confessions of an English Opium Eater, &c. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

Two Lectures on Trades Unions, delivered to the University of Oxford, in the year 1861. By Charles Neale, A. M., Fellow of Oriel College, &c. London: Parker. 1862.

Études sur les Infusoires et les Rhizopodes. Par Edouard Claparède et Johannes Lachmann.

The Laws which Regulate the Deposition of Lead Ore in Veins, illustrated by an Examination of the Geological Structure of the Mining Districts of Alston Moor. By William Wallace. 8vo. London. 1862.

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated edition. Vols. 5, 6. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

The Turkish Empire in its Relations with Christianity and Civilization. By Richard Robert Madden. London: Newby. 1861.

Considerations on Representative Government. By John Stuart Mill, author of "A System of Logic," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Cortez and Pizarro, &c. By William Dalton. With illustrations. London: Griffin, Bohn & Co. 1862.

Coppet et Weimer, Madame de Staël et la Grande Duchesse Louise. Par l'auteur des Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier. London: Williams & Norgate.

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A Manual of Psycological Medicine, containing the History, Nosology, Description, Statistics, Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of Insanity, with an Appendix of Cases. By John Charles Bucknill, M. D., and Daniel Hack Tuke, M. D. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. 8vo. London: 1862.

Agnes of Sorrento. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

Memorable Women of the Puritan Times. By the Rev. James Anderson. London: Blackie. 1862.

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. With a Portrait. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

School-boy Days of Eminent Men.

Undercurrents; A Romance of Business. By Richard B. Kimball, author of "St. Leger," &c. Third edition. 12mo. New York: Putnam. 1862.

Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Gravehills, in the counties of Derby, Stafford, and York, from 1848 to 1858, with notices of some former Discoveries hitherto unpublished, and Remarks on the Crania and Potteries from the Mounds. By Thomas Bateman, &c., &c. London: J. R. Smith. 1862.

The True Story of the Barons of the South; or, The Rationale of the American Conflict. By E. W. Reynolds. 16mo. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1862.

The Iliad of Homer in English Hexameter Verse. By J. Henry Dart. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

The Winter School; or, the Boys' Campaign against one of their worst Enemies. By Mrs. H. E. Brown. 24mo. American Tract Society, Boston.

The Last of the Mortimers. A Story in Two Volumes. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

Chemin Perdu, Ecce Homo, Renoncement, Une Larme de Dante. Par André Lemoyne. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1862.

The Children's Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

Essais Historiques et Littéraires. Par M. L. Vitét. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1862.

The Bible Reader; or, Scripture Reading Made Easy. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union.

Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum, described by Samuel Sharpe. London: John Russell Smith. 1862.

The Three Barriers—Notes on Mr. Darwin's Origin of Species. Post 8vo. Edinburgh: 1862.

General Outline of the Organization of the Animal Kingdom and Manual of Comparative Anatomy. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F. R. S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London, &c. London: 1862.

Domestic Life in Palestine. By M. E. Rogers. London: Bell & Dady. 1862.

The Massachusetts Register, 1862, containing a Record of the Government and Institutions of the State, together with a very complete account of the Massachusetts Volunteers. Serial number, ninety-four. Boston: Adams, Sampson & Co.

Galileo Galilei sa vie et ses Contemporaines. D'après les Documents originaires. Avec un Portrait. Par Philarète Chasles. Paris: 1862.

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2. *The Nature of Things: A Didactic Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, accompanied by the Original Text and Illustrated with Notes, Philological and Explanatory.* By JOHN MASON GOOD.

3. *Lucretius on the Nature of Things. A Philosophical Poem, in six books, literally translated into English Prose.* By the Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M. A., Head Master of the Proprietary Grammar School, Stockwell.

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2. *Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.*

3. *Göthe's Werke. Vollständige Ausgabe letzter Hand* (Goethe's Works. Completed, final Edition). 40 voll.

4. *Göthe's Nachgelassene Werke* (Goethe's Posthumous Works).

5. *The Life and Works of Goethe, &c.* By G. H. LEWIS.

6. *Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; the Bride of Corinth; the First Walpurgis Night; translated from the German of Goethe, and Illustrated with Notes.* By JOHN ANSTER, LL. D. (of Trinity College, Dublin).

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2. *Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens en Europe depuis la Paix de Westphalie jusqu'au Congrès de Vienne; avec un précis historique du Droit des gens Européen avant la Paix de Westphalie.* Par HENRY WHEATON, Ministre des Etats-Unis d'Amérique près la Cour De Berlin.

3. *Le Droit de la Guerre, et de la Paix.* Par HUGUES GROTIUS.

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3. *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States.* By M. AGASSIZ.

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THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

ART. I.—1. *T. Lucretii Cari De Rerum Natura, libri sex, ex editione Gilberti Wakefieldi, cum notis et interpretatione in Usum Delphini, Variis Lectionibus notis Variorum, Recensu editionum et Codicum.*

2. *The Nature of Things: A Didactic Poem. Translated from the Latin of Titus Lucretius Carus, accompanied by the Original Text and Illustrated with Notes Philological and Explanatory.* By JOHN MASON GOOD. 2 vols. quarto. London.

3. *Lucretius on the Nature of Things. A Philosophical Poem, in six books, literally translated into English Prose.* By the Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M. A., Head Master of the Proprietary Grammar School, Stockwell. London.

THE Persians have an adage which means that true genius needs no monument. And well has it been illustrated by their great men, the most renowned of whom are only known by their works. It is the same throughout the world. Still less is known of the life of Homer than of that of Ferdusi. It is a matter of mere conjecture who wrote the *Mahâ Bharatâ*, the greatest of the Hindoo epics. In short, if we turn to the most profound thinkers, whether of ancient or modern times, we shall find that just in proportion as they surpassed all their contemporaries were they careless of their own fame. To this rule neither Shakspeare nor Dante forms an exception. This will serve to explain why it is that so little is known of the life of Lucretius, the author of *De Rerum*

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Natura. Except from the tenor of his writings, we have nothing to indicate even the country in which he was born; although there is little doubt, from his name, his mode of thought, and the language in which he wrote, that he was a Roman. As little is known of the time, as of the place, of his birth. None can tell either the year of his birth, or that of his death. Eusebius is indeed of opinion that he was born ninety-five years before Christ, or in the second year of the hundred and twenty-first Olympiad; but this is a mere conjecture. All that is certain is, that Cæsar, Cicero, Atticus and Virgil were his contemporaries. Ennius had been dead more than half a century before he was born; Cicero was ten or twelve years old; the author of *De Bello Gallico* was born three or four years later; and the author of the Æneid some twenty-three years later, &c.

It is now pretty generally agreed that he was sent to Athens to study with other young Romans of rank; although it can hardly be said that there is any good authority for the fact. Lambinus, the most learned of his biographers, merely supposes that he was educated at Athens; but he does so, much more on account of his superior culture—that culture being essentially Greek—than for any other reason. But this is sufficient for less industrious and less conscientious investigators, who, not content with giving him an Athenian education, and making Zeno his teacher, inform us that Quintus, the father of Cicero, Pomponius Atticus and Cassius were his fellow students. But it is of little importance whether this, or any part of it, is true or not; it is sufficient for us to know that the poem of Lucretius on the *Nature of Things* is one of the noblest productions of all antiquity—one declared by the best critics to be surpassed in sublimity only by the Iliad and the Æneid; and not surpassed even by these immortal works in boldness of conception and sweetness and energy of diction.

The modesty of genius, or the consciousness of superior intellect, is not the only reason why so little is known of Lucretius. The opposition to all religion, which is the leading idea of his poem, gained him many enemies, even among his Pagan fellow countrymen. No considerable number of either the Greeks or the Romans had any doubt of the immortality of the soul. Plato was called the Divine, as much for his unanswerable arguments in proof of the immortality of the soul as for his towering genius and universal learning.

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And be it remembered, that Lucretius is not content to deny that the soul is immortal; he also denies the existence of a Supreme Being, as we shall see in the progress of our article. The ancient Romans were, indeed, not a bigoted people. All their historians tell us that they were essentially religious; although it does not appear that they ever put any one to death for infidelity, as the Greeks did, and as the Christians have done. They did not persecute those who had not faith in the national religion, but to a considerable extent they avoided their company. If a satire on religion was not suppressed, as in modern times, even the most liberal were loath to recommend it. Among the latter may be ranked Cicero; no author of his time was more liberal than he; but, in one of his finest dialogues, he makes Lælius say that "he does not agree with those who have lately begun to assert that souls perish together with their bodies and that death makes an end of all." "I rather submit myself," continues Cicero, in the same passage, "to the authority of the ancients, or of our own forefathers, who appointed religious rites for the dead; rites which they could not have instituted had they thought that the dead could not be affected by them; * * * or to the authority of him who was pronounced by the oracle of Apollo the wisest of men;* and who did not on this, as on most subjects, assert sometimes one thing and sometimes another, but maintained invariably the same opinion, that the souls of men are divine, and that when they are released from the body a return from heaven is open to them, and first of all to the best and most worthy." † There is as little doubt that, when Cæsar gave expression to the opposite sentiment in the senate-house, he was influenced by Lucretius—we mean when he said, according to Sallust, that death is but a rest from toils, not a torture in grief and misery; that it dissolves all the evils of mortals, and that

* Plato.

† "Neque enim assentior iis, qui haec nuper disserere coeperunt, cum corporibus simul animos interire, atque omnia morte deleri. Plus apud me antiquorum auctoritas valet, vel nostrorum majorum, qui mortuis tam religiosa jura tribuerunt; quod non fecissent profecto, si nihil ad eos pertinere arbitrarentur: vel eorum, qui in hac terra fuerunt, Magnamque Graeciam, quae nunc quidem deleta est, tunc florebat, institutis et praeceptis suis erudierunt: vel ejus, qui Appollinis oraculo sapientissimus est judicatus; qui non tum hoc tum illud, ut in plerisque, sed idem semper, animos hominum esse divinos, iisque, cum e corpore excessissent, reditum in coelum patere, optimoque et justissimo cuique expeditissimum."—*De Amicitia*, cap. iv.

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there is no place beyond it either for care or joy.* The speech from which this is taken, and which is attributed by the historian to Cæsar, is one of the noblest ever spoken or written. It is not in any wantonness that the author of *De Bello Gallico* gave expression to this opinion. He did not do so to attract attention, or show that he was more learned, or more insensible to the claims of public opinion than other orators; but to repress a blood-thirsty feeling—because there were many who thought that all who were even suspected of favoring the designs of Catiline should be put to death. The object of Cæsar's remarks was, to show that confinement, banishment and flogging, were punishments really more severe than death; although it cannot be doubted that he was sincere in the opinion that the cessation of life was the cessation of all pain.

The author of the *Nature of Things* is alluded to in similar language by several of his contemporaries, while others, again, ignore him altogether. Horace, for example, makes no mention of him, nor does Virgil, although both borrow freely from him. When it is thus seen that even Pagan writers were unwilling to give any countenance to his atheistical views, it will not seem strange that he has received but little favor from Christians. But should so glorious a genius be set aside on this account? Should fourth-rate Latin authors be read and studied, while one of the best is scarcely heard of? It is no sufficient excuse for neglecting Lucretius, that all the atheistical writers who have written since his time have derived their strongest arguments from him. This is true of Spinosa, Volney, Des Cartes, and the author of the *System of Nature*. But the fact only proves his popularity and originality. That he has inspired so many of the boldest and most vigorous thinkers of modern times, may well be regarded as satisfactory evidence that he is eminently original and suggestive. This being conceded, is he to be left unread, merely because his opinions in regard to the soul, its origin and destiny, are different from our own? Should we not rather remember that, were we to proscribe him on this ground, in order to be consistent, we should also proscribe Homer, Æschylus, and Thucydides, in short, all the great

* "De poenâ, possum equidem dicere id quod res habet; in luctu, atque miseriis mortem aernumnarum requiem, non cruciatum, esse; eam cuncta mortalium mala dissolvere; ultra neque curae, neque gaudio locum esse."—SALLUSTII *Bellum Catilinarium*, 42.

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thinkers of antiquity; for, although all did not teach, like Lucretius, that there is no God, or that the soul perishes with the body, it is not the less true that they maintained opinions radically different from our own in reference to the Supreme Being and a future state. None at the present day would consult *De Rerum Natura* as an authority in theology —no intelligent person would be any more likely to believe that there is no God, no immortal spirit, because Lucretius has said so, than he would be to believe that all the metamorphoses described by Ovid have actually taken place. the *Nature of Things* should be taken up and perused, not only for its sublime poetry, but also for the incredible amount of miscellaneous information which it contains—information which leaves no doubt that the author was acquainted with all the learning of the ancients. To him the philosophies, the sciences and arts of Greece and Rome were equally familiar. Nor is it with a knowledge of these alone that his wonderful poem is everywhere imbued. He is essentially the poet of nature; among all the ancients, none have displayed a more intimate acquaintance with the earth and its inhabitants of every grade—with the animate and inanimate world in which we live—than Lucretius; nor has any one described either more happily in prose or verse. As a reasoner, he can hardly be said to have any equal among the poets, ancient or modern. Of the latter, Pope has perhaps reasoned best and closest; but his warmest admirers—even those who have edited his works—acknowledge the superiority of Lucretius; the great error of the latter being, as all agree, that he reasons from false premises. The learned Dr. Watson, in his Commentary on the *Essay on Man*, pronounces the *Nature of Things* "the noblest descriptive poem extant. The Persians," he says, "distinguished the different degrees of the strength of fancy in different poets by calling them painters and sculptors. Lucretius, from the force of his images, should be ranked among the latter. He is in truth a sculptor poet. His images have a bold relief." Still more appreciative, if possible, is Schlegel, who tells us, that "in sublime enthusiasm he holds the first place among Roman poets; as nature's own minstrel, he surpasses all the bards of antiquity."* Further on, while speaking on the same subject, the critic adds, "The third medium whereby the poet comes in contact with

* *Hist. of Literature*, p. 66.

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nature is, through the feelings. Not only in the warble of the nightingale, or whatever else in woodland melody delights every one, but also in the murmur of the stream, or of the woods, we think we hear a kindred voice of joy or sadness, as though spirits and sensibilities akin to our own would fain rush to us from afar, or from the narrow limits that separate them to hold communion with them. To listen to these tones, to feel them inwardly, to read nature's very soul, the poet retires into solitude." If we cross the Rhine into France, we shall find that here, too, Lucretius is placed in the first rank of master spirits, by the best judges. "Ainsi," says La Harpe, in allusion to the poet's descriptions of the plague at Athens, and of the physical enjoyments of love, "personne n'a mieux peint que lui ce qu'il y a dans la nature et de plus affreux et de plus doux."* We might quote Voltaire and Bayle to the same effect, but those unfamiliar with their real views might be led to infer from the opinion generally entertained of their writings, by zealous Christians, that they sympathize themselves with the views of Lucretius; which, however, is far from being the case. But no such remark can be applied to Du Fay, the learned editor of the Delphin edition of Lucretius, who, in his dedication to the Dauphin, judiciously and truly observes that, "Although there are found in Lucretius opinions of a character which are abhorrent to the principles of the Christian religion, yet among Latin authors he is held to be most profound and most elegant," &c.†

There is not one of the great thinkers of England, not excepting Milton, Dryden, Locke, or even Newton, who has not given expression, in language more or less enthusiastic, to his admiration for Lucretius. "If I am not mistaken," says Dryden, "the distinguishing character of Lucretius, I mean of his soul and genius, is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his own opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius; for he is always bidding him attend, as if he had

* *Cours de Literature*, tome i, p. 308.

† Quamvis enim apud Lucretium reperiantur ejusmodi sententiae quae a Christianae Religionis institutis abhorreant; tamen inter Latinos Auctores et gravissimus habetur, et elegantissimus.

Nimirum dilucide, remotis etiam Fabularum involucris, pura Latinitatis integritate praestanti sermonis elegantia, divino carminis nexu, mira sententiarum ubertate, gravique simul ac simplici styli majestate, de tota rerum natura subtiliter et acute disputat.

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the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. * * From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceed the loftiness of his expressions and the perpetual torrent of his verse, when the barrenness of his subject does not too much restrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made but he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct than to delight." It will now be conceded, we think, by the most scrupulous of our readers, that Lucretius ought to be read; yet never to this day have we seen a copy of his great poem in any American school, seminary or college. So far as we are aware, it is used nowhere on this continent as a text book; in a word, we have never met with an American student who could say that he was acquainted with *De Rerum Natura* in the original; and those who have read it, even in a translation, are remarkably few. Should the present article have the effect of diminishing this indifference to the thoughts of so vigorous and original a mind as that of Lucretius—should it only induce half a dozen to read the poem in the majestic language in which it is written—we should feel that we had served the cause of classical education, and congratulate ourselves accordingly on having undertaken a task that seemed so hopeless. But we fear that more is required, to accomplish even so much, than any amount of opinions which we might adduce in favor of the poem. For this reason, as well as for the purpose of interesting our readers as much as possible, we will give such extracts from the poem as may serve as fair specimens. But, before attempting this, it will be necessary to give some definite idea of the Epicurean philosophy on which the poem is founded; or, rather, the principles of which it is designed to illustrate.

"In its mere *physical* contemplation," says Mr. Good, "the theory of Epicurus allows of nothing but matter and space, which are equally infinite and unbounded, which have equally existed from all eternity, and from different combinations, of which every individual being is created. These existences have no property in common with each other; for, whatever matter is, that space is the reverse of; and whatever space is, matter is the contrary to. The actually solid parts of all bodies, therefore, are matter; their actual pores, space, and the parts which are not altogether solid, but an intermixture of solidity and pore, are space and matter combined.

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Anterior to the formation of the universe, space and matter existed uncombined, or in their elementary state. Space, in its elementary state, is positive and unsolid void; matter, in its elementary state, consists of inconceivably minute seeds or atoms—so small that the corpuscles of vapor, light, and heat, are compounds of them; and so solid that they cannot possibly be broken, or made smaller, by any concussion or violence whatever. The express figure of these primary atoms is various: there are round, square, pointed, jagged, as well as many other shapes. These shapes, however, are not diversified to infinity; but the atoms themselves, of each existent shape, are infinite or innumerable. Every atom is possessed of certain intrinsic powers of motion. Under the old school of Democritus, the perpetual motions exhibited were of two kinds: a descending motion, from its own gravity; and a rebounding motion, from mutual concussion. Besides these two motions, and to explain certain phenomena which the following poem develops, and which were not accounted for under the old system, Epicurus supposed that some atoms were occasionally possessed of a third, by which, in some very small degree, they descended in an oblique or curvilinear direction, deviating from the common and right line anomalously; and hence, in this respect, resembling the oscillations of the magnetic needle. These infinitudes of atoms, flying immemorially in such different directions, through all the immensity of space, have interchangeably tried and exhibited every possible mode of action—sometimes repelled from each other by concussion—and sometimes adhering to each other from their own jagged or pointed construction, or from the casual interstices which two or more connected atoms must produce, and which may just be adapted to those of other configurations, as globular, oval, or square. Hence the origin of compound bodies; hence the origin of immense masses of matter; hence, eventually, the origin of the world itself. When these primary atoms are closely compacted together, and but little vacuity or space intervenes, they produce those kinds of substances which we denominate solid, as stones, and metals; when they are loose and disjoined, and a large quantity of space or vacuity occurs between them, they produce the phenomena of wool, water, vapor. In one mode of combination, they form earth; in another, air; and in another, fire. Arranged in one way, they produce vegetation and irritability; in another way, animal life and perception. Man hence arises—families are formed—society multiplies, and governments are instituted. The world, thus generated, is perpetually sustained by the application of fresh elementary atoms, flying with inconceivable rapidity through all the infinitude of space, invisible from their minuteness, and occupying the posts of all those that are as perpetually flying off. Yet nothing is eternal and immutable but these elementary seeds or atoms themselves; the compound forms of matter are continually decompounding and dissolving into their original corpuscles; to this there is no exception; minerals, vegetables and animals, in this respect all alike, when they lose their present configuration, perishing from existence forever, and new combinations proceeding from the matter into which they dissolve. But the world itself is a compound, though not an organized being; sustained and nourished like organized beings from the material pabulum that floats through the void of infinity. The world itself must, therefore, in the same manner, perish; it had a beginning, and it will eventually have an end. Its present crasis will be decompounded; it will return to its original, its elementary atoms, and new worlds will arise from its destruction. Space is infinite, material atoms are infinite, but the world is not infinite. This, then,

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is not the only world, or the only material system that exists. The cause whence this visible system originated is competent to produce others; it has been acting perpetually from all eternity; and there are other worlds and other systems of worlds existing around us. In the vast immensity of space, there are also other beings than man, possessed of powers of intellect and enjoyment far superior to our own; beings who existed before the formation of the world, and will exist when the world shall perish forever; whose happiness flows unlimited, and unalloyed; and whom the tumults and passions of gross matter can never agitate. These, the founder of the system denominated gods; not that they created the universe, or are possessed of a power of upholding it; for they are finite and created beings themselves, and endowed alone with finite capacities and powers; but from the uninterrupted beatitude and tranquillity they enjoy, their everlasting freedom from all anxiety and care.*

Those who have read this passage carefully are well prepared to take up the poem, for it is hardly too much to say that Mr. Good's analysis of the philosophy of Epicurus is more valuable than his translation of the *Nature of Things;* it is certainly more truthful. We will now proceed to give some extracts from the poem; but where there are so many sublime passages, beautiful descriptions, and ingenious and startling theories, it is extremely difficult to make a selection, especially as our object on the present occasion is, not to illustrate the theological, or, rather, anti-theological views of the author, but to give such of our readers as are not acquainted with the poem some adequate idea of its merits. We are aware that even this may be regarded as a bold, if not a fruitless, effort. Poems generally lose much in the process of translation. This is particularly true of didactic poems; but when they are at once didactic and philosophical, as in the present instance, when they combine geology, natural history, astronomy, metaphysics, &c., they may well be said to be untranslatable, at least into verse. This is the judgment of the best critics in regard to the *Nature of Things.* But, in order to obviate all difficulties, as much as possible, we will give the original in the form of a foot-note, in those instances in which the English version seems to us to fail most in doing justice to a sublime or remarkable passage; then, in other instances where similar difficulties intervene, we will avail ourselves of a prose translation; trusting that from all the careful reader will be able to form a tolerably just estimate of our author's beauties.

The invocation to Venus, as the great cause of production, with which the poem opens, is justly admired, by all capable

* Vol. I, 108–111.

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of forming an opinion of its merits, for its lofty sentiments and its pure, graceful and melodious diction; but there are few passages in the whole poem more difficult to be translated, although there are few in any poem more highly poetical. It is impossible, for example, to do justice in English to the tenderness, grace and melody of the four following lines, extracted almost at random:

> "Te Dea te fugiunt ventei; te nubila coeli,
> Adventum que tuum: tibi suaveis dædala tellus
> Submittet flores; tibi rident aequaro ponti,
> Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine coelum."—I, 6–9.

Mr. Good makes the nearest approach to a faithful rendering of this; and his lines are very good, but they lack the spirit and sweetness of the original:

> "Thee, goddess, at thy glad approach, the winds,
> The tempests fly; dedalian earth to thee
> Pours forth her sweetest flow'rets; Ocean laughs,
> And the blue heavens in cloudless splendor decked."—I, 6–9.

By the aid of a prose version, more justice is done thus: "Thee, O goddess, thee the winds flee; *before* thee, and thy approach, the clouds of heaven *disperse;* for thee the variegated earth puts forth her fragrant flowers; on thee the waters of ocean smile, and the calmed heaven beams with effulgent light." But we pass on to a much more sublime passage—one, too, to which the most scrupulous Christian can hardly object, for its thought, or sentiment, since it attacks, not religion, but superstition, its bastard child.

> "Them long the tyrant power
> Of Superstition swayed, uplifting proud
> Her head to heaven, and with horrific limbs
> Brooding o'er earth; till he, the man of Greece,
> Auspicious rose, who first the combat dared,
> And broke in twain the monster's iron rod.
> No thunder him, no fell revenge pursued
> Of heaven incensed, or deities in arms.
> Urged rather, hence, with more determined soul,
> To burst through Nature's portals, from the crowd
> With jealous caution closed; the flaming walls
> Of heaven to scale, and dart his dauntless eye,
> Till the vast whole beneath him stood displayed.
> Hence taught he us, triumphant, what might spring,
> And what forbear: what powers inherent lurk,
> And where their bounds and issues. And, hence, we,
> Triumphant too, o'er Superstition rise,
> Contemn her terrors, and unfold the heavens."—I, 63–80.

This, it may be said, is not a grovelling strain; it is regarded by many as one of the best specimens of Good's version; but it is vastly inferior in every respect to the original. The latter is chaste and pure and full of energy, while the

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former borders on the licentious, and is feeble withal. That there are several expressions in the translation, such as "brooding o'er earth with horrific limbs," "breaking in twain an iron rod," &c., which are not to be found in the original, may be seen from the corresponding passages which we transcribe at the bottom of the page.*

We refer, however, to the defects of the translation, not in any fault-finding spirit, or for the purpose of depreciating the version of Mr. Good. We are actuated by no such motive; on the contrary, we cheerfully admit that there is no better translation than that under consideration. What we desire to show is, the immense superiority of the original over all translations, no matter into what language they are made. We do not hesitate to say that it is such that it would be worth while to learn the Latin language for the sake of *De Rerum Natura* alone; although it would be as easy to learn a half dozen of the languages of modern Europe as this one, especially as it has been used by the philosophic poet, who has taxed its utmost resources. But, without pausing to make any further comparisons for the present, we will proceed with our extracts. Every student of ancient history is familiar with the barbarous sacrifice of Iphigenia. This, indeed, was superstition in its worst form, and Lucretius has exhibited it in its true light. Did the poet confine himself to denouncing superstition, he would be entitled to the gratitude, rather than the reprobation, of all Christendom; but he is guilty of the illogical injustice of making religion responsible for it, and he avails himself of this opportunity to insist that philosophy is superior to religion.

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* "Humana ante oculos fede quom vita jaceret
In terris, obpressa gravi sub Religione;
Quae caput a coeli regionibus obtendebat,
Horribili super adspectu mortalibus instans;
Primum Graius homo mortaleis tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusque obsistere contra:
Quem neque fama Deum, nec fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure conpressit coelum; sed eo magis acrem
Juritat animi virtutem, ecfringere ut arta
Naturae primus portarum claustra cupiret.
Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi;
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque:
Unde refert nobis victor, quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat; finita potestas denique quoique
Quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus haerens.
Qua re Religio, pedibus subjecta vicissim
Obteritur; nos exaequat victoria coelo."—I, 63–80.

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"Nor deem the truths Philosophy reveals
Corrupt the mind, or prompt to impious deed.
No: Superstition may, and nought so soon,
But Wisdom *never*. Superstition 'twas
Urged the fell Grecian chiefs, with virgin blood,
To stain the virgin altar. Barbarous deed!
And fatal to their laurels! Aulis saw,
For there Diana reigns, the unholy rite.
Around she looked; the pride of Grecian maids,
The lovely Iphigenia, round she looked,—
Her lavish tresses, spurning still the bond
Of sacred fillet, flaunting o'er her cheeks,—
And sought, in vain, protection. She surveyed
Near her, her sad, sad sire; th' officious priests
Repentant half, and hiding their keen steel,
And crowds of gazers weeping as they viewed.
Dumb with alarm, with supplicating knee,
And lifted eye, she sought compassion still;
Fruitless and unavailing: vain her youth,
Her innocence and beauty; vain the boast
Of regal birth; and vain that first herself
Lisped the dear name of Father, eldest born.
Forced from her suppliant posture, straight she viewed
The altar full prepared: not there to blend
Connubial vows, and light the bridal torch;
But, at the moment when nature in charms,
While Hymen called aloud, to fall, e'en then,
A father's victim, and the price to pay
Of Grecian navies favored thus with gales.—
Such are the crimes that Superstition prompts!"—IV, 81-110.

Even Homer has few finer passages than this; scarcely any better calculated to wring the heart, and melt it into commiseration for the innocent and beautiful victim of superstition. It is a bitter satire on the gallantry of the Grecians, to say that, notwithstanding her charms, her youth, and the consciousness on all hands that she had done nothing to deserve death, or indeed any punishment whatever, she implored protection in vain. Her imploring looks at her father, while "dumb with alarm," his sadness and his inability to save her from the "keen steel," are described with the truthfulness of an artist who has had time and opportunity to study his subject.

Lucretius, as already intimated, is generally regarded as an atheist. Whether he really believed in the existence of God or not, may be doubted; but there is no doubt as to his denying that any intelligent being has created the world. Before we present any of his views on the latter subject, we will quote a brief passage, which shows what opinion he entertained of the gods, if, indeed, he really believed what he says on the subject, or did not, as his admirers think he did, merely use the language of fable, the same as we speak ourselves, at the present day, of the heathen deities. This may account for his invocation of Venus, whom he addresses as a deity. But, having done so, he dedicates his poem to

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his friend and patron, Memmius, and then describes what he represents as the careless apathy of the gods, and their total indifference to the affairs of the world.

"Son of the Memmu! thou, benignant, too,
Freed from all cares, with vacant ear attend;
Nor turn, contemptuous, ere the truths I sing,
For thee first harmonized, are full perceived.
Lo! to thy view I spread the rise of things;
Unfold th' immortals, and their blest abodes:
How Nature all creates, sustains, matures,
And how, at length, dissolves; what forms the mass,
Termed by the learned Matter, Seeds of Things,
And generative Atoms, or, at times,
Atoms primordial as hence all proceeds.
Far, far from mortals and their vain concerns,
In peace perpetual dwell th' immortal gods:
Each self-dependent, and from human wants
Estranged forever. There nor pain pervades,
Nor danger threatens; every passion sleeps;
Vice no revenge, no rapture virtue prompts."—I, 46–62.

In different other parts of the poem the gods are spoken of in similar language, but generally the reader is warned against giving himself any trouble about them, on pain of realizing, through his own mistaken ideas, the dangers he apprehends. Not, however, through any resentment or sense of wrong on the part of the gods, whose only effect on mortals is, that they emit images of themselves which frighten the weak.

"These notions if thou chase not, driving far
Thoughts of the gods unworthy, and adverse
To the pure peace they covet, thou wilt oft
Foretaste the heavenly vengeance that thou dread'st.
Not that the majesty of powers like these
Rage e'er can violate or dire revenge
Rouse into action; but that thou thyself
Hence thy own ease will shipwreck with the storms
Of passions fierce and foul; nor e'er approach
With hallowed heart the temples they possess,
Nor, deeply musing, mark with soul serene
The sacred semblances their forms emit,
Traced by the spirit, thus of gods assured."—VI, 69–81.

The original is much more spirited and energetic; especially the following lines:

"Non, quo violari summa Deum vis
Possit, ut ex ira poenas petere inbibat acreis;
Sed, quia tute tibi placida cum pace quietus,
Constues magnos irarum volvere fluctus,
Nec delubra Deum placido cum pectore adhibis," &c.—70–5.

In a prose translation, as nearly literal as possible, these read thus: "Not that the supreme majesty of the deities can really be violated, so that it should seek, through anger, to inflict severe punishment; but because you yourself, when you might be calm in tranquil peace, *will suppose* that the

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gods cherish vast floods of wrath against you; nor will you be able to approach the temples of the deities with a heart at ease," &c. This would serve to leave no doubt of the poet's faith in the existence of everlasting beings; but he intimates elsewhere (V. 1160–1199) that they are simply the creatures of imagination. But whether he believes in them or not, it is certain that he denies their instrumentality in the creation of the world.

> "Nor deem the sacred mansion of the gods
> *O'er aught extend of this immortal frame;*
> For their immortal nature, far removed
> From human sense, from matter gross and dull,
> Scarce by the mind's pure spirit can be traced.
> Hence, as no touch of matter these can reach,
> Their finer textures never can impress
> Material objects, for whate'er exists
> Intangible itself can never touch."—I. 152–160.

The poet is equally positive that they do not rule the world or any of its inhabitants, and that everything created, even the sun itself, whatever is visible or invisible, must resolve itself into its original elements.

> "Add, too, that nought, through universal space,
> Springs single, the sole progeny produced.
> The soul sustained; still countless every class,
> Those, chief, percipient: the wild mountain herds,
> The race of man consociate, the mute fish
> With quivering fin, and all th' aerial tribes.
> *Hence, too, nor heaven, nor earth, nor sun, nor moon,*
> *Nor the broad main, nor aught besides, alone*
> Can live, but each unlimited in kind.
> Each the same substance, the same seeds of death,
> Bears in its frame, that stamp the ranks diverse
> More obvious, gendered by connubial love."

He is still more emphatic in another passage in the same book, as to all created things being independent of every power.

> "All begot
> Begotten must be, punctual to their kinds,
> *Exist, increase,* and *perish;* following firm
> The laws by nature framed; *nor aught of power,*
> *Act where it may,* can change the entire of things."—II, 306–310.

There is no more sublime and startling passage in the whole poem than that in the fifth book, which closes with the death knell of the grandest objects in nature, in the following lines:

> "Haud igitur leti praeclusa est janua coelo,
> Nec soli, terraeque, neque allis aequoris undis;
> Sed patet, inmani et vasto respectat hiatu."

No version, either in blank verse or rhyme, with which we are acquainted, embodies the awe-inspiring force of this passage. The nearest approach that can be made to it is by means of a prose version, which, too, must necessarily be

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tame and spiritless as compared to the original. The elaborate and powerful argument of the poet closes as follows, as nearly as we can render it: "The gate of death, therefore, is not closed to the heaven, or to the sun, or to the earth, but stands open *and looks back for them with a mighty and huge abyss.*"

This would be almost sufficient by itself to show that, in the opinion of Lucretius, the soul as well as the body is mortal, and subject to dissolution; but it is not to this we desire to call the attention of our readers, but to the mode of argument adopted by the poet, and the inimitable manner in which it is everywhere conducted. Of nothing can it be more truly said than of the acute, learned and powerful reasoning of Lucretius, that it is worthy of a better cause. At the same time we cannot apprehend that it will do any harm, since all that seems dangerous in it is easily refuted, and has been refuted by the greatest thinkers of modern times. If, indeed, we were to admit the premises of Lucretius, it would be difficult to avoid the conclusions at which he arrives; but no such admissions are possible at the present day, except to such as are wilfully blind, or whose minds are so weak that they can be acted upon by anything in the shape of a brilliant and learned argument, especially when it is aided, as in the present case, by the charms of sublime poetry.

Before Lucretius proceeds to give his own opinion of the soul, he reviews those of all the ancients which he deems worthy of attention, proving beyond doubt how profoundly he has studied the subject. Having ridiculed some, and bestowed the highest praise on others—even on those who differed most from himself—according as they evince genius or the contrary, he passes judgment with all the confidence of a master, but in genuine poetry.

> "Yet doubtful is the doctrine, and unknown
> Whether, co-eval with th' external frame,
> The soul first lives, when lives the body first,
> Or boasts a date anterior: whether doomed
> To common ruin, and one common grave,
> Or through the gloomy shades, the lakes, the caves
> Of Erebus to wander: or, perchance,
> As Ennius taught, immortal bard, whose brows
> Unfading laurels bound, and still whose verse
> All Rome recites, entranced—perchance condemned
> The various tribes of brutes, with ray divine,
> To animate and quicken: though the bard,
> In deathless melody, has elsewhere sung
> Of Acherusian temples, where nor soul
> Nor body dwells, but images of men,
> Mysterious shaped; in wondrous measure wan.
> Here Homer's spectre roamed, of endless fame
> Possest: his briny tears the bard surveyed,
> And drank the dulcet precepts from his lips."—I, 123–141.

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This shows that there was not one of the great authors of antiquity whom he had not read, including Homer and Hesiod, Plato and Aristotle, and how profound was his admiration for the Prince of Poets. The eloquence and spirit with which he refutes one theory after another would seem scarcely credible to those who are unacquainted with his genius. He sets aside the arguments, even of the divine Plato, with as much ease as a well-practised teacher would show his pupil how to demonstrate a problem in Euclid. In the third book, he attempts to prove, by a series of elaborate arguments, that the soul is mortal, that it dies with the body, that as the body cannot live without the soul, so neither can the soul live without the body. Among all the ancient philosophers, Lucretius is peculiar in the opinion, that the mind not only governs the soul, but, in a certain sense, survives it.

"But 'tis the mind guards chief the gates of life,
And than the soul with ampler vigor sways.
For, without mind or spirit, soul itself,
In no one portion through the man can live,
Even for a moment: as a companion fond,
With speed it follows, dissipated wide,
And leaves the limbs beneath the ice of death;
While he whose mind, whose spirit safe subsists,
Still holds existence, though the exterior form
Throughout be mangled; *even though much of soul,*
Though every limb be lost, he still survives
Deep in the remnant trunk.
* * * * * * *
Now mark profound; to teach thee how this soul,
This subtle spirit, with the external frame
Begot, alike must perish.
* * * * * * *
The mind moreo'er, as every hour confirms,
Springs with the body, with the body grows,
And yields alike to years. The tottering babe,
Weakly of limb, betrays a mind as weak:
* * * * * * *
Hence the whole nature of this reasoning frame
Must all dissolve as smoke in ambient air."—III, 307–470.

The poet argues that since the soul acts on the body, and the body on the soul, it must follow that the former as well as latter is corporeal. He maintains, at the same time, that mind and soul form a compound of four substances, to one of which he gives no name.

"The soul, the mind, then, one same substance forms,
Minutely blended; but, in vulgar phrase,
That call we mind, or spirit, which pervades,
As chief, the heart's deep avenues, and rules
The total frame. Here grief, and terror spring.
Here pleasure plays; and here we hence conceive
Dwells mind, or spirit; while the remnant soul,
Through every limb diffused, the mind's dread nod
Obeys, and yields submissive to its will.
* * * * * * *

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Hence prove we, too, that both alike exist
Corporeal:—hence, every member yields
With quick submission to the joint behest:
Since bursts from sleep the body, since the face
Obsequious varies, and the total man
Feels the full sway profound, for nought can act
Where touch subsists not, nor can touch subsist
Void of corporeal base:—can we, then, doubt
That soul, that spirit, must corporeal spring?"—III, 135-178.

Did the poet confine himself to the corporeal theory in reference to the soul, there would be no great reason to find fault with him, even on religious grounds; for some of the profoundest thinkers among the moderns have favored the same theory—men who had no doubt of the immortality of the soul, and who lived and died at least *professing* the Christian religion—such, for example, as Locke. "Perhaps," says the author of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, "we shall never be capable of knowing whether a material being thinks or not; for this reason, that it is impossible for us to discover, by the contemplation of our own ideas, without revelation, whether God has not given *to some portion of matter, disposed as he thinks fit, the power of perceiving and thinking*, or whether he has joined and united to matter so disposed an immaterial and thinking substance. * * I do not see that there is any contradiction in God—that thinking, eternal and all-powerful being—giving, if he wills it, certain degrees of feeling, perception, and thought to certain portions of matter created and insensible, which he joins as he thinks fit." Be it remembered that the wise and thoughtful Seneca was of opinion that even our virtues are corporeal. Most probably the idea was borrowed from Lucretius, for the former, as well as the latter, argues that nothing but matter can act and be acted upon. The remarks of the Roman philosopher on this subject are so remarkable, that we do not hesitate to translate a brief passage, having no English version within our reach. Being asked by Lucilius whether he thought *goodness* is corporeal, "Undoubtedly it is," he replies, "since it *acts*, and that which acts is corporeal. *Goodness* acts on the soul; it gives it its form; it is, so to speak, its mould; effects which are proper only to a body. Besides, are not the virtues belonging to a body corporeal? Those belonging to the soul are so also, since the soul itself is a corporeal substance. * * I do not believe that you doubt that the passions are material substances; as, for example, anger, love, grief. If you doubt, consider to what extent they change the countenance, contract the face, brighten up

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the features, redden the complexion, or repel the blood to the heart. Do you believe that an incorporeal cause could produce results so corporeal? If the passions are corporeal, the diseases of the soul are equally so; such as avarice, cruelty, and generally all the vices that have become inveterate and incorrigible. The same may be said of indignation, envy, pride, &c. Virtues are corporeal, first, because opposed to vices, and secondly, because they produce corresponding external results. Do you not see what fire courage gives the eye, what attentive looks are caused by prudence? &c. * * It follows, then, that all the virtues must be corporeal, in order to alter thus the color and condition of bodies, and exercise over them an empire so absolute." But Seneca, unlike Lucretius, believed that, let the nature of the soul be what it may, man has always a divine spirit within him, which, if he will only heed its teachings, will infallibly prompt him to great and noble actions. "Yes, Lucilius," he says, "a holy spirit resides in our souls; he observes our vices, he takes care of our virtues, he treats us as we treat him. There is no good man who has not within him a divine spirit; and, without his assistance, what mortal can elevate himself beyond the reach of fortune?"

But it is in his account of the creation and the origin of things that Lucretius is most absurd and illogical. Here his reasoning powers fail him altogether, although nowhere is he more poetical or more sublime. No one has a more lively appreciation of the beauties of nature, animate or inanimate, or can describe them more truthfully; but he will not admit that there has been any design in their production. According to him, whatever is most magnificent, beautiful or grand, has been formed by the fortuitous concourse of atoms. The feet, he tells us, were not formed to walk; the eyes to see, or the stomach to receive the food; the heart was not designed to receive the blood from the veins and impel it through the arteries; nor was the ear so curiously constructed in order that it might hear; but all were turned to those uses respectively when found to be suitable for them. But we must let the poet speak for himself:

"For never, doubtless, *from result of thought*,
Or mutual compact, could primordial seeds
First harmonize, or move with powers precise.
But ever changing, ever changed and vext,
From earliest time, through ever-during space,
With ceaseless repercussion, every mode
Of motion, magnitude, and shape essayed:

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At length the unwieldy mass the form assumed
Of things created. Persevering, thus,
Through many an age, unnumbered springs the deep
Feed with perpetual tides: by the warm sun
Sustained, and cherished, earth renews her fruits,
And man, and beast survive; and ether glows
With living lights innum'rous: scenes throughout
'Twere vain t' expect, from all eternal time.
Had no primordial seeds, in stores immense,
Been ever nigh to renovate the world."—I, 1080–1096.

The author of *La Système de la Nature* founds his argument on the same basis, the only difference being, that what one calls a concourse of atoms, the other calls an aggregate of analogous molecules. Both are confuted therefore by the same arguments, and they have been confuted even by those supposed to entertain, themselves, the most dangerous ideas in regard to all that is most dear and sacred to Christians. Voltaire is called the arch-scoffer; but none of the moderns has stronger arguments in proof of a great First Cause and of the immortality of the soul. "It is impossible not to perceive," says the author of the *Henriade*, "how ridiculous it would be to maintain, that nature had toiled on from the very beginning of time to adjust herself to the inventions of our fortuitous and arbitrary arts, all of which are of so late a date in their discovery; but it is perfectly clear, that if noses were not made for spectacles, they were made for smelling, and there have been noses ever since there were men. * * It appears particularly difficult to suppose that those parts of the human frame, by which the perpetuation of the species is conducted, should in fact not have been destined and intended for that purpose, from their mechanism, so truly admirable, and the sensation which nature has connected with it, more admirable still."* Volney, who is also regarded as an Infidel, is never so eloquent, or enthusiastic, as when he is proving the existence of an all-wise Creator. "For every man," says the author of "Ruins of Empires," "who observes with reflection the astonishing spectacle of the universe, the more he meditates on the proprieties and attributes of each being, on the order and admirable harmony of their movements, the more certainly is he convinced that there is a Supreme Agent, a universal and Identical Artificer, designated by the name God."† The only consolation Lu-

* *Philosoph. Dict.*, Art. "Final Causes."

† Car pour tout homme qui observe avec réflexion le spectacle étonnant de l'univers, plus il médite sur les propriétés et les attributes de chaque être, sur l'ordre admirable et l'harmonie de leurs mouvements, plus il lui est démontré qu'il existe un *agent suprême*, un moteur *universal et identique*, designé par le nom de DIEU.—*La Loi Naturelle*, par M. VOLNEY.

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cretius allows in regard to a future life is, that the same atoms which compose us now may, in the course of ages after the dissolution of our present bodies, be so combined again as to form other men or women, as the case may be, adding that we need give ourselves no concern in regard to what the new beings may suffer. This Bayle justly turns into ridicule, while refuting the most revolting and absurd dogmas of the poet.*

La Harpe pertinently inquires, in refuting the same dogma, if the first man and woman were formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or by an aggregate of analogous molecules, how does it happen that similar conditions do not produce similar effects at the present day—in which case, the desert island, in which there is neither man nor woman, might soon be abundantly peopled, solely from its own resources.

"Disons à l'auteur, c'est-à-dire, à tous les athées qui expliquent tout par ce grand livre: Messieurs, je vous accorde que le premier homme et la première femme ont été faits par un agrégat de molécules analogues et similaires. Pourriez-vous me dire pourquoi les hommes et les femmes qui se font aujourd'hui, se font constamment par un agrégat de molécules, qui certainement n'est pas celui qui a fait le premier homme et la première femme? Car apparemment vous ne me direz pas que ce que nous appelons faire des enfans, ait pu avoir lieu avant qu'il y eût un homme et une femme. Je propose cette petite difficulté à tous ceux qui nient la creation et qui tiennent pour les agrégats, et je les recommande à Dieu."

In no other poem, ancient, or modern, with the sole exception of the Iliad, are there so many beautiful descriptions as in the *Nature of Things*. Had we time and space to show how much the most renowned of the moderns are indebted to him in this respect, we should seem, to those who have not examined the subject for themselves, to do gross injustice to the poets of Spain, Italy and France, as well as of England and Germany. As it is, we must content ourselves with giving a brief specimen, here and there, of his descriptive powers. His description of a thunder-storm is at once the most truth-

* He concludes an elaborate and unanswerable argument in proof of the existence of an all-wise Creator, and of the immortality of the soul, with his usual gentleness of manner. Without applying any harsh terms to the author of the *Nature of Things*, he remarks: "Disons donc que Lucrece examinait trop légèrement cette matière, lors qu'il pretendait que la mort mettant un long intervalle entre la prémière vie des atôms d'un corps humain, et la seconde vie des mêmes atôms, empêcherait que cette prémière et seconde vie n'apartinssent à un même homme. * * Lucrece n'a donc pas raisonné comme il falait."—*Dict. de Bayle*, Art. "Lucrece."

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ful and most sublime to be found in the whole range of poetry. We can only make room for a portion:

"Oft, too, o'er ocean, like a flood of pitch,
Some negro cloud prone rushes from the skies,
Dire leader of the darkness, followed close
By hurricanes and thunders, and itself
With fire surcharged, and fierce fermenting air,
Driving appalled each mortal to his home.
Whence high through ether must the tempest reach,
Piled cloud o'er cloud, the sun obstructing deep,
Or ne'er such ten-fold darkness could be reared,
Nor rush those headlong torrents that o'erpower
Oft every stream, and drown the cultured plains.
These all with fires, with furious airs are filled,
Whence spring the flash, and repercussive roar.
For, as we erst have sung, full many a seed
Igneous, the hollow-bosomed clouds contain
And many alike absorb they from the sun.
These, when th' aerial tide, expanding still
Has from the cloud's condensing frame exprest,
And with their fury its own rage combined,
Then springs the fiery vortex, and within
Forges profound, and points its deadly darts.
Doubly enkindled by the boisterous air
Rapid convolved, and touch of fiery seeds:
Then springs, and raves, and ripens till at length,
Grown full mature, the shackling cloud it cleaves,
And down abrupt with vibratory flash,
Diffused o'er all things, flings the missile fate.
Roars next the deep-toned clangor, as though heaven
Through all its walls were shattered; earth below
Shakes with the mighty shock, from cloud to cloud
Redoubling still through all the infuriate vault:
While loosened by the conflict prone descends
Th' accumulated torrent, broad and deep,
As though all ether into floods were turned,
And a new deluge menaced man and beast.
Such the vast uproar when the red-hot storm
Bursts forth abrupt, and hurls its fiery bolts."—vi, 261–297.

The description which he gives us, in the same book, of the plague at Athens, is a masterpiece of its kind. Genius has accomplished few greater triumphs than to clothe so loathsome and disgusting a subject with the charms of poetry, as Lucretius has done. Thucydides, who was not only an eye-witness of the frightful ravages of this horrible pestilence, but suffered from it himself, narrates all the facts with scrupulous accuracy; and his views are sustained by those of the most renowned physicians. Whether the poet had himself studied the healing art professionally or not, does not appear; but that he understood much about it is evident from every part of his poem—especially from his account of the symptoms of this terrific malady. He approaches the subject by showing how all climates have diseases peculiar to themselves, and how the people of all countries suffer afflictions from which others are more or less exempt. Having traced the virus of contagion from the place in which it

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is first generated, until it reaches Greece, he proceeds to describe the symptoms of the disease:

"The head first flamed with inward heat; the eyes
Reddened with fire suffused; the purple jaws
Sweated with bloody ichor; ulcers foul
Crept o'er the vocal path, obstructing close;
And the prompt tongue, expounder of the mind,
O'erflowed with gore, enfeebled in its post,
Hoarse in its accent, harsh beneath the touch.
And when the morbid effluence through the throat
Had reached the lungs, and filled the faltering heart,
Then all the powers of life were loosened; forth
Crept the spent breath most fetid from the mouth,
As steams the putrid carcass: every power
Failed through the soul—the body—and alike
Lay they liquescent at the gates of death
While with these dread, insufferable ills
A restless anguish joined, companion close,
And sighs commixt with groans, and hiccough deep,
And keen convulsive twitchings ceaseless urged,
Day after day, o'er every tortured limb,
The wearied wretch still wearying with assault.
Yet ne'er too hot the system could'st thou mark
Outwards, but rather tepid to the touch;
Tinged still with purple-dye, and brandished o'er
With trails of caustic ulcers, like the blaze
Of erysipelas. But all within
Burned to the bone; the bosom heaved with flames
Fierce as a furnace, nor would once endure
The lightest vest thrown loosely o'er the limbs.
All to the winds, and many to the waves,
Careless, resigned them; in the gelid stream
Plunging their fiery bodies, to be cooled:
While some, wide-gasping, into wells profound
Rushed all abrupt; and such the red-hot thirst
Unquenchable that parched them, amplest showers
Seemed but as dew-drops to th' unsated tongue.
Nor e'er relaxed the sickness; the racked frame
Lay all exhausted, and, in silence dread,
Appalled, and doubtful, mused the Healing Art.
For the broad eye-balls, burning with disease,
Rolled in full stare, for ever void of sleep,
And told the pressing danger; nor alone
Told it, for many a kindred symptom thronged.
The mind's pure spirit, all despondent, raved;
The brow severe; the visage fierce and wild;
The ears distracted, filled with ceaseless sounds;
Frequent the breath; or ponderous oft, and rare;
The neck with pearls bedewed of glistening sweat;
Scanty the spittle, thin, of saffron dye,
Salt, with hoarse cough scarce labored from the throat.
The limbs each trembled; every tendon twitched
Spread o'er the hands; and from the feet extreme
O'er all the frame a gradual coldness crept.
Then, towards the last, the nostrils close collapsed;
The nose acute; eyes hollow; temples scooped;
Frigid the skin, retracted; o'er the mouth
A ghastly grin; the shrivelled forehead tense;
The limbs outstretched, for instant death prepared;
Till with the eighth descending sun, for few
Reached his ninth lustre, life for ever ceased."—vi, 1186–1244.

The vividness of this picture in the original is truly appalling. No scene that we have ever witnessed on the stage was more powerfully calculated to fill the mind with horror. Yet no poet can be more tender and pathetic than Lucretius; or can more charmingly depict the more agreeable features of nature. As a delineator of the softer affections, he has

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never been surpassed; none have better described a mother's love. He proves that, not only among the human race is this the strongest tie, the purest and most disinterested feeling, but, also, among the lower animals. What, for example, can be more touching, and, at the same time, more poetical, than his description of a cow bemoaning the loss of her calf?

"Hence alone,
Knows the fond mother her appropriate young,
Th' appropriate young their mother, 'mid the brutes,
As clear discerned as man's sublimer race.
Thus oft before the sacred shrine, perfumed
With breathing frankincense, th' affrighted calf
Pours o'er the altar, from his breast profound,
The purple flood of life. But wandering wild
O'er the green sward, the dam bereft of hope
Beats with her cloven hoof th' indented dale,
Each spot exploring, if, perchance, she still
May trace her idol; through th' umbrageous grove,
With well-known voice, she moans; and oft re-seeks,
Urged by a mother's love, the accustomed stall.
Nor shade for her, nor dew-distended glebe,
Nor stream soft gliding down its banks abrupt,
Yields aught of solace; nor the carking care
Averts that preys within; nor the gay young
Of others soothe her o'er the joyous green:
So deep she longs, so lingers for her own."—ii, 353–372.

No poet, Pagan or Christian, has more graphically described the terrors of a guilty conscience than Lucretius. He shows, that if the tortures promised us in another world are but fictions, quite as bad overtake the wicked in this—that, in short, let the soul or the origin of things be what it may, retribution, in one form or other, always follows crime.

"The Furies, Cerberus, and Hell itself
Of light devoid, and belching from its jaws
Tremendous fires, live not, nor can they live:
But well they paint the dread of justice here
For crimes atrocious, the reward of guilt,
The scourge, the wheel, the block, the dungeon deep,
The base-born hangman, the Tarpeian cliff;
Which, though the villain 'scape, his conscious soul
Still fears perpetual torturing all his days,
And still foreboding heavier pangs at death.
Hence earth itself to fools becomes a hell."—iii, 1048–1058.

We find that we have devoted much more space to extracts than we had intended; indeed, our whole article has far exceeded the bounds we had prescribed for it. But the subject is far from being exhausted. We have been able to do little more than glance at the beauties which are so profusely scattered throughout the poem. In doing so, we have generally selected such passages as seem, more or less, to explain why it is that Lucretius has been neglected by Pagans as well as Christians. That he has grievously erred,

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few will deny. While denying that an Almighty Being has created the universe, he gives proof everywhere of a divine intelligence; of none can it be more truly affirmed, that the light by which he would lead others astray is light from heaven. His eloquent and sublime strains afford in themselves the most complete refutation of the ungrateful and debasing philosophy which would make the soul of a Homer, a Plato, a Newton, or a Lucretius as perishable as that of the most stupid and grovelling of the lower animals; and which, while admitting that the rudest article fashioned by the hand of man shows design, or the adaptation of a means to an end, pretends that man himself, confessedly the noblest work of creation, is merely one of the accidental results of the action of blind and senseless matter. Lucretius makes Nature reproach man for his discontent, his absurd fears, especially his fear of death at all periods of life; and there is much force and truth, as well as grandeur, in the speech which she utters. But, when it is read, it will be seen with how much greater justice might the Creator reproach the author of *De Rerum Natura* with ingratitude for the transcendent genius with which he has been endowed. With this passage, however, we must close our extracts. As no versified translation does justice to its startling earnestness, we give a prose version:

"Furthermore, if Universal Nature should suddenly utter a voice, and thus herself upbraid any one of us: 'What mighty cause have you, O mortal, thus excessively to indulge in bitter grief? Why do you groan and weep at the thought of death? For, if your past and former life has been an object of gratification to you, and all your blessings have not, as if poured into a leaky vessel, flowed away and been lost without pleasure, why do you not, unreasonable man, retire like a guest satisfied with life and take your undisturbed rest with resignation? But if those things, of which you have had the use, have been wasted and lost, and life is offensive to you, why do you seek to incur further trouble, which may all again pass away and end in dissatisfaction? Why do you not rather put an end to life and anxiety? For there is nothing further which I can contrive and discover to please you; everything is always the same. If your body is not yet withered with years, and your limbs are not worn out and grown feeble, yet all things remain the same, even if you should go on to outlast all ages in living, and still more would you see them the same, if you should never come to die.' What do we answer to this but that Nature brings a just charge against us, and sets forth in her words a true allegation?

"But would she not more justly reproach and upbraid, in severe accents, him who, being miserable unreasonably, deplores death? 'Away with thy tears, wretch,' she might well say, 'and forbear thy complaints.' But if he who is older, and more advanced in years, complain, she may retort thus: 'After having been possessed of all the most valuable things

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of life, thou pinest and wastest away with age. But, because thou always desirest what is absent, and despisest present advantages, life has passed from thee imperfect and unsatisfactory, and death has stood by thy head unaware, and before thou canst depart content and satisfied with thy circumstances. Now, however, resign all things unsuitable to thy age, and yield at once, with submissive feelings, to that which is stronger than thou, for it is necessary.'"—iii, 139.

ART. II.—1. *Briefwechsel zwischen Göthe und Zelter, in den Jahren* 1796 *bis* 1832; *herausgegeben von* Dr. FRIEDRICH WILHELM RIEMER, Grossherzog. Sächs. Hofrathe und Bibliothekar. 6 vols., 8vo. Berlin, 1833, 1834. Duncker und Humblot.

2. *Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

3. *Göthe's Werke. Vollständige Ausgabe letzter Hand* (Goethe's Works. Completed, final Edition). 40 voll. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1827–30.

4. *Göthe's Nachgelassene Werke* (Goethe's Posthumous Works). Bände VI. to XV. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1833.

5. *The Life and Works of Goethe, &c.* By G. H. LEWIS. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

6. *Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; the Bride of Corinth; the First Walpurgis Night; translated from the German of Goethe, and illustrated with Notes.* By JOHN ANSTER, LL. D. (of Trinity College, Dublin), Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman. 1838.

IT is but rarely that we make an author who is extensively read the subject of a paper in this journal. In general, we prefer to bring before our readers those who deserve to be studied, but who are neglected, save by the thoughtful and discriminating few. We pursue this course because there are enough besides us to tell people what most of them have an idea of already. It is for the daily and weekly papers to note what is transitory, and do so in such a manner that "he who runs may read." They are for the million—for those, the large majority of whom have not the time, even if they had the inclination, or the capacity, to think; while our journal is not for the half, or the quarter, of the million—only for the few thousands, but we may be permitted to add, for the cultivated few—for those who have learned to reason and analyze as well as read. As this is the class for which the work is designed, it becomes all the more necessary that we attempt to look beyond the surface, and show reason, as best we can, why the *chefs d'œuvre* of other days should be better

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appreciated than they are. There is no danger but a robust youth, in the full vigor of life, will make his way in the crowd; but who would see a venerable, tottering man, so closely pressed on every side as to be in danger of being trampled under foot, without feeling he ought to assist in extricating him—especially if aware that, however neglected now, he was once the delight of thousands.

The same remark may serve as a reply to those well-meaning, but thoughtless, persons who imagine that because a periodical is published in a particular country, and calls itself "National," all its subjects, at least the majority, should be "racy of the soil." We may, however, add another observation or two on this point; and they may as well assume the form of queries as any other. Is there anything unnational in profiting by the experience of the most insignificant nation, now existing, or for ever passed away, not to mention the wisest or greatest? Is there anything unnational in trying to learn wisdom, or taste, from the greatest productions of the human intellect—from the works of Homer, or Virgil, for example, because they are not "racy of the soil"? Would it not be just as sensible and logical to maintain that none of our buildings should be in the Grecian, Italian, or even Gothic style of architecture, since it is notorious that none of them originated with us? Fortunately, there are not many at the present day who entertain such notions—certainly no critics worthy of the name. Were it otherwise, they might well be asked, why do they buy silks for their wives or daughters? why watches for themselves? or why do they prefer to wear French or English cloth in their coats, when they can get the home-made article cheaper? Our journal is not local; it is cosmopolitan, as it was designed to be; but we hold that it is nothing the less national on this account, or less heartily devoted to the best interests of the Republic.

Now, too, we choose a subject which is not "racy of the soil," but not one that is in any danger of being forgotten soon, namely, Goethe and his works. If the author of *Faust* was, strictly speaking, never a citizen of the great Republic of the West, it is not the less true that he was a citizen of the world, and that none capable of appreciating the highest order of intellect will deny his claim, whatever may have been his faults, to the world's gratitude, as one of its greatest benefactors. But this, it may be replied, is well known, as scarcely any who read are ignorant of the fame of Goethe.

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No modern author has had more books written about him, not excepting Dante or Shakespeare. The works in different languages of which he has been made the subject, would fill a pretty large library by themselves. He has been oftener translated than perhaps all other authors of his time; at least, translations of his principal productions have been oftener attempted than those of any other writer. We have now before us nine different English versions of *Faust* alone, namely, those of Anster, Talbot, Hills, Hayward, Syme, Bernays, Birch, Halliday, and Blackie. These are in prose and verse, most of them are annotated to a greater or less extent, and only two or three are without an elaborate introduction, in which the translator undertakes to analyze the poem. The French and Italians have also many translations of the principal works of Goethe; but considerably fewer than the English. The latter and ourselves read him more than all continental Europe, excepting his own country—all whose language is the German.

In this respect, we, as it were, reciprocate the admiration which the Germans have for Shakespeare. In France, Italy, and Spain the great English dramatist has, indeed, many admirers; but not one for every hundred he has in Germany. Many reasons are assigned for this disparity; but it is not necessary for us to examine them here. Suffice it to say, in passing, that the German mode of thought, as well as the German language, has a closer affinity to our own than those of any other people, which affords, perhaps, the best explanation that can be given, within equal bounds, of the mutual appreciation alluded to. But be this as it may, there are still but few who understand Goethe. Hundreds have, indeed, given elaborate opinions of his writings; but it may be doubted whether a single true portrait of him has yet been given by any foreigner. Carlyle has, perhaps, approximated nearest to the truth. His criticisms on his works are undoubtedly the best in the English language; but it is principally because they are the most elaborate. Not that any other foreigner was better qualified for the task than Carlyle. A man of genius himself, a profound thinker, one whose mind is eminently analytical, and whose taste has been formed on the best classic models, may well claim to pass judgment even on works like *Faust*, *Tasso*, and *Iphigenia*. But no critic, however stern and impartial, is superior to the influence of private friendship. That Carlyle had reason to be attached to Goethe is now well known—though certainly no

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reason which was not equally honorable to author and critic. The high praise bestowed by Goethe on Carlyle's biography of Schiller was well calculated, by itself, coming, as it did, from so illustrious a source, to secure the good-will of the critic. "It is worthy of admiration," says the poet, "how the writer has attained to a satisfying insight into the character and exalted merit of this man, so clear and so just as was hardly to be expected from the distance. Here, however, an old observation is confirmed: *Good-will leads to perfect knowledge.* For it is precisely because the Scotchman recognizes the German with cordiality, honors and loves him, that he acquires the surest knowledge of his excellent qualities, and is enabled to raise himself to a clearness, as respects his subject, which the countrymen of the great departed were in former times utterly unable to reach." Who could help being influenced by a tribute like this? We have evidence enough that Carlyle was not the man; and who will blame him for it? He should be something more than human, to be proof against it. Even the divine Plato cannot be said to be altogether impartial in the estimate which he gives us of his master, Socrates. It is now generally admitted by the best critics, that, however great was the wisdom of the philosopher-martyr, his merits as an original thinker were exaggerated by his pupil, while his faults were kept out of sight. It is no discredit to Carlyle to say that his friendship, too, has somewhat warped his judgment. He could not, indeed, have admired the genius of Goethe too much; it deserved all. But there is a great difference between admiring a great painting or statue, and giving a true estimate of its merits, and, at the same time, pointing out its defects; for true criticism requires the latter as well as the former, since no human production, however beautiful or sublime, is perfect.

In this Carlyle has failed, and so we are without a true portraiture of Goethe in the English language. But let us not be charged with vanity, or any kindred sin, until it is seen that we are guilty of it; for we do not pretend, or hope that we can succeed in an effort in which Carlyle has failed. The task which we propose to ourselves is a simple one, though sufficiently laborious. Having first carefully read the principal works of Goethe, partly in the original and partly through translations, we have taken the pains to compare the impressions of different critics with each other,

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and sought to discover the points in which they differ mostly from our own, and, whenever we have seen any sufficient reason to modify the latter, we have not hesitated to do so. Those impressions we now proceed to note as they occur to us, and the reader will form his own opinion as to whether they are correct or not, doing us the justice to bear in mind, that the wren has often discovered, as naturalists tell us, what has escaped the attention of the eagle—that is, when we have completed our task—not the present article, in which, we need hardly say, nothing more than an outline can be given.

The Boswell of Goethe is Dr. Riemer. But the Scotchman is vastly superior in the most essential characteristics of a biographer to the German. The latter is, indeed, much more learned and has a better judgment than the former, but the former is more graphic, a keener observer, a more patient and accurate reporter of conversations—in a word, a more truthful painter. Riemer is too heavy; he often gives us a Greek or Latin quotation instead of a conversation—a quotation, too, which, when deciphered, is found to have little relevancy to the question at issue. This, however, arises from no carelessness; for the genuine Boswell is not a more enthusiastic admirer of his great master than Riemer is of Goethe. Had the latter been less so, his work would have been much more valuable than it is. But he is too intolerant; he makes an idol of Goethe; those who refuse to worship him, as he does himself, he treats as the worst of heretics. He is peculiar in this respect—certainly different from any biographer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted. According to Riemer, all who criticise Goethe must be either knaves or fools; they must either be actuated by malice prepense or be hopelessly stupid; and they are duly chastised accordingly. His excuse for conduct like this is, that he had an experience of thirty years of his subject, having been the greater part of that time employed by the poet as the corrector of his manuscripts, and several years as tutor of his son. He argues that with such opportunities it would be almost impossible to be mistaken, either in the author or the man. This, indeed, would be true, if the party possessing them were capable of availing himself of them. Without such capability, daily opportunities, extending over a period of a hundred years, if such were possible, would not be sufficient, especially with such a subject as Goethe. The philoso-

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pher-poet himself seemed fully aware that Riemer was unequal to the task which he had undertaken. In proof of this, we need only refer to the *Table-talk*, at the close of the second volume. This does no justice to Goethe. Nowhere in his writings are his observations so commonplace. It exhibits little of that brilliancy, and still less of that profundity, characteristic of the author of *Faust*. This is not to be accounted for on the ground that the Doctor has not given full reports, although the most brilliant observations become dull and vapid when clumsily set down. It seems impossible to avoid the inference that Goethe, knowing the calibre of the man he had to deal with, resolved to descend to his level; for it was always one of his favorite axioms that common courtesy requires that in conversation we should endeavor to suit our language as best we can, to the capacities and tastes of those with whom we converse.

At the same time, there is much that is valuable in the two thick volumes of Dr. Riemer; for, whatever may be the defects of the author in other respects, even his enemies scarcely venture to deny that he is a man of the strictest integrity. The general verdict in Germany is, that any statement of fact which he makes from his own knowledge may be implicitly relied upon. Hence it is that more has been borrowed from him than from all other biographers. It is only his criticisms, or, rather, his eulogies, that are calculated to mislead; and yet he not only gives a more correct general idea of Goethe than any other biographer, but also affords the reader more aid in studying his characteristics. Carlyle is vastly more eloquent and persuasive than Riemer. The former gives us much finer descriptions than the latter, but much less information. If the belligerent disposition of Riemer is generally disagreeable, it sometimes answers a good purpose. This is the case in the instance in which he attacks Falk, denouncing him as a falsifier of Goethe's opinions and expressions; for Falk too has had the ambition to be the poet's Boswell; and as such he has been extensively quoted by various biographers. Nowhere is Riemer more logical than when he comes to deal with Falk; indeed, in the course of his arguments against the only person that has any pretension to rival him in his peculiar sphere, he sometimes becomes humorous, as, for example, when he asks, If Goethe was so very intimate with Falk, and for so long a time as the

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latter pretends, how does it happen that he never mentions his name, either in his voluminous correspondence with Schiller and Zelter, or in any of the fifty-five volumes of his writings? "Me he does mention in almost every one of his books," says Riemer; "in most of them several times, and always with confidence and respect. If he had confidence and respect, or either, for Falk, why has he not left us some proof of the fact?" Falk tries to explain this, by alleging that his rival availed himself of his position, as a corrector of the manuscripts, to expunge whatever incidental remarks he did not wish to see the light. But this has had little effect—no effect at all on those acquainted with the circumstances. Altogether independently of the known integrity of Riemer, and his veneration for the opinions of his great master—a veneration amounting almost to idolatry—everybody knew that remarks made in letters to Schiller or Zelter could not have been suppressed without the concurrence of the latter; and accordingly the public opinion of Europe soon adopted the rule, that no important statement made by Falk should be accepted, except it was corroborated, at least, in some of its essential particulars, by some biographer in whom Goethe was known to have confidence. At the same time, Falk has been much more read abroad, especially in England, than Riemer. His freedom of opinion and outspokenness would sufficiently account for this. We naturally prefer that which reveals most and is most independent in criticism. But Falk has had an additional advantage, in being introduced to the English and American public—Mrs. Austin, a very lively and agreeable writer, having translated his work in her *Goethe and his Contemporaries*, a compliment which the numerous Greek and Latin notes of Riemer would have effectually precluded her from conferring on the latter, even had she been disposed to do so; or had his book been as attractive in every other respect as Falk's.

When it is borne in mind that most of the various translators of Goethe differ and quarrel with each other in a similar manner—scarcely any two of them agreeing as to what the poet means in any remarkable passage of his writings—it will not seem strange that the most enlightened public has hitherto failed to understand Goethe. Those who have never read a line of his writings, if any such there are in any enlightened community, must admit that profound, indeed, must be the thinker, who, although dead, so far as he was

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mortal, only a few brief years, whom several of our readers have seen and perhaps conversed with, is as great a problem, considered in connection with his multifarious works, as the design and mode of execution of the Pyramids, which for thousands of years have bid defiance to the ravages of time, and which year after year, to the present moment, form the subject of books and pamphlets, by the learned of all nations.* In this mysteriousness, which envelops the character of Goethe almost as effectually as the fabled cloak of darkness enveloped the deities of mythological times, Dante alone can be compared to Goethe. No other author has formed the subject of such voluminous commentaries. We are not aware that professorships have yet been established in the principal universities of Germany for the sole purpose of elucidating passages in the works of Goethe, which the public, however enlightened, are not supposed to understand; but that such have been maintained in the principal universities of Italy, for more than a century, for the purpose of explaining the allegories of the *Divina Commedia*, is familiar to all our readers. Shakespeare needs no such professorships. All can understand him, because his language is the language of nature, as simple and plain as herself, though as full of variety. But the Germans tell us that what is greatest is also most mysterious, if not most incomprehensible; and they go so far as to adduce the Deity as an instance. If man, they say, was created after the likeness of his Maker, the more perfect that likeness is the more divine the man. If this were recognized as a true test of greatness, Germany would have a larger number of great men than all other countries put together, because she has a larger number of authors whose works are so inscrutable that it often puzzles themselves to understand what they write.†

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* The best explanation of this inability on the part of the public to form a correct opinion is that given by Voltaire, namely, that, after all, men reflect little; they read with negligence; *they judge with precipitation*, and *they receive opinions as one receives money—because it is current.* "Les hommes réfléchissent peu; ils lisent avec négligence; ils jugent avec précipitation; et ils reçoivent les opinions comme on reçoit la monnaie, parcqu'elle est courante."

† Menzel was no admirer of the literary fecundity of his countrymen. "We Germans," he says, "*do* little, but write so much the more. When one of our descendants in future centuries shall look back upon the present epoch of German history, he will be apt to find *more books than men* in our nation. He may march back through past years as through so many repositories. He will say that we have been sleeping, and that books are our dreams. We have made ourselves a nation of *scribblers*, and might fitly exchange the double eagle for a *goose*."—*Die Deutsche Literatur*, von WOLFGANG MENZEL, p. 56.

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Before attempting any analysis of the characteristics of Goethe, we will take a brief glance at his early life. No biographical sketch is necessary, in an article of this kind, of an author whose fame is so universal as that of Goethe. If there are any who think the contrary, there are several within their reach.* Let it be our duty simply to indicate, in passing, the salient points in our author's character, or, rather, those influences which seem to have had most to do with its formation. The youth of Goethe had nothing to wish for. Every advantage that wealth and birth could afford was within his reach; the best care, the best instruction, the best training; and he took advantage of all. Like most great men, he owed much more to his mother than to his father, although the latter was by no means an ordinary man. He was a leading citizen of Frankfort, one who had travelled much, and thought much; who not only had a good library, and a valuable collection of paintings and sculptures of his own, but knew how to appreciate each. But he did not possess the genial disposition or the higher intellectual gifts of the poet's mother, whom all that knew her declare to be a woman of a superior mind. Riemer tells us, that the father preferred having the future poet instructed in the natural sciences, and that the mother preferred the classics. In the latter view, the poet himself concurred, and he exerted himself accordingly; but, as if to effect a compromise between the two parents, he also studied the sciences, though by no means with so much ardor as he did the languages. Of this we have sufficient proof in his works. "From my youth upwards," he says, "have I striven to familiarize myself as much as possible with Grecian art and Grecian spirit, and I am assured, by persons to be depended upon, that I have succeeded pretty well."

Those who desire more conclusive evidence than this may refer to the sixth volume of his complete works, in which, under the head of Greek Literature, he treats with a master's hand such subjects as the Tragic Tetralogy of the Greeks; Parody among the Ancients; the disputed passage in Aristotle as to the object of tragedy; Plato considered as contemporary with a Christian revelation; "Homer once again," and the Phædon and the Bacchanals of Euripides. So conscious was he through life of the benefit he derived from the

* That by G. H. Lewes, published by Ticknor & Fields, is, with all its faults, the best in the English language.

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study of Greek literature, that he regarded Greek scholarship as a claim to his friendship and sympathy. Indeed, it is for no other reason that he seems first to have taken a liking to Riemer. True, the latter does not say so himself; but he intimates that Falk's ignorance of Greek would have been sufficient by itself to induce Goethe to despise his criticisms. It is to be remarked, besides, that, with scarcely an exception, all with whom the poet formed lasting friendships were more or less deeply imbued with the classic spirit. This is true of Herder, Merk, Wieland, the two Humboldts, Hegel, Varnhagen, Klinger, Moutz, Kniep, Tischbein, and may we not add Carlyle? Some of those whom he disliked were also good Hellenists—such, for example, as the Menzels, Gutzkows, Nicolais, Heines and Börnes; but there was good reason for his dislike of these. It may be doubted whether Homer himself could have been altogether insensible to the violent onslaught of critics like those mentioned.

We do not mean, however, that Goethe was so pedantic and absurd as to become attached to none but Hellenists. Although none loved Greece more than Byron, few knew less about the language of Homer and Plato. But Goethe did not like him anything the less on the latter account. This may be seen from his papers on *Don Juan*, *Manfred*, and *Cain;* in each of which he pays a high compliment to the author. Don Juan was universally condemned in Germany, for its immorality, when it first appeared; even the French were half ashamed to be seen reading it; while at home in England it was a forbidden book. All, indeed, read it, ladies as well as gentlemen; but few had the courage to do so openly. It was while it was thus at once condemned and read with avidity that Goethe had the boldness to translate as many stanzas as would give his numerous admirers a foretaste of its character, at the same time recommending it in no measured terms. And if he alluded to the morality, or, rather, the immorality of it, his remarks were evidently intended to allay, if not altogether to neutralize, the prejudices excited against the poem; for, instead of censuring the latter, he censures the journals of the day, whose standard was not very high in his time. "Upon closer examination, however," he says, "perhaps no particular injury to morality is any longer to be apprehended from reprints of such poems, since poets and writers must work wonders to be more injurious

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to morals than the papers of the day." In the paper on *Manfred* he discovers Lord Byron himself to be his favorite hero, which, it seems, pleased his lordship more than any other compliment he received even from Goethe; although the author of *Faust* wrote a paper about the same time, entitled, "Relations to Byron," which had the effect of greatly increasing the popularity of the author of *Childe Harold* throughout the continent. This was all the more generous on Goethe's part, because it does not seem that Byron had hitherto paid any public tribute to him. It soon after became known that he had intended to dedicate his *Sardanapalus* to him, but that some passing whim had led him to alter his resolution; although a copy of the dedication had actually been sent to Weimer, where a fac simile of it still exists. The change of intention is accounted for by the gossip of the day, by representing that his lordship, who was ignorant of German, was informed by some officious person that Goethe had satirized him in one of his late papers. Be this as it may, the two poets were soon reconciled; or, rather, Byron soon found that Goethe was innocent; and having a higher admiration for his genius now than ever, he hastened to make amends by the dedication of *Werner*, which runs as follows: "To the illustrious Goethe, by one of his humblest admirers, this tragedy is dedicated." This was fully appreciated and never forgotten by Goethe. Until the day of his death, he never spoke of the English poet but in the language of admiration and esteem. And we confess that there are few things he has done for which we like him so well as we do for the whole tenor of his conduct towards the author of *Childe Harold*, especially for his last act—we allude to what he did when Mr. Sterling presented to him a letter of introduction from his lordship in 1823, at Weimer, on his way to Genoa. This is the time, it will be remembered, that Greece was engaged in the struggle for life or death against Turkey, and it was rumored that Byron had resolved to devote his life to the "Land of the unforgotten brave." Goethe himself, speaking of this in the sixth volume of his works, observes: "Longer delay seemed culpable, and three hastily composed stanzas, expressive of the most heartfelt sympathy, were dispatched. They did not reach Genoa till he had left, but overtook him at Leghorn on the 24th July, 1823, as he was about to set sail, just time enough to admit of a cordial and very flattering reply."

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The remarks quoted in the above passage, brief as they are, not only show, as we said they would, that Goethe was not pedantic; they may also be regarded as at least presumptive evidence that he was not the cold, impassible, selfish man he is represented by many; though it must be confessed that those who bring these charges against him often seem to have truth and justice on their side—a fact of which we may give some illustrative instances further on. For the present we will return for a moment to the testimony of Riemer, who, if he is not administering a castigation to all who venture to see any fault in his hero, it is ten to one that he is engaged in an elaborate defence, and that when, in all probability, no defence is necessary. We have now our eye on a passage which serves to illustrate our remarks in reference to the different opinions formed by different parties of the characteristics of Goethe.

"That he was a complete man," says Riemer, as sarcastically as he can, and with the fullest confidence in the infallibility of his idol, "is denied by certain men and women. He was no constant friend, complain the one; he was no genuine lover, sigh the other. No Christian, deplores the bigot; at the same time, no genuine heathen, object the philologists; nor a real Mussulman, exclaims the Orientalist. A genius certainly not, at the best a talented man; only half a poet, and that in his youth, not in his old age, during which period he played the part of an absolute king, and not that of a constitutional poet. So say a poet and a poet's wife. No interpreter of nature (*Naturforscher*), at the best only a dilettante; for he was no mathematician, urge the scientific. No philosopher, least of all a dialectician, object the Hegelians. No courtier, and, although a minister, yet not a proper one, observe the subalterns. No German, no Papist, no democrat; so screams young Germany. Finally, however, all agree, Jews and Christians, *unisono*, that he was an egotist."—Vol. i, p. 3.

It may well be asked, If all these were the enemies of Goethe, who were his friends? The men and women, if arrayed against him, would leave only the children, not to mention the bigot, the scientific, the Jew, the Christian, and young Germany; yet the biographer is substantially correct, more so than in any similar passage throughout the whole extent of his two thick volumes, and it may be added that nowhere else is he more terse and epigrammatic. At all periods of life, Goethe was judged differently by different men. Even his teachers could not agree in regard to him. Of his stay at the University of Leipzig, his *Alma Mater*, many anecdotes are told, but it does not seem that he derived much profit from his academic studies. He had little con-

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fidence in the professors; and, with one or two exceptions, they had as little in him. Leipzig, however, had its great thinkers at the time, and Goethe knew how to appreciate them. His social position secured him a ready introduction into the best society—among the aristocracy of learning and intellect, as well as that of wealth and family. Thus it was that he became acquainted in turn with Ernesti, Gellert, and Gottsched. He eagerly availed himself of the knowledge which each possessed in abundance and were always glad to communicate. But, after being delighted with the eloquent disquisitions of the one, the brilliant philosophic conversations of another, and with the Attic wit of another, he had little disposition to submit to the college rules; and the result was, that he soon withdrew in disgust. In giving an account of this period himself, he remarks: "In logic, it seemed to me very strange that I must now take up those spiritual operations which from of old I had executed with the utmost convenience, and batter them asunder, insulate and as if destroy them, that their right employment might become plain to me. Of the thing, of the world, of God, I fancied I knew about as much as the Doctor himself, and he seemed to me, in more than one place, to *hobble dreadfully (gewaltig zu hapern)*." Goethe gives amusing descriptions of some of the Professors, and they in turn say some curious things of him; but both must be omitted here. We must content ourselves with remarking that from Leipzig Goethe passed to Strasburg, in order to complete himself in the study of the law, it being the wish of his father that he should become an advocate. But, for one hour devoted by the future poet to law, he devoted ten to love and poetry. Already he had formed some of the most important projects of his life. "These," he says, "were *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*. The written life of the former had seized my inmost soul. The figure of a rude, well-meaning self-helper, in wild, anarchic times, excited my deepest sympathy. The expressive puppet-show fable of the other sounded and hummed through me many-toned enough." It was during these musings that he saw for the first time the beautiful, gentle and confiding Fredrika. "Let us withdraw, however," he adds, "into the free air, in the high, broad platform of the Minster, as if the time were still here, when we young ones often rendezvoused thither to salute with full summers the sinking sun." By the aid of good telescopes, "one friend after

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another searched out the spot in the distance which had become the dearest to him; *neither was I without a little eye-mark of the like*, which, when it rose not conspicuous in the landscape, *drew me to it, beyond all else, with a kindly magic.*"

This brings us to what is considered by many as the great blemish in the character of Goethe—his treatment of the women by whom he was so much beloved; but we have no wish to dwell on the faults of such a man, even though they be quite as bad as they are represented in this case; for we must remember that genius does not exempt its possessor from all the weaknesses of human nature. The experience of the world shows but too plainly that, in general, it has a contrary effect. In nine cases out of ten, it is those who have the strongest intellect that have also the strongest passions. This is particularly true of the poets. If some of the best have seemed mild—almost without any passion—we should remember the effect of education and culture in subduing the natural propensities. It is recorded of Socrates, that when a physiognomist was laughed at for pronouncing the philosopher libidinous, he admitted frankly that he had been so in his youth, but that he had overcome the propensity the same as he would a vicious horse. That poets themselves recognize this principle, they have virtually proved. Thus Achilles, the greatest of Homer's characters, has the most violent passions; the whole catastrophe of the Iliad turns on his wrath; and in proportion as all the other characters are great, the poet endows them with strong passions. It is precisely because Æneas wants passion—because he is too emphatically the "pious Æneas"—that the great Latin epic lacks the grandeur and sublimity of the Greek epic. Milton had this in his mind in the delineation of his Satan, as a similar remark will apply with equal force to the masterpieces of Dante and Tasso. Nor do the great creations of Shakespeare form an exception. Hamlet, Lear and Othello are full of passion. In short, we might multiply examples taken from all the principal poets, from Æschylus and Euripides to Byron and Shelley; but enough.*

Of all great men that ever lived, none brought their passions under more perfect subjection than Goethe. The passion of

* "D'alleurs," says M. Henry Blaze, "qui jamais a lu dans le sein de Goëthe? Qui oserait porter un jugement irrévocable sur certains actes de cette vie si calme et si profonde? Chez de pareils Hommes tout est mystère à moins qu'on ne se place au point de vue du travail qu'ils devaient accomplir; alors seulement un peu de lumière vous arrive, et les doutes commencent à s'éclaircir."—*Essai sur Goëthe*, p. 10.

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love was, perhaps, the only one which he did not prevent from doing injury to others; and, before we condemn him, we ought to inquire whether he could really have avoided the evil in this case. We should remember, that if several loved him—nay, if he loved them in return, as we have sufficient evidence he did—he could only marry one. Nor have we any right to say that he ought not to have chosen the one he did, because she was merely a peasant girl, with but slender pretensions to beauty, and with scarcely any pretensions to intellect—one, too, with whom he had lived for some years before marriage. Had he consulted his critics, he would have preferred Fredrica, Lilli, Annchen, Lucinda, Bettina, &c.; but scarcely two of them could agree in regard to any one, not excepting Fredrica. One of the reasons why Goethe is called an egotist is, that he thought it perfectly right that all these ladies, and as many more as felt disposed, should love him, but that they had no right to expect that he would love them in return. It was because Spinoza took this view of love, that Goethe was so fond of his writings; at least, so he tells us himself. "What particularly riveted me," he says, "was the unlimited disinterestedness to be read in every sentence. Those extraordinary words, '*He who rightly loves God, must not expect God to love him in return*,' with all the premises on which they are founded, and all the consequences flowing from them, entirely occupied me. Disinterestedness in all things, *in love and friendship, it was my greatest delight*, my maxim, my constant exercise; so that the daring question which follows, '*If I love you, what is that to you?*' came as from my heart" (Vol. XIV.). He thought that if he married Fredrica, Lilli, or Bettina, much more devotion would have been expected from him than he could spare time for, and several of his biographers are of the same opinion. M. Blaze, for instance, thought that Fredrica would have claimed the devotion of his whole being; and that he, being unable to gratify her, would have been the cause of her death.* In one of his Idyls in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, he congratulates himself on having extinguished in the bud a feeling which might have cost him two years of his time. This is supposed, with good reason, to be in allusion to the breaking off of his relations with Fredrica. That it

* "Frédérique en voulait à sa pensée, à sa tête, à son cœur; *il la laissa mourir*. Sa servante (the one he did marry) n'en voulait qu'à ses sens, il l'épousa."—*Essai sur Goëthe*, p. 11.

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has reference to some such rupture cannot be doubted; nor can it be denied that, regarded in this light, it shows not only selfishness, but heartlessness.* The ladies, at least, will be apt to think that he carried his appreciation of the value of time a little too far. Many of them forgive him, however, when they understand that one of the prevailing ideas of his life was self-culture; if he can be said to have left a single passion unsubdued, it was this. Those who represent him as most ambitious for fame, admit that even this feeling, so natural to the most highly gifted, was subservient to his constant, insatiable desire for self-improvement. It was the latter, we are assured, that often made him act so strangely in the presence of visitors who had come hundreds of miles to see him—when he could only answer them in monosyllables, and scarcely deign to notice their praises. Many left him disappointed—some disgusted—not a few offended on this account. They did not understand that this was at once his weak and his strong point. At least, it seemed a weakness; it made him appear in a very unfavorable light. Even those who estimate self-culture at its full value are likely to say that it could be practiced sufficiently well without carrying it to such an extent as this. Goethe, however, is of a different opinion; he rather boasts of the inflexible resolution with which he placed all under contribution, while he permitted few to elicit anything from him in return. "What have I done?" he says to Dumont's nephew. "I have collected and turned to account all I have seen, heard and observed; I have put in requisition the works of nature and man. Every one of my writings has been furnished me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things; the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age, have come in turn, generally without having the least suspicion of it, to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience; often they have sowed the harvest I have reaped; my work is an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature; it bears the name of Goethe." This is as true as it is frank; and in it we have an explanation of the universality of his writings. It will not, however, satisfy those who believe that love

* When he objected to Lilli that his friends were averse to his marrying her, she offered to give up all for his sake and accompany him to America. But no use. His mind was not of the romantic order. "My beautiful paternal house," he says, "only a few paces from hers, was a much more desirable abode, than the distant unknown land across the sea."

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merits love—that it is evil rather than good—a source of pain rather than pleasure—when unrequited.

Still there are extenuating circumstances in Goethe's case. Before condemning him for his conduct to the ladies, it is well to inquire more or less into the circumstances; and bear in mind that the blue-eyed daughters of Germany make love in a somewhat different way from the ladies of other countries. We do not mean that the former are less virtuous than the latter—nothing of the kind; but they are more enthusiastic—more the creatures of impulse. The gentle Alsatian Fredrica is perhaps an exception among the lovers of Goethe. But take Lilli, for example, who upsets everything about her on the table at which she dines as a guest, because her neighbor makes a remark she does not like, and she does so in order to attract the attention and gain the good-will of Goethe. Even this is not so strange as the conduct of Bettina, as described in her own letters.

In giving an account to his mother of her first interview with the poet, she tells all about her introduction, &c. "Anon," she says, "the door opened, and there he stood in solemn seriousness, and gazed on me with fixed eyes. I stretched forth my hands to him and—more I know not—Goethe pressed me to his heart. 'Poor girl, have I frightened thee?' These were the first words with which his voice thrilled into my heart. He led me into his study and placed me on the sofa opposite to himself. We both remained silent. * * * * I started up suddenly from the sofa. 'I can sit no longer,' I exclaimed. 'Well, then,' said he, 'do as you please;' and with that I flew upon his neck, and he took me upon his knee and pressed me to his heart. A deep silence followed. I had not slept for three days—*years had passed away in longing after him—I fell asleep on his bosom, and when I awoke a new life began within me.*" It may be inferred from this what she would say to the poet himself. It will not seem strange that his mother has to chide her in unmeasured terms for what she writes to Goethe. "Really, child, you are quite mad," says his mother; "what nonsense have you got into your head? Do you think my son has nothing better to do than to wander out by moonlight, and think of you? Silly girl!" &c., &c. It is not for us to say that there was any impropriety on the part of Bettina in all this; but, to say the least, it seems to show that it was no very grave offence against the laws of morality—no unpardonable slight

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to the female sex—on the part of the poet-philosopher that he had an objection to marry a young lady who was determined to fall asleep on his breast at the first interview, and some of whose subsequent letters, detailing her experience, are unfit for publication.

That Goethe was no stranger to the passion of love—nay, that he loved intensely and often—it is impossible to doubt. He once told Riemer that he "always conceived the ideal under the form of a woman." Whatever was most beautiful in nature or art he associated, in some form, with woman; but this, he thought, was nothing to her—he claimed no gratitude from her for it; and should not she be equally generous to him? This feeling was not German; the Germans repudiated it. But it was that of a greater people—a people of much higher culture—of the Greeks in their palmiest days; by whom woman was regarded as little more than the toy of man. Even Sappho was not recognized as the equal of her male contemporaries, confessedly great as was her intellect. All the honor she had was what she derived from her husband, or her lover, or her male relatives. It is, perhaps, hardly strange that Goethe, who admired the Greeks so much from youth to age, should imitate them in this respect; though we confess that we should rather excuse his conduct to Fredrica, Lilli, and Lucinda, on the ground of the fickleness of his passion. We prefer to believe that he sincerely loved each, when he said he did so, but that, when called upon to consecrate that love, it existed no longer—it had been transferred to another. Assuming this to be the case, it was the fault, not of Goethe, but of nature.

Let us blame Goethe or not, for his ideas in regard to the fair sex, he can only be judged by his works; and after all it is with these, and not with the author, that the world has to do. For aught we know, Homer had his Fredericas, his Lillis, and his Lucindas, and gave them as little love in return as Goethe. That the Prince of Poets appreciated the charms and the virtues of woman, is everywhere evident in his works, but none of his inimitable portraitures is anything the worse or the better from his private relations with the sex, no matter what those relations may have been. And may we not make a similar remark in regard to Goethe? although it must be admitted that, in his writings as well as in real life, he has made the women subservient to the men.

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All we can attempt on the present occasion, in regard to Goethe's works, is to take a passing glance at those regarded as his best, beginning with his *Torquato Tasso*, respecting the character of which the literary world is still divided—some considering it a poem, intended only to be read; others a tragedy, intended for the stage. Fortunately, it does not matter much what the design of it was in this respect. It is sufficient for us to know that, even in his autobiography, he does not give a more unreserved or interesting account of his own experience in struggling against the temptations which, at the beginning of his career, threatened to involve him inevitably in politics. Tasso, the principal character, is evidently intended to represent Goethe himself. He is introduced as a poet; he speaks and acts like a poet. Antonio, the experienced diplomat, seeing that he possesses abundant talent, does all he can to render it available. Tasso is not prejudiced; he would not object to take part in state affairs, if he thought he was qualified; but he feels that he is not—that poetry is his element; that he was born to write poems; not diplomatic dispatches. Antonio, finding his efforts a failure, treats him with coldness, if not with scorn. It is in vain that Tasso reasons with him; the ill-feeling of the former increases according as the latter is successful in winning favor at court; and in time it assumes the form of the bitterest jealousy. Towards the close, however, the genius of the poet triumphs. Tasso forgives Antonio, who is forced to acknowledge his generosity. All become reconciled in the end; and Tasso proceeds to Rome in the last act, as Goethe did in reality. Regarded as a tragedy, it is rather feeble; it has but little of the tragic element in it; but regarded as a poem, intended to give a true picture of court life, it is almost faultless—one of the most elegant and graceful, if not one of the most spirited and original, of all the author's productions.

The most frightful, yet perhaps the truest picture of the world's despair is to be found in *Werther;* in no other production of Goethe's is there so much passion as in this—not joyous or hopeful passion, but that which makes the heart sick within us, and the choicest spot of earth seem a dreary wilderness. This, however, is not the worst of it. Several of the personages are real; those who had loved the author—the husband of the devoted Lotty as well as herself—are exhibited to the world in no enviable light, as the reward of their attach-

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ment and confidence. Most of our readers understand what we mean; and, were it otherwise, it would be impossible for us to enter into particulars here.* But, as already intimated, the *chef d'œuvre* of Goethe is *Faust*. It is now well understood, that this wonderful poem was written in scraps, at different intervals of time. This will account for the want of coherence observed in some of the parts. Goethe himself used to say that it cost him more labor than nearly all his other poems put together; for the very sufficient reason, that he often threw aside the work of whole weeks, retaining only such passages as he got off in his happiest moments.†

The argument of *Faust* is easily stated: it is the origin, progress, and destiny of man symbolized in an individual. The author has produced nothing else that can be said to bear any resemblance to it, nor, indeed, has any other author; although some have compared Faust to Hamlet. So far as being the representatives of a race, the two heroes are similar; they are also similar in having commenced their career on leaving college; but here, it seems to us, the resemblance ends. No thoughtful person can read *Faust* with indifference; indeed, none who can read at all can fail to admire it. Not, however, for its poetical beauty; in this respect it is hardly superior to *Tasso;* but it is the most skillfully constructed poem of modern times. Nowhere else does the author display the consummate art he does in this. Indeed, it is the exquisite ingenuity and matured Attic taste he has brought to bear upon it in this way, much more than its thoughts, descriptions, or delineations (though each are of a high order), that renders the work imperishable. In other words, so far as the poetry is concerned, it is surpassed in many passages by that of several English poets—by that of Byron, for instance, in *Manfred*, whose eloquent and thrilling monologues make the speeches of *Faust*, as such, seem tame and common place. It is but justice to add, however, that

* The criticisms of La Harpe give a pretty correct idea of the general opinion entertained by the literati of France in regard to Goethe. Referring to *Werther*, he says: "Le roman de M. Goëthe a les défants et les beautés des écrivains de sa nation. * * On assure que toutes les productions de cet écrivain ont les plus grand succés dans son pays. * * On prétend aussi que le sujét de son roman n'est point une fiction, mais un fait arrivé réellement, et dont même on nomme les acteurs."—*Cours de Literature*, tome xiv, p. 384.

† In a letter to Humboldt, the author says: "It is now above sixty years since the conception of *Faust* had a distinct existence in my youthful mind. Now I have let the design slip softly by me, and have only worked out the passages most interesting to me, singly; so that in the second part there are gaps which it would be necessary to fill, in order to connect it with the rest in equal interest."

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Byron could not have produced a poem like *Faust*, whereas Goethe could have improved on *Manfred*. This is owing mainly to the difference between the two heroes. There is true nobility in the character of Manfred; in that of Faust there is not even genuine dignity, not to mention greatness, or sublimity. But herein consists the chief triumph of the poet; he has proved that he was capable of constructing a classic edifice, with indifferent materials on a sandy foundation. If we extend the comparison, the warmest admirers of Goethe must admit that, however questionable is the moral purpose of *Manfred*, that of *Faust* is nothing better. There is not a thought or an idea in the latter, which, if taken in connection with the context, is consolatory or ennobling. Again and again we have read every passage in it, but we cannot say that we have learned any useful lesson from its teachings.* We make this remark emphatically, in order that we may be the more fully understood when we say, that it is as a work of art *Faust* excels all other modern poems. This may seem to do injustice to the poet; but that he took a similar view of his works himself we have abundant evidence. "Above all organs," he says, "the eye was to me the one by which I understood the world. I had lived from my childhood upwards *among painters, and had accustomed myself to regard, as they did, all things in relation to art.*"† According to Menzel, he was guided by the rules of art, even in his interviews with those who came long journeys to visit him. The same critic gives him full credit for his artistic skill, but denies him originality and other essential qualifications of a true poet. The judgment of Menzel is to be accepted, however, only so far as it is corroborated by that of more impartial and dispassionate men; for he makes charges, impugning Goethe's moral char-

* But if Goethe teaches us no new or useful lesson, he has taken care not to deprive us of any we have. In other words, if he is not a builder of new structures, he is not a destroyer of the old. "The great enigmas of life," he says, "are little more than matters of jest or fear to most men. Few trouble themselves with their solution, and, in my opinion, they are right; consequently, I take care not to mislead others." Not but Goethe knew as much of ancient and modern systems of religion and morals as any man of his time—as much as Voltaire or Bayle, Spinoza or Des Cartes; but, feeling by no means certain that he could improve the best, or establish a new and faultless system of his own, he thought it better to let all alone. As Quinet justly and finely observes, "He was a man who comprised within him all the doubts of modern man, *and allowed none of them to appear.* He attacked nothing, he defended nothing; he treated all belief, and every enthusiasm, *as the mummies which Aristotle received from Asia, and classed* in his academy. He, too, in his church, so classed all forms of worship, and put the dead face to face with each other."

† *Dicht. u. Wahr.*, B. VI.

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acter, in such a spirit as to leave no doubt that he was actuated by an unfriendly feeling. A brief extract will explain our meaning:

"* * * So far as the *mere handling* of his subject was concerned," says Menzel, "he was doubtless the greatest of our poets, but he had no enthusiasm for anything but *himself*, and his works are merely flattering portraitures of his own individuality. As, in his study at Wiemer, he was wont to dispose himself in reference to the light, that he might appear to strangers who came to visit him, under the most pictorial distribution of light and shade, so were all his works mere artificial means of throwing a favorable light upon himself. He had no sympathy with the world, but in so far as it served him for this end. * * * This man, however, to his contemporaries, appeared to be the greatest man living; and that, because he could not flatter himself without at the same time flattering a countless number of souls *as base as his own*, and because his talent threw a poetical beauty over the inclinations of an aristocracy that, boasting of a high degree of refinement, submitted willingly to the lowest grade of national degradation."—*Die Deutsche Literatur*, von Wolfgang Menzel.

The judgment of Menzel is too severe. The wonderful charms that everywhere pervade Goethe's works show that, no matter what his errors may have been—no matter how selfish, egotistic, or vain—he was a genuine poet. Let us call his *Faust*, *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, *Egmont*, *Hermann and Dorothea*, and *Wilhelm Meister* by what names we may, they are exquisite creations. If they are not the best produced in modern times, there are but few better. They are, indeed, vastly inferior, in the most essential characteristics of poetry, to the dramas of Shakespeare, to whom the author is sometimes compared; they certainly do not equal the *Divina Commedia* of Dante in originality, elevation of thought and sublimity; nor does the best of them exhibit the sustained vigor, the richness of illustration, and, above all, the truthfulness of delineation, which characterize the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. It may be questioned whether they contain more life-like transcripts of human character than the comedies of Molière. Be this as it may, there is not one of the other poets just mentioned whose writings have not exercised a more salutary influence on civilization than those of Goethe; but we think it may be added, with equal truth, that there is not one of them whose works display such wonderful versatility or show so near an approach to universal knowledge. We must remember that Goethe was not alone a poet. He was a philosopher, not merely a scientific man, but a discoverer—an accomplished linguist—one equally familiar with the ancient and modern languages, and an artist in painting

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and sculpture, as well as in poetry. Add to this the facts, that intellectual indolence had no worse enemy than Goethe; that no one was more opposed to quackery of any kind—especially the quackery of affecting to be learned, while too lazy to study—and it must be admitted that he is one of those master-spirits whom it takes the nations most prolific in genius centuries to produce, but whose imperishable works are a treasure to mankind from generation to generation.

ART. III.—1. *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon, et des Principaux Evénements du Regne de Louis XIV.* Par M. LE DUC DE NOAILLES. Paris, 1859.

2. *Siècle de Louis XIV.* Par VOLTAIRE. Paris, 1843.

THE historian and novelist find the reign of Louis XIV. rich in materials for their respective labors. The former can but rearrange or abridge the works of preceding writers, or, sifting facts from the mass of memoirs, letters and other incidental testimony, bring these together under a new aspect. The novelist, amidst so much of love and romance, finds *l'embarras de la richesse*, and is perplexed with such a profusion of materials. Miss Pardoe, in her interesting volumes, entitled *Louis XIV. and the Court of France*, has given the cream of the gossip of that period. She found romance enough in real life, and had only to arrange her *tableaux vivans* in the most artistic manner. "By hook or by crook" she has found out (or, at least, she tells us she has) what the royal family said and did in their most private moments. We are let into the secrets of the courtship of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, which so many of that day could never find out—are told just what circumstances induced the king to propose, at a certain time, that the marriage ceremony should be immediately performed. By the wand of the romancer she is enabled to be present at the most private interviews between the king and Madame de Maintenon, and to hear him answer the complaints of the lady, that her reputation is assailed in consequence of his affection for her, by saying firmly, "*It shall be so no longer*," at a moment when he needed all his firmness to perform a deed unwonted in royal calendars. As an essential, histor-

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ical fact, we have it from various reliable sources, that Père la Chaise celebrated the mass; and that the Archbishop of Paris presented the marriage ring and pronounced the benediction. After the ceremony, the nuptial party are said to have repaired to the home of the bride, the Chateau de Maintenon, which was situated near Versailles. This property had been the gift of the king, who first called her by the name by which she is best known in history. Madame de Maintenon was soon installed in a magnificent suite of apartments prepared for her at the Palace of Versailles. In public, she appeared henceforth in the carriage of the king, occupying the seat which had formerly been that of the queen. We shall hereafter remark upon the false position which Madame de Maintenon, as the known but unacknowledged wife of Louis XIV., occupied before the public for a long course of years.

In the Life of Louis XIV., by the English novelist, James, we find evidences of research into historical records, with a curbing of the imagination, which we might not have expected from this prolific writer of fiction; yet, in his two volumes, there is an entire want of arrangement, a jumbling together of actions and events, which confuse the mind of the reader. Very different in these respects is *La siècle de Louis XIV.*, by Voltaire. Like the history of Charles XII. of Sweden, and other histories by the same author, it must ever hold its place in the library as a standard work. Living in an age immediately following that of Louis XIV., yet not so near as to be unable to see objects in their comparative dimensions, nor so distant as to lose sight of important relations, Voltaire presents us with simple and reliable descriptions and statements of the prominent characters and leading events of that period. We find, however, his infidel tendencies not unfrequently betrayed by his severity in judging the conduct and motives of religious men. Thus, he delights in representing the pure and conscientious Fénélon under unfavorable lights, by insinuations and inuendoes, rather than direct accusations. Madame de Maintenon he sometimes names with respect, as a woman of undoubted purity of character and noble qualities, and anon he calls her an awful prude and a canting hypocrite.* But we

* In his *liste raisonée* of authors, he says, of Madame de Maintenon, "Elle est auteur, comme Madame de Sévigné, parcequ'on a imprimé ses lettres après sa mort. Les unes et les autres sont écrites avec beaucoup d'esprit, mais avec un esprit différent. Le cœur et l'imagination ont dicté celles de Madame de Sévigné; elles ont plus de gaieté, plus de liberté: celles de Madame de Maintenon sont plus contraintes; il semble qu'elle ait toujours prévu qu'elles seraient un jour publiques."

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have his authority for her private marriage to the king; the time, January, 1686; the names of the priests who assisted at the ceremony, and of the witnesses present.

The age of which we speak was prolific in memoirs and letters, sources from which history must chiefly be derived. We shall occasionally notice some of these records which bring before us photograph pictures of that period. The diluted histories and biographies to which we have alluded may amuse children and those of larger growth who read for amusement, indifferent to the amount of real information communicated. We should not be surprised that history appears confused and contradictory, when we perceive how difficult it is to learn the truth in respect to passing events. The wishes, the prejudices, the prepossessions and the sympathies of men, seem to affect their perceptions of truth. We do not like to confess the humiliating truth, that we cannot find in past history, any more than in real life in our own time, perfect heroes and heroines. Still there are degrees of virtue, as of vice, of wisdom, as of folly, and in searching into the annals of the past, in order to give their proper places to distinguished characters, we must carefully weigh testimony, and it is doubtless more easy to do justice to those who have lived in past ages than to the living, acting men around us, who are praised or blamed, according to the momentary aspect of things. But time often reveals motives and accessories of actions, which stamp their merit or demerit.

The age of Louis XIV. stands out in bold relief upon the page of history. It was the dawn of a higher state of literature and civilization. It is marked by many important events, which, in their results, have produced great changes in the condition of mankind. Every age can boast of some distinguished individuals, but this period is illustrated by a galaxy of great writers, heroes and politicians, influencing the destiny of nations, and giving their impress to social life. Voltaire says that there are but four happy ages in the history of the world—they are those in which the arts were carried to perfection, and which, by serving as the era of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity. The first of these ages he considers to be that of Philip and Alexander, which boasted of "a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles."

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The second has its Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third is the period after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II., when the family of the Medici invited to Florence the men of learning and genius who had been driven out of Greece by their Turkish conquerors. The arts were revived under Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian; while Tasso and Ariosto raised Italian poetry to its highest perfection. Architecture, under Palliadio, appeared refined from Gothic barbarism. Italy became then the land of all that was most beautiful in literature and the fine arts, producing the fruits which had till then only appeared in ancient Greece. According to Voltaire, the age of Louis XIV. is the fourth great period in the world's history; in this period, he asserts, the true principles of philosophy became understood. The French historian forgets that Bacon, under Queen Elizabeth, had elucidated these principles and given his laws of "experiment and observation," which must ever lie at the foundation of philosophical investigation.

In tracing the history of Madame de Maintenon, we are led back to the early days of France. The family of d'Aubigné, originally d'Anjou, were established in Poitou and Guyenne. It is not our purpose to follow the genealogy of the d'Aubignés, through counts, seigneurs, barons, maréchals, governors, peers, marquises, bishops and archbishops—it is sufficient to say that Francoise d'Aubigné, afterwards known as La Marquise de Maintenon, was of an honored lineage. The grandfather, Théodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, is a marked character in the history of his time. His childhood was precocious—at five years of age, say his biographers, he began to learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and before he was eight years old translated Crito and Plato. At the age of ten years he was taken to Paris, to complete his studies in theology, mathematics, history, &c. Being, with his preceptor, accused of heresy, he was arrested and threatened with torture. The child bravely answered, "*que l'homme de la mésse ôtait celle de jeu.*" The memoirs of d'Aubigné abound in relations of hair-breadth escapes and deeds of noble daring. He was faithful to the Protestant faith, the friend and confidant of Henry of Navarre, through many vicissitudes. We find, however, that what threats and violence had never obtained from d'Aubigné, the flatteries of the Court and persecutions of the king partially effected;

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that is, a concealment, though never a renunciation, of his Protestant faith.

From his birth, Henry of Navarre seemed destined to a life of peril and treachery, surrounded, as he was, by dangers on every side. He was a descendant of the Duc de Bourbon, distinguished in the reign of Francis I. by the favor of his sovereign, which he lost on account of rebellion against France. His family long remained poor and in disgrace. Of the princes of this house were Antoine de Bourbon and the Prince de Condé, who embraced the Protestant religion, a circumstance which brought them under the suspicion of the Duke of Guise, that bitter enemy of the Huguenots. Antoine de Bourbon married the great and good Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, and niece of Henry II. Their son, Henry, was educated by his pious mother in the Protestant faith. In his early years he was inured to hardships and exposures, in order to prepare him for the duties of active life. His mother, becoming a widow, retired from the French Court to her hereditary principality of Bearn, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, hoping to be secure from the intrigues and persecutions of Catherine de Medici. Here she publicly declared herself in favor of the Huguenots. But Catherine kept her eye upon the young prince Henry, at one time bargaining with Philip II. of Spain to deliver up his person, that Philip might take possession of the kingdom of Navarre, which he claimed as his province. To the wisdom and penetration of Queen Elizabeth of England, whom Catherine de Medici both feared and hated, belongs the credit of counteracting this foul conspiracy. We find young Henry, even in his boyhood, in the Huguenot ranks, leading his followers to battle. He was well fitted for a hero, and his noble figure, conspicuous by the white waving plumes of his chapeau, have given life and reality to many a late romance.

On the page of history we find no blacker record than that of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Catherine de Medici, cautiously weaving her web like the monster black spider, at length brought her victims within her toils. She had a daughter, Margaret de Valois, of great beauty and accomplishments, but unprincipled and hypocritical. Professing to be tired of the wars of the "League," and to desire peace, Catherine offered this daughter in marriage to the handsome and chivalrous young king of Navarre. Henry obtained the

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consent of his mother to a union which promised to put an end to the calamities which had so long disturbed Christendom. A few days previous to the celebration of the nuptials, the good queen Jeanne d'Albret, having repaired to Paris to be present on that occasion, died suddenly, to the great grief of her devoted son. Poison, at this period, was a not uncommon mode of removing those who were in the way of the Medicis, but of this the ingenuous mind of Henry of Navarre did not conceive. The marriage took place amidst public rejoicings. Protestants, attracted by the great event which was to give to France a king of their own faith, came in crowds to Paris to witness the festivities, and partake in the general joy. The queen-mother, for Charles IX. was plastic under her hand, provided a succession of sumptuous banquets and brilliant fêtes; and so great seemed her love for her new son-in-law that she appeared to wish to have him always near her. Her weak son, Charles IX., then nominally the sovereign, showed great fondness for his new relative.

A murderous attack at night upon the venerable Admiral Coligny, a distinguished Protestant champion, as he was passing from the Louvre, appeared to give the queen-mother and Charles IX. great concern. They hastened to the bed-side of the wounded Admiral, to proffer their sympathy, declaring the authors of this violence should be searched out and made to suffer for their crime. Thus was lulled any suspicion which might have been aroused in the minds of Protestants, of an event which was but the precursor of the general massacre. The King of Navarre and his brother, the Prince de Condé, were closely confined by order of Catherine de Medici, and could do nothing for the protection of their friends and followers. As an antidote to hero-worship in this case, it is enough to say that Henry of Navarre succumbed to circumstances, and appeased the Catholics by seeming to abjure his religion. Nor does the fact that is asserted by historians, that he and the Prince of Condé privately swore to revenge their slaughtered friends, in the least restore him to our good opinion.*

The grandfather of Madame de Maintenon often reproached

* The Governor of Bayonne, who, with other Governors, had received from the king orders to join in this massacre of Protestants, replied as follows: "Sire, j'ai communique aux habitans de la ville, et aux gens de guerre, les ordres de votre Majesté: et je n'y ai trouvé que bons citoyens et braves soldats mais pas un bourreau."

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his sovereign for his want of consistency in religion, and was by turns in favor and disgrace at Court. He was not less remarkable as a poet and scholar than as a brave soldier; his distinguished descendant had cause to be proud of this ancestor. Of her father, nothing good can be said. Agrippa d'Aubigné closes his celebrated memoirs by a malediction upon this undutiful and wicked son, who at an early age showed his vicious propensities. After having been disinherited by his father, he was restored, on professing great penitence and a sincere attachment to the Protestant religion, which he soon abandoned for the sake of Court patronage. He was afterwards thrown into prison for treacherously communicating state secrets to the English government. His faithful wife shared with him in his incarceration, and in the prison of Niort in Poitou was born Françoise d'Aubigné, destined to rule in the royal palaces of France as queen, in all but the name. Some transient favorites of kings had had their season of triumph and power; but the career of Madame de Maintenon, so far from coinciding with theirs, differs in essential points. She was the wife of Louis XIV., without show or ostentation. Their relations were, as we have proved, consecrated by marriage. The laws of the country, the customs and prejudices of the Court, the political interests of the nation, opposed the public acknowledgment of this marriage, and Madame de Maintenon acquiesced in the state reasons which prevented her taking her proper place as the wife of the king. That she was often pained by the false position in which she was thus placed, we may well suppose, and probably, at times, made some efforts to induce Louis to give her that place before the world to which she was entitled. Nor do we think, considering her in the character of a virtuous woman, this sensitiveness should be alleged against her. No personage in history appears under more different and contradictory aspects than Madame de Maintenon. Her high position, as the wife and confidential adviser of Louis XIV., exposed her to envy and detraction. Those whom she favored extolled her virtues; while her enemies, and they were many, lost no opportunity of depreciating her apparent excellences, and attributing to her virtues the most base and selfish motives. The Duc de St. Simon (whose twenty-five volumes of Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV., of which he was an *attaché*) was a bitter enemy of Madame de Maintenon, and loses no opportunity of giving vent to his malice

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against her. We may imagine the power of such a malignant, keen, sarcastic person—with a certain degree of wit, and unrestrained by moral principle—to render ridiculous and contemptible the hated individual whom he had daily opportunities of observing. In proportion as his position condemned him to conceal his real feelings, he indulged them in his private memoirs. These memoirs were not permitted to appear before the public in full until after the fall of the Bourbon dynasty, in the French Revolution of 1793. Madame de Maintenon is by no means the only distinguished person of his day whom St. Simon traduces. He gloats, with a kind of fiendish satisfaction, over the crimes and follies of those for whom he professes great devotion. Incapable, in his own nature, of anything good or noble, he seemed utterly skeptical as to human virtue or piety.

The Duc de Noailles, in his memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, treats his subject with dignity and apparent fairness; we recognize in his work that Christian charity "which thinketh no evil." We would, however, receive the testimony of the Duc de Noailles with caution, examining other witnesses in order to arrive at the *juste milieu*, picking up truth, as we may find it, scattered about in broken fragments. We will glance at the accounts of this celebrated woman, as given by St. Simon, and others who have followed him in his ill-favored delineation. We learn that she is the daughter of an abandoned man, who is suspected of causing the death of one wife, and known to have broken the heart of a second. The child is subjected to abuse and humiliation from penurious and churlish relations, who pass her from one to another, to relieve themselves of trouble and expense. She is represented as prematurely base in morals; and, at length, becoming "the unchaste wife of a paralytic poet," "a sneaking governess to the illegitimate children of the king," and "the humble friend of the abandoned women of his court." When the undoubted wife of Louis XIV., her dignity is called prudery; her piety, hypocrisy; her devotedness to the king, consummate selfishness—a mean pandering to his taste to secure the influence over him, which she only cares for as a means of promoting her own selfish purposes. But we will take up our glass, which reverses all these images; and we see in succession a lovely child, a beautiful girl, fascinating by her attractions, and, yet, by her modesty and prudence, repelling all rudeness or familiarity. As Madame

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Scarron, she appears the patient nurse of her "*pauvre paralytique*," as she tenderly called her husband, aiding him by her own literary labors in gaining a scanty support, but yet the centre of an admiring circle of most distinguished ladies, wits and courtiers of the day; restraining, by her presence, all that freedom of speech and manner which had been allowable before her advent in that society. Then we see her the grave and prudent widow—the judicious governess of the children of the king, who, from actual dislike of so serious a personage, gradually becomes the respectful admirer of her remarkable prudence, solidity and piety. And then we see a stately personage, before whom the king himself pays homage, and whom his ministers consult, as the source and fountain of wisdom.

While we protest against the caricatures and aspersions of the enemies and traducers of Madame de Maintenon, we will not receive, without some qualification, the portraits which represent her as perfect in all her characters and relations in life. We have already said that Frances d'Aubigné was born in a prison; in her childhood she was taken by her parents to Martinique, in America. The mother, an educated and good woman, superintended her education, teaching her not only what others had learned, but to write her own thoughts. She early became the monitor and adviser of her brother, who was indolent and thoughtless. Thus, from childhood, she was accustomed to charge herself with care for others, and to connect cause and effect in moral actions. Returning to France after the death of her husband, always unfortunate as he was unworthy, Madame d'Aubigné suffered great destitution. She was obliged to allow her daughter to be separated from her, and to live with relatives of the Protestant faith, in which Frances was carefully instructed. The young girl, enthusiastic in character, became very zealous in this religion, and, in after years, though accused of bigotry and severity towards Protestants, was directly opposed to persecution, as appears in a letter written to her brother, then a governor of a province in France, and cruel towards the Protestants. She reminded him of the faith of their venerable grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné, and urges him to gentleness and persuasion in dealing with them. Frances, strongly attached to her pious and excellent aunt, Madame de Villette, adopted her religious views, which were those of the d'Aubigné family. The mother, of a contrary faith, became alarmed, and obtained

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an order from the Court for the removal of Frances to the care of Madame de Neuillant, mother of the Duchess of Noailles, a zealous disciple of the Church of Rome, with whom she was subjected to trials and persecutions on account of her religion.

Disgusted with her obstinacy, Madame de Neuillant degraded Frances in the household, and obliged her to work as a common servant. The care of the poultry-yard was assigned to her—in after years she sometimes said, "My first government was over the turkeys and chickens." A young peasant having professed a passion for Frances, whom he saw employed in the work of a servant, the family pride of Madame de Neuillant, to whom she ingenuously related her conquest, became alarmed, and the girl was sent to a convent, her good Aunt Villette agreeing to pay her expenses. Here new means were put into execution for her conversion; while the Reformed Church at Niort, learning the condition of the granddaughter of that firm supporter of the Protestant faith, Agrippa d'Aubigné, found means to convey to her books and letters enjoining constancy to her religion, and to bear in mind the heroism and sacrifices of her great ancestor.

But gradually Frances was led to yield to persuasion—she went to mass, and professed herself willing to accept the doctrines of the Catholic Church, with the exception of one article, which, it was said, she never believed. It was that which condemns to eternal punishment all out of that church. She would not, she said, believe that her good, kind Aunt Villette would not go to heaven. The support of her aunt being withdrawn from Frances, the nuns of the convent became indifferent to her; their ambition for her conversion had been gratified, and she was now a burthen upon them. She was greatly distressed at being told that she was no longer wanted at the convent—that she was old enough to support herself. In after years, when she had the means, her first care was to pay the convent the debt against her, a fact which she often related to the pupils of St. Cyr, in order to show them that poverty should never be despised or insulted, nor honest debts repudiated.

Madame d'Aubigné now took her young daughter to Paris, where she had some law-suits pending for the rescuing of an estate of her late husband, Constant d'Aubigné; and for debts which the government of France owed to his father, who had freely spent his fortune in the service of Henry IV.,

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grandfather of Louis XIV. The widowed mother and the daughter, for a time, supported themselves by their needlework. Desiring to find friends who could aid them by their influence, they were introduced by Madame de Neuillant to the poet Scarron, as, at his house, they would meet with persons of the highest rank. On their first visit, Frances, too poor to buy a dress, was obliged to wear one which was short and ill made, so that, when introduced to Scarron, she was confused, and burst into tears. Such was her first interview with the man whom she afterwards married. On one side were mingled compassion and admiration, with the wish to rescue from poverty so interesting and helpless a young woman—on the other, gratitude and a willingness to devote youth, health, and talents to the happiness and care of a crippled and infirm old man. We are not disposed to reverse this picture, and attribute to the contracting parties low and unworthy motives, as some seem pleased to do. This married life was honorable, according to authentic testimony. Scarron was a man of intellect, a poet whose wit led him to buffoonery and ridicule, often bordering on indelicacy, but with warm affections and a delicate perception of moral and intellectual beauty. He had, before his marriage, attracted around him the literary men and women of the day, and his beautiful and gifted wife added a powerful charm to their social circle.

We pass over this period in the life of Madame Scarron, and her subsequent widowhood, as also the stories of the dislike which Louis XIV. had to the name of "*la veuve Scarron*," so often brought before him in the form of a plea for continuance of the pension which his mother, Anne of Austria, had allowed the poet. Madame de Montespan, who figures as the favorite of the king at this period, becoming interested in the lovely and intelligent young widow, at length places under her care her children, the illegitimate offspring of the king. The latter dislikes the governess, a prudish pedant, as he calls her, and jests with Madame de Montespan upon her taste for such a person, "votre amie précieuse." But Louis, struck with the intelligence of the children, and learning from them of the care which their governess exercised over them, became interested in knowing something more of her. His prejudices yield before her unassuming manners, her intelligence and solidity of character. He finds her lovely through the spiritual beauty which surrounds her. Thus gradually

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did this voluptuous monarch, rising above the sensuous nature to which he had for so many years abandoned himself, become strengthened in virtuous resolutions, under the influence of the educated and pious character of one who sought to know and perform her duty; who could not be enticed, by flatteries or hopes of worldly advantages, to deviate from the strict path of virtue, or to act contrary to the religion which she professed. That Louis XIV. was lawfully and religiously married to Madame de Maintenon is a proof, not to be overlooked, that he believed in her purity of heart and character. She had been assailed in her reputation in every possible way; her poverty and its probable temptations had been urged against her; the licentious character of some of those with whom she had in former years been on terms of friendship was brought forward, as stamping her with their frailties. She had been an associate of Ninon d'Enclos, that infamous woman who, while she disgraced France for three-fourths of a century, long held a high position in social life. The irreproachable Madame de Sévigné and the wise Madame de la Fayette had been among her associates. Was Madame Scarron, whose circumstances at one period rendered the friendship of Ninon d'Enclos desirable, alone to be condemned because she had not refused her influence? We should deplore the low standard of morals which thus allowed virtue and infamy to meet so familiarly.

Louis XIV. was not a man to be imposed upon, however he might trifle with or impose upon the credulity of others. He did not intend to marry Madame de Maintenon when he became attracted to her society. He found her wise in council, severe in judging upon actions in the light of conscience and religion; in her he saw female character in a new light. His wife, Maria Theresa, had been to him but as an automaton, holding her place as queen on state occasions, but having no part in his affections, and commanding no respect by any force of character. Then there was the lovely La Vallière, the sad history of whose weakness and humiliation we read with sorrow and sympathy; the beautiful La Fontange, the perfection of whose person was only parallelled by the weakness of her intellect; the magnificent de Montespan, who had the power not only to attract, but to hold the affections of the king for many years. These, with other fascinating but erring women of the Court, who had enjoyed their ephemeral reign as royal

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favorites, all had had their day or years of triumph; some had gone to the tomb, others, in the seclusion of monastic life, were seeking to gain the favor of God, which they had sacrificed for the transient love of an earthly monarch. In the court of Louis were his children, legitimate and illegitimate, jealous of each other; intrigue and immorality surrounded him. The consciousness of his own immorality stared him in the face. He believed in God, in future retribution; his conscience accused him, and urged him to reform his life. On the one hand was a virtuous, religious friend, who would help him in his weakness, and he turned to her. Eagle-eyed, experienced in the ways of evil, Louis XIV. looked searchingly into the past life of this woman; he listened to accusations in order to investigate their truth, and his sentence is given in the solemn act of marriage.

The king was then forty-seven years of age; a period of life when the mind is vigorous, the judgment mature; and the influence of the passions has subsided before the dictates of reason. But it is not a period of dotage, when second childhood may lead to indiscreet acts. Madame de Maintenon was about fifty years old at the time of their marriage. She is said to have preserved her beauty in a remarkable degree; she dressed in a severe style, more approaching to the costume of a *religieuse* than a court lady. Such was the woman who very sternly opposed all advances of the king inconsistent with her severe principles of virtue. We turn from the aspersions which have been cast upon her character, believing that a libertine, such as Louis XIV. had been, would not have entered into such a relation without the most entire conviction of the propriety of her past life, and of her exalted character as a woman. This verdict of the king in her favor we are willing to accept. It was, indeed, a period when female virtue was scarcely acknowledged. We find Madame de Sévigné persecuted by many admirers; some suitors for her favor merely, others for her hand. Her cousin, Bussy de Rabutin, whose free life was in accordance with the morals of the French Court at that time, writes thus to her: "La fortune vous fait de belles avances, ma chère cousine; n'en soyez point ingrate. Vous vous amusez après la vertu, comme si c'était une chose solide; et vous méprisez le bien, comme si vous ne pouviez jamais en manquer." But still more boldly does he urge her to give up her scruples, assigning as a reason that, though she might live a virtuous life, she was not sure of having the credit of

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it: "Nous vous verrons un jour regretter le temps que vous avez perdu; nous vous verrons repentir d'avoir mal employé votre jeunesse, et d'avoir voulu avec tant de peine acquérir et conserver une réputation qu'un médisant vous peut ôter, et qui dépend plus de la fortune que de votre conduite."

Madame de Sévigné was able to maintain her position at Court, and preserve an unsullied reputation. In her celebrated letters, she often names Madame de Maintenon, whose attentions seem to have been more highly appreciated than even those of the king himself. Her usual tone of pleasantry subsides into an earnest, sincere manner when she names *Madame*, as, by eminence, she was called even by Louis himself. On one occasion, Madame de Maintenon has begun speaking to her, and she hopes they may have a little private conversation, but the king interrupts them, by asking Madame to accompany him to an audience with his ministers in her apartments.

The position of Madame de Sévigné at Court gave her great facilities for learning the characters of those who were connected with it. The quick perception and great observation, with power of language in description, render her eleven volumes of letters highly popular with general readers, as well as useful to the annalist and historian.

The name of Madame de la Fayette is associated with the literature of this period—she, too, preserves an unblemished reputation in the midst of a corrupt Court. Her memoirs of the Court of France in 1688–9, as well as other literary works, were among the popular productions of the seventeenth century. Of one of her novels, *La Princesse de Clèves*, Bussy de Rabutin writes to Madame de Sévigné: "We think alike on the subject of this novel; our criticism upon it is that of persons of quality." The Duc de la Rochefoucauld was for a quarter of a century the lover and friend of Madame de la Fayette, who preserved her dignity and independence. While bestowing upon him devoted attentions, which, as an invalid, he required, they saw each other daily, and Madame de la Fayette was inconsolable at his death. There was point in her remark respecting this friend and would-be-lover, "il m'a donnè son esprit, mais j'ai reformé son cœur."

There was at this period in France a bright constellation of men and women of wit, learning and talent, but there was also much affectation in literature. The romances of

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the day were inflated in style and often expanded into eight or ten volumes. It seems, too, that transcendentalism was not then unknown, for we find the *litterateurs* of the day affecting new and peculiar modes of expression. Liaisons were formed according to "*spiritual affinities*"—they talked of "*une chaine spirituelle*," "*le sphère des affections*," &c. They adopted peculiar names. Mademoiselle Rambouillet was called "*l'incomparable Artemise*," Madame Arragonaise was "*la princesse Philoxène*," the Duc de St. Aigneau "*le grand Paladin*," Mademoiselle de Scudery "*la Sapho illustre*." The society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet assumed to give laws to manners and literature. Their motto was :

"*Nul autre de l'esprit,*
Hors nous et nos amis."

It was a kind of *Almack's*, to which the most distinguished nobles and savants felt compelled to pay their homage. The genius of Molière humbled these high pretensions. His comedy, entitled *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, was brought out before the Court and caused a great sensation. The trenchant weapon of ridicule cut close and deep ; the members of the society tried to conceal their vexation, but their prestige was gone. Boileau, who had been admitted to this exclusive coterie, in his turn attacked their affectations and pretensions with his powerful sarcasm. Madame de Sévigné amuses herself with their discomfiture, though she had been a member, but her good taste had preserved her from the extravagances and follies peculiar to the clique. Unfortunate, it seems, has ever been the attempt to establish similar societies of celebrities, of whatever description—one lion is doubtless better in a menagerie than a dozen, who would be very like to roar against each other. So we find the union of persons, of differing tastes and pursuits in society, often more agreeable than a forced attempt to bring together those who are distinguished for literature, science, or fashion ; when the *amour propre* is liable to be wounded, by a want of deference for each other in those who are accustomed to receive, rather than to pay, homage.

In the days of which we write, women were considered as divided into the three classes, of "*galante, pedante et dévote*"—from the one, they often passed to the other at different periods of their lives. There were, however, learned women without pedantry, as Madame Dacier, whose translations of Greek and Latin authors, as well as her own original works, gave her a

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high reputation. She was elected a member of several learned academies, was no less amiable in domestic and social life, than distinguished for learning and talents. In her early youth, Madame Dacier had pursued with her husband the same literary studies, under the instruction of her father, who was a professor in the college of Samne; their congenial tastes led to an attachment, which continued throughout their lives. M. Dacier was a learned man, secretary to the French Academy, and superintendent of the king's cabinet at the Louvre.

At this period lived the pious and amiable Fénélon, whose educational and devotional writings have long held their place among standard works. As preceptor to the dauphin, the Duke de Bourgogne, he stood high in Court favor. Madame de Maintenon, then newly elevated to her high position, revered the Abbé Fénélon; she desired him, at his leisure, to give her in writing directions by which she might regulate her life and conduct. In *Les Œuvres Complètes*, we meet with a long letter to her, evidently prepared with great care and study. For Fénélon considered that that person, more than any other, influenced the destinies of France, and of the Catholic Church. He plainly tells Madame de Maintenon of her faults: "Le *moi* trop humain, dont je vous ai parlé si souvent, est encore une idole que vous n'avez point brisée. Vous voulez aller á Dieu de tout votre cœur, mais non par la perte du *moi:* au contraire, vous cherchez le *moi* en Dieu." The meek Fénélon shrinks not from his duty, but tells the powerful de Maintenon she is an *egotist.* With the boldness of Paul, he says: "There are many who believe your apparent love of virtue arises from vain-glory, but others render justice to the purity of your motives." He tells her she is accused of being very harsh in her judgment of others, and says, "s'il est vrai que vous soyez telle qu'on vous dépeint, ce defaut ne vous sera ôté que par une longue et profonde étude de vous-même." Notwithstanding the apostolic boldness of Fénélon in probing the conscience of Madame de Maintenon in this memorable letter, he evidently believes her sincere in her piety and of unsullied virtue. This testimony is of great importance in an historical view of the character of this remarkable person, alternately represented by enemies and friends as a fiend or a saint. It was not long after the writing of the letter that Fénélon fell into disgrace at Court, occasioned by his favoring the enthusiastic

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Madame Guyon in her rhapsodies and imaginary revelations. In our day she would be called a *spiritualist*—she was then termed a *quietist*, because she taught that Christians had nothing to do but *wait* for illumination.

This Madame Guyon was one of the remarkable personages of the time. Of high birth, she had sacrificed worldly advantages to live a holy life. Believing that to her God had revealed great truths, and called her to manifest them to others, she fearlessly brought forward her peculiar doctrines, even before the highest dignitaries of the Church. The prejudices which her boldness at first excited gradually disappeared. Fénélon, vanquished by her saint-like devotion, her fearless courage, and the holiness of her life, became her disciple. La Harpe, in his "Essai Historique sur Fénélon," says: "Les hommes en place, des dames de la cour, jeunes et brillantes, goûtèrent aussi son genre d'esprit et de spiritualité, renoncèrent aux plaisirs profanes, s'occupèrent plus sérieusement de ce qu'elles devoient à Dieu et à leurs familles, devinrent raisonnables et chrétiennes, se mirent à parler plus souvent de piéte que de parures, de modes et de spectacles." Such an influence alarmed the minds of the ecclesiastics in power, Fénélon was removed from his position at court, and sent to Cambrai, where, as Archbishop, he lived to old age, honored and beloved, though wounded at heart by the treachery and injustice of former friends. La Harpe, in his memoirs of Fénélon, severely censures Bossuet for the part taken by him in connection with Harlay, the primate of Paris, and others, in this persecution. Madame de Maintenon, who at first had been attracted by Madame Guyon, under whose influence she had at one time placed her establishment of St. Cyr, and whose example and conversation she had deemed so salutary to herself, withdrew her countenance from the noble enthusiast. The most extraordinary accusations were urged against the new doctrines—"l'on prétendait," says La Harpe, "qu'abusant de ce qu'il y a de plus saint, on se faisait de la spiritualité un manteau pour couvrir les plus révoltantes abominations." The Pope condemned the *Explication des Maximes des Saints*, in which Fénélon had embodied and illustrated the new doctrines. After a long course of suspicion and persecution, Fénélon retracted his opinions, and Madame Guyon at length ceased to agitate the kingdom with her passivity. The temporary check to the

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sins of a corrupt Court, which had been given by the doctrines of the quietists, being removed, immoralties broke out afresh, and thus closed the chapter of *quietism* in France.

We find in the letter of Fénélon to Madame de Maintenon, to which we have referred, advice respecting her establishment at St. Cyr, and cautions not to burthen herself too much with details: "Pour St. Cyr, je croirais qu'une inspection générale et une attention suivie pour redresser dans ce général tout ce qui en aura besoin, suffit à une personne accablée de tant d'affaires, appelée à de plus grands biens, capable d'objets plus étendus." The Maison de St. Cyr, situated in the great park of Versailles, was founded by Madame de Maintenon for the gratuitous education of young ladies of noble birth, but destitute of fortune. The king showed great interest in building, decorating, and endowing this establishment. He evinced a nobility of soul in showing his respect for his wife in her character as an educator of the young, for which she had peculiar talents. It became fashionable at court to attend upon the exercises of the pupils at St. Cyr. The great Racine wrote plays, founded on Scripture, for the pupils to act; and the king watched these performances with delight, asking one and another of his court what they thought of such prodigies—so that to praise St. Cyr was found by the courtiers a delicate flattery, which pleased the sovereign. As Madame de Maintenon devoted much of her time to the care and direction of St. Cyr, teaching the pupils herself, and inspecting the course of instruction pursued by others, with every facility for obtaining the aid of gifted and experienced teachers, we may well suppose that this establishment was brought to a state of perfection hitherto unknown.

At the period of the French Revolution, near the close of the eighteenth century, St. Cyr had been preserved as it was in the days of Madame de Maintenon; but it was then destroyed. In a letter of Horace Walpole to George Montague is an interesting account of his visit, some thirty years before that event, to this institution, then in a flourishing condition. He visits the rooms of Madame de Maintenon, in the chapel under the floor of which lie her remains. "The pupils," he says, "adore her as their saint, and their adoration for her memory eclipses that of the Virgin Mary." They produced, with reverence, from their archives, volumes of her letters. The abbess, a comely old gentlewoman, was very proud of having seen Madame de Maintenon. This is

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no place to comment on the bigotry and superstition which marked the course of instruction at St. Cyr; but even this was far better than no education, no morality, and no religion. Madame de Maintenon has been accused of ingratitude towards Madame de Montespan, by whose favor she was introduced at court; she has been called unprincipled herself, because she consented to take the charge of the illegitimate children of the king. But in considering all the circumstances by which she was surrounded, we perceive that she adapted herself gradually to different situations, not intending to sacrifice principle, but yielding to what seemed her duty at the time. As to educating illegitimate children, of whatever condition in life, we see not that this should be urged against the virtue of any person; on the contrary, such children need the more care and instruction, as their situations in life may be the more trying. That Madame de Maintenon in her poverty accepted of the patronage of the king's mistress, whose power was courted by all France, should not of itself be an impeachment of her own virtue. We must lament the immorality of the times, when guilt unblushingly occupied the highest places in society. It was a misfortune for a woman to live in that day, when virtue was considered as a cheat, and piety as hypocrisy, when women, such as Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Coulanges, &c., associated on the most familiar terms with Ninon d'Enclos, and others of her stamp. As Madame de Maintenon became more familiar with court life, she naturally saw in a clearer light the evils which the immoral conduct of the king brought upon his family and his people. Her sympathies were aroused for the queen, Maria Theresa, who became attached to her and blessed her with her dying breath. Madame de Maintenon desired the welfare of Louis XIV. and of France; she sacrificed herself for this. After her marriage, she lived secluded, passing her time, when not engaged in her duties at St. Cyr, in attention to the affairs of state, or in acts of charity and devotion. That she was often weary of life cannot occasion surprise, when we know to what trials and annoyances she was subjected. She sought to be a saint on earth, but human nature would sometimes rebel against a forced and artificial life. She had gained her influence over the king by her austere life, and by this and the sacrifice of her own tastes and private affections she preserved it. Bigoted as she might have been in religion, she was doubtless

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sincere in her devotion to what she considered her duty. There is a currently received opinion that Madame de Maintenon's influence caused the famous, unfortunate and wicked revocation of the edict of Nantes, which kindled anew the spirit of persecution, like a second massacre of St. Bartholomew, bursting upon the Protestants with fury and destruction. From the time of what was called the "Catholic League," entered into by the partisans of the Duke of Guise, for the purpose of establishing the Roman Catholic religion, until Henry of Navarre had nominally abjured Protestantism, there had been little peace in Germany, France, and the south of Europe. The spirit which had excited to the desolating wars for religion had not been subdued; it had remained dormant, ready to be aroused on the slightest occasion. During the reign of Louis XIII. and under the iron rule of Richelieu, there had been frequent outbreaks against the Huguenots. Richelieu had triumphed over them in the taking of Rochelle, by which, as he boasted, he had removed from the Protestant party its last rampart in France.

The Edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV. had secured to Protestants civil rights and religious privileges, had ever been regarded with dislike by his successors and their ministers. Louis XIV., as appears from authentic history, long meditated upon the great scheme of bringing all his subjects to one religious faith. With all his licentiousness in early and middle life, he was yet disposed to religious worship, and at times yielded to the admonitions of his confessors, in attempts to reform his life. Believing in penance as a means of pardon, he sometimes followed the rules of his Church in submitting himself to voluntary humiliation. The great idea of *unity of religious faith* in his kingdom was ever in his thoughts. His regard for Madame de Maintenon seems to have been founded in his belief in her piety and devotion to the doctrines and worship of that Church, out of which he believed there could be no salvation. In 1685, Louis XIV., with the advice of his ministers, and under the influence of his spiritual guides, proclaimed a revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Occasional outbreaks of the Protestants in different parts of the kingdom, during his reign, had caused the king to regard them as rebellious subjects, who had conquered the privileges granted them, and had ever manifested a hostile spirit, sympathizing with republican sentiments, of revolutionary tendencies, as bad lessons from which there was

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always danger of new ferments. Louis saw that in Protestant countries, as in England and Germany, Roman Catholics were excluded from affairs of trust and emolument. He saw England engaged in persecuting the Scotch covenanters, and sending troops into Scotland to compel the people to abandon their conventicles, and to adopt the worship of the Anglican Church. Thus he was led to pursue his system of religious persecution, culminating in annulling the edict of Henry the Great. But one crime cannot be excused by urging the precedent of another. We would only show the reasonings and motives which led Louis XIV. to that unjustifiable act, and rescue the memory of Madame de Maintenon from the obloquy of having been its instigator. In the preamble of the edict of revocation, the king says: "De notre avènement à la couronne, nous sommes entré dans le desseins de notre aïeul et père, pour réuni les Français dans une même religion."

The spirit of proselytism was undoubtedly very strong in Madame de Maintenon—it was the genius of the age. The king, through her influence, had, in different parts of the kingdom, offered gifts for the converted; but some complained that the price of conversion was too little! To Père la Chaise and Le Tellier, confessors to Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, to Bossuet and other leading ecclesiastics of the day, with various powerful influences, may be attributed that unfortunate edict of revocation, which caused unspeakable distress throughout France, driving from the kingdom many of the most wealthy, industrious, and learned men, who sought in other lands that liberty of conscience denied them in their own. Many of the Huguenots came to America, and from them are descended some of our worthiest and best citizens.

France, during the reign of Louis XIV., boasts of many great generals and distinguished writers. The French Academy was founded, the French language was corrected and refined, the drama arose from a state of comparative insignificance, under the magic touch of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. The pulpit eloquence of Bossuet and Massillon, of Fénélon and Bourdaloue, has never been surpassed. Pascal, the *Newton* of theology, erected an enduring monument to his fame. The French Æsop, La Fontaine, wrote his memorable fables; Boileau, the prince of modern satirists, caused the great to tremble by his wit, and Mazarin and Colbert proved themselves no unworthy successors of Sully and Richelieu. The

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stranger in Paris asks for Versailles—the *chemin-de-fer* in half an hour takes him to that tomb of departed grandeur—the Paris of the seventeenth century. After Louis XIV. had spent fabulous sums in overcoming many natural disadvantages, and, after twenty years, had brought this place to the perfection which he had imagined, he exclaimed, "Versailles, c'est moi." In traversing the various apartments and picture galleries of this vast and magnificent palace, the most thoughtless must reflect upon those who once moved, the living actors, in these now silent places. All gone—their names come to us in history, but somewhere in God's universe their spirits live. We read in Scripture of "a certain fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation"—but we would seek to extenuate their errors as far as possible, and leave them to the same mercy in which we trust ourselves.

ART. IV.—1. *On the Regulation of the Currency.* By JOHN FULLARTON.

2. *The Age of Great Cities; or Modern Society Viewed in its relation to Intelligence, Morals, and Religion.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D. D. London. 1843.

3. *Financial History of England.* By THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

4. *The Financial and Commercial Crises Considered.* By Lord ASHBURTON.

5. *Tour through the Manufacturing Districts.* By W. C. TAYLOR, LL. D. London. 1842.

THE memory is less exercised by the generality of people than any other intellectual faculty. It is incredible how soon one forgets even what he has been an eye-witness to, except it be something so peculiar, or remarkable, that it has made a strong impression upon him. Those who read history most carefully can seldom remember more than an event here and there—such as happens to impress them most forcibly. This is much more to be regretted than is commonly supposed; for if we could only retain the lessons we have learned from reading and observation, they would save us from much injury. They would serve as a warning against evil, and at the same time save us from being pained with apprehensions

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for which there is no ground. In no other sense can it be more truly said that knowledge is power; and that it secures tranquillity to the mind. Not to possess such knowledge, is to be superstitious and timid; ready to look at the darkest side of whatever is represented to us as an evil, even by those whom we know to be unfriendly to us.

Thus, did we only bear in mind the fluctuations which currency has undergone in different countries, and how often the wealthiest nations seemed on the brink of ruin for the want of money, while, in point of fact, there was no danger, we should not have been so ready to believe those who wished us to regard the scarcity of specie as a proof that we were hastening to national bankruptcy. Had we only been acquainted with the subject, we should have known that a scarcity of specie is as natural a result of war as the effusion of blood on the battle-field. There is no instance of a nation carrying on a great war without experiencing similar embarrassments—much greater embarrassments than we have experienced yet, or are likely to experience in the future. We need only refer to the wars of France and England, in order to illustrate this. Indeed, each has suffered more than we have, when not at war at all; yet it is they who, above all others, shake their heads, and predict our ruin as inevitable, because our Government has found it necessary, first, to issue a large amount of Treasury bills, and, subsequently, to substitute postage stamps for money. Such predictions would be as little worthy of notice as those of the gipsy fortune-tellers, were they not believed by thousands of our own people, who ought to know better. And the same remark will apply with equal force to those who tell us that we are to be ruined by taxation, and by the immense national debt being accumulated by the war.

It is not necessary to quote any American authority, in order to show that a nation may experience great inconvenience through the scarcity of a circulating medium, and still be in no danger of either dissolution or bankruptcy. We select English authorities, because it is the English press that has taken most pains to prove that it is all over with the American Republic. Let us first remind our prophets and epitaph writers that they have often settled the fate of France by similar arguments, and undoubtedly they had much stronger grounds, in doing so, than they have in our case; for the revolutionary government of France soon found

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itself without any money. Almost its only resource for more than two years was the confiscated property of the *noblesse*. On this basis it issued *assignats* of 100 francs each. Those possessing this paper had the privilege of offering it in payment for any confiscated estate they might buy; but otherwise it represented nothing. To the English writers of the day, it was as clear as daylight that a nation reduced to such extremities could not exist. Napoleon was laughed at as a visionary, when he undertook to carry on a war against the greatest powers of his time, with scarcely as much money in the French treasury as would feed his army for one month. But that gave him no trouble. He made the war pay for itself, by levying contributions in every country he conquered; and finally he failed, only because nothing was left for him to seize upon in his Russian campaign—the Russians having adopted the policy of making a desert of every place he was likely to enter, not excepting even Moscow, the ancient and revered capital of the Czars. But if the want of money injured Napoleon as an individual or sovereign, which, after all, is by no means clear, certain it is that it did not injure France as a nation. The truth is, that she has never been in a more flourishing condition, never taken more rapid strides in the progress of civilization, than when she had least money in her treasury.

But so late as the Crimean war the same *Times* and *Herald* that are now so sure of our downfall, declared that the Russian empire was tottering to its fall because the Czar found it necessary to issue some millions of paper money, which was not convertible into gold or silver. At all events, the country was to have been ruined by the heavy taxation necessary to carry on a war against such powerful foes. Oppressed as the people were, and devoid of all aspirations of liberty, it was held to be certain that they would soon break out into open rebellion. Yet Russia is no more a wreck to-day than France, for whom the same fate had been predicted. Thus it is not alone the epitaph of the United States that has been written again and again by the leading journals of England, but that of the most powerful nations in the world—nations, too, which have seemed to grow all the more powerful and formidable for having been thus unceremoniously consigned to the tomb.

Now let us see how England herself has suffered for the want of specie, and none can do so with any degree of

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thought and candor, without admitting that, if either the scarcity of money or a heavy national debt is necessarily a proof of approaching dissolution, England has survived thus far only by some inscrutable means approaching the miraculous. A letter, presented to both houses of Parliament in 1826, by the father of the late Sir Robert Peel, gives a more graphic picture of the privations labored under by England, at different periods, than any other document within her reach, and, as it has also some excellent ideas on the relative value of gold and paper money, we extract the greater part of it:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*—Will you permit an old man to address you on the subject of our currency? I sat in Parliament thirty years, during which time *I frequently heard this important question discussed in the House, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, and other distinguished characters.* On the passing of the Bank Restriction Act, I was entrusted by the merchants and citizens of London to present their petition against the measure. Though my opinions were embodied in their case, my best endeavors to serve them were not successful. Having been long and extensively engaged in commercial dealings, *I often witnessed a national embarrassment* arising from a defective and impure currency, which resembled the present stagnation in trade; and I lament to observe that *suffering and experience* have failed, in this instance, of producing their usual good effects. In the enlarged scale of business carried on by this country, embracing a great variety of pursuits, *a reliance on a metallic circulation alone ever did and ever will fail us.* Gold, though in itself massy, *often disappears in consequence of war, or speculation; nay, the breath of rumor itself is sufficient to disperse it.* Our domestic concerns are interrupted, and confidence lost, for want of an ample and approved medium of traffic.

"I am no friend to an unrestrained issue of paper money, and saw with concern, in the absence of a due quantity of specie, bills admitted into circulation, issued by persons of respectability, possessing property, but evidently unable to meet a sudden and large demand upon them. More than two years ago, I mentioned to a friend, high in his Majesty's councils, my fears of the mischief likely to ensue if the practice were not discontinued; accompanied with a suggestion to confine future issues of paper money, or tokens, to the Bank of England and other competent bodies of men, who would give security in land, the public funds, canals, buildings, or other tangible property, amounting at least to one-half of the value of their bills, or tokens, in circulation. My proposition was not favored with any notice; yet, had it been adopted, I am of opinion that most of the panic and distresses *now so severely felt in the nation* would have been avoided. If such an improvement in the banking system could be made available, gold would become less requisite, and the country be supplied with a stationary medium of exchange, originating with ourselves.

"Whilst directing the energies of State in war, Mr. Pitt evinced equal ability in discovering, improving, and applying our internal resources. THE WAR DRAINED THE COUNTRY OF ITS SPECIE, and our enemies entertained sanguine hopes that our ruin would sooner be effected by want of pecuniary means than the want of courage, discipline, and conduct in our armies. Mr. Pitt was more than a match for all contingencies. With the

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aid of the Bank of England, and other opulent houses, the energies of Great Britain were maintained in full activity, and the *importance and utility of paper money were clearly established.* Ingenious machines were introduced into our manufactories, and the encouragement and protection afforded them greatly increased the demand for our goods at home and abroad. Our superiority at sea gave our merchants easy access to foreign markets, and the wealth derived from trade and commerce (*though to some persons it may appear paradoxical*) *more than covered the whole expenses of the war.* When the minister had recourse to loans, they were speedily raised by British capitalists, and the increase of the public debt was due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolved itself into a family account, without impairing the national property.

* * * * * * * *

"The present panic and distress in the country have been declared by high authority to proceed from 'over-trading' and 'wild speculation.' Infant nations and establishments are liable to miscarry, from want of experience and solidity. Trading and speculation being natives of this island, and parents of our wealth and independence, are surely exempt from such an imputation. The same authority has declared that 'gold and paper-money are incompatible with each other, and cannot exist together.' The population and trade of the empire having been much increased, a proportionate increase in the medium of circulation is called for; and *when gold is found insufficient, recourse must be had to paper, which, if improved on the principle already suggested, the two substances would be found in the same pocket without disunion.*"

Be it remembered, that this letter was written long after the war—in 1826. As long as the war continued, none wondered that gold and silver had almost disappeared from circulation. It is well known, by all acquainted with the history of the time, that a mere rumor, in regard to the movements of Napoleon, had an effect on the money market. Of this we have abundant proof. In Mr. Tooke's "History of Prices," we are told that, "when the war ceased, in 1814, the price of gold bullion was five guineas per ounce—that is, nearly *thirty per cent. above the Mint price*—and it had been at that price, *upon an average, ever since the latter end of the year* 1812. From May, 1814, it fell gradually, and was at £4 9s. an ounce before the following March, the exchange experiencing, *pari passu*, a corresponding improvement. On the arrival of the news of Bonaparte's landing in France, from Elba, the exchange *varied at once ten per cent., and continued falling, whilst the price of gold mounted as rapidly to £5 6s. per ounce. All the symptoms that had been considered as indicating a depreciation of the currency, previously to the peace of* 1814, *immediately manifested themselves, and continued during the one hundred days of Bonaparte's power.* The battle of Waterloo again put an end to the war, and *from that moment the exchange gradually recovered.* The price of gold fell back proportionately, and in the

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course of the following year was at £3 18*s.* 6*d.* per ounce, that is, within 7½d. of the Mint price (p. 97). We might fill pages with similar evidence—evidence which no intelligent person would venture to impugn. And, if we institute a comparison in regard to expenditure, we shall find a corresponding state of facts. It is said that our national debt is accumulating at such a vast ratio, that the interest on it alone will weigh so heavily on our people, that they will soon become discontented and revolutionary. No doubt the war has already cost us a good deal; but it is a mere bagatelle compared to the cost of the French wars of England. "The amount expended in the fourteen years," says Mr. Porter, "from 1800 to 1814, upon the *Navy*, *Army*, and *Ordnance*, was £633,634,614. In the last year of the war (1814) the sums so expended amounted to £71,686,707; and if to this sum is added the interest of the debt—all of which had been incurred in the prosecution of wars—it will be seen that these branches of expenditure amounted, in that one year, to £101,738,072, a large part of which was expended in foreign countries, and, consequently, *was abstracted from the capital of the nation.*"—*Porter's Progress of the Nation*, vol. ii, p. 330.

Nearly eighty million (£80,000,000) sterling, in one year —about four hundred million dollars ($400,000,000)—was a pretty large expenditure, it will be admitted; but it does not include "the secret service money," which amounted to at least half as much more. But assuming our expenditure to be equally enormous, which is far from being the fact, there would remain this important difference, that most of the money of England was expended on the Continent, or paid over to foreign cabinets, in the form of subsidies; whereas, all our money is expended at home, with the exception of the comparatively small amount which we have paid for munitions of war. We have not to hire either the Austrians or the Prussians to fight our battles, nor have we to allow dethroned sovereigns large annuities out of our treasury, as England had to do in several instances. Suffice it to mention here the case of the King of Prussia, to whom she had to pay $300,000 a year until the fall of Napoleon restored him his kingdom. Yet, England not only survived all, but was wealthier and more powerful than ever, in one year after the war. Do the *Times*, *Herald*, and *Blackwood*, forget all this? If not, how can they arrive at the conclusion that what, upon the whole, rather did service than injury to England,

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must inevitably ruin the United States? It will not do to say that, as a youthful nation, we have not the recuperative energy of a mature nation like England; but, if the Republic is not stronger than it was while struggling for existence, yet, it was able to carry on a war for seven years, and finally triumph; and then, instead of dying of exhaustion, as it was so confidently predicted it would, it bounded forward in the race of progress and civilization, in a manner that astonished the world; and continued to do so until the present war broke out. Nay, even at the present moment, while engaged in so gigantic a struggle, it continues to exhibit every evidence of prosperity.

Nevertheless, we are told that we are not only ruining our own industry, but also, to a large extent, that of all whom we have been in the habit of dealing with. If only a factory has to suspend work now in Manchester or Birmingham, the journals alluded to find no difficulty in tracing the cause of it to the war in defence of the Union. In this, too, we see a great defect of the memory on the part of our accusers, or otherwise they must calculate largely, either on the forgetfulness or credulity of their readers, for they have only to look back a few years, in order to see that the manufacturing districts have suffered much more serious privations when there was no American war than they do at present. Surely, there is no such distress now as that which prevailed, for example, in 1843, and which is described as follows by Lord Ashburton:

"A very short time ago, the interest of money was at 2½ and 3 per cent. Everybody found it difficult to employ their capital: now, nobody can obtain it for the best security under 8, 10, or even 12 per cent. The stagnation of the most legitimate trade is complete; the manufacturer stops his works; the minister is obliged to double the interest of his exchequer-bills, and is still at a loss to give even a decent appearance to public credit; while Mr. Brown, a merchant of the first credit and character, representing South Lancashire, tells the House of Commons that the alarm and want of confidence were such, that orders for human food to the United States and other countries were in many cases countermanded, prudent houses not choosing to risk their credit by being drawn upon, until they should see what steps Government might take to restore the healthy action of trade. On the other hand, orders for the manufactures of the country cannot be executed, by which we were enabled to pay for this food, because the entire stagnation of the circulation prevented the ordinary operations of credit, by which alone such transactions can be conducted. There is no class in a country, where the machinery of its economy is so complicated, who do not suffer under this strange state of things, from the richest capitalist to the poor mechanic who lives by his daily labor."*

* *The Commercial Crisis Considered*, p. 5.

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This, it must be admitted, was deplorable enough. It is alleged that we are more subject to such crises than any other nation. Assuming this to be true, the sufferings which they bring to our people are seldom or never so severe as that described by his lordship. But, lest there may be any who doubt this, we will adduce further evidence. In a speech delivered in the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, in July, 1842, on the distress then prevailing in the manufacturing districts, his lordship described the condition of the operatives as follows:

"In Leicester, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, wages were reduced, houses left untenanted, rents had fallen one-half or less, able-bodied and healthy men—*at least, men who were once in health*—men well skilled in their respective branches of trade, men able and but too anxious to work, were thrown out of employment *by thousands*. Wages were reduced in some instances to sixpence a week, rather less than one penny *for each and every day*. The poor's rate increased in some places four-fold, and in others double that amount, and the defalcation of rateable property has gone on from 20 to 30, 40, and sometimes 50 per cent. There have been found such occurrences as 7, 8, and 10 persons in one cottage, *I cannot say for one day, but for whole days without a morsel of food*. They have remained on their beds of straw for two successive days, under the impression that, in a recumbent posture, the pangs of hunger were less felt. Members of religious congregations have been frequently taken from the places of worship fainting from illness and weakness, brought on from want of proper sustenance."*

Lest it may be supposed that the picture of Lord Brougham is overdrawn, we will quote one or two other authorities on the same subject, men who could have no object in misrepresenting the facts, and who were well competent to form a reliable opinion. Colonel Torrens, in one of his letters to Sir Robert Peel, observes: "The English artisan must exchange his wheaten loaf for the black bread of the continent; must reduce his accustomed supply of

* It can hardly be pretended that our war has been the cause of greater disturbances, at home or abroad, than those caused in England, in 1830, by the prevailing distress and want of employment. We quote the best authority: "The disturbances began in the county of Kent. The rioters did not assume the character of disorderly mobs, nor did they profess to seek any political objects. They appeared at first as lurking incendiaries, and wreaked their vengeance on property, the destruction of which could only aggravate their misery. Night after night new conflagrations were lighted up by bands of incendiaries; corn-stacks, barns, farm-buildings, *live stock*, were consumed indiscriminately. Bolder bands attacked mills, and demolished the machinery; all threshing-mills, in particular, were condemned. Threatening letters were circulated, demanding the raising of wages, or the disuse of machinery; and the nightly exploits of the writers insured attention to their demands. The evil spread and increased. During October, November, and December, it made its way from Kent into the counties of Herts, Wilts, Bucks, Sussex, and Surrey. Throughout the whole of that district, all protection to property appeared to be at an end. Bands of rioters pillaged and destroyed during the day, and, as soon as night fell, simultaneous conflagrations, starting up in different quarters, spread over the country havoc and dismay. The military force was increased, and a special commission ordered." —*Ann. Register*, 1830, p. 149.

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animal food, and relinquish the tea and sugar, hitherto regarded among the necessaries of life. The condition of the industrious classes in England will sink below that of the same classes on the continent. In what spirit will the calamitous vicissitude be borne? Should there be a total repeal of the corn-laws, agricultural districts will appear under the form of an acute paroxysm, followed by reaction and convalescence; should the corn-laws be retained, chronic constitutional disease, falling on the functions of life, will terminate in hopeless debility and decline."*

Still more startling, if possible, are the descriptions of Dr. Taylor, in his *Tour in the Manufacturing Districts.* "We entered," he says, "one house (at Bolton) tenanted by a young couple, whom I at first mistook for brother and sister; they were a husband and wife, about six years married, but fortunately without children. On a table of the coarsest wood, but perfectly clean, stood what we were assured was the only meal they had tasted for twenty-four hours, and the only one they had a reasonable prospect of tasting for twenty-four hours to come. It consisted of two small plates of meal porridge, a thin oaten cake, some tea, so diluted that it had scarcely a tinge of color, and a small portion of the coarsest sugar in the fragment of a broken bowl. Their furniture had been sold piecemeal, to supply pressing necessities; their clothes had been pawned. They had hoped for better times, but they felt that their condition had been growing worse. The man *would have gone to a foreign land,* but he would not leave his wife alone to die. My friend asked him whether, under the circumstances, he did not repent his early and imprudent marriage. He paused, looked fondly at his wife, who returned his gaze with a melancholy smile of enduring affection; he dashed the tear aside, and with calm firmness replied, 'Never! *We have been happy and have suffered together;* she has been the same to me *all through.*'" (pp. 41, 42.) At page 83, of the same work, the condition of Colne is described thus: "The misery was fearful, but could not offend the fastidious. The children were in rags, but not in filth. Between two boys, the sons of a widow, only one suit could be mustered. * * Never shall I forget the agony with which a young widow described to me her parting with a wooden clock, which her late husband had given her the day of her marriage."

* Torrens' Letter to Peel, pp. 28 and 29.

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Our limits preclude us from multiplying proofs; but we think it will be conceded that we have adduced sufficient to show that, long before there was any rebellion in this country, there was much more distress in England than there is at present; that specie was quite as scarce in the same country, when there was no war, as it is now in this country; and that, when England has been at war, her expenditure weighed more heavily on her people, in proportion to her wealth and resources, than our expenditure does on ours, for the reason that she has had to spend a large proportion of her money on the Continent, while nearly the whole of ours is spent at home.

We have been sneered at, and declared to be on the verge of bankruptcy, because Congress has thought proper to make a circulating medium, for the time being, of postage stamps as well as treasury bills; but be it remembered that our lowest tender, even now, is one penny, or its equivalent in stamp form; whereas, in 1843, so scarce was change in England that Parliament had to authorize the issue of half-farthings—thus legalizing a coin equal to about *one fourth of a cent.*

We have already shown that one of the most certain effects of war is, to drain the country engaged in it of its specie. But, did a similar scarcity occur in times of profound peace, it would be no proof that there was any danger of bankruptcy; nor would it prove that we had lost the confidence of foreign nations. This, too, is demonstrated by English testimony. Thus, the records of the Bank of England, for the great panic year, show that the amount of gold and silver in circulation, June 21, 1845, was £21,315,717. This was found amply sufficient for all the purposes of trade. The demand for specie was so little that the Bank offered its money in vain, at as low a rate of discount as 2½ per cent., and at the same time had reserve notes to the amount of £9,837,175. In two months, nearly a million in gold and silver had been added to the circulation, and nearly two millions of notes, so as to diminish the reserve of the latter to £7,959,390. This was virtually an addition to the circulation of three millions; but, instead of money becoming more abundant in proportion, it became comparatively scarce. On the 18th of the following October, nearly three millions more had been added to the circulation, and the increase had scarcely taken place when the great crisis commenced! The

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best political economists in Europe were unwilling to believe this, so flatly did it contradict all their theories. They could not understand that gold and silver could be at once plenty and scarce; but now the fact is no longer denied. The financial history of every country in Europe contributes evidence to prove it; and no country will have furnished more conclusive evidence than our own, when the present war is over. Nor is the explanation of the seeming anomaly by any means difficult; it is to be found in the very nature of commercial transactions; for, all other things being equal, money is abundant or scarce, according as the sales exceed the purchases, or *vice versa*. Thus, for example, it matters not how large an amount of woolen cloths is sold by A to B; if B sells an equal amount of silks to A, no money has to be paid. But if, for any cause, B can only sell half or one-third as much to A as he has bought, he has to pay the cash for the balance; and of course, if many similar balances have to be paid, the natural result is a scarcity of specie. That war has a depressing effect on business in general, none will dispute. We could not expect to be exempt from the operation of so universal a law. Accordingly, when the present rebellion broke out, commercial transactions diminished; and in proportion as the sales exceeded the purchases, and *vice versa*, as already shown, money became scarcer, until the relief usual in such cases was given by Congress. In all this there is nothing to excite the apprehension of the most timid; nothing more than has occurred to the most wealthy and ancient nations in the world under similar circumstances; nothing which could not be remedied in one year after the restoration of peace.

ART. V.—1. *Hymni Latini mædii ævi, quos collegit* JOSEPHUS MONE, notisque illustravit. Wurtzburg.

2. *Dies Iræ*. By ABRAHAM COLES, M. D. New York. 1859.

3. *Hymns of the Ages*. Boston. 1859.

RELIGIOSITY is the peculiar characteristic of the middle ages. They may aptly be called ages of faith, for religion was then the ruling motive of action throughout Christendom. This is apparent from the history of that period. It was faith which prompted those fearless missionaries to undertake dangerous journeyings by sea and land to chris-

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tianize the heathen; which incited men to erect those grand cathedrals and massive monasteries which stand like the triumphal arches of Christianity; which urged the restless mediæval cavaliers to don their burdensome armor and battle with the Moslemni for Christ's sepulchre. The arts and sciences, and literature too, are then made to subserve the cause of religion. When, by the aid of science, the calendar is rectified, the correction is valued only in connection with the changes introduced into the festive seasons of the church. When the printing press of Faust and Guttenburg is erected at Mentz, the first publication emitted is an edition of the Bible. When painting, sculpture, and architecture awake from the torpor induced by the barbarism succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire, their wondrous powers are at once exerted in the service of the altar. But it is especially in the literature of the middle ages that this religious tendency is most apparent. Tomes interminable are written upon sacred subjects, and no book goes forth to the world without the imprimatur of the ecclesiastical authorities. In the poetry of these ages especially, the religious element prevails to the greatest extent. It was then that Dante's mystic pen described the mysterious realms beyond the tomb, and that Calderon dramatized incidents in the life of our Saviour. They are the days of Christmas carols and miracle plays.

The opposition manifested in the eighteenth century to everything mediæval, is attributable to the inherent antagonism between infidelity and faith. The eighteenth century, permeated as it was with a pantheistic or atheistic spirit, could find little that was admirable in a period so strongly characterized by religiosity as the middle ages; but our own generation, which is not of an infidel tendency, is less loudly denunciative of those aspersed times. In fact, our own epoch has produced the noblest vindication of those ages, and is manifesting most unequivocally its appreciation of them in its art-movements. The return to Gothicism in architecture, and the adoption of pre-Raphaelite models in our schools of painting, are evident proofs that we are at last renouncing the boast of the ignoble Capaneus: *Τῷ μή μοι πατέρας ὁμοίη ἔνδεο τιμῇ.* "We are better than our sires:" We gain nothing by depreciating the creations of the mediæval mind. If they really possess merit, and that they do we are slowly learning, we should not hesitate to acknowledge it.

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We should not disdain the sacred poetry of the middle ages, because it lacks the elegance of the great classical models; for it would be unjust to institute a comparison between the productions of the times of Charlemagne and those of the days of Augustus Cæsar. In fact, the two styles of poetry, ancient and mediæval, cannot be at all compared, for they are of a totally different character. The one is like a Doric column, chaste, grand and sublime in the very simplicity and inflexibility of its mouldings, scorning the vain glitter of gaudy ornament, and trusting for vitality to the almost rigid grace of its proportions; the other is like a Gothic dome, with its fertile contrasts and ample space, here shadowy in lurking gloom, there riant in spots of sunshine, filled through all its amplitude with a dim religious awe, and yet traced here and there with grotesque and capricious imagery, the freaks of a strength at once lowly and spiritually grand. The one is Gothic poetry, the other classical. The one sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit—the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine—the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But these are only names, and their true significance must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists and poets. We can more readily discern the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful, if we view the Minster of Cologne and the Acropolis of Athens; if we look at the Venus of Milo and a Madonna of Francia; if we think of Homer's Helen and Dante's Beatrice. Pagan poetry, like those representations on ancient stained windows, enchants the eye with its beauteous pictures, but allows it to see no images but those immediately presented; while mediæval poetry, like transparent glass, serves as a medium through which we may gaze at something higher, greater and lovelier, than any mere earthly shape of beauty.

Neither need we find fault with the subject-matter of the sacred poems of the middle ages. In many of them, it is true, mere doctrinal statements are propounded; but most generally the cardinal truths of revealed religion, and the common emotions which stir the heart of humanity, form the chief burden of the songs. Viewed from the stand-point of an enlightened Christianity, there is nothing in them offensive to our religious belief, while regarded simply as literary productions there is much in them that is truly admirable. Those, whose tastes are formed upon classical models, con-

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tenn the poetical works of the middle ages, on account of their frequent barbarous Latinity, their rhyme and consequent false quantity. But we surely should not blame the mediæval writers for the degeneracy of the Latin tongue, for it was necessarily superinduced by the incursions of the barbarians, who introduced new terms and changed old ones; and the authors of those days were compelled to write in the language as they found it. Blaming St. Bernard for not writing as classically as Cicero, is somewhat like despising Westminster for not being the Pantheon. False quantity is certainly a blemish in all poetry; but it is not confined solely to mediæval writings, for it may be found even in the purest classical productions. And rhyme, in itself, is no defect, though it may result in numerous faults. Cicero remarks the grandeur of many monotonous finals, and adds: "Præclarum carmen! est enim et rebus et modis et verbis lugubre." And the lines which he thus highly eulogizes would easily be mistaken, by many modern readers, for a monkish composition:

"Hac omnia vidi inflammari,
Priamo vi vitam evitari,
Jovis aram sanguine turpari."*

The frequent use of Saturnian metre in mediæval poetry is another cause of complaint to the worshippers of antiquity; but Cicero,† even when the hexameter was most highly perfected, wished for the return of the old long-lost verse. Besides, to the Latins the Saturnian is far more national than the hexameter, which was introduced by Ennius from Greece; and its ruggedness and native simplicity rendered it peculiarly appropriate for the subjects treated in the middle-age verses. The archaisms and new terms frequently found in Christian poetry should not be a cause of complaint; for as new ideas required new words to express them, the language was enriched rather than corrupted by the employment of new expressions, and the readoption of old ones. St. Jerome introduced *vivificus* into the Latin tongue, because the idea of giving or restoring life is so Christian that no heathen had ever employed a term to express it. In like manner, St. Augustine was led to adopt *salvator*, because the old expression *servator* was inadequate to convey the full meaning of *salvation*. The classical authors themselves would defend this usage on principles of common

* *Tusc. Dis.*, III., 5. † *Brutus*, XIX.

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sense, for Cicero says that "logicians, physicians, grammarians and musicians speak after their own manner, and use peculiar words. Quo magis hoc philosopho faciendum est? Ars est enim philosophia vitæ; de qua disserens arripere verba de foro non potest."* Zeno himself was an inventor rather of new words than of new systems. If it was permitted to Zeno, why not to Jerome and Augustine? "Sunt enim rebus novis nova ponenda nomina,"† says Cicero, citing the example of Epicurus, who called *Πρόληψιν* what before him no one had ever named by that word.

In connection with the subject of sacred mediæval poetry, we should glance at the origin of rhyme. Muratori, Turner and Gray prove that rhymed verses were written about the end of the fourth century; but they did not pass into general use until the ninth. Rhyme was a consequence of the substitution of ictus for quantity, and could be introduced only when the rules of Greek prosody were neglected for the rhythm, which characterizes all modern poetry. Quantity began to be disregarded as early as Suetonius, and the lines of Hadrian to Florus,

> "Ego nolo Florus esse,
> Ambulare per tabernas," &c.;

and the historian's repartee,

> "Ego nolo Cæsar esse;"

are accentual trochaics.‡ When emphasis and accent became, instead of metrical quantity, the general rule of pronunciation, the many consonances occurring in the Latin language naturally suggested the idea of rhyme, as the jingle of the words superadded to the rhythm was peculiarly agreeable to ears that were not formed upon classical models.

Even in the earliest Christian poems we find evidences of both rhythm and rhyme. The *Lucis Creator Optime*, probably the oldest Latin hymn we possess, furnishes an instance of the use of feminine rhymes.§ It was composed by Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, a man of great erudition and particularly skilled in Greek, from which language he transferred numerous theological terms into the Latin. In one shape or

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* *De Finibus*, lib. III. † *De Natura Deorum*, lib. I.

‡ In the third line, however, "Scythicas pati pulpas," the *pati* must be sounded as an iambus.

§ Feminine or final rhymes are the consonances on the last foot; masculine or double rhymes on the two last feet.

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another, this hymn may be found among almost all denominations. The fourth stanza is very fine, and is the only one in which the final rhyme extends through the entire strophe.

"Cœleste pulset ostium,
Vitale tollat præmium,
Vitemus omne noxium,
Purgemus omne pessimum."

"Teach us to knock at heaven's high door,
Teach us the prize of life to win;
Teach us all evil to abhor,
And purify ourselves within."

Juvencus, Pope Damasus, the two Apollinari, and St. Ambrose, are known to have written verses, though but meagre fragments of their works remain. The *Rhythmus de gloria et guadiis Paradisi*, though often attributed to St. Augustine, is believed by the Benedictine editors to have been composed by Cardinal Peter Damian. However, the *Te Deum*, which was jointly the composition of the Bishops of Milan and Carthage, shows that St. Augustine could ascend to the highest regions of sacred poetry. The most celebrated of the early Christian poets is Aurelius Prudentius, who was born in Arragon about the year 348 after Christ. He was successively lawyer, magistrate, courtier, warrior, and governor of Saragossa, and was alike distinguished in all those different professions. His poems are numerous and on a great variety of subjects, his most celebrated work being the *Peri Stephanon*, or Crown of Martyrs, a collection of fourteen hymns in different metres. His verses are often false in quantity and deficient in classical purity, but withal vigorous and beautiful. The two best known of his hymns are *Salvete flores Martyrum*, and *Ales diei nuntius;* which have found their way into almost all hymn-books. The first is imitated by Bishop Heber, in his fine hymn commencing:

"Oh! weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
Oh! Rachel, weep not so."

It is marked by great simplicity in the original, as if it were written expressly to suit the comprehension of the martyred Innocents.

"Salvete flores martyrum,
Quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit,
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.
Vos prima Christi victima
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram sub ipsam simplices
Palma et coronis luditis."

"Lovely flowers of martyrs, hail!
Smitten by the tyrant foe
On life's threshold,—as the gale
Strews the roses ere they blow.
First to die for Christ, sweet lambs!
At the very altar ye,
With your fatal crowns and palms,
Sport in your simplicity."

The other hymn of Prudentius has been most unfortunate in its translations. The one most commonly met with partakes more of the burlesque than of the serious.

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"The cock's shrill horn proclaims the morn,
And heralds forth the rising light;
Christ's startling eye, so keen and nigh,
Wakes to new light the slumbering sprite."

It is truly a noble hymn, one replete with feeling; and it is far more harmonious than the generality of Prudentius' verses; but, so far as we know, the only good translation is that in the *Lyra Catholica*.

Celebrated is the *Paschale Opus* of Sedulius, a native of Ireland, who lived in the beginning of the fifth century. It is a life of Christ, in five books, written in heroic metre, and containing many beautiful hymns. The one most generally found in collections of hymnals is in iambic metre, and commences:

"A solis ortus cardine
Ad usque terræ limitem,
Christum canamus principem,
Natum Maria virgine."

If, as some contend, it should be written in two lines instead of four, it presents the first instance of rhyming after every hemistich, somewhat in the manner of the Leonine verses, so much in vogue in the twelfth century. Sedulius, like most of the Christian poets, often errs in prosody. Properly speaking, however, none of these poets belong to the middle ages, as they all lived before the fall of the Roman Empire; though, as their minds are of the mediæval type, they may, in a certain sense, be classed with the writers of that period.

The first sacred poet of acknowledged merit, properly belonging to the middle ages, is St. Avitus, Archbishop of Vienne. He lived during the end of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries, and was a staunch opponent of Arianism. He wrote six poems, in hexameter verse, on the Creation, Original Sin, the Expulsion from Paradise, the Deluge, the Passage of the Red Sea, and the Praise of Virginity. The three first are only, as it were, cantos of one poem, which may be called the Loss of Paradise; and some competent critics* assert that it may be compared with Milton's grand epic. It has been thought by many that his description of Eden is superior in some respects to that of the English bard; for, although so little removed from Paganism, he mixes in his pictures fewer mythological images, the imitation of antiquity is less perceptible, and the description of the beauties of nature is more varied and simple. Like Milton,

* Gouget, Villemain, &c.

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he has imparted to Satan some traits of his original nature, and a certain vestige of moral grandeur; he, too, has painted the Evil One at the moment when he enters Paradise and perceives Adam and Eve for the first time:

"Proh dolor, hoc nobis subitum consugere plasma,
Invisumque genus nostra crevisse ruina?
Me celsum virtus habuit, mare esse neglectus
Pellor, et angelico limus succedit honori.
Nec tamen in totum periit, pars magna retentat
Vim propriam, summaque cluit virtute nocendi,
Nil differre juvat; jam nunc certamine blando
Congrediar, dum prima salus, experta nec ullos
Simplicitas ignora dolos ad tela patebit."

It will be easier, he continues, to deceive them while they are alone, and before they have launched a fruitful posterity into the eternity of ages:

"Immortale nihil terra prodire suiendum est;
Fons generis pereat, capitis defectio membris
Semen mortis erit.
Hæc mihi dejecto tantum solatia restant;
Si nequeo clausos conscendere cœlos,
His quoque claudentur: lævius cecidisse putandum est
Si nova perdatur simili substantia casu,
Sit comes excidii, subeat consortia pœnæ,
Et quos prævideo nobiscum dividat ignes.
Sed ne difficilis fallendi causa putetur,
Hæc monstranda via est, dudum quam sæpe cucurri
In pronum lapsus; quæ mihi jactantia cœlo
Expulit, hæc hominem Paradisi e limine pellat.
Sic ait, et genitus vocem clausere dolentis."

The same train of thought, and almost the same words, may be found in various places in book IX of Paradise Lost. The departure from Eden is thus described:

"His Pater exactis, hœdorum pellibus ambos
Induit,* et sancta Paradisi ab sede rejecit,
Tunc miseri egressum properant, mundumque vacantem
Intrant, et celeri perlustrant omnia cursu.
Et quanquam variis herbis ac gramine picta
Et virides campos, fontesque et flumina monstrat,
Illis fœda tamen species mundana putatur
Post, Paradise, tuam, totumque videntibus horror,
Quæque magis multo paradiso extenditur, illis
Angustatur humus, strictumque tuentibus orbem
Omnia lata nimis parent angusta duobus.
Squallet et ipse dies, causantur sole sub ipso
Subdoctam lucem."

We have given such lengthy excerpts from this poem, because it is very rarely met with; and is, besides, almost the only instance in which a Christian sacred poet has effectively handled the sonorous hexameter metre.

* Milton has the same, taken evidently from Gen. iii, 21:

"As Father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts."—B. X. 216.

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The Passion hymn, *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*, is justly celebrated, on account of its fervid tenderness and the solemn flow of its verses. It is the composition of Venantius Fortunatus, a native of Treviso, who lived in the sixth century. Translations or imitations of this hymn are found among almost all denominations; some of the conceptions of Watts' finest sacred lyric,

"When I survey the wond'rous cross,"

being apparently drawn from this old anthem. During the three centuries following the era of Fortunatus, the sacred muse seems to have been barren, for no poem of merit appeared until the reign of Charlemagne. The *Veni Creator Spiritus* was composed during his lifetime, and is popularly attributed to him; but, although he was the patron of letters, and the friend of Alcuin, although he pardoned Paulus Diaconus for a conspiracy against his life, because he could not deprive the world of so elegant a writer, we still need evidence of his capacity to compose such a noble lyric. Because Mæcenas was the patron of Horace, we are not entitled to conclude that he was able to write the Epistle to the Pisos. The hymn is, most probably, the production of Raban Maur, Abbot of Fulda, in the ninth century, who wrote numerous pieces of poetry, among others, a beautiful poem in honor of the Holy Cross. The *Veni Creator* was published among his poetical remains, at Strasbourg, in the year 1605, long before any hymnology assigned its authorship to Charlemagne. This hymn has been incorporated, under various forms, into the services of nearly all Christian sects. It is found in the English Ordinal, and the Methodists have a fine version, beginning,

"Come, Holy Spirit, come;"

which was composed by Hart, a follower of Whitefield. Dryden's translation, as he left it, is a happy rendering of the fine original; but it has been so often subjected to the gratuitous emendations of editors, that the author would scarce recognize it as his offspring, as it now most generally appears. Though it is uncertain whether Dryden's

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid,"

was composed when he was an Anabaptist, or when he was a Catholic, it is most frequently found among the hymnals of the latter sect.

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Of a kindred nature with this last, though not composed until two centuries later, is the prosa, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, which Dean Trench calls "the loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin poetry." It is variously ascribed to Herman, surnamed Contractus, to King Robert the Pious, and to Innocent III. The first is known to have composed *Alma Redemptoris*,* and, if it may be taken as an evidence of his poetic powers, we would be led to conclude that he was altogether unable to produce such a grand composition as the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. The French King was certainly fond of writing and singing verses, for he frequently assumed the monastic garb, in order to join the monks of St. Denys in chanting the offices. It is, moreover, said that, on his visit to Rome, he presented upon the high altar a song and air, both composed by himself, but, whether the identical prosa or not, cannot be determined. It is, however, most generally assigned, with a far greater show of reason, to Innocent III., whose other works furnish indubitable proof of his high poetic genius. There are very few instances of more tender invocation and supplication than the second and fourth stanzas of this favorite hymn:

"Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium!
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.
Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sava quod est sanium;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium!"

"Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.
Heal our wounds—our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray."

Like its consort, *Veni Creator*, this hymn has been introduced into the services of various churches, and, while a belief in the Holy Spirit remains, there is no danger that it will ever pass out of favor.

Famous is the old Latin antiphon, *In Media Vita*, which was written in the tenth century by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, that laborious Benedictine monastery which has enriched literature with so many priceless treasures. It was composed while the author was watching some workmen repair the bridge of Martinsbrück at the peril of their lives. In an unmetrical shape, this grand old sequence lives to this day in the solemn burial service of the church of England,

* Though it, with the *Salva Regina*, is often assigned to Peter of Compostella.

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and it is preserved in German in the beautiful paraphrase of Luther:

"Mitten wir im Leben sind."

Another hymn, remarkable for the circumstances under which it was produced, is the anthem for Palm Sunday, *Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit.* "Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, being falsely accused, was imprisoned in a tower at Angers by the Emperor Louis, the son of Charlemagne; and on Palm Sunday, when the procession was passing by, he opened his casement, and, causing silence, he entoned those verses of his own composition. Thereat, the Emperor, who was present, was so pleased that he ordered the prelate to be released and restored to his see, and from that day forth the hymn continued to be sung in the procession."* This sacred song is more remarkable for fervor and vigor than for beauty; still it is most solemn, and partakes of the lofty exultation that pervades the *Te Deum.*

The metrical compositions of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries are especially remarkable for fervor, grandeur, and melody. This is truly the golden age of sacred poesy, for Bernard of Clairvaux, Aquinas, Thomas di Celano, and Jacopone then poured forth their holy strains; Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, early in the twelfth century wrote numerous poems, the finest being *Oratio ad Tres Personas S.S. Trinitatis*, the concluding lines of which are frequently met with in translations. It is given entire in Neale's Hierologus. The latter portion of this hymn treats of the celestial paradise, and is wonderfully harmonious. A few lines will suffice as a specimen of Hildebert's style:

"Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion, David urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber, auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ, lignum crucis,
Cujus muri, lapis orvus,
Cujus custos, Rex festivus."

The glories of the heavenly Jerusalem, indeed, frequently form the subject of mediæval song, for as early as the eighth or ninth century we find that the beautiful hymn,

"Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem,"†

was in general use; and Hildebert evidently employed it as a model, for his verses bear a close resemblance to the ancient anthem. The common imitation of this latter hymn,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,"

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* DURAND, *Rationale*, lib. VI, chap. 67.

† It stood anciently: "Urbs beata Hierusalem."

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is totally devoid of the grace and warmth of the original; and the only really fine rendering is a version by Drummond, composed about the year 1620.

Leonius, who carried the species of verse which bears his name to the highest perfection, although he versified almost the entire Old Testament, does not appear to have composed any hymns—none, at least, that have descended to our day. The Leonine system of versification consisted in rhyming the hemistich with the final foot or feet, as in the couplet:

> "Dæmon languebat, monachus tunc esse volebat;
> Ast ubi convaluit, mansit est antea fuit;"

which may be thus irreverently rendered:

> "The devil grew sick, the devil a monk would be;
> The devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

The mysteries, or miracle-plays, of the middle ages were often written in this metre, and it is not astonishing that they did not always find favor with the audiences of those days, for there is a monotony and uncouthness about the Leonine that render it unfit for lengthy compositions; though its directness and a certain epigrammatic force recommend it for apothegms and pasquinades.

The poet, however, who above all others made this age famous by his labors, preaching and writings, was Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. His poetry, as might be expected from the ardor of his nature, is full of sweetness, fervor, and pathos; its distinctive feature being unction, that inexplicable quality which may be felt, but cannot be defined. No sacred poet has furnished modern hymn-writers with such abundant material as St. Bernard, for nearly all of his verses have been either translated or paraphrased. In the Olney collection, one of Newton's best hymns,

> "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
> In a believer's ears,"

is undoubtedly borrowed from Bernard's *Jubilus Rhythmicus de Nomine Jesu;* a portion of which was also translated by Byrom in the beginning of the last century. This *Rhythmicus Jubilus* contains altogether one hundred and ninety-two lines, and consists of stanzas of four lines, having throughout the complete double rhyme. Though this composition possesses unusual beauty, yet, Dean Trench remarks that, "as a whole, it lies under the defect of a certain monotony

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and want of progress." The opening verses are very tender and musical:

"Jesu, dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Ejus dulcis præsentia.
Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesu, Dei Filius!"

"Jesu, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!"

A part of this same poem is given as a separate hymn, commencing *Jesu dulcedo cordium;* one stanza of which is singularly sweet, and in the English version perhaps possesses still greater beauty than in the original:

"Quando cor nostrum visitas,
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi vilescit vanitas,
Et intus fervet charitas."

"Thy lovely presence shines so clear
Through every sense and way,
That souls, which once have seen Thee near,
See all things else decay."

Another lengthy production of St. Bernard is the *Rhythmica Oratio ad unum quodlibet membrorum Christi;* a metrical address, as the title implies, to each of the members of the suffering Saviour. It contains in all three hundred and seventy lines, and is separated into stanzas of five verses, the first four of which rhyme together, as do also the fifth and tenth lines. There is a lovely German translation of the portion *ad Faciem:*

"O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden;"

a version of which is found in the Moravian hymn books, beginning,

"O head so full of bruises;"

This is imitated in the common English hymn,

"Hail! that head with sorrow bowing."

The *Oratio* is exclamatory in its opening:

"Salve mundi salutare,
Salve, salve, Jesu chare,
Cruci tuæ me aptare
Vellem vere, tu scis quare,
Da mihi tui copiam."

"Hail! Jesu! Saviour of the world!
Jesu beloved! on Thee I call!
Oh! might I to Thy cross be nailed
With Thee! Give me Thyself—Thy all!"

The favorite portion of this poem is that addressed *ad Faciem*, though it does not possess so much tender feeling as the preceding part, *ad Cor.* Several other devotional pieces are ascribed to St. Bernard, but they are of less comparative merit than the foregoing compositions. One is entitled, *Oratio devota ad Dominum Jesum et Beatum Matrem Ejus*, con-

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sisting of one hundred and fifty lines; besides, there are two rhymed fragments, *De contemptu mundi*, containing respectively fifty-six and one hundred and forty-one lines. The beautiful hymn to the Virgin, *Ave maris stella*, which is in such high repute with Roman Catholics, though attributed to St. Bernard, is supposed by Mabillon to be of greater antiquity than the twelfth century. Indeed, the latter expresses a doubt whether any of the sacred poems commonly credited to the Abbot of Clairvaux were really composed by him; and Daniel, in his Hymnology, maintains that the *Jesu dulcis memoria*, though it may have been polished by the saint, is not the work of his hands. No matter, however, who the author may be, it is among the choicest specimens of mediæval poetry.

How many of us there are who connect the name of Aquinas only with visions of fearful folios, which treat of all the untangible subtleties that puzzled the brains of schoolmen! Or perhaps a few may think of him as a grim, gaunt Dominican ogre, who contained within himself the whole Inquisition in embryo, and who would regard as a dangerous wizard any mortal so bold as to fabricate verses. Yet the Angel of the Schools, as his disciples called him, could warble as well as theorize; but his verses, like his interminable theological treatises, are known only to a limited few on this side of the ocean. One cause of this prevalent ignorance of his poems is, that the only subject on which they treat is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; but neglecting them solely on this account, when there is so much to recommend them to our favor, would be much as if one would refuse to read Voltaire because a vein of infidelity pervades his writings. The hymns of Aquinas are particularly noted for a union of unction of language with strict theological exactness of expression; his words are well chosen, his phrases most happy, and the cadence of his verse is at once natural and sonorous. His canticles, as they are called, are four in number, of different metres and in rhyme. They derive their names from the words which begin each, *Sacris Solemniis*, *Pange lingua*, *Lauda Sion*, and *Verbum Supernum*. Santeuil said that he would willingly give all the verses he had ever written to be the author of a single strophe of this last hymn, viz.:

> "Se nascens dedit socium,
> Convescens in edulium,
> Se moriens in pretium,
> Se regnans dat in præmium."

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There is a very old English translation of the *Pange lingua*, but it lacks the fervor and flow of the majestic original. A portion of this hymn forms part of the evening service of the Church of Rome. The other canticles, *Sacris Solemniis*, and *Verbum Supernum*, are frequently found done out of Latin, but not into English; good versions of them, however, are given in Caswall's Lyra. The *Lauda Sion* is the hymn by which Aquinas will always be most favorably known. In its solemn gladness, in its exultant outburst, in its sweet, sustained harmony it seems like a grand march of the Church Militant. To feel the full grace, and tenderness, and unction of this ecstatic song, we should listen to its triumphant strains swelling from thousands of voices, in some glad procession, on the continent; just as we should hear bursting forth from the splendid chorales of mystic Nürnberg the full diapason of

"Ein' feste Burg,"

in order to comprehend the depth of sublime poetry that dwells in that Marseillaise of the Reformation. Though there may be a difference in belief as to the dogma inculcated in this hymn, all can heartily unite in the closing supplication:

"Bone Pastor, panis vere,*
Jesu nostri miserere;
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere;
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium."

Crashaw wrote a version of this canticle, beginning

"Rise, royal Zion, rise and sing,
Thy soul's kind shepherd, thy heart's king;"

which retains much of the spirit and melody of the original, and another good rendering is that in the *Lyra Catholica*.

In the Franciscan convents, especially, the lyre of poesy was swayed with a most potent hand. Francis of Assisi, himself the institutor of the order, was the first Italian poet who wrote in the vernacular, and after him the mantle of song seems to have been successively inherited by many of his followers. Thomas di Celano and Jacopone da Todi would of themselves alone rescue their religious institute from the imputation of ignorance. Indeed, the *Dies Iræ* stands alone amid the productions of the ancient and mediæval muse, unapproachable in simplicity and sublimity.

* John vi, 56.

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The authorship of this *Prosa de Mortuis* has been the subject of contention oftener than that of any other hymn in the whole range of Latin poetry. It has been successively ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux, Gregory the Great, Cardinal Walter de Aquasparte, Buonaventura, and Agostino Biella; but there is little besides conjecture to support the claims of any of them. There is every reason to believe that it is the composition of Thomas di Celano, so styled from the town of that name in the Abruzzi, in which he lived, the site of the ancient Cliturnum. The original draught of the hymn was found in his possession; and Bartolomeo Pisaro says, speaking of the village of Celano: "de quo fuit Thomas, qui scripsit sermone polito Legendam primam Beati Francisci et prosam de mortuis, quæ cantatur in missa, scilicet, Dies Iræ, dies illa;" and di Celano was the friend and companion of Francis of Assisi, and is certainly known to have written his life.

No other hymn has been translated so often and into so many different languages as the *Dies Iræ*. There are more than sixty modern German versions of it, and in English we have at least half that number published. The oldest we possess is that by Crashaw; but he evidently distrusted his powers, for his translation is but little more than a very diffuse paraphrase. Still, as a translator, he certainly possessed unusual ability, for his rendering of Strada's famous *Music's Duel* is a masterpiece for litheness, fidelity and melody, and it is consequently strange that he caught so little of the spirit of the grand old Latin sequence, for he does not even retain the sonorous double rhyme or the triplet of the original. Roscommon, too, translated the Prosa, and Johnson tells us that he died with two lines of it upon his lips. We think, too, that there is a version of it in the older editions of Sir Walter Scott's poems; and Dean Trench has written a rather loose imitation of it. Perhaps no hymn is so difficult to render into English as this sequence, as the failure of Crashaw and Roscommon plainly demonstrates. There is in it a sonority and stateliness arising from the full double rhymes and the profusion of vowels; there is a directness of expression and a theological force of meaning in some words, together with a simplicity and terseness in the iambic dimiter metre, which altogether render it almost impossible to infuse the peculiar spirit of the original into an English version. In the prosa there is not a single expletive—not one word could be omit-

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ted or changed, without injuring the sense or force of the sentence; to think, then, that its beauty and grandeur could be preserved in all their force in our language, with its ever-recurring consonants and dearth of double rhymes, is going beyond the region of probability. Seldom has even the opening stanza been more than tolerably rendered. Crashaw has it:

"Hear'st thou my soul what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings,*
Of a sure judge, from whose sharp ray
The world in flames shall pass away;"

which surely cannot be blamed on the score of diffuseness, for he gives twice as many words, and nearly three times as many consonants, as are contained in the original. There is a marked contrast, too, in the very first word, the *Hear'st* of Crashaw sounding peculiarly harsh, while the *Dies* is full, flowing and harmonious; besides, it is no improvement to substitute interrogation for the spirit-stirring exclamation of the old Latin hymn.

There is a translation by Dr. Irons, which retains the original metre, opening:

"Day of wrath, O day of mourning!
See once more the cross returning!
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!"

He adopts, instead of the usual reading of the third line, one sometimes substituted,

"Crucis expandens vexilla;"

which, however, has not the beauty of the one more commonly employed. We make no apology for transcribing the greater portion of this hymn, with Caswall's translation subjoined, for it will be to the few who know it a source of renewed pleasure, and to the many who have not yet seen this splendid lyric it will be a proof of its high literary merit.

"Dies Iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebat et natura,
Cum resurgat creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

"Nigher still, and still more nigh
Draws the Day of Prophecy,
Doom'd to melt the earth and sky!
Oh, what trembling there shall be,
When the world its Judge shall see,
Coming in dread majesty!
Hark! the trump, with thrilling tone,
From sepulchral regions lone,
Summons all before the throne:
Time and Death it doth appall,
To see the buried ages all
Rise to answer at the call.

* This inattention to grammar would in our days scarcely be tolerated, even as a poetical license.

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Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.
Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.
Quærens me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti,
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis,
Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus!"

Now the books are open spread;
Now the writing must be read,
Which condemns the quick and dead:
Now before the Judge severe
Hidden things must all appear;
Nought can pass unpunish'd here.
What shall guilty I then plead?
Who for me will intercede,
When the saints shall comfort need?
King of dreadful majesty!
Who dost freely justify!
Fount of Pity, save thou me!
Recollect, O Love divine!
'Twas for this lost sheep of thine
Thou Thy glory did'st resign:
Satest wearied seeking me;
Suffered'st upon the tree;
Let not vain thy labor be!
Judge of Justice, hear my prayer!
Spare me, Lord, in mercy spare!
Ere the Reckoning-day appear.
Thou didst Mary's guilt forgive;
Didst the dying thief receive;
Hence does hope within me live.
Suppliant in the dust I lie,
My heart a cinder, crushed and dry;
Help me, Lord, when death is nigh!
Full of tears, and full of dread,
Is the day that wakes the dead;
Calling all, with solemn blast,
From the ashes of the past."

The rendering of the third strophe is far better than is usually met with, but yet it has not caught the grace of the original. The eighth stanza, too, is forcibly translated; for the *Rex tremendæ majestatis* is preserved in full, together with the counterbalancing term of tenderness *Fons pietatis*, which is not usual in English versions: the accentual stress, which so piercingly individualizes the petition, is likewise retained on the *me*, though not so well as in the Latin, where the cæsural pause and the emphasis are coincident. There is a wonderful depth of psychology revealed in this single strophe of the *Dies Iræ*. All the varied emotions that would seize upon the soul, were it suddenly to appear before the judgment throne, are daguerreotyped with the minutest precision. Awe, terror and wonder first move the heart,

"Rex tremendæ majestatis;"

then suspense, fear and hope successively stir its depths,

"Qui salvandos salvas gratis;"

and lastly, piercing agony and trustful, tender love strive for mastery in the perturbed soul,

"Salva me, fons pietatis."

And in the other stanzas the alternating emotions of rever-

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ence, dread, alarm, remorse, penitence, distrust and amazement, are represented with as much dramatic power as are the Passions in Collins' noble ode. This, it strikes us, is true poetry. In this old prosa there is no whining sentimentality, no meaningless verbiage, but a simplicity, pathos, suggestiveness, majesty and sublimity that are found only in the noblest efforts of the muse.

Another famous poet of the Franciscan order is Jacobus de Benedictis, a native of Todi, in Umbria, on which account he is oftentimes called Jacopo Tudertino, and Jacopone da Todi. Belonging to an ancient noble family, he espoused a lady as remarkable for beauty as for virtue, and in consequence of her sudden and violent death, which occurred soon after their marriage, he embraced the institute of Minor Friars. Before becoming a monk, he composed a lengthy poem on the Vanity of Human Things, in order to refute the imputation of insanity alleged against him, on account of his violent grief at his sad bereavement. Many profound thoughts are scattered throughout this rhymed prosa, often couched in the most forcible similitudes. It opens thus:

"Car mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria?
Tum cito labitur ejus potentia,
Quam, vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia
Plus crede literis scriptis in glacie
Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ."

His finest production is, however, the sequence, *Stabat Mater*, which has attained almost as wide-spread popularity as the *Dies Iræ*. It is by some assigned to Innocent III., and by others to one of the Gregories; but Daniel thinks that there is no reason to doubt that Jacopone was the veritable author. It is translated into various languages; and, even in the Latin, there is an imitation of it, *Stabat mater gloriosa*. Southwell wrote a version of it, and it is well rendered in the Lyra Catholica. In many hymn-books professed translations are met with, in which certain expressions are distorted or omitted, in order to suit the sentiment to the theological views of the writer; just as we sometimes see the *Salve Regina* rendered as if written *Salve Redemptor*. All this may be strict orthodoxy, but it is, at the same time, wilful misrepresentation to give, as an author's words, what he had not the remotest idea of expressing. We think that the stanza, *Eia Mater*, is the most feeling and tender in the whole hymn; but, as it is a petition to the Virgin, we give, instead of it,

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two other strophes, which, though frequently quoted, lose none of their beauty by being repeated:

"Stabat mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.
Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?"

"At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last:
Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
All his bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had pass'd.
Is there one, who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear mother to behold?
Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that mother's pain untold?"

Jacopone wrote, not only in the Latin language, but also in the Italian. The style of his vernacular poetry is, however, more forcible than refined, for he mingles with the Tuscan, Tudertine, Neapolitan, Sicilian and Calabrian expressions. Nevertheless, his hymns are preserved to this day among the inhabitants of certain districts in Italy, one, in particular, being often met with:

"Jesu nostra fidanza,
Del cuor somma speranza."

A most beautiful hymn is that composed by Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, breathing, as it does, the fervent spirit that animated St. Paul when he desired "to be dissolved and to be with Christ."

Pope* is said to have written a version of this loving little song, commencing:

"Oh! God I love Thee, not to gain
The joys of Thy eternal reign;"

and Byron imitated it in some of his devotional verses. We cannot more aptly close our extracts than by subjoining entire this fervent hymn with Caswall's translation annexed:

"O Deus, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te ut salves me;
Aut quia non amantes Te
Æterna punis igne.
Tu, Tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce;
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam;
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Et mortem propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.
Cur igitur non amem Te,
O Jesu amantissime?

"My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.
Thou, O my Jesus, Thou did'st me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
And griefs and torments numberless;
And sweat of agony;
Even death itself—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.
Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ!
Should I not love Thee well:

* Charles Butler's *Historical Memoirs*. This version is found in none of the editions of Pope's Works. If written at all, there is more likelihood that it was the work of Dryden, as he translated a life of Xavier from the Latin.

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Non ut in cœlo salves me,
Aut ne æternum damnes me;
Nec præmii ullius spe
Sed sicut Tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo Te,
Solum quia Rex meus es!"

Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell:
Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!
E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King!"

There are many more sacred poems of the mediæval era, which our limited space necessarily precludes our noticing. Some of them possess all the purity and melody of antiquity, as, for instance, the old Litany of the monastery of St. Gall, which has all the ring of the *Carmen Sæculare*:

"Ætheris blandos, facilesque motus,
Frugis et largos remeare quæstus,
Regibus vitam, populisque pacem
Da Pater orbis!"

Others, like the *Salutis humanæ Sator*, though devoid of classical elegance, find favor on account of a certain vigor and spirit, which are frequently conjoined with rudeness. There are again some which win a way to our hearts by their deep plaintiveness, such as the antiphon, *Populi mi quid feci tibi;* while almost the only beauty of others lies in the gladsomeness of their music, as is the case in the hymns, *Adeste fideles, O filii et filiæ;** which were most probably written originally as carols for Christmas and Easter. There are in Latin, altogether, more than five hundred mediæval hymns, almost half of which number is addressed to the Virgin and the Saints. Though these latter may, strictly speaking, be classed under the title of hymns, for the word orginally signified, according to Photius, a commemoration of something past, quasi ὑπόμνησις; yet, according to the definition of St. Augustine, they would be excluded from the church service, for he says: "Hymni laudes sunt Dei, cum cantico; hymni cantus sunt continentes laudem Dei. Si sit laus et non sit Dei, non est hymnus; si sit laus, et Dei laus, et non cantetur, non est hymnus. Oportet ergo, ut, si sit hymnus, habeat hæc tria; et laudem, et Dei, et canticum."† According to these principles, many hymns, full of earnest devotion, would have to be omitted from the Roman Breviary, and even some in Episcopalian hymnals, as that commencing:

* Generally attributed to Jacopone, which is worthy of note, as the intense joyousness of the *O filii* is a strange contrast to the solemn sadness of the *Stabat Mater*.

† *Enar. in Psal.* lxxii.

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"Rightful prince of martyrs, thou,
Bind thy crown upon thy brow;"

which is nothing more than a translation of the stanzas on St. Stephen,

"O qui tuo dux martyrum."

The hymn-service of most of our churches is certainly very unsatisfactory. What is called devotional poetry now-a-days generally gives the lie to both the epithet and the appellation. Much true poetry is undoubtedly found in the various collections of hymnals, but it is not on that account solely suited to public church service. The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is veritable poetry, but it could not be very appropriately set to choir music. Metrical compositions, of a descriptive, didactic, or sentimental character, may be very edifying and instructive in themselves, but, as they do not partake of the nature of prayer or praise, they have no claim to the title of hymns. Bishop Heber's deservedly popular poem,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

though full of the most exalted devotional feeling, is not a hymn addressed to God, but an ode to the winds and waves. The same may be said of another of his beautiful compositions,

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning;"

which is an apostrophe to a star, and not an invocation of the Deity. Pope's inextinguishable

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

which has not yet been totally proscribed by hymnists, is no more suited for the sanctuary than Hadrian's ode,

"Animula, blandula, vagula,"

of which it is an imitation. Moore's Manichæan lines,

"This world is all a fleeting show,"

has just as little right to usurp a place in hymn-books. Hortatory verses, which are exceedingly common, such as:

"Return and come to God,
Cast all your sins away;"

and the other,

"Hasten, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun;"

are altogether unsuitable for public worship; much more so are those which depicture the peculiar state of the writer's mind, as is the case in very many English and German hymns. Cowper, and Watts too, sometimes, make their

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hymns the expressions of the gloom, weariness, or satiety that burdened their souls; witness, for instance, the former's tenderly-pious composition:

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee;"

which, beautiful as it undoubtedly is, cannot with any show of reason be sung by a congregation, where the sentiments and emotions are at all times so diverse and uncongenial. Amatory terms* and doctrinal statements, which are found to a great extent in both ancient and modern hymnals, should also be most rigorously excluded from all hymn-books designed for public service, as they are beyond the province of prayer and praise. If, then, they who write or remodel our devotional poetry were to have more frequent recourse, for both matter and manner, to the productions of the mediæval muse, we think there would be fewer blemishes in both English and German hymnologies, and there would be but little reason for the offensive saying of Dr. Johnson, that "poetical devotion cannot often please."†

ART. VI.—1. *History of the Progress of the Law of Nations in Europe from the Peace of Westphalia to the Congress of Vienna; with an historical notice of that Law before the Peace of Westphalia.* By HENRY WHEATON, Minister of the United States of America at the Court of Berlin. 8vo. Leipsic. 1841.

2. *Histoire du Progrès du Droit des Gens en Europe depuis la Paix de Westphalie jusqu'au Congrès de Vienne; avec un précis historique du Droit des gens Européen avant la Paix de Westphalie.* Par HENRY WHEATON, Ministre des Etats-Unis d'Amérique près la Cour de Berlin. 8vo. Leipsig. 1841.

3. *Le Droit de la Guerre, et de la Paix.* Par HUGUES GROTIUS.

4. *Droits des Gens; ou Principes de la Loi Naturelle.* Par EMER DE VATTEL. Paris. 1859.

5. *De Jure Naturæ et Gentium.* By SAMUEL, BARON VON PUFENDORF. Berlin. 1856.

No two belligerents ever spoke well of each other while at war. It is not in the nature of things that they should;

* John Wesley strongly inveighed against the use of what he called "fondling expressions;" and handled Watts' *Horæ Lyricæ* most roughly, because "the hymns were far too amorous, and fitter to be addressed by a lover to his fellow-mortal than by a sinner to the Most High God."

† *Lives of the Poets*—WALLER.—Johnson had a strange dislike for devotional poetry, as is manifest from his criticisms on Watts. He says that "it is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well."

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they would be more than human if they did. Occasionally they may compliment each other on their bravery; but each do this in order that they may have the more glory themselves, since, if the enemy is represented as cowardly, it follows that it is no honor to defeat him; while the disgrace of being defeated by him is in proportion to his pusillanimity. But in no other instance are compliments given on either side, except when the weaker want to conciliate the stronger, in order that the strife may cease, as in the case of the Mexicans, assailed just now by France. In proportion as the belligerents are a match for each other in numerical strength, bravery, and courage, this gradual tendency to vilify each other is increased. This we see sufficiently illustrated in the Punic wars, which we need not pass for examples on the present occasion. Throughout Roman literature—in poetry as well as history—we have evidence of the hatred with which the Carthaginians were regarded by the Romans. The former have left no literature to show what their feelings were towards the latter; but the story is told but too plainly, even by the fragments of sculptures excavated from the ruins of Carthage. On some of these fragments, the Romans are represented in the act of perpetrating the most cruel and barbarous atrocities; such as setting fire to dwelling houses, murdering women and children, violating daughters in the presence of their parents, &c. If we turn to the wars between England and France, we shall find abundance of similar accusations and recriminations. There was no crime so heinous or revolting but Napoleon was thought capable of committing. Even crimes perpetrated in the heart of England were attributed to him, and often when off in Egypt, or in Russia; while the French, upon the other hand, accounted for the worst crimes committed in France by representing that they were the work of English gold.

After making all due allowance for this natural feeling, no impartial, intelligent observer can take a careful retrospect of the present war, since it was first commenced at Fort Sumter, without being forced to admit that, as far as the Federal Government is concerned, no war has ever been carried on in a less vindictive, or more humane spirit. That the rebels pretend the contrary, does not alter the fact. The day will come when they, too, will understand that no war could have been carried on with less passion or more forbearance. In making this remark, we exclude all that had been done under

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the administration of Mr. Buchanan. This, indeed, is not difficult, for nothing was done which was not rather favorable than otherwise to the plans of the conspirators. At the same time, we do not agree with those who regard the venerable ex-President as having intentionally countenanced what, in his opinion, would lead to a dissolution of the Union. We prefer to think that he did not believe that the chief conspirators were in earnest. At all events, this is not the question we propose to discuss in the present paper; but the general conduct of the war up to the present time. As no war can be properly judged without a comparison with other wars of a similar character, we will take occasion to refer incidentally to the wars of those who, from the beginning of the struggle, have been the foremost and most severe in their censures upon us; and in doing so we shall confine ourselves to recent instances; nor shall we invoke any testimony against our censors but that furnished by their own historians and critics.

As to the origin of the war, there is no longer any second opinion. Those who have sympathized most with our enemies, or who are most in favor of the dismemberment of the Republic, admit that the rebels had really no cause for rebellion—no grievance worthy of the name to complain of; no burden to remove which was not equally shared by their fellow citizens in all parts of the Union. This they hardly deny, themselves, any longer; their only justification of the rebellion being, that they desired to form a government of their own, and, therefore, had a right to do so. If this right really existed, then it follows that the inhabitants of any part of any state, whether of a monarchy, a despotism, or a republic, may set up a similar claim whenever they think they are strong enough to seize on the fortresses, arsenals and other property of the Government, situated in the part of the country in which they happen to reside. It is impossible to deny this inference; and yet what it leads to is endless anarchy—at least, endless rebellion—the stability of every government being dependent on the ability of its armies to keep its own citizens or subjects in subjection. In none of the great nations of the world, of ancient or modern times, has any such right been recognized. But can the same be said of the right of self-preservation? What great nation has ever disclaimed this? or what statesman, or jurist worthy of the name, has ever denied it? It is not alone man that nature has endowed with this instinct; it is common to the humblest of the lower

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animals. In short, it is one of those fundamental laws of nature everywhere recognized, by the savage as well as the philosopher. And the United States Government, in drawing the sword in its own defence, when all other means had failed, merely acted in accordance with this law; nor has it to this moment gone a step beyond it. That its subordinates may have been guilty of excesses, in some instances, does not affect the truth of this.

Thus the Federal Government has acted merely in accordance with the law of self-preservation, and, in doing so, it has declined to avail itself of many means of injuring and, consequently, weakening, the enemy, which are sanctioned by the most humane and enlightened interpreters of the laws of war. Far be it from us to urge that all possible harm ought to be done to the enemy, or any harm that could be avoided, consistently with the suppression of the rebellion. Thus far, therefore, we have no complaint to make, but we have learned from experience that the mild, indulgent, and tender mode of carrying on the war is not suitable in the present case. The enemy proves himself terribly in earnest, and we should be the same. We do not mean that, if the enemy is guilty of barbarities, we should imitate his example; nothing of the kind; nor do we mean that we should go beyond the laws of war, as recognized by the most enlightened Christian nations. But certainly, when it is found necessary, we should avail ourselves of every means held to be fair and legitimate by what may be regarded as the collective wisdom of Christendom, having for its basis the opinions, on the same subject, of the great sages of antiquity. Nor does this imply any vindictive spirit towards the enemy. It is better for the rebels themselves to be put down in a half a year than in a whole year, or several years. Had they been severely dealt with in the beginning, before they were permitted to deliberately besiege Fort Sumter, how much better it would have been for themselves to-day, as well as for the country—nay, for the whole civilized world! and there are not a few of them who have already learned to understand the fact, in spite of the passions and prejudices which are the natural offspring of an unjustifiable and unrighteous war. But, before we inquire what the laws of war are, so far as they relate to our own case, let us pause for a moment to learn what is the character of those most confidently relied upon as authorities in expounding them, since

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our faith in the opinion of any one should be in proportion to his qualifications, moral as well as intellectual.

There are only three whom it is necessary to mention, namely, Grotius, Vattel and Pufendorf; as for the character of our own Wheaton, it is well known to be unimpeachable in every respect. But, excellent as it is, it is scarcely better in any way than that of any of the three great jurists mentioned—certainly not better than that of Grotius, from whom all others, since his time, not excepting Wheaton, have borrowed the chief materials of their works. Hugo Grotius, or De Groot, was born at Delft, in 1583. He was descended from a noble family, and received the best education that Europe could afford in his time. Kings and princes vied with each other in trying to avail themselves of the services of so eminent a scholar, so profound a thinker, and so upright a man, although neither his genius nor his learning secured him from persecution. One of the best acts ever Louis XIII. did, was to give Grotius a pension of three thousand livres, in spite of all the Dutch ambassador could say or do to prejudice him against the distinguished exile, who had but just escaped from the fortress of Louvestein, to which his countrymen had condemned him for life. After having declined the invitations of the kings of Spain, Poland and Denmark, to settle at their Courts, he proceeded to Stockholm, where he was immediately appointed counsellor of state and ambassador to the French Court. The Greeks were not more sorry for banishing their greatest men than were the Dutch for the hard sentence they had passed on Grotius; but it is equally true that the latter, like the former, made all the reparation in their power to the illustrious victim of their fanaticism and ignorance. His work, entitled *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, written in Latin, but translated into almost every language in Europe, is to all other works on the law of nations what Homer's Iliad is to all other epics. Baron Pufendorf ranks next to Grotius, whose pupil he may be said to be, although born some fifty years later. Pufendorf, as well as Grotius, had to seek in foreign countries the consideration denied him in his native country. He was professor of natural law, in turn, at the universities of Lund and Heidelberg, and finally became secretary of state and royal counsellor to the king of Sweden. It was while he was professor at Lund university that he wrote his *De Jure Naturæ et Gentium*, in the Latin language—the great work which

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established his reputation as a jurist. Vattel, born nearly a century later, was the son of a Swiss clergyman. Though not as learned as either Grotius or Pufendorf, he attained to great distinction as a jurist. It was while he was privy counsellor to the elector of Saxony that he wrote his great work on the law of nations, entitled, *Droits de Gens, ou Principes de la Loi Naturelle*, of which there are several English editions, under the title of "The Law of Nations, or Principles of the Law of Nature applied to the Conduct and Affairs of Nations and Sovereigns." Each of these jurists possessed the best qualifications for the peculiar sphere of jurisprudence to which he devoted himself, not excepting impartiality. We mention the latter in particular, because it might well be supposed that men who owed so much to the friendship and protection of crowned heads would be inclined to decide in favor of the prince rather than in that of the people. But the reverse is charged against them, especially against Grotius; although the truth is, that there is nothing to complain of on either side, further than that perfection, not being the lot of man, neither Grotius, nor Pufendorf, nor Vattel, is always correct in judgment or sound in logic. Courted as Grotius was by kings, and but too well aware from experience how easily they could injure him, he did not hesitate to proclaim to the world the hideous injustice of the moral, or, rather, immoral code, by which they had hitherto been guided. "I found," he says, "an almost universal opinion, that in the conduct of a king or a state, nothing is unjust that is expedient—that might is right—and that *to unite government and justice is impossible.* I saw throughout the Christian world a license of fighting of which barbarians would have been ashamed. *I saw men rush into a war for trifling causes, or for no cause at all;* and I found war treated as a sanction for every crime which the maddest wickedness could perpetrate."* Now we shall see what he and his brethren and followers regard as legitimate and just, and compare it with the course pursued by the Federal Government, and again with that pursued by our censors. After enumerating various means by which the enemy may be lawfully despoiled, Grotius says: "I repeat again, in a word, what I have said above, that the law of nations *permits, not only to pillage the enemy openly, but also, by means of stratagems, feints,* &c. (which are not accompa-

* Proleg. 3, 28.

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nied by want of good faith, or a violation of what has been promised), and even by soliciting others to deceive our enemies."* The chapter in which this passage occurs is headed, "Of the Right to ravage and pillage what belongs to the enemy." It may seem that there is little humanity in this; but it is amply sustained by the most eminent authors and publicists, ancient and modern; nay, by the fathers of the Church and the inspired writers themselves. The nations which attained the highest degree of civilization recognized the justice of pillaging the enemy—in short, of inflicting every injury upon him that was calculated to weaken him.

It is worthy of remark, that much as we are wont to boast of the influence of modern civilization on the usages of war, we find, on examination, that our latest publicists have scarcely a single humane precept or sentiment which cannot be traced to some of the historians or philosophers of Greece and Rome. The mild as well as the unrelenting principles we derive from these sources, just as much as we derive from them the principles of art, logic, and criticism—of all that contributes to intellectual development. In a word, it is the Greeks and Romans who teach us how to defend ourselves, and how to overpower our enemy, as well as how to attain the highest degree of mental culture.

Nothing is more common, even among intelligent persons, than to represent the law of nations, especially so far as it relates to war, as of modern date; but we find it alluded to more or less directly in almost every book of the Iliad. Xenophon makes Cyrus say that "it is a perpetual law, handed down from generation to generation, among all nations, that, when a town or city is taken, the goods of the conquered belong of right to the conqueror."† The same opinion is given by Aristotle in nearly the same words. "According to public law," says the Stagirite, "which is a sort of general convention, the goods taken in war belong to to those who have taken them."‡ Even the divine Plato

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* Lib. iii, c. v., sec. iv.

† *Νόμος γὰρ ἐν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἀίδιός ἐστιν, ὅταν πολεμίντων πόλις ἁλῶ, τῶν ἑλόντων εἶναι καὶ τὰ σώματα, καὶ τὰ χρήματα.*—*De Instit. Cyri*, lib. vii, cap. v, § 26. Ed. Oxon.

‡ *Πάντα δὲ τὰ τῶν νικομένων ἀγαθὰ, τῶν νικώντων γίγνεσθαι.*—*De Legib.*, lib. i, pag. 626, B. Tom. II. Ed. H. Steph.

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places pillage in war among the natural means of acquiring property.* For no trait was the great Roman orator more distinguished than for his love of justice; but nowhere does he give any opinion on the laws of war, without recognizing the right of the conqueror to despoil the vanquished. "It is not against nature," he says, in his *De Officiis*, "to despoil of his goods, if we can, a man whom we may lawfully deprive of life."† "From the time a city is taken," says Polonius, "there is nothing sacred within its walls." "There are certain rights of war," says Livy, "which may be legitimately used against an enemy, and to which we are ourselves in turn legitimately exposed, such as to set fire to his corn, to demolish his houses, and to carry away both persons and cattle." Even the temples of the gods were not exempt. Nor were these views or practices confined to the heathen. We find the same laws, scarcely modified, sanctioned throughout the Bible, and often enforced. We are told by St. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews (vii, 6), that Abraham gave to the Lord the tenth part of the booty which he had taken from the five kings. Jacob, wishing to evince his particular regard for Joseph, said to him, when about to die: "Moreover, I have given to thee one portion above thy brethren, *which I took out of the hand of the Amorite* with my sword and with my bow."‡ Much as the Jews were attached to Jerusalem, their capital, sacred as they regarded the Holy City, Josephus, their chosen historian, acknowledges that it was captured by the right of war (*του πολέμου νομῳ*).§

We do not mean, by these passing references, that all atrocities were sanctioned by the ancients as legitimate in war, for such was not the case. Pretty nearly the same distinctions were made that are now. Women and children were in general protected; in all cases, they were exempt from attack among civilized nations. Prisoners of war were in general well treated; it was considered not only criminal, but dishonorable, to put them to death. The persons of ambassadors were held sacred. Truces also were strictly observed, as were all promises made and received in good faith. Per-

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* *Ὁ γὰρ νόμος, ὁμολογία τίς ἐστιν· ἐν ᾧ τὰ κατὰ πόλεμον κρατούμενα τῶν κρατούντων εἶναι φασί.—De Republ.*, lib. I, cap. vi, pag. 301. D.

† Neque est contra naturam spoliare eum, si possis, quem honestum est necare. —*De Offic.*, l. iii, c. vi.

‡ Gen., xlvii, 22. § *De Bell. Jud.*, lib. vii., c. XXIV.

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sons caught in the very act of fighting in the enemy's ranks were spared, if it was known that they had been forced to do so against their will. The Zacleti were pardoned on this ground by Alexander the Great; similar magnanimity is recorded of the Emperor Julian, and many other princes and warriors. It may be doubted whether female virtue is safer in modern than it was in ancient warfare. What more refined gallantry, or more scrupulous regard for the legitimate rights, even of an enemy, could any Christian prince of the present day evince, than is recorded of Alexander, who, although he became smitten with the charms of his beautiful captive, Roxana, refused to take any advantage of her situation, but tried to gain her affections, as if she had been perfectly free, and then, as soon as she consented, married her.

Without adding further proofs, for the present, as to what is right or wrong in war, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that the Federal Government, far from transgressing the laws of war in its efforts to put down the present rebellion, has persisted for more than a year in waiving many rights which it cannot be denied to possess; and it is equally indisputable that it has allowed all the immunities prescribed by the most scrupulous code. To the present moment, it has not executed even a guerrilla; those taken on board privateers, that had done all possible harm to the Union cause, plundering American citizens wherever and whenever they could, have simply been treated as prisoners of war. Those taken in the very act of burning bridges, destroying railroads, and perpetrating various other outrages, more or less malicious and injurious, have often been discharged from custody without having undergone any punishment, on their taking, or pretending to take, the oath of allegiance. Even when it has been deemed necessary to secure persons, known, from their local influence and other causes, to be particularly dangerous, they have frequently been released on giving assurances that they would take no further part against the Government. We repeat, that there is no parallel in all history for greater generosity and forbearance than this. Nobody, native or alien, has yet (August) been forced to enter the armies of the Republic; all have been left to their own free will, to fight or not; and never were life and property more carefully protected than they have been throughout the North, since the war commenced. Were we to note the state of facts prevailing in the rebel States, as described by their own journal-

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ists, the contrast would be startling, were it not too familiar. Yet with what virtuous indignation have we been assailed by the leading organs of public opinion in England and France, especially by the former! Some vessels are sunk in the harbor of Charleston, the Catilina of the rebellion, and, as soon as the news reaches England, the *Times*, the *Herald*, and the *Post* vie with each other in inventing new terms wherewith to denounce our "barbarity." A Federal general, surrounded by enemies, who exhaust every means to insult and annoy his troops while under their protection, issues a proclamation which may be so construed as to threaten the chastity of secession ladies; and it is declared that we have so much outraged the public decency of Christendom, that her Majesty's Government should not hesitate to demand an explanation, and that, in the event of suitable satisfaction not being given in this way, a British fleet should appear before New York without delay, &c.

We do not recall conduct of this kind for the purpose of exciting any feeling against England, but simply with the view of showing how illogical and absurd it is. Nay, we believe that the majority of the intelligent classes of Englishmen regard it in the same light we do ourselves. Yet it has had considerable influence for evil among a certain class of our own citizens—that class who, however much they may read the newspapers, never give themselves the trouble to think, and who can never remember any events of the past, which do not directly concern themselves, after they are a month old. These well-meaning but silly people take it for granted that, because the *Times* and one or two other papers have characterized this or that proceeding as "barbarous," or contrary to the laws of war, it must follow that such is the case; and accordingly, a state of public feeling is produced, which, local and limited as it is, has the effect of more or less embarrassing the Government. Now we will try to convince the gentlemen and ladies who are thus easily alarmed, lest the national character may suffer from these charges of barbarity, cruelty, &c., that those who charge us with those qualities have proved themselves a hundred times more barbarous and cruel than we, and that within a very recent period; and while we, far from putting the worst construction on their conduct, or exulting in their reverses, gave them that full, hearty sympathy which can only see their nobler qualities, and which often converts their faults into virtues. This was undoubtedly the feeling

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entertained by three-fourths of the American people towards England during her efforts to put down the Sepoy rebellion. But how was this done? In anticipation of the answer, it may be urged that the Hindoos are an inferior race—little better than the negroes. But this is not true. Those, the language of whose ancestors was the Sanscrit, were not inferior; besides, it is now universally conceded, by ethnologists of the first rank, that they belong, in common with ourselves, to the Caucasian race, the noblest branch of the human family. Can it be said that the Sepoys owed more allegiance to the crown of England than the Secessionists of the South did to the Federal Government? Nothing of the kind. It had never been the wish of the Hindoos to become British subjects; they had never consented to any such arrangement. Assuming that their princes had a right to dispose of them—an assumption not sanctioned by any reputable authority—even then their allegiance could not be claimed without doing violence to truth, since it is well known that in every case the princes opposed British pretensions and British intrigue as long as possible, and in the end took money, or the promise of money, for what they had no longer the power to retain. According to the most eminent writers on the law of nations, allegiance gained in this way is not binding, but may be lawfully set at nought as soon as those forced or betrayed into it have the power to do so. Yet we ask again, how were the Sepoys treated when they rebelled, and wished to withdraw from British rule? Were they allowed the rights of belligerents? When taken prisoners, were they treated according to the laws of war? Were those caught burning houses, or committing any other outrages on the property of the East India Company, released on parole, on consenting to take the oath of allegiance? It is notorious that they were allowed none of those privileges, but were treated much more like pirates than like the citizens of an ancient empire, whose sole crime was, that they preferred to be governed by princes of their own race and language rather than by the East India Company, or any other foreign power. We need no further testimony on these points than that of Englishmen; though we have abundance of French and American testimony at hand. It is to the honor of the leading British periodicals that they proclaimed the truth to the world, revolting as it was in too many cases, and not without stigmatizing the guilty parties

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as their conduct deserved. We need not go beyond what is contained in a paper now before us, contributed by Francis William Newman to the *Westminster Review*, and which appeared in the number of that journal of April, 1860, under the title of the *Ethics of War*—a paper which proves England to have been guilty of much more barbarous conduct than even the London *Times* has ventured to charge against the Federal Government.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Newman, "because in Asia we have for a hundred years been brought into worse temptation than any other European power—being side by side with *industrious*, highly peopled, *but comparatively weak* nations—therefore it is, that in many points we cling to some *barbarous practices* longer than others. The notion, that all the property of an enemy's country naturally belongs to an invading army, comes from the worst times of barbarism, and is theoretically discarded by all Europe; yet the English armies in the East *still hold fast to the idea, long since renounced in Europe*, that every town which they capture is their prize-money, and must pay to the army a large ransom as a commutation *for their natural right of plunder*. Our newspaper writers, especially those of India, blow up the flame of indignation, and even of disaffection, against the Government, if it dares to dispute this 'soldier's right.' A marvellous example of it was lately exhibited at the siege of Delhi. That city, like unhappy Genoa, *had been guilty of the crime of weakness*. The citizens were unarmed; we had kept them so; and, if they had been our staunch and vehement friends, they had not the power to resist the mutineers, whom the Honorable East India Company had failed to keep in control. This was an obvious certainty. The inhabitants first suffered taxation, or, rather, plunder, from our mutineers; next, were made guilty by us for the fact, and in the capture *were treated with a ferocity such as well vies with any deeds of Russia or Austria;* finally, an immense outcry was made against Lord Canning, for the injustice of depriving the army of the spoil of Delhi—our own city!

"It is only within very recent years that the atrocious system of paying *head money* to soldiers or sailors *for the numbers they kill* was abolished by us. Austria brought great and just detestation on herself for thus remunerating the murderers of the Gallician nobility in 1846; but it is *still more recently* that *we adopted the same mode of reward to our sailors for the wholesale massacre* of an alleged piratical tribe in Borneo, under the guidance of the philanthropic Rajah Brooke. The stir made against it in Parliament by Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. Cobden, and a few others, had led to its final abolition, but the recency of this conversion ought to make Englishmen *less pharisaically proud of their international morality*, and more resolved to undertake the task of *self-purification*."

There are graver charges in this extract than even the *Times* could pretend to make against the Federal Government—charges, too, which cannot be denied. But, bad as they are, Mr. Newman has still worse to make; and these, too, have become matters of history. We all have heard

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much about the "belligerent rights" which it was urged we ought to recognize on the part of the rebels, for humanity's sake. But when or where has England herself recognized any such rights until forced to do so? Let one of her own sturdy and eloquent sons answer the question.

"Finally," continues the *Westminster* critic, "most signally of all, though the Indian armies *met us with regular war, we refused to recognize their belligerent rights*, denied the possibility that men with skin so black could have a spark of patriotic feeling, or that the Great Mogul, by whose gift and signature we up to that day held our legal position in India, had any royal right to quarrel with us, or to receive the moral homage of his own countrymen. *His sons freely surrendered at the smooth-tongued persuasion of an English officer, who presently shot them in cold blood, at his own will and motion, and was rather admired for it.* The king himself was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to ignominious punishment. *Captive soldiers were deliberately killed by the hundred —we fear, by the thousand;* to say nothing of *the unarmed population strung up in lines, on suspicion*, or without public trial. *Regiments which desired to lay down their arms, and stipulated for nothing but their lives, were again and again refused this privilege.* Finally, when all our fear was calmed, when no hot blood remained, *when extravagant falsehood had been exposed*, Tantia Topee, the last, perhaps, *the most gallant of their leaders, was betrayed to us for money, and* HANGED. If Prince Schwarzenburg could have foreseen these doings, how many more envenomed words might he have added to his celebrated dispatch, in reply to Lord Palmerston's faintly whispered hope that Austria would be merciful in her hour of conquest?"

What would be said of the Federal Government, if it permitted such atrocities as are enumerated here? what would be said of the Federal general capable of perpetrating them? although there is no mention of the fact that the Hindoo prisoners, induced to surrender by false promises, as described, were blown in scores from the cannon's mouth, so as to form "showers of flesh and blood." Nor was this the only war in which England acted on the same principle, that of allowing no quarter to rebels. On this point, too, we avail ourselves of the testimony of Mr. Newman, but can only make room for one more extract, as there is another branch of our subject yet unattended to, and for which we shall require all the space that now remains for this article. Be it remembered, that, if we call the secessionists rebels, we treat them like legitimate soldiers; while England, and certain other powers, not only call those who rebel against them "rebels," "mutineers," &c., but they treat them like pirates, murderers, and robbers.

"But," observes Mr. Newman, "the received laws of war avowedly ignore the question, which side is constitutionally or morally right; they

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only ask whether both sides are strong enough to confront one another in the open field; if so, these laws must be in every case observed, whether the enemy consists of rebels or of robbers, in order to prevent needless atrocity. *Nevertheless, England has never been magnanimous enough to act on this obviously just principle.* It is not merely an Edward I., who treated the Scotch and the Welsh as 'rebels,' nor is it only the Irish whom we have so treated, where we had at least the excuse that the Irish nation was always divided against itself. *George III. and his Tories would have hanged Washington as readily as they hanged the Irish leaders;* it was still worse, perhaps, to send in the Red Indians against our American colonists. To the Caffres, entreating terms of peace, our general-in-chief replied: 'We make no terms with *rebels*,' and would hear of nothing but unlimited surrender."

We need add no further testimony, to show that our English cousins have much more to answer for, themselves, than we, and that the less they say on the subject of "barbarity" against rebels, the better. We are willing, however, to make a broad distinction, on the present occasion, between the British Government and the British press. It is but fair to acknowledge that whatever the latter says, the former has hitherto evinced no disposition to interfere in our troubles. The course it took in the Trent affair was, indeed, rather menacing; but we are not of those who think that everything objectionable or bad should be treasured up for future vengeance, by a nation more than an individual. If this were done, wars would never cease. Nor do we believe it is well to pry too closely into the motives of forbearance. Assuming that, had we failed to increase our land and marine forces, England would have still continued insolent and threatening, as she was while we were almost without an army, we should rather congratulate ourselves than make threats in turn. The recent non-intervention speech of Lord Palmerston was all we could have desired, and the reference made to the same subject by her Majesty, in her recent speech proroguing Parliament, shows that it is the settled policy of the government to take no part in the contest. Since England is determined not to interfere, it is not likely that any of the other great powers will. The rebels acknowledge this, and cannot conceal their disappointment; which, so far as Great Britain is concerned, becomes indignation, at what they regard as her hypocrisy and faithlessness.

With these assurances, express and implied, of non-intervention, it is clear that, whatever may be the extent of the reverses lately sustained, the Federal Government has only to act with vigor, in order to put an end to the war before the beginning of the new year; for now in a few weeks it will

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have ample means to do so. While we write, the first 300,000 called for after the battles before Richmond are very nearly enrolled. Except in one or two States, it is not probable that there will be any need for drafting; even in the instances alluded to, it is by no means certain that a draft will have to be made; and in most of the loyal states the same remark will apply to the second call for 300,000. With this immense army ready to take the field, we should have little to fear even if European powers did interfere, and the additional 300,000 might be kept as a reserve for that eventuality, should it ever occur.

At the same time, it may be well to consider what intervention means; for it is a much more serious affair than the generality of readers seem to be aware. The worst political catastrophes that have ever occurred, in ancient or modern times, can be traced directly or indirectly to the intervention of foreign powers; and, in most cases, where such intervention has taken place, it has proved alike disastrous to both belligerents. Such has been the case, for example, in Poland. Those in rebellion against the Republic were promised the independence they claimed, by governments who had the power of securing it. But all the latter wanted was, a pretext for interference, and, this being given, the results are known to the world. Those who depended on foreign aid found, when too late, that they had ruined themselves as well as their country. When the neighboring powers interfered, at the suggestion of disaffected Poles, their object was much more to widen the breach than to heal it. Then, after they had divided the people as much as possible, and inspired them with mutual hatred, they proceeded to divide the whole country between themselves, seizing on province after province; their excuse for the wholesale spoliation being, that "the disordered state of that Republic forced them to incur expense in securing the tranquillity of their frontiers, and exposed them to the uncertain but probable consequences of the dissolution of Poland, and to the danger of seeing their own mutual harmony and friendship destroyed." This, be it remembered, was not the pretext merely for intervention, but for the partition of the country. "In consequence hereof," continues the Manifesto, "their Majesties are determined *to take immediate and effectual possession* of such parts of the territory of the Republic as may serve to fix more natural and sure bounds between her and the three powers."*

* Manifesto of the 18th September, 1722, *Annual Reg.*, vol. xv, p. 257.

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Nineteen years later, Catherine of Russia declares, that she found that her endeavors to maintain peace and quiet among her Polish neighbors had been attended with *innumerable losses*, and that *some unworthy Poles had not been ashamed to approve the government of the ungodly rebels of the kingdom of France. From these considerations*, her imperial majesty, *for the future safety of her empire*, and for *the cutting off forever of all future disturbances*, was pleased to take under her sway, and unite forever to her empire, the territories between the Dwina and the Dniester.* The reason assigned by the King of Prussia for a similar proceeding was, that it was "universally known that the Polish nation never ceased to afford to the neighboring powers frequent grounds for just resentment; and that what principally excited their serious attention *was, the unceasing spirit of rebellion*, and *the spread of the abominable notions by which all civil, political, and religious ties would be dissolved:* destructive principles more to be dreaded in a country like Poland, *always distinguished by party spirit, and powerful enough to be dangerous.* In order, therefore, to prevent disturbances which have often *shaken her own tranquillity and endangered her neighbors', there is no other means except to incorporate her frontier provinces into our states, and for this purpose immediately to take possession of the same.*"† The rest is but too well known. Poland was blotted from the map of Europe by intervention, and blotted she remains to this day. It avails her unhappy sons nothing, that those of them who, by their treason and rebellion against her, were instrumental in her fall, regretted their short-sighted and unnatural conduct to the latest moment of their lives—many of them dying in the dungeons of the powers to which they betrayed their country.

The intervention by which the Porte lost Greece was made with equally little ceremony. We do not mean to find fault with this; but, on the contrary, it was right that the Greeks should be aided in breaking the Turkish yoke. But even this was not a disinterested act. The object of the allies was much more to weaken the Porte than to free the "land of the unforgotten brave." It was not pretended that the cause of the Greeks was espoused because they were the descendants of those to whom Europe owes its civiliza-

* Russian Ukase, *Ann. Reg.*, vol. xxxv, p. 227.
† Prussian Manifesto, ibid., vol. xxxv, p. 227.

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tion. In point of fact, it was Russia that caused the intervention—inducing England and France to join her—ostensibly for the sake of humanity and Christianity, but really as a new step in those encroachments on the Turkish empire which led to the late war in the Crimea. The reason assigned for the interference by the three powers mentioned was, "the interest of the repose of Europe, and the impediments which the contest threw in the way of European commerce, and the piracies which it occasioned, *exposing the subjects of the high contracting parties to considerable loss*, and rendering necessary burthensome measures of protection and repression."* This treaty being duly signed, it only remained to observe certain formalities. The belligerents were called upon to put an immediate stop to the war. The Turks were required to evacuate Greece, with the assurance that she should remain a dependency of Turkey. It was well known that the sultan would not comply. He replied, in substance, that the pretence of any serious injury being inflicted on the allies, by an effort on his part to put down an insurrection in a small corner of the immense Ottoman empire, was absurd. He only required to be allowed to deal with his own subjects according to his own laws. He did not want to interfere with their right to punish their seditious subjects; nor did he want any aid from them to punish his. But all in vain. The reply the Porte received was in the form of a visit from the combined fleets of England, France and Russia, which, after blockading the Turkish fleet in its own waters, in the harbor of Navarino, entered the port in line of battle. First it was thought that the blockade alone would be resented as an act of war. Seeing, however, that the Turkish batteries forbore to fire or afford any pretext for an attack, the fleet entered as stated; but, as in all similar cases, it disclaimed "hostile intent." The result is well known: the whole Turkish fleet, quietly moored in its own harbor, was utterly annihilated. Nor were the allies content with this. Soon after, a large French army entered Greece, and took part with the inhabitants in rebellion, until the Turks were driven from the country.

These two instances of the effects of intervention will be sufficient for our present purpose, since we only want to

* Treaty of London for the Pacification of Greece, 6th July, 1827.

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show what, in nine cases out of ten, intervention really means. It is necessary to bear in mind that in most cases intervention first assumes the form of what seems a mere "suggestion." The government intended to be tampered with is "advised" to pursue this or that course at a time when it is least able to resent interference in its internal affairs; and, if it fails to comply, it soon learns that it must either fight a new enemy, or a combination of enemies, or succumb at once. Nor must it be forgotten that European governments are in the habit of declaring war merely to preserve what they call the balance of power; in other words, they hold that it is right to attack a preponderant power, merely because it is preponderant. This, for example, was the only pretext of Austria, in 1813, when she declared war against France, whose ally she had been for nearly four years previously. Scarcely a year had elapsed since she had not only guaranteed to Napoleon, by express treaty, all the territories he had conquered, but also joined him in his invasion of Russia. But there was now a favorable opportunity of attacking him. His splendid armies had been utterly destroyed during the Russian campaign. Russia had turned against him, and it seemed that if Austria, from being his ally, would turn upon him and attack him in the rear, that he could soon be crushed. Accordingly, war was declared, the Austrian emperor announcing, as his reason for doing so, that "Austria, in all her measures, had been directed by the principle, that, as all balance of power in Europe had been destroyed *by the boundless superiority of France*, no real peace was to be expected *unless that superiority was diminished.* That by one means or by another, by negotiation, *or by force of arms*, a new state of things must be effected. That France would hear of no proposition for peace that should violate the integrity of the French empire; and that the consequent necessity of war was engraven on the heart of every Austrian."*

Thus it will be seen that, with the exception that we have engaged in no foreign war, we afford every pretext that has been set forward as a justification of intervention. All the great powers, especially England and France, have charged us with inflicting immense injury on their trade and commerce, and they are virtually telling us that that injury cannot, in the nature of things, cease to increase as long as

* Austrian Declaration, 11th August, 1813, *Ann. Reg.*, vol. v.

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the war continues. The consuls of different powers have complained of alleged wrongs inflicted on the subjects of their respective sovereigns. Similar complaints have been made in reference to vessels captured while trying to violate the blockade. We do not want to deny, ourselves, that we are becoming "a preponderate power." Four of the leading journals of Europe have said, that if we have not yet attacked any foreign nation there is imminent danger that we may do so, if successful in crushing the present rebellion, and restoring the Union. It is not pretended that this is predicated on our past conduct, or that we have, at any time, evinced an aggressive spirit. The only reason assigned for it is, that so powerful an army as ours, flushed with victory and success, will present a strong temptation; if not to foreign conquest, at least to the inculcation of political ideas which the principal governments of Europe do not admire. It is only necessary to glance at the history of European interventions during the last two hundred years, to understand that these complaints and pretended fears have always been their precursors. Yet we need entertain no apprehension, if we will only be true to our own cause. It behooves us to be prepared for the worst. We should not cease to make preparations, until we have a reserve of three hundred thousand disciplined troops—that is, we should have this force over and above that deemed sufficient to put down the rebellion. This army would prove a more convincing argument against intervention than the most elaborate syllogisms of Grotius, Pufendorf and Vattel.

ART. VII.—1. *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; or, the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life.* By CHARLES DARWIN, A. M. London.

2. *Buffon, Histoire de ses Travaux et de ses Idées.* Par P. FLOURENZ, Sec. Perp. de l'Académie des Sciences, Paris.

3. *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States.* By M. AGASSIZ. Boston.

4. *Palæontology; or, a Systematic Summary of Extinct Animals, &c.* By Prof. R. OWEN.

IT is a remarkable fact that the laws of the most insignificant state in Christendom are more studied than the laws of

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nature; although the former are merely local, whereas, the latter are universal. What renders this most strange, if not unaccountable, is, that no study is more interesting, instructive, or useful, than the study of nature. Those who engage in it find it alike healthful to mind and body, in proportion as they devote themselves to it; since he is no naturalist who will confine himself to his books, without going forth into the open fields. Thus the intellectual and physical powers are exercised simultaneously. Nor are these its only advantages; for no other study is so well calculated to inspire us with exalted ideas of the Deity. The more we examine the operations of nature, the more unbounded is our admiration for the all-wise Being who controls them. The adaptation of a means to an end, everywhere so evident throughout the universe, renders it impossible that any naturalist, worthy of the name, could be an atheist. Lucretius forms no exception; for, although acquainted with all the learning of the ancients, there is abundant evidence in his great poem that his study of nature was confined to the few books on the subject which were to be had in his time. Even in a utilitarian point of view, the study is of great value, if only because it teaches us to know ourselves, and points out to us the relations which we bear to the myriads of other beings by which we are surrounded. By no other means can superstition and prejudice be so effectually restrained in their mischievous tendencies; for the true student of nature entertains no grovelling fears, and still less does he hate his neighbor for differing from himself in his ideas of what is pleasing or displeasing to the Great Artificer.

It is true that all cannot be naturalists; but there are none who cannot learn many a useful lesson, in the study of nature, of which they are now ignorant. If only one hour were devoted to the study of natural history, for ten that are devoted to the perusal of pernicious novels, it is incredible how much human misery would be diminished, and human happiness increased. These results would follow, if only on account of the agreeable occupation which the study affords the mind, and the manner in which it elevates it above what is base and sordid; yet it cannot be denied that, even in our schools and colleges, it is much neglected. For ladies, especially, there is no more appropriate or useful study. Need we say, how much more does it partake of these qualities than algebra or Greek, to each of which they are taught to devote so

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much valuable time at our fashionable ladies' seminaries? That algebra is a useful science, far be it from us to deny; and none who know us will charge us with want of appreciation of the language of Homer and Plato. We are aware, too, that each may be regarded, to a greater or less extent, as a key to the study of nature. But both can be dispensed with, at least by the ladies, for that purpose. While acquiring a knowledge of one or the other, sufficient to afford any important aid, many a useful lesson could be learned in the book of nature, with little labor.

In facilitating and encouraging this study, we are much behind even the poorest nations of the Old World. Thus, there is scarcely a capital in Europe without its zoological gardens. In most large cities there is, at least, one to be found. This is true of the cities of Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark, and even of Russia; but, if we are not mistaken, there is yet not one in the United States. All other facilities for study are liberally provided in this country. Nowhere else is money contributed more freely, or more cheerfully, for educational purposes; but for no other purpose could it be more judiciously expended. We will not offend the intelligence of our readers by attempting any demonstration of this. No one, capable of forming an idea, will deny that more knowledge of natural history could be acquired by an occasional visit to a good zoological garden, than by months of reading. For nothing is Paris better entitled to be called the intellectual capital of Europe than for the ample facilities which she has thus afforded for the study of nature. Her Jardin de Plantes alone, managed as it is by one of the best naturalists now living, would fully justify us in this assertion. But our students have no means of studying the animal or vegetable kingdom, more than those of nations that never saw a university, or college. This, however, is no excuse for neglecting natural history. If our government, like that of France, England, Prussia, Austria, or Russia, does not think that zoological or botanical gardens are necessary to forward the cause of education, it ought to be convinced, by memorials and other means, of the contrary, by those who know the contrary. But, in the mean time, the book of nature is open to us all; we have only to go into the green fields and use our eyes, and, when necessary, the microscope. True, more time has to be wasted in this way, in learning the habits and other peculiarities of

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animals and plants—a consideration which the most renowned naturalists, from Aristotle and Pliny to Cuvier and Buffon, have found it necessary not to overlook.

Were we acquainted with all the characteristics of every individual of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, on the surface of the earth, which the naked eye is capable of examining, there would still remain an unspeakable amount of knowledge of which we should be utterly ignorant, did we not extend our researches further; and let us extend them as much as we may, and learn what we will—nay, make the most important and astounding discoveries—far from becoming arrogant, or vain, in proportion as we acquire knowledge, we are the more likely to compare ourselves in the end, in reference to the progress we have made, like Sir Isaac Newton, to a little boy gathering stones on the sea shore.

In commencing these remarks, it was not our intention to write a formal essay, on the present occasion, on the study of natural history. The amount of space which we had left would preclude any such attempt. We shall have accomplished our purpose, if, by giving a hurried glance at new discoveries and new theories, we can induce some of those to take up the subject who now waste their time with what is called "light literature," thereby vitiating their tastes, instead of improving them. It matters not what branch of natural history we turn to, we find that much light has been shed upon it by recent researches; and this has been the case even when the investigator has been led to the most erroneous conclusions. For example, absurd as is the theory of Mr. Darwin, that all animals whatever have had a common origin, it does not prevent him from furnishing us a vast amount of curious and valuable information. Of the latter character is that contained in the following extracts :

"*Slave-making Instinct.*—This remarkable instinct was first discovered in the Formica (Polyerges) rufescens by Pierre Huber, a better observer even than his celebrated father. This ant is *absolutely dependent on its slaves;* without their aid, the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do no work. The workers, or sterile females, though *most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves*, do no other work. They are incapable of making their own nests, or of feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration, and *actually carry their masters in their jaws.* So utterly helpless are the masters, that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their larvæ and pupæ to

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stimulate them to work, they did nothing; *they could not even feed themselves*, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave (F. fusca), and she instantly set to work, *fed and saved the survivors*, made some cells and tended the larvæ, and put all to rights. *What can be more extraordinary than these well-ascertained facts?* If we had not known of any other slave-making ant, it would have been hopeless to have speculated how so wonderful an instinct could have been perfected.

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"Males and fertile females of the slave species (F. fusca) are found only in their own proper communities, and have never been observed in the nests of F. sanguinea. *The slaves are black*, and not above half the size of their red masters, so that the contrast in their appearance is very great. When the nest is slightly disturbed, the slaves occasionally come out, and, like their masters, are much agitated, and defend the nest. When the nest is much disturbed, and the larvæ and pupæ are exposed, the slaves work energetically with their masters in carrying them away to a place of safety. Hence, it is clear that the slaves feel quite at home. During the months of June and July, in three successive years, I have watched for many hours several nests in Surrey and Sussex, and never saw a slave either leave or enter a nest. As, during these months, the slaves are very few in number, I thought that they might behave differently when more numerous, but Mr. Smith informs me that he has watched nests at various hours during May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and has never seen the slaves, though present in large numbers in August, either leave or enter the nest. Hence, he considers them as strictly household slaves."*

Mr. Darwin gives many other instances of one race of creatures being devoted to the comfort and convenience of another; but one other example will suffice for our purpose. "One of the strongest instances," he says, "of an animal apparently performing an action for the sole good of another, with which I am acquainted, is that of aphides voluntarily yielding their sweet excretion to ants. That they do so voluntarily, the following facts will show. I removed all the ants from a group of about a dozen aphides on a dock plant, and prevented their attendance during several hours. After this interval, I felt sure that the aphides would want to excrete. I watched them for some time through a lens, but not one of them excreted. I then tickled and stroked them with a hair, in the same manner, as well as I could, as the ants do with their antennæ, but not one excreted. Afterwards I allowed an ant to visit them, and it immediately seemed, by its eager way of running about, to be well aware what a rich flock it had discovered. It then began to play with its antennæ on the abdomen first of one aphis and then of another, and each aphis, as soon as it felt the antennæ, immediately

* *On the Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection*, pp. 219, 220.

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lifted up its abdomen and excreted a limpid drop of sweet juice, which was eagerly devoured by the ant. Even the quite young aphides behaved in this manner, showing that the action was instinctive, and not the result of experience."*

The same author undertakes to prove that, did any one race of animals live for ever, not excepting man, the earth would soon be incapable of containing any of them.

"There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the offspring of a single pair. Linnæus has calculated that if an animal plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then in twenty years there would be a million plants. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of all known animals, and I have taken some pains to estimate its probable minimum rate of natural increase. It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old, and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants, descended from the first pair."—p. 64.

Mr. Darwin is equally vast in speaking of the antiquity of the globe. He tells us that myriads of years must have elapsed between the different formations in the crust of the earth. To him millions of generations are but as days; and, it must be admitted, that, although he is more lavish of numbers than any of his brethren, some of the best living naturalists agree with him in assigning a far higher antiquity to our globe than even the most learned and scientific among Christian writers have been willing to admit in view of the Mosaic chronology. Speaking, in his chapters on geology, of the enormous length of time necessary to produce one of the formations alluded to, he observes: "At this rate, on the above data, the denudation of the weald must have required 306,662,400 years, or, say *three hundred million years*. But perhaps it would be safer to allow two or three inches per century, and this would reduce the number of years to 150 or 100 million years!" (p. 287.)

In several parts of Professor Agassiz's works, he expresses himself in similar language. Thus: "It has been possible," he says, "to trace the formation and growth of our coral reefs, especially in Florida, with sufficient precision to ascertain that it must take about *eight thousand years for one of those coral walls to rise from its foundation to the level of the sur-*

* Ib., pp. 210, 211.

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face of the ocean. There are around the southernmost extremity of Florida alone *four such reefs*, concentric with one another, which can be shown to have grown up one after the other. This gives, for the beginning of the first of these reefs, *an age of over thirty thousand years;* and yet the corals of which they were all built are the same identical species in all of them. These facts, then, furnish as direct evidence as we can obtain in any branch of physical inquiry, that some, at least, of the species of animals now existing have been in existence *over thirty thousand years*, and have not undergone the slightest change during the whole of that period."* The period which man has inhabited the earth is estimated by different naturalists at from ten thousand to a hundred thousand years. Various arguments are used to prove this high antiquity, but the strongest are those derived from geology—such as that just quoted, and the following: "In the lowest part of the sediment, at the colossal statue of Memphis," says Mr. Horner, "at the depth of nearly thirty-nine feet from the surface of the ground, consisting of true Nilotic sediment, the instrument brought up a fragment of pottery. Having been found at a depth of thirty-nine feet, it would seem to be a true record of the existence of man 13,371 years before A. D. 1854, reckoning, by the before rate of increase, 73½ inches in a century."†

The tendency of naturalists of the present day is rather to making bold statements than adding new facts to our stock of knowledge. This is particularly true of Mr. Darwin, to whose principal theory we have already alluded; although it is equally true that he exhibits an increased amount of research. Indeed, he displays such an intimate acquaintance with nature, in all her manifestations in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, that when we come to examine some of his conclusions, we are prompted to ask, whether he has not made this or that assertion more to attract attention and provoke discussion than to record his own deliberate conviction. And by this we do not mean to impugn his veracity; for we hold that an erroneous hypothesis, that has the effect of creating discussion, is better calculated to serve the cause of truth than what is assented to by all as an axiom. Thus, had Mr. Darwin, like others, declared species to be

* *Contributions to Natural History; Essay on Classification*, p. 61.
† *Researches near Cairo.* By L. Horner, Esq., V. P. R. S., 1858.

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permanent; had he spoken, for instance, of man, the horse, the dog, &c., as having been distinct from the beginning, he would have attracted little, if any, attention. But it is different when he tells us that, in time, the lowest species of animal may become the highest, and that man himself may trace his ancestry to those animals,* and even fishes, which now, in his altered circumstances, he uses for food and other purposes. After first making all animals whatever descend from one pair, he proceeds to form species, allowing each thousands of years before it emits a new shoot. "For myself," he says, "I venture confidently to look back thousands on thousands of years, and I see an animal striped like a zebra, but, perhaps, otherwise very differently constructed, the common parent of our domestic horse, whether or not it be descended from one or more wild stocks of the ass, *heminus*, quagga, or zebra" (p. 167). Lest there might be any doubt as to what is meant by this, he tells us, elsewhere, that "the chief cause of our natural unwillingness to admit that *one species has given birth to* other and distinct species is, that we are always slow in admitting any great change of which we do not see the intermediate steps" (p. 481). Prof. Agassiz, who is undoubtedly one of the best naturalists now living, sometimes puts forward theories which are quite as absurd, and as much at variance with true science, as anything to be found in the works of Mr. Darwin. As an example, we quote a passage in which he endeavors to cast a slur on comparative philology—nay, indeed, on human language, as compared to that of the different grades of the lower animals. In his opinion, because the dog of one part of the world may bark pretty much like that of another part, though of a species entirely different, it follows that similarities between different human dialects are no proof that the races who spoke them are descended from each other. "Let any one," he says, "follow on a map exhibiting the geographical distribution of the bears, the cats, the hollow-horned ruminants, the gallinaceous birds, the ducks, or of any other families, and he may trace as satisfactorily as any philological

* "Analogy," he says, "would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that ALL ANIMALS and PLANTS have descended from some *one* prototype. But analogy may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless, all living things have much in common in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. * * Therefore, I should infer, from analogy, that probably *all the organic beings, which have ever lived on this earth* (man, therefore, *of course included*), have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator."—p. 484.

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evidence can prove it for the human language, and upon a much larger scale, that the bruming of the bears of Kamtschatka is akin to that of the bears of Thibet, of the East Indies, of the Sunda Islands, of Nepal, of Syria, of Europe, of Siberia, of the United States, of the Rocky Mountains, and of the Andes, though all these bears are considered as distinct species, who have not any more inherited their voice from one another, than the different races of men. * * Let any philologist study these facts, and learn, at the same time, how independent the animals are from one another, which utter such closely-allied systems of intonations; and, if he be not altogether blind to the significance of analogies in nature, he must begin himself to question the reliability of philological evidence as proving generic derivation."*

All other naturalists, worthy of the name, with scarcely an exception, declare all the well-defined species to be permanent, but without denying that many circumstances tend to modify their more prominent features. "Although organisms," says Cuvier, "produce only bodies similar to themselves, there are circumstances which, in the succession of generations, alter to a certain point their primitive form."† "Less abundant food," he goes on to say, "makes the young acquire less size and force. Climate more or less cold, air more or less moist, exposure to light more or less continuous, produce analogous effects; but above all the pains bestowed by man on the animal and vegetable productions which he raises for his uses, the consecutive attention with which he restricts them in regard to exercise, or certain kinds of food, or to influences other than those to which they would be subject in a state of nature, *all tend to alter more quickly and sensibly their properties.*" This is fully concurred in by Buffon, Bachman, Pritchard, Booerhave, and others. "No species of animal," says Prof. Owen, "has been subject to such decisive experiments, continued through so many generations, as to the influence of different degrees of exercise of the muscular system, difference in regard to food, association with man, and the concomitant stimulus to the development of intelligence, as the dog; and no domestic animal manifests so great a range of variety in regard to general size, to color and character of hair, and to the form of the head,

* Pref. Remarks by Agassiz, to "*The Indigenous Races*" *of the Earth*, by Nott and Gliddon.

† *Tableau Elémentaire de l'Histoire Naturelle*, 8vo, p. 9.

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as it is affected by different proportions of the cranium and face, and by inter-muscular crests superadded to the cranial parietes. *Yet, under the extremest mark of variety so superinduced, the naturalist detects in the dental formula and in the construction of the cranium the unmistakable generic and specific characters of the Canis familiaris.*"* Even the fossils of animals now extinct are regarded by Prof. Owen as evidence of the permanency of species; that every known fossil belongs to some one or other of the existing classes, and that the organic remains of the most ancient fossiliferous strata do not indicate or suggest that any earlier and different group of beings remains to be discovered, or has been irretrievably lost in the universal metamorphism of the oldest rocks.†

Pritchard, in his Natural History of Man, has some curious observations on this subject, which show that, although food, climate, and habit may produce important changes in the external appearance, and even in the tastes of any particular species, those changes are not permanent. "The original stocks," he says, "of our domesticated animals, are rarely to be recognized in their primitive state among the wild animals of the earth. We know not what has become of them, unless it be supposed that they have been wholly subdued by man. There are, indeed, wild oxen, sheep, goats, horses; but the most of these are tribes which appear *to have returned*, in some degree, to their original state, after having been more or less completely domesticated" (p. 27). Pritchard does not confine himself to general observations, but exhibits to us the changes while actually taking place—first, the change from the wild animal to the domesticated, and then from the domesticated back again to the wild. Our space will not allow us to give his argument in full; but it is not necessary. Speaking of the hogs introduced into the Spanish colonies, he says: "Their ears have become erect, their heads larger, and their foreheads vaulted at the upper part; their color has lost the variety found in the domestic breeds; the wild hogs of the American forests are universally black. The hog which inhabits the high mountains of Paranos *has a striking resemblance to the wild boar of France.* * * The *restoration of the original character* of the wild boar, in a race *descended from domesticated swine, removes all room for doubt* as to the identity of the stock" (p. 33).

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* *Owen's Classification of Mammalia*, p. 10. † *Palæontology*, p. 19.

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But the rapid diminution of the space at our disposal warns us that we must bring our quotations and remarks to a sudden close. Not, however, without observing, that the most beautiful imagery is that which is drawn from the works of nature; and the same may be said of the most beautiful moral precepts. The languages of all eastern countries, especially of Persia and India, owe most of their characteristic charms to the free use thus made of whatever is remarkable or interesting in nature. There is scarcely an animal, vegetable, or even fish, however insignificant it may appear to the careless observer, in which the Persians do not find some habit or peculiarity that furnishes an elegant and expressive allusion. The writings of Sir William Jones exhibit numerous instances of this—such, for example, as the following:

> "Learn from yon Orient shell *to love thy foe*,
> And *store with gems the hand that brings thee woe*;
> Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
> Emblaze with gems *the arm that rends thy side*;
> Mark where yon tree rewards the stormy shower
> With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower;
> All nature cries aloud, '*Shall man do less*
> *Than heal the railer, and the smiter bless?*'"

Christianity itself has no finer precepts than are embodied in these few lines—originally written thousands of years ago. The literature of the East is so much pervaded with imagery drawn from the vegetable kingdom, that there is no error more common among Western readers than to suppose that the inhabitants of that part of the world are peculiarly blessed in this respect. Moore's description, in *Lalla Rookh*, of the Vale of Cashmere, partakes more of the Oriental spirit in this regard than perhaps any other Western production; but the English or American traveller, who has the good fortune to be able to visit the place in his travels, is so much disappointed, that he asks, with a feeling akin to indignation, What can be the reason of such exaggeration? It is not often, however, that his curiosity is gratified, and he returns to the cold and utilitarian West, without learning that the Orientals speak so much about flowers, birds, &c., because they pay more attention to natural history than any other people. For a similar reason, the literature of Greece is everywhere imbued with illustrations drawn from nature. Even in comedy, the most expressive ideas are derived from this source; instance, the plays of Aristophanes, most of which have such titles as the Birds (*Ορνιθες*), the Wasps

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(*Ειρήνεν*), the Frogs (*Βατραχοί*), &c., &c. The Romans were a more matter-of-fact people; and, hence, we do not find so much of this kind of imagery in their literature. But their best poets are most enthusiastic in their admiration of the beauties of nature. Not to mention Lucretius, the poet of nature, even Virgil is nowhere more poetical than in his Georgics, which, so far as they go, are an excellent natural history by themselves, and one the sound scientific theories of which might well put Mr. Darwin to the blush; as, for example, where the poet tells us that at the beginning nature established certain laws and eternal rules, on certain places, when first Deucalion cast stones into the empty globe; and then men, a hardy race, were produced.

> "Continuò has leges æternaque fœdera certis
> Imposuit natura locis quo tempore primum
> Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem;
> Unde homines nati, durum genus."—*G.* 1, 60.

No country in the world affords a wider or more interesting field for the researches of the naturalist than our own. This we will take occasion to illustrate in a future article. In the mean time, we can only venture to hope that even these desultory observations may have the effect of directing some attention to so noble a subject.

ART. VIII.—1. *Fletcher's History of Poland.* London. 1831.

2. *Ferrand's Histoire des trois Demembrements de la Pologne.* Paris.

3. *Rulhière's Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne et Demembrement de cette Republique.* Par CLAUDE C. DE RULHIERE. 4 vols. Paris. 1807.

4. *Connor's History of Poland.* London.

5. *Chodsko's History of the Polish Legions in Italy.* Paris. 1829.

THE site of ancient Poland lay between the Vistula and the Oder, extending beyond the modern Posen, to the north, and to the Carpathian mountains to the south, containing the greater portion of what has, in modern times, been called Poland Proper. The surface of the country forms part of that immense and unvaried plain which constitutes the northern portion of Central Europe. The arms of the Romans

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never penetrated any portion of this great level tract, which was, by them, called Sarmatia, but by the inhabitants themselves, and modern nations, Poland, which, in the Sclavonic language *(Pohlen)*, signifies Plainland. The Poles were, therefore, the Sclaves of the Plain, the greatest plain in Europe. From the earliest times, this region appears to have been peopled by the Sclavonic tribes—a race widely diffused, and distinguished by a peculiar language, by a strong national feeling, and by a particular train of superstitious ideas. Though shepherds, in part, they did not partake of the migratory character of the Teutonic or Tartar nations. They rather pursued agriculture, and taught the Germans the use of the plough. Feudalism was unknown among them. They were long held in the most cruel bondage by the Huns, the Goths, and other nations of Asia, for whom their country was a path to the conquest of the West of Europe. The Slavians, occupying the north-east of Europe, were distinguished from the Germans by almost every imaginable distinction. From them they differed in their persons, in their language, in their dress, which was loose and flowing, and in their mode of fighting, which was equestrian.* A more important distinction than all these was, that they held yet a lower place in the scale of civilization, being esteemed barbarous, even in comparison with other barbarians.† The distinctness of the Slavian population of the north-eastern countries of Europe may be considered as having served to maintain the separation of the two combinations of governments, the northern and southern, heretofore existing in Europe.

Poland, in the several periods of its history, has borne more various relations to the general system of Europe than any other country. Its government first formed itself into consistency and strength behind the protecting barrier of Russia, which broke the wave of invasion from Northern Asia. Then Russia sunk under the invasions of the Tartars, and remained subject to their dominion during a period of more than two centuries, and Poland, in turn, became the protecting frontier of Christendom against the inroads, not only of the hordes of Tartary, but of the Turks, who had established themselves in Greece. Afterwards, in her decay, Poland became a political waste, serving to separate the

* *Tacitus de Germ.*, cap. xlvi.

† The historian says of a degenerated tribe of Germans, the Peucini, "nonnihil in Sarmatarum habitum fœdantur."—*Ibid.*

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great southern system of governments from the new combination about being formed in the north, and, finally, when a more general combination of national interests was effected, it gradually yielded to the power of the neighboring nations, and, by successive partitions, brought them into immediate proximity. Thus Russia rose, from her long-continued humiliation and barbarism, to the high rank of arbitress of the interests of Europe, while Poland, losing even her national existence, was first partitioned by states which she had either governed or protected, and at last she was almost all absorbed by Russia as a united territory. The original circumstances of Russia and Poland corresponded in several particulars. The population in each country was chiefly composed of Sclaves.* The language was the same. The territory of each was an extensive and open country, intersected by rivers, and as Russia lay between the Baltic and the Greek capital, Constantinople, so was Poland situated between the same sea and Italy, the most improved country of the West. But how different have been the fortunes and the history of the two countries. In Russia, a simple despotism has been established on the ruins of a government which had been formed out of the republican independence of Novgorod. In Poland, the royal power, originally almost unlimited, was gradually reduced to the powerless presidency in a republic of nobles. Though some of the causes of these very different results were personal and accidental, others were fixed in the different circumstances of the two countries, notwithstanding their general correspondence. Russia enjoyed a situation much more favorable to early improvement by possessing an easy communication with the Greek capital, in which was chiefly preserved whatever remained of the arts, the commerce, and the refinement of the ancient empire. On the other hand, the disadvantage of a more exposed situation, in regard to the inroad of Tartars, disciplined it to arms, and its exterior northern position secured it from the ruin which ultimately overwhelmed Poland, not being, like that country, surrounded by greedy and unprincipled potentates, who might agree among themselves to share the plunder, to be afterwards monopolized by the most powerful.

It has been said that Sweden and Denmark were placed

* *Hartknoch de Rep. Polon.*, Lipsiæ, 1698, pp. 12–14.

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almost in the same circumstances with Poland, in a geographical point of view. But there is an essential difference. Poland possessed little or no outlet by the sea, whereas Denmark and Sweden were maritime powers. The Sclavic tribes have never swept the sea, which is peculiarly the element of the Teutonic race in Europe.* Agriculture has been the chief pursuit of the Sclaves, and particularly the Polish tribe of the race. This was another cause why Poland, whose population was widely dispersed through the country, continued in semi-barbarism, while Russia abounded in towns from the most remote period of her history, a peculiarity probably resulting from the commerce, which was, itself, a result of the position of the country. In the tenth century, the Poles became a powerful and warlike nation. In the fourteenth, Lithuania was incorporated with it, and Poland became one of the greatest powers in Europe. For two centuries it was the bulwark of Christendom against the alarming invasions of the Turks. The reigns of Sigismund and Sobieski hold a high place in military history, and, until the beginning of the last century, its martial character gave it a commanding influence in Europe.†

Prussia and Silesia, originally occupied by Slavian tribes, Moldavia and Wallachia owned the sway of Poland and yielded her allegiance. Three times did Poland subdue Prussia, and on the fourth insurrection the Polish king ceded the country to the Teutonic Knights, who, in a struggle of fifty-three years, subdued Prussia, and became so oppressive that she solicited the protection of Poland, which took the field against them; but not till 350,000 men had perished in the fierce struggle did the Knights yield to the Poles the territories of Culm, Michlow, and Pomerania, with a part of Prussia. Poland took a prominent part in the settlement of the Thirty Years' War. But the Poles were the only warlike people in the world to whom victory never gave peace, conquest, or profit. Their annals are filled with contests with the Germans, the Hungarians, the northern pirates, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, and the Osmanlis; but the Polish eagles never perched beyond the frontiers of the republic, and the boundaries of the kingdom remained the same, till at last they began to narrow, and

* Gurowski, *Russia as It Is.*

† Kosciusko's name is part of American history, and Pulaski fell, fighting for the cause of American independence, at Savannah.

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Moravia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, Bohemia, Mecklenburg, and Red Russia, successively caught the spirit of improvement from surrounding nations, and separated from their mother. This extraordinary people, which had the world for a battle-field, a life of fifteen centuries for a campaign, and whose victories were equally destitute of conquest, peace, and utility, has no parallel in history. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, were unknown when Poland was a famous nation. Yet where is Poland now?

A fatal combination of circumstances, external and internal, social and political, appears to have brought about the decadence and ultimate fall of Poland. Her misfortunes and the vices inherent in her government have contributed alike to the dire catastrophe. One of the causes of her subjugation is her geographical position. It consists of a plain and is easily invaded. The country is surrounded on every side by other nations. Switzerland is so environed, but the difficulty of its mountains affords it protection. Sweden and Denmark are nearly surrounded by other nations; but on one side they have the sea. Poland had no seaboard, no ports, no external commerce, and no naval power.

A greater cause of failure than this was, the radical vice of its system of government. It was neither a democracy, nor an aristocracy, nor a monarchy—it was a mixture of all three, with the sovereignty concentrated nowhere. Hence, it was sometimes called a monarchy, but more frequently a republic, while, in reality, it was more of an aristocracy than anything else. Such a system could never work. The king was for the most part a mere cypher, and even the executive functions were usurped by the nobles. He had far less power than a president of a republic. The system was in fact no government at all, but an organized anarchy. Unlike Venice and Sparta, it was not a pure aristocracy, but a mixed one. The Greek and the Italian aristocratic republics were vigorous and lasting, and powerful abroad, because they were homogeneous and consistent. The Polish system had no unity. It was based upon a completely formed and firmly cemented aristocracy, but it was joined and badly adjusted to a kingly power. The two nominal monarchies in Europe, in the constitution of which the principle of aristocracy has entered most largely, are Poland and Hungary, and, what is curious, the crown was originally hereditary in Poland and elective in Hungary, but in the progress of ages it became

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vice versa in each. In both, the root of the monarchy, especially in Poland, was planted in the patrician body. But the aristocracy of Hungary never was so firmly established, nor endowed with privileges so extensive, as that of Poland. In both there was an unjust, unconstitutional and illegal interference of foreign powers: in the one case, from the crown being worn for ages by an Austrian monarch, and the consequent prevalence of the disturbing forces which belong to an imperfect federal system; and in the other case, from the fact of foreign governments interfering in the election of the kings, and sometimes the monarchs of other countries being elected the rulers of Poland. The factious spirit, which an aristocracy, governing with an elective king, engendered and spread over the community, soon took such possession of all men, that no animosity was felt towards any foreign aggression. The elective system was at first merely nominal. As soon as one powerful Polish family obtained the crown, they had sufficient influence to transmit it, by making the election fall upon some one of their number, on each successive vacancy. Thus the Piast dynasty continued from the tenth century till the death of Louis, who was also king of Hungary, near the end of the fourteenth century; when, male heirs failing, the dying monarch named to the succession the elder of his two daughters and her husband, Sigismund, Marquis of Brandenburg, obliging the nobles to swear that they would maintain his appointment. Instead, however, of having the effect desired, the arrangement served to confirm the practice of electing the successor, though from one family. After the death of Louis, the appointment was set aside, and the younger daughter, who was not then married, was placed on the throne. The Poles had been offended and alienated by some acts of Sigismund; besides, he claimed the succession of Hungary, and they had in the reign of Louis experienced that a Hungarian sovereign could not pay the necessary attention to the government of Poland. This latter consideration points out the operation of the temporary connection of Hungary and Poland under a common sovereign. Moreover, though lying side by side, the Carpathian mountains formed a natural boundary, which threw Hungary into the southern system of Europe rather than into the north. The case was different with Lithuania. The advancement of the younger daughter of Louis to the throne was followed, in four years after, by her

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marriage with Jaghellon, grand-duke of Lithuania, which, in the year 1386, gave a beginning to the series of the Lithuanian kings of Poland and the union of that considerable duchy.

An elective monarchy is an anomaly in government, that must necessarily work as badly as would an hereditary presidency in a republic. The union of Lithuania was in every respect different from the temporary connection formed with Hungary. This great territory was not separated from Poland by any natural barrier; it was situated on that side of it, the side next Russia, which was most exposed to attack, and, being remote from the countries of the southern system of Europe, it was not fitted, like Hungary, to unite with any of those states. In race and language, too, the Poles were the same as the Lithuanians, while the ruling race in Hungary, the Magyars, were totally different. The barrier to union with Hungary, presented by geographical situation and race, was strengthened by political alienation. By all these causes, Hungary was irresistibly determined to its combination with the southern system of Europe. A connection had been actually concluded between the Poles and Hungarians, by which it was agreed that, if either of the two daughters of Louis should die without issue, the other should succeed to her kingdom; but, though the queen of Hungary left no children, the husband of the queen of Poland attempted in vain to enforce his pretensions, and was compelled to abandon that kingdom to Sigismund. By the union with Lithuania, the Poles were enabled to guard against the inconvenience which they had recently felt in their connection with Hungary. The superior importance of Poland over Lithuania enabled them to stipulate for the future residence of the sovereign within their part of the united territory.* Lithuania had just then attained its greatest magnitude, being augmented by the addition of some Russian provinces, and of the Polish province of Podolia, thus extending from the Baltic to the Black sea.† It contained a population of six millions, with an area of 120,000 square miles, thus making the whole population of the Polish kingdom twenty millions, and its area 250,000 square miles, or, according to some geographers, 280,000. The union was only federal for nearly two hundred years, and it was only when

* Cromerus, pp. 233. † Hartknoch, pp. 199, 200.

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the danger of the extinction of the line of Jaghellon became imminent that a more intimate union was completed, and it was agreed that there should be but one national assembly and one ruler.

The beginning of the privileges of the nobles of Poland is referred to the introduction of the Christian religion,* which occurred in the latter part of the tenth century, the bishops having then obtained various immunities, and set an example of limiting the kingly authority, which, before that time, had been wholly indefinite. A connection at the same time being formed with Germany, the influence of the German usages stimulated the rude chieftains of the Poles to aspire to the rights of German nobles. And, as the invasion of foreign enemies furnished the nobles with opportunities of acquiring claims to the gratitude of their sovereign, so did the civil commotions, by which the government was agitated, afford fit occasions for wresting from the crown a variety of concessions. Thus, through a period of four centuries, an aristocracy was prepared and formed, and the change from an hereditary to an elective monarchy was most favorable to its aggrandizement. The nobles were enabled to bestow the crown, on each demise of the sovereign, and new concessions of privileges were the price which every candidate was expected to undertake to pay. But, as the selection of a prince had been limited to the Lithuanian family till it became extinct, the progress of the aristocracy was slow, till the last of the Jaghellons disappeared, and the election of a foreign prince, Henry, son of Henry II. of France, gave occasion to those written stipulations known as the *pacta conventa*. The Jaghellon dynasty continued for two hundred years, when it was extinguished by the death of Sigismund Augustus, in 1572, and the elective system, the cause of all the evils which afterwards befell the country, became completely established in substance as well as in name.

It is a singular circumstance that the first struggle to which this miserable system gave rise was productive of considerable benefit to the nation, showing that there is hardly any political evil which is not attended by some compensating good. "The Confederation of Poland," as it was ever after called, and always with respect, decreed that all distinction of political privileges on account of religious differences

* Hartknoch, pp. 333–337.

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should cease, and that all sects should enjoy the same civil rights. This great event happened in 1573; Henry of Valois, brother of Charles IX., king of France, was elected king,* and, soon after secretly absconding, resigned the throne, when he became Henry III. of France. It is a curious circumstance that, at the time of his election, he was actually fighting for the Protestant party; and yet not only did he conform to the Catholic religion, but took a coronation oath to maintain religious toleration. So little has principle to do with the acts of princes. Thus, in religious liberty, the Poles took the lead of all Europe, and were even a long time ahead of America, though subsequently religious dissensions prepared the way for its downfall, just as it was the instrument of the destruction of the independence of Ireland. The next conflict arising out of the elective system was not followed by such happy results. The Czar was near being elected, and Maximilian of Austria was actually chosen king; but a powerful minority claimed the election for Sigismund Vasa, king of Sweden. A civil and a foreign war ensued from this double choice. Maximilian was defeated by John Zamoyski, and taken prisoner; and Sigismund, though he lost his hereditary kingdom of Sweden, reigned for nearly half a century in Poland—ruining the country by his weakness and oppressing it by his bigotry, which led him secretly to violate the "Confederation," though he dared not openly to act against its provisions. The spirit of faction combined with his misgovernment to render his reign a long anarchy; but the wise government of his two sons, who were fortunately chosen after him, especially the second, John Cassimir, did much to restore the public prosperity. The great nobles or magnates had hitherto the chief share both in the government of the country and in the election of the king. The lesser nobles, by combining against them, could carry the election, though they could not retain a permanent influence in the government. In 1668, by combination, notwithstanding the competition of ten foreign candidates, they obtained the election of John Sobieski, a native soldier who had risen by his talents, a prince whose brilliant generalship

* The administration of justice at this time in Poland was as peculiar as any other branch of the Polish constitution. The king held the judicial power in his own hands, and he went round the kingdom with his numerous suite, maintained at the cost of the district which he visited. This labor, so alien to a modern prince's habits, caused Henry to exclaim: "Faith, these Poles have only made a judge of me, and soon they will make an advocate."

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shed lustre upon the arms of Poland and saved Christendom from being overrun by the Moslem invader, his decisive victory at Vienna having changed forever after the relative position of Turks and Christians. After his decease, which was the turning point in Polish history, the House of Saxony, through Russian influence, obtained the crown, and by the same support held it for three quarters of a century. The annals of Poland, from the death of Sobieski, were but the records of civil dissensions carried to the utmost excesses, beginning with proscribing all native princes from aspiring to the sovereignty, proceeding to a public offer of the crown for sale to the agents of foreign courts, and concluding in the partition of the territory among the neighboring potentates. The ascendancy acquired by Sobieski might indeed have secured to his family the succession of Poland, and thus have given some stability to an ill-constituted government, if the intrigues of his consort, in favor of a younger son, had not stood in the way and afforded the radical vices of the constitution an opportunity of manifesting all the malignity of their influence. Neither of the sons of Sobieski was elected, but, after a long and violent struggle with the prince of Conti, the elector of Saxony obtained the crown, the ready money of the Germans having been preferred to the promises of France. It is a curious specimen of the election that some votes were procured at the very moderate expense of a crown (about a dollar), with a little brandy for each nobleman.* The relation of this court to the German empire was not without importance. The elector, who had been the chief of the Protestants of Germany, by accepting the Polish crown, conformed to the religion of Rome, for, though religious toleration was established, the reigning monarch must be a Catholic. The effect was, virtually to abdicate the presidency of the Protestants, and this was the foundation of the power of Prussia, which was thus presented with the opportunity of leading the opposition to the power of Catholic Austria. Augustus, indeed, was permitted to retain the formal presidency of the Protestant party in the diets of the empire, having entered into engagements for the security of the Protestant religion; but the king of Prussia became the real leader, and the power of Prussia the bulwark of the party.† To Poland, the same event became the epoch of the ascendancy which Rus-

*Abrégé Chron. de l'Hist. de Pologne, p. 306. † Pfeffel, tome ii, p. 434.

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sia acquired over this unfortunate country.* The Saxon princes introduced habits of luxurious enjoyment, which softened without refining, and formed to submission a tumultuary people; and their present interest disposing them to seek from Russia protection against the power of Sweden, afforded to the Czar a favorable opportunity for establishing a control over the internal concerns of Poland. Augustus II., in the very commencement of his reign, began the connection with Russia for recovering from Sweden the part of Livonia which that government had wrested from Poland, probably influenced by a desire to base a pretext on that enterprise for retaining an army of ten thousand Saxons, which at his coronation he had sworn to send back into Saxony. So much was the connection strengthened in the ensuing reign that the minister of Augustus III. was notoriously the slave of Russia. The feeling of an independent spirit must be pained by this degradation of a people who had been so recently distinguished by the gallantry manifested in the deliverance of the German empire and all Christendom from the dominion of the Crescent.

It is a curious circumstance, that the same point of time which marks the commencement of the political depression of Poland was also the epoch of that organized anarchy of its civil constitution, which at length destroyed its national existence—the *liberum veto*, that tribunitial right of every individual of its multitude of nobles having been then introduced. And it is also a remarkable fact, that the unhappy sovereign† did, even at that time, foresee and forewarn the assembled diet that the dissensions of Poland would terminate in its political extinction, and that it would be partitioned by Russia, Austria, and Brandenburg. By the *liberum veto* in the diets, not only was absolute unanimity required to give any vote force and effect; if any one of the many parts of a law was rejected, or any one law, of the many discussed at a diet, had a single vote against it, the whole legislation of that diet fell to the ground. It was necessary to adopt all or reject all. Surely, no human contrivance was ever devised, so effectual to tie up the will and paralyze the judgment of any deliberative assembly. Add to this, that the duration of the diet was fixed by law—it must expire in six weeks,

* Mably, tome xiii, pp. 11, 12, 30, 32. Rulhière, tome i, p. 74.

† Stanislas Leszcynski.

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and even at the hour striking, whatever subject might then be before it. The king had the power of convoking extraordinary diets, but these could only last three weeks. But when a diet failed to come to any decision, a majority might, with the consent of the king, turn the diet into a "confederation." But then the minority had the power of resorting to a "re-confederation" or "anti-confederation," which generally led to a civil war. In the election of the kings, the *liberum veto* also prevailed. The tumultuous aristocrats assembled on the field of Volo, near Warsaw, armed and equipped from head to foot, to elect a sovereign. Any member could defeat the election by his negative vote, and hence battles and massacres of the most fearful kind took place. The Poles boasted of their equality, but it was only an aristocratic equality of 500,000 nobles. The rest of the population, numbering thirteen or fourteen millions, had no political rights. The nobles were the legislature, and, for the most part, the executive; they were the army, and they were everything. "This rude five-hundred-thousand-headed sovereignty never understood the art of uniting individual liberty with public power, for the benefit of all."* They called out the *poopolite*, or levy *en masse*, in time of danger, but it was always inefficient. They were too jealous of the masses of the people to permit a standing army to be enrolled from them, and being surrounded by warlike nations, and ever at war themselves, this was one cause of the loss of their independence. Another cause of the fall of Poland was, that its nobles kept the country continually at war. Like the Ishmaelites, their hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against them. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." The art of war was their principal study. They neglected the arts of peace and the science of government. They neglected the improvements in arms adopted by other nations, and thus declined like the Turks. They would not consent to taxation to support a regular army, and hence, when Frederick of Prussia invaded them with his disciplined troops, the Poles failed in repulsing him.

Such are the chief causes of the ruin of Poland, which all the efforts of her patriots, including the noble and virtuous house of Czartorisky, could not prevent. The immediate

* Saxton.

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cause of her dissolution was a conspiracy among three of the Five Great Powers of Europe to dismember and divide the country among them, while the other two looked on in silence, as they have since done in the case of Hungary. Perhaps, in the history of the world, there is no instance of an international crime of such cold-blooded enormity as the partition of Poland between Russia, Austria and Prussia. It has been a matter of much dispute which of the three started the project; for so conscious were they of the infamy that they all equally disclaimed it. The reigning sovereigns were among the most distinguished that ever wielded a sceptre in Europe: Catherine II. of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria, and Frederick the Great of Prussia. All three were of different religions, and they hated and feared each other; yet they united in this great wrong. The mutual animosity of Catherine and Theresa was violent and intense. The Austrian empress never spoke of the Russian but with disdain, invariably calling her "*that woman.*"* Her hatred of Frederick was implacable. She had once declared that, though she might make peace with him, no consideration should ever induce her to enter into an alliance to which he was a party; to prevent the increase of his power and to guard against his encroaching ambition, his open hostility, or his secret enmity, had long been the ruling principle of the cabinet at Vienna.† But through the influence of her unscrupulous minister, Kaunitz, and her son Joseph, whom the artful flattery of Frederick had won over to his views, she entered into the scheme and became the most greedy of the conspirators. Volumes have been written of the details of this extraordinary transaction, but the negotiations and arrangements were carried on with such profound secrecy, and each of the powers was so anxious to cast the largest share of the blame upon the other, that no event in modern history is involved in greater obscurity or more perplexed by contradictory statements. It is beyond the power of any ordinary understanding to unravel the dark web.

It is maintained that the scheme of partition never could have originated with Catherine, who had long been the real mistress of Poland, the king being nothing more than her tenant at will. It required only a little time for the whole kingdom to sink into a Russian province.‡ Alexis

* Fletcher. † Mrs. Jameson's *Life of Maria Theresa.* ‡ Fletcher.

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Michaelovich had before that time attempted to obtain the crown of Poland, but was unable to resist the claims of John Sobieski. Peter I. openly interfered in the election of Augustus III., and sent an army into the country. The defeat of Charles XII. of Sweden afterwards enabled him to confirm his candidate on the throne, and the Russian influence in Poland now became firmly established. In 1764, Catherine II. set up her lover, Stanislaus Poniatowski, as competitor for the crown on the death of Augustus III., and, marching an army to support him, secured his election. By the treaty of alliance, she guaranteed the Polish constitution in a secret article—that bad constitution which was the source of all her influence. She next declared herself the protectress of the dissenters of the Protestant and Greek churches. She sent an army of 40,000 men into the country, and banished to Siberia some of the most powerful chiefs of the Catholic party—both magnates and prelates—merely because they had opposed her in the Diet. She then obtained, by main force, a treaty in favor of the dissenters; and this gave rise to a powerful conspiracy of Catholics, who, having united both for the protection of the Church and the purpose of freeing the country from Russian interference, sought foreign aid, and involved Catherine in a war with Turkey. Russia was successful, and the Turks, in 1771, proposed to treat for peace. At the beginning of that year, Prince Henry, brother of Frederick, was at Petersburg on a visit to the empress, and it is believed that then and there the partition was agreed upon. Lord Brougham says the sounder opinion is, that Catherine proposed it through the prince to his brother, but admits that the more common opinion assigns the proposal to Frederick, and many believe that it originated with Henry himself. Mr. Cox, following Count Hertzberg, the Prussian minister, conceives that Frederick was the first to propose it to the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, when they met at Neustadt, and that they afterwards broke the matter to Catherine, bribing her, by a share, to acquiesce. Tooke holds that Prince Henry, being sent by his brother, concerted the measure with Catherine at Petersburg, and that Austria was then gained over to it. Rulhière, after stating that it had been proposed as far back as 1658, by Sweden, relates that Catherine gave Prince Henry such intimations as left her own designs quite clear, and that he communicated this to Freder-

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ick after his return to Berlin. He cites, as authorities, Kniphausen, Sandos, and Cæsar, the prince's secretaries. Segur states that Austria was decidedly against the scheme, and only yielded to the other two powers upon finding that France would not stand by her in resisting it.

It is curious to observe, in the historical productions of Frederick, how deceitful is the human heart. This king talks of the rage for conquest, the folly of ambition, the waste of human life, as if he had not been himself one of the most striking specimens of this kind of atrocious character that appears in history. In the helpless situation of the young empress, Maria Theresa, upon the death of her father, he seized Silesia with such unprincipled hypocrisy that his designs were scarcely even suspected till the deed was done. The seizure of this Austrian province was first supported by a war, then by a revival of it, then by the dreadful seven years' war, in which nearly a million of men perished.

Iniquity almost always pays virtue the compliment of assuming her semblance, and the three wholesale plunderers determined to give a color of justice to their violent seizure, by wringing from their victims a ratification of their claims. But, by this proceeding, they admitted that their claims were not just, for, if they were, no further ratification would be necessary. They called a Diet on the 19th of April, 1773, to ratify their claims, their troops meantime being in possession of all Poland, and the capital, in particular, being strongly invested. The Russian, Prussian, and Austrian ministers were present, to control the proceedings; they declared that every deputy who opposed their proposals should be treated as an enemy of his country and of the three powers. Frederick himself states, in his description of the transaction, that the deputies were informed, if they continued refractory, that the whole kingdom would be dismembered; but, on the contrary, if they submitted, the troops would evacuate by degrees the territory they intended to leave to the republic. They even had the audacity to appoint the president of the Diet. Partly by intimidation and partly by corruption, they prevailed over all, except six, to agree to the dishonorable proposition. But, as we have already seen, in the constitution of Poland there was the singular provision, that any one member of the Diet could nullify the act of all the others. This privilege was technically called the *liberum veto*. Absolute unanimity was necessary to a vote, just as in the case of trial by jury.

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The only time, perhaps, in the history of Poland, that this unique provision could be turned to good account, was the present. But it was now abolished, in order to subserve the purposes of the royal robbers, though, when those purposes were accomplished, it was re-established, in order to prevent the new order of things being overthrown, and to place a perpetual bar against all political improvement calculated to regenerate the nation. The pusillanimous king, Stanislas, who was in reality only a viceroy of Russia, having been placed on the throne by Catherine, his mistress, offered no resistance, but allowed the spoliation to go by default. He was distinguished only for his frivolity, show, extravagance, licentiousness, and other kindred vices. From him, nothing could be hoped for. All was lost. The Diet finally agreed to appoint a commission to settle the boundaries of the four countries, and determine upon the changes to be made in the Polish government. The partition was not fully arranged till 1774; then Prussia and Austria began to extend their bounds beyond the limits fixed upon, and these encroachments foreboded future partitions of unfortunate Poland.

This high-handed outrage against the law of nations, while it broke down the balance of power in Europe, was a flagrant violation of two treaties. The first adjustment of the northern governments was made by the treaty of Oliva, as that of the south had been arranged by the treaty of Westphalia; and as the treaty of Utrecht had introduced a new arrangement of power in place of the latter of these two treaties, so in the north had the treaty of Nystadt been the epoch of an important modification of that of Oliva. In the two fundamental treaties of Oliva and Nystadt, by which the northern interests of Europe were thus successively adjusted, the independence and integrity of Poland had been expressly guaranteed. By the former, the ascendancy in the north had been transferred from Poland to Sweden, but the territory of Poland, as regulated by that treaty, was guaranteed by the contracting parties. In the treaty of Nystadt again, which transferred the ascendancy to Russia, Poland was included as allied to the Czar, and the King of Sweden was bound to conclude a durable peace with that country under the mediation of the Russian Emperor. It appears, therefore, that the partition of Poland, while it violated every principle of general security, was a special and direct infringement of the two conventions upon which the northern system had been

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established. But fortunate would it have been for Poland had this been the end of the wrongs she was destined to endure. She was yet, however, to drink the bitter cup to the dregs.

After the first partition, she was suffered for twenty years to enjoy an interval of more undisturbed tranquillity than she had known for a century. Russian armies ceased to harass her, and Frederick entered upon that honorable portion of his reign in which he made a just war for the defence of the integrity of Bavaria and the independence of Germany. In the year 1782, reports were current that Potemkin was to be made king of Poland. But that haughty barbarian told the Prussian ambassador at Petersburg that he despised the Polish nation too much to be ambitious of reigning over them; and desired the ambassador to communicate to his master a plan for a new partition, observing that "the first was only child's play; that, if they had taken all, the outcry would not have been greater." In justice to Frederick, it must be said that he refused. Potemkin read his refusal over three times before he could believe his eyes, and then exclaimed, "I never could have believed that King Frederick was capable of *romantic* ideas." As Prussia receded from Russia, she became gradually connected with England, Holland and Sweden, and her policy in the case of Bavaria had placed her at the head of all the independent members of the Germanic Confederacy. Turkey declared war against Russia, and a formidable combination against the power of Russia was in time formed. The Austrian government was disturbed by the discontent and revolts which the precipitate innovations of Joseph had excited in various provinces of the monarchy. A treaty was concluded between Prussia and Turkey, in 1790, in which they bound themselves to endeavor to obtain from Austria the restitution of those Polish provinces to which she had given the name of Galicia. Those changes seemed to augur favorably for the Poles, and they began to hope that they might be suffered at last to reform their institutions, to provide for their own quiet and safety, and to adopt that policy which might one day enable them to resume their ancient station among European nations. No tumults disturbed the country, and a national spirit was slowly reviving. The necessity of a system of productive revenue and a regular army was now felt, the nobility were disposed to abandon their dangerous right of electing a king,

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and the fatal law of unanimity had been so branded as an instrument of Russian policy, that in the Diets no member was found bold enough to use his negative. Such was the progress made in the development of a national spirit, that at the breaking out of the Turkish war with Russia the Poles ventured to refuse not only an alliance offered by Catherine, but even permission to raise a body of cavalry in the territories of the republic.* About the commencement of the French revolution, a Diet assembled at Warsaw, from whom the restoration of the independence of the republic was hoped, and by whom it would have been accomplished, if their measures had not been defeated by one of the blackest acts of treachery on record. These reformers were not carried away with the tide of enthusiasm which set in from the influence of the revolutionary movement in France. It was resolved that the Elector of Saxony should be the successor to the crown, and that an hereditary monarchy should be established. They declared the pretended guarantees of Russia of the old constitution to be "null, an invasion of national independence, incompatible with the natural rights of every civilized society, and with the political privileges of every free nation."† They established a new constitution, extending political franchises to the burgesses or middle classes, and rendering accessible to them every office in the state. Only the emancipation of the serfs or peasants remained to render those reforms complete, and that would have soon followed, if the wisdom and liberality of the nobility had not been defeated by the perfidy of Prussia. On the 12th of October, 1788, the King of Prussia (not now Frederick the Great, but Frederick William) offered to guarantee, through his minister at Warsaw, the integrity of the Polish territory, and on the 19th of November he advised them not to be diverted from "ameliorating their form of government," and declared that "he will guarantee their independence without mixing in their internal affairs, or restraining the liberty of their discussions, which, on the contrary, he would guarantee."‡ A treaty of alliance was concluded between the two governments, with the following stipulation: "If any foreign power, in virtue of any preceding acts and stipulations whatsoever, should claim the right of interfering in the internal affairs of the republic of Poland, at whatsoever time or in whatsoever manner, his Majesty the

* Ferrand's *History*, vol. ii, p. 336. † Idem, vol. iii, p. 55.
‡ Idem, vol. ii, p. 452, 457.

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King of Prussia will first employ his good offices to prevent hostility in consequence of such pretension; but if his good offices should be ineffectual, and that hostilities against Poland should ensue, his Majesty the King of Prussia, considering such an event as a case provided for in this treaty, will assist the republic according to the tenor of the fourth article of the present treaty."* The aid referred to was, on the part of Prussia, 22,000 or 30,000 men, or, in case of necessity, all her disposable force. The evident intention of the treaty was, to protect Poland against the interference of Russia in her internal government. When Stanislas announced to him that the new constitution had been adopted, Frederick William applauded it, and proceeded to say:

"'I congratulate myself on having contributed to the liberty and independence of Poland, and my most agreeable care will be, to strengthen the ties which unite us.' In January, 1792, Catherine concluded a peace with the Turks at Jassy; and, being thus free from foreign enemies, she began to manifest her intentions of interfering in the affairs of Poland. The Poles expressed their alarm to Frederick William, who replied that, in the event of such dangers being realized, 'the King of Prussia, faithful to all his obligations, will have it particularly at heart to fulfill those which were last year contracted by him.'"†

If any reliance could be placed in the faith of treaties or in the honor of kings, surely the Poles had a right to expect that their independence and constitution would be defended by the whole force of the Prussian monarch. He was soon to be put to the test. Catherine seizing the pretext of a few discontented Polish nobles revolting against the new constitution, the Russian minister at Warsaw declared that the Empress, "called on by many distinguished Poles, who had confederated against the pretended constitution of 1791, would, in virtue of her guarantee, march an army into Poland, to restore the liberties of the republic." The Polish king now claimed the aid of Prussia. Frederick William replied: "In considering the new constitution which the republic adopted, without my knowledge and without my concurrence, I never thought of supporting or protecting it." So flagrant a breach of faith cannot be pointed out in the modern history of nations. Assured of the connivance of Prussia,

* Martens, vol. iii, p. 165. † Ferrand.

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Catherine threw an immense army into Poland, along the whole line of frontier, from the Baltic to the vicinity of the Euxine. A series of brilliant battles followed, in which the Poles, overpowered by numbers, gave abundant proofs of unavailing valor. Meantime, Stanislas, the dupe of Russia, took sides with the traitorous confederation of Targowitz, consisting of its handful of discontented nobles, already referred to, and, having been invested by the Diet with supreme authority over the army, he ordered the troops to lay down their arms, amidst the tears of the people. The traitors were allowed, for a brief time, to rest, but their treason was soon rewarded by the treachery it courted. Frederick William, repulsed from the soil of France, had now turned his arms against prostrate Poland, and while Russia was charging it with the love of royalism, he chose the opposite pretext, that they propagated anarchical principles and had Jacobin clubs. Even the criminal confederates of Targowitz now remonstrated against the entry of the Prussian troops. But it was too late. The Empress of Russia, in a declaration of the 9th of April, informed the world that, acting in concert with Prussia and Austria, she had determined that the only means of controlling the Jacobinism of Poland was, "by confining it within more narrow limits, and by giving it proportions which better suited an intermediate power." The King of Prussia seized Great Poland, and the Russian army occupied all the other provinces of the republic. In order to give the proceedings some color of legality, the King, at the instigation of Russia, called a Diet, and every one who was not believed to be a partisan of that power was excluded. The Diet was surrounded by Russian troops, and loaded cannon were pointed to the hall of the Diet. Several of the members were arrested at night, and carried away, while all were threatened with Siberia. In this way, the Diet was compelled to cede to the plunderers whatever they dictated, and a mockery of a stipulation was entered into, guaranteeing to the republic the remainder of its possessions.* A promised slice of France was the compensation to Austria for forbearing to claim her share of the spoils in the second partition. Meantime, the people of Poland rose to arms, expelled the Russian garrison in several places, and inflicted summary execution upon the Polish traitors who had sold the country.

* Carter, vol. v, pp. 162, 202.

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The citizens of the capital, the whole body of the proud nobility, and the friends of freedom throughout the land, submitted to the temporary dictatorship of Kosciusko, a private gentleman, who had just returned from America, where he had fought side by side with Washington for the independence of the colonies. He urged the nobility to take speedy measures for the enfranchisement of the peasantry.* Had they done so promptly, Poland, perhaps, would have been an independent power to-day. The armies of Russia, Prussia and Austria advanced against Warsaw, around which the patriot army was concentrated. Frederick William, with 40,000 men, had been before Cracow, which he sought in vain to capture, for two months, when he was forced to retire with precipitation, by an insurrection in his lately acquired Polish province. Meantime, the Russian hordes pressed on, and, with only 18,000 men, Kosciusko gave battle to one division to prevent its junction with another. The Poles performed prodigies of valor, in vain, against superior numbers, and would have won the day but for the treachery or incapacity of Count Poninski.† The Polish General-in-Chief, Kosciusko, after displaying the highest courage and skill, fell covered with wounds,‡ and the Polish army fled.

> "In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
> From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew—
> Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
> Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
> Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
> Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
> Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear.
> Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!
> Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!"

Suwarrow, "the butcher of Ismail," now advanced to the capital and stimulated his army to the assault of the great suburb of Praga by a promise of license to pillage for forty-eight hours. No age or sex was spared. The murder of children was sport for the brutal soldiery, and other nameless horrors were perpetrated. The streets streamed with blood. Eighteen thousand dead were carried away after the massacre had ceased. Many were burnt to death in the flames which consumed the town, multitudes

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* Segur's *Reign of Frederick William*, vol. iii, p. 169. † Idem, vol. iii, p. 171.

‡ The Russian officers carried him insensible from the field, and, treating him respectfully, sent him to St. Petersburg, a prisoner of war; but Catherine threw him into a dungeon, from which he was released by Paul, on his succession, probably from hatred to his mother.

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were driven by the bayonet into the Vistula, and, to complete the terror of the scene, a large body of fugitives perished by the fall of the great bridge over which they fled.

Thus ended the resistance of Poland, and the Russian army entered Warsaw November 9th, 1794. Stanislas, the poltroon, was permitted, for a short time, to go through the forms of royalty, but, in obedience to the order of Catherine, he abdicated on the 25th of November, 1795, which day, being the anniversary of his coronation, seemed to be chosen to complete his humiliation. He was compensated by a pension of 200,000 ducats, guaranteed by the three powers; but he ended his unhappy and dishonorable life in about two years after, at St. Petersburg. Quarrels about the division of the booty retarded the formal execution of the third and last partition for a few months. But it was finally consummated, and Poland was blotted from the map of Europe. Previous to the first partition, her territory consisted of upwards of 400,000 square miles. By the first partition, she lost one third; by the second partition, she lost about half of the remaining portion; and, by the third partition, the republic was extinguished. On each occasion, Catherine secured the principal portion of the plunder for herself; but her wicked career was terminated by death in less than a month after her final dismemberment of this murdered nation.

The partition of Poland and the scandalous conduct of the States who reaped the fruit of injustice in its fall have been the frequent subject of indignation and eloquent complaint; but the connection between that event and the subsequent disasters of the partitioning powers has not met with so much attention. Yet nothing can be clearer than that it was this iniquitous measure which brought all the misfortunes which followed upon the European monarchies; that it was this which opened the gates of Germany to French invasion, and brought Napoleon with his terrible legions to Vienna, Berlin, and the Kremlin. The more the campaigns of 1793 and 1794 are studied, the more evident does it appear that it was the prospect of obtaining a share in the partition of Poland that paralyzed the allied arms and intercepted and turned aside the hosts which might have arrested the onward march of the conqueror. Jealousy and division among those monarchies, even more than the energy of the republicans, contributed to the uniform and astonishing success of the French arms. Had the armies of Catherine

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been added to those of Prussia on the plains of Champagne in 1792, or to those of Austria and England in the fields of Flanders in 1793, the tide of revolution would have been turned back, and even in 1794, by a cordial co-operation of the Prussian and Austrian forces, the chain of fortifications erected by the genius of Vauban might have been broken. But the prospect of partitioning Poland retained the Prussian battalion, during the crisis of the campaign, in sullen activity on the Rhine, and then led to the precipitate abandonment of Flanders by the Austrian forces.* The partition of Poland was not the work of Muscovite strength or ambition, great as they were—the frontier powers of Europe concurred in it; and Austria, in particular, which had been indebted to Polish valor for deliverance from the sabres of the Osmanlis, requited her gallant deliverers by joining in their destruction and receiving a share of their possessions as a reward of her ingratitude. But the justice of the Divine administration has been completely vindicated, by the effects which this great measure of political spoliation has had on the subsequent balance of power in Europe. With Hungary and the maritime strength of Venice, Poland had formed the eastern defence of Christendom against the Turkish tyrants of Greece, and on the north-east she had been long its sole barrier against the barbarian hordes of Muscovy. The partition of Poland first broke down this barrier, and brought the might of the Orientals to the very heart of European civilization. What the conquest of the Byzantine empire had done in the south-east of Europe, that fatal spoliation effected in the north-east. "The Semiramis of the North" obtained the lion's share to herself. By the successive partitions, Russia gained territory containing nine millions of inhabitants, and by the treaty of Vienna, in 1815, she obtained the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, containing four millions, and her frontiers were brought within 180 miles of Berlin and Vienna. By these acquisitions, the strength of Russia, as against the states of Continental Europe, was more than doubled; for not only was the barrier which had hitherto restrained her advances swept away, but the strength, great in a military point of view, of the Sarmatian nation was added to her arms. Thenceforward she became irresistible in Eastern Europe. Nothing could arrest her progress.

* See Alison's *History of Europe.*

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The great war of 1854 was one of the legacies bequeathed to Europe by the partition of Poland;* other serious consequences followed, and some are probably yet to ensue.

A real or apparent attachment grew up between Napoleon and the Poles. Certain it is that they were long attached to him, and only grew cold when it became evident that he would not requite their sacrifices in his cause. He committed a fatal error in tampering with them; for he might have rallied around him a nation of soldiers who, in gratitude, would have stood by him until they were exterminated. As it was, they materially aided in his conquests. Seventy thousand of them fought under his banners in his war with Russia in 1812; and forty thousand are supposed to have fallen in the French armies, fighting against the three enemies of Poland, from the period of the extinction of their nationality till the battle of Waterloo.† There are few instances, of the affection of men for their country, more touching than that of these Poles, sacrificing themselves in the battles of a foreign nation, in the faint hope of its one day delivering their own from bondage.‡ Kosciusko had originally encouraged his countrymen to devote themselves to this chance; but, when he was himself offered a command in 1807, the hero refused to quit his humble retreat, unless Napoleon pledged himself for the restoration of Poland. But the French emperor did not fully commit himself. The decisive battle of Jena, in 1806, brought one of Poland's tyrants to the dust, and, by the treaty of Tilsit, Prussian Poland was restored to a partial independence, under the title of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw; and a large addition of Polish territory was made to it in 1809, by the treaty of Shoenbrunn, at the expense of Austria. In 1812, when he commenced the campaign against Russia, which, in his proclamations, he called "the second Polish war," he issued a manifesto, in which he announced that Poland would be greater than she had been under Stanislas, and he authorized the Poles to take up arms everywhere but in the Austrian provinces, the integrity of which he had guaranteed. Yet, by the articles of his secret treaty with Austria, he had provided for an exchange of such a part of Austrian Poland as would be equivalent to them.§ He probably looked forward to the independence of Poland

* Alison. † Schoell, vol. x, p. 130. *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiv, p. 366.
‡ Mackintosh. § Schoell, vol. x, p. 129.

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as the result of his success; and had he thrown away the scabbard and solemnly pledged himself to Polish independence, considering it not merely as the consequence of victory, but as the most powerful means of securing it, the result of the campaign might have been very different. But he had probably grown too much of a politician and an emperor to trust to the national feelings and popular enthusiasm, to which he had owed the brilliant victories of his youth.* In his conversations with O'Meara at St. Helena,† he said he had intended to have made Poniatowski king of Poland, had he succeeded in Russia, for, said the illustrious exile, "he was a noble character, full of honor and bravery." To the soldierly qualities of the Poles, he bore this testimony: "They are a brave nation, and make good soldiers. In the cold which prevails in the northern countries, the Pole is better than the Frenchman." Napoleon adds, that were it not for the premature severity of the winter, and the burning of Moscow, which defeated his designs, he would have abolished nobility, and proclaimed the emancipation of the serfs, not only in Russia proper, but in Polish Russia. Had he done this in time, instead of intending it, he might have died emperor of France By the treaty of Vienna, in 1815, Russia obtained the duchy of Warsaw, which was formed into a kingdom, with a liberal constitution, with the understanding that his other Polish provinces should be incorporated with it, and that it should be as distinct from Russia as Hungary was from Austria. That understanding was flagrantly violated, and faith was not kept in anything. For a time, however, though far from enjoying the blessings of freedom, the Poles enjoyed a degree of prosperity, and made an amount of progress, far beyond what they had ever experienced under the weak government of its elected kings, or the blind rule of its stormy Diets. The condition of Poland, in spite of oppression, marvellously improved, from the mere effect of a steady rule and a strong government—a plain proof that this was all the country needed at any time to develop its civilization, and enable it to take a high rank among the nations of the earth. The new constitution, framed by a commission and solemnly sanctioned by Alexander, was good, resembling that of England; and, had it been faithfully observed, all would have

* Mackintosh. † *Voice from St. Helena*, vol. i, pp. 190, 191.

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been well with the Poles. But it was violated by the Emperor-king, violated by his brother Constantine, who was commander-in-chief of the army at Warsaw, and violated shamefully by his successor, Nicholas, who declared by proclamation, on his accession to the imperial throne and the kingdom of Poland, that, "the constitution which the emperor and king, Alexander I., of glorious memory, had given the Poles, should remain without any changes;" and to this declaration he added the solemn sanction of an oath: "In pledge, I promise and swear before God that I will observe the constitutional charter, and that I will exert all my care to maintain its observation."* Had the King of Poland not been the Emperor of Russia, he would probably have observed his oath, under the fear of deposition; but, being the head of so powerful an empire, he could violate it with impunity, and he did. "The union, on one head, of the crown of the autocrat and the constitutional King of Poland is one of those political monstrosities which could not by possibility long endure. Every one foresaw that the kingdom of Poland would be to Russia the germ of liberal institutions, or itself perish under the iron hand of its despot. The question was soon resolved."† Kosciusko predicted that the Russians would fill the chief places of government, and soon treat the Poles as their subjects.‡ So it turned out. The article of the constitution which declared the liberty of the press was nullified, and other encroachments followed. The Diet of 1830 fought bravely for their liberties, and threw out, by a large majority, a bill to abolish the responsibility of ministers, one of the fundamental articles of the constitution. They also impeached the two ministers who had signed the ordinance for the suspension of the liberty of the press. A change in the political existence of Poland was now openly threatened. Patriots were thrown into prison, and the publicity of debate in the Diet was abolished by royal ordinance. Constantine, the viceroy at Warsaw, though married to a native of Poland, and proud beyond measure of its troops, which he called "the first in the world," was by nature capricious and passionate, and perpetrated the most atrocious acts of despotism. An insurrection at length broke out,

* Oginski, vol. iv, p. 315.

† Manifesto of the Polish Diet, Jan. 10, 1831, *Ann. Hist.*, xiii, 180.

‡ Letter to Prince Adam Czartoryski, June 13, 1815.

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which extended to the army, and which compelled him to flee to St. Petersburg. The nation rose to arms as one man; and the most decided proof of the benefits derived from the regular government which it had for the last fifteen years enjoyed was, that it now made a very different stand from what it did under Kosciusko, and, with a quarter of its old territory and population, it maintained, for the first time, in 1831, an equal contest with the forces of the Czar.* They defeated the Russians, in several battles, with half their numbers, but were compelled to succumb, at last, to tremendous odds, aided by Austria and Prussia, who sent corps of observation to the frontiers, and pledged themselves to prevent any supplies of arms or ammunition, and leave no chance of succor to the little kingdom, in maintaining the contest with its gigantic enemy. And Poland was once more blotted from the map of Europe. But, though Austria thus fulfilled her engagement to Russia, she dreaded the incorporation of Poland with Austria, and was willing that its independence should be preserved, and negotiated a treaty with the Poles, for their acceptance of a king of the house of Austria, provided England and France would sanction the arrangement. Negotiations took place between the two latter powers, and France was anxious to stand by Poland, if England would consent. But Lord Palmerston—then foreign minister—concluded that the Belgian revolution was enough on his hands, and told the Polish envoy he could not interfere. All that France did was, to send M. de Montemart to St. Petersburg to endeavor to obtain favorable terms for the Poles; but Nicholas gave him his answer by a significant motion of his hand across his throat, showing he was not unmindful of his murdered father's fate, and which may be rendered into English by the familiar phrase, "It is neck or nothing with me."† Nicholas feared, or affected to fear, the Russian nobles, whose hatred of the Poles is intense. The history of Russia in connection with Poland presents a continued series of blood-stained pages. Battle after battle nourished their mutual hate, and for a long time it had been the settled feeling of both that Russia or Poland must fall. It is, perhaps, fortunate for the rest of Europe that this feeling has always existed; for, if they had been united in heart, the whole south of Europe would lie at the mercy of their invading armies.

* Alison. † Louis Blanc, ii, 445, 451.

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When the revolution was crushed, many unfortunate Poles, driven from their country, sought refuge in Hungary. The Austrian government, which favored the interests of Russia, forbade the harboring of rebels against a friendly power; but the sympathy for them was too strong to permit the mandate to be obeyed. In defiance of Austrian spies and police, the nobles continued to offer them hospitality, and, passing them on from one to another, maintained and concealed them in their houses for many years. Among others, the mother of Kossuth, with the consent of her husband, gave a home to the exiles, and strained the little fortune of the family to the utmost, to provide for their necessities.* In the Hungarian revolution of 1848–9, this hospitality was requited by the services of Generals Dembinski and Bem, and other Polish officers.

In 1832, the Czar declared Poland to be henceforth an integral part of the Russian empire, and no longer a separate nationality. In 1846, a fresh attempt to restore its independence was made at Cracow, which ended in the subjugation of this last remnant of ancient Poland, and its annexation to Austria. In the insurrections of 1848, many of the Poles sympathized and fought with the revolutionists, particularly in Hungary; and it was the fear of the success of the cause of Hungarian independence leading to another revolution in Poland, that induced the Czar to lend his arms to the suppression of that formidable revolt, which, but for his aid to Austria, would have been victorious, dismembering the empire of the house of Hapsburg, and revolutionizing all Germany. During the last four months, serious disturbances have arisen in Warsaw, which seem but the premonitory symptoms of another political earthquake.

The partition of Poland was the model of all those acts of rapine which have been committed by monarchs on republicans during the wars excited by the French revolution. No single cause has contributed so much to alienate mankind from ancient institutions, and loosen their respect for established governments.

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* *Hungary and its Revolutions*, London, 1854.

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ART. IX.—1. *American Life Assurance.* New York.

2. *United States Insurance Gazette.*

3. *Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends; A Chronicle of Life Assurance.* By JOHN FRANCIS, author of "The History of the Bank of England," &c. London.

IT was a question among the Stoics, whether good is capable of being converted into evil; but, neither they, nor any other ancient sect, seem to have come to any satisfactory conclusion on the subject. We imagine that it would have been different had they lived in our time. None of them, capable of reasoning, would have denied, for example, that insurance companies have done much good; but, have they not done as much, or *more* harm? We are aware that to many this will seem an absurd question; but, let such be not too hasty. We cannot expect that those who make insurance their business will decide against themselves, although none know the evils of the system better than they; but the rest of the public—all who possess property—may be expected to give a portion of their attention to what concerns them so much, either directly or indirectly. We wish none, however, to adopt our conclusions further than they seem to be drawn from correct premises; on the contrary, we wish every erroneous observation to be set aside; for, although we take up no subject without having carefully and dispassionately considered it, in all its bearings, we have no pretensions to infallibility.

The principle of insurance is fair and just, and in practice it has saved thousands from ruin and misery. It is only the abuse of it that does mischief; and this is all we desire to speak against. In short, we have as much faith in legitimate insurance, in its effect on trade and commerce, as we have in legitimate medical skill in its effect on human health and longevity; but, we hold that quackery is as bad in one case as in the other. We believe that no city in the world, of equal population, can muster so large a number of ordinary quacks as New York; but they are far outnumbered by the insurance quacks. The latter are so numerous, that the wonder is, how they can all manage to subsist as they do on public credulity. Thus, we have now before us a list of one hundred and eighty insurance offices, all in New York. We think it is within the truth to say that, of the companies represented by these, not more than twenty are doing a legitimate and honest business; and may it not be added that the same number would be sufficient to meet the wants of all who are disposed to have their lives or properties insured? This would leave a surplus of one hundred and sixty offices. Allowing twenty functionaries, of various grades, from the president down to the canvasser, or "drummer," which, it will be admitted, is a moderate estimate, on an average, and we have an aggregate of insurance quacks amounting, in round numbers, to three thousand two hundred (3,200); quite a formidable brigade.

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In our opinion, there is not one of this number but could be spared for the war, without any serious detriment to trade or commerce. But quacks of any kind seldom make good soldiers; moralists of all ages have ranked them among the cowardly genus, if only because the very name of quack presupposes a tendency to lie and cheat, which is cowardly *per se*. At all events, a large number, probably three-fourths, would claim exemption from draft on various grounds; and, in a large majority of cases, the claim could not be denied, since a considerable proportion of the fraternity have impediments of one kind or other, the discovery of which would require no elaborate researches on the part of the surgeon. At least half the functionaries have graduated in various other kinds of business; for which, it seems, their talents were not suitable. Finally, they turned their attention to insuring their neighbors against calamities from which it is but too evident, they were not exempt themselves. Until they became insurance functionaries, they were too much like Romeo's Apothecary; "the world was not their friend, nor the world's law;" but, once members of a company, they became a tower of strength, to all timid people, gifted with a large amount of faith in fair speeches and fine promises.

Time there was, indeed, when the insurance system was a veritable protection to all who chose to avail themselves of its benefits; it is so still, when carried on in good faith and with sufficient capital; and far be it from us to deny that there are as honest and honorable companies at the present day as ever were; such, for example, as the New York Life Insurance Company, of which the President is Mr. Morris Franklin. But the difficulty is, to distinguish the semblance from the reality. If we are to believe its own "statements," there is no company but has almost inexhaustible resources—an amount of capital sufficient to insure half the United States; and with this it is prepared to do anything of which insurance can be supposed to be capable; the same as the quack doctor can cure all manner of diseases in others, while dying himself of consumption or some kindred malady.

This is not altogether new, although we are told, by those *savans* who regard the present as, *par excellence*, the age of progress and civilization, that the ancients knew nothing of insurance. For example, that learned and reliable (?) authority, known as Appleton's "New American Cyclopædia," informs us that, "It is, at all events, no older than the close of the middle ages;" that "it was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans," &c.* In ancient chronicles we read of books written for the express purpose of promoting ignorance instead of intelligence, but there are but few of us to whom it occurs that very large works are gotten up at the

* See Art. "Insurance," vol. IX, p. 550.

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present day, which, if not expressly intended to mislead, have certainly that tendency. In the present instance, as in many others, we have referred to the work in question; not because we had any confidence in it as an authority, but simply as a matter of curiosity—to see whether it can be right, even by chance, in speaking of the speculations of moneyed people. To say that so great an invention as insurance was known anterior to our era, would, of course, detract from the credit due to the gentlemen who now make a business of it, for devoting their valuable time and talents to the public interest. But, our business is, to tell the truth; not to write eulogies on insurance or assurance companies, and thereby aid them in their charlatanism. It would have been necessary only to read a translation of Homer in the vulgar tongue, in order to have learned that, so early as the Trojan war, "contracts were made, by which insurers engaged, for a consideration, to insure a certain party against loss or injury by certain perils." This was held to be as just and fair as the taking of ransoms for prisoners.

Nor were the Romans ignorant of the system, as our great Cyclopædia would have us believe. In proof of this, we need only refer to Suetonius, who speaks of its high antiquity, and of its formal adoption in Rome by Claudius Cæsar, A. D. 45. If any further proof is required of the antiquity of insurance, it can be found in the *Lex Oleron*, and in the *Lex Mercataria*, which show that it was known throughout Europe in 1194 A. D.; although it does not seem to have been legalized in England until 1601. Even then it was little practised, until after the Great Fire which occurred in London in 1666, and which proved its utility and importance to those who had had the good fortune to get their property insured by honest and responsible parties.

From the Great Fire until the present, many have been saved from ruin, and many have been swindled, by the insurance system; but, after a careful examination, we must say that those affected by it in the latter way are vastly in the majority. It would not be difficult to understand this, however, if it were borne in mind that, except insurance companies received more money than they paid, they could not sustain themselves as such; nay, more, there are but very few of them that could sustain themselves if they paid in the instances in which they are bound to do so by their contracts. It may be replied that they must do this; but many of them have various contrivances by which they can evade it; and it is the largest sums they are most careful in guarding against. This disposition to defraud is carried to such an extent, that scarcely a session of our courts passes without efforts being made, on the part of insurance companies, to evade payment for losses against which they had insured; and it is well known that in too many instances they succeed on merely technical grounds. If it so happens that they have no plea of this kind to set up, they will not scruple sometimes to charge the insured with having caused the destruction of his

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own property. Many a poor man has been ruined in this way. There are few who do not remember instances of persons sent to the state prison for a period of years on a charge of this kind. In a similar manner, innocent persons are often charged with the murder of the person whose life is insured; thus, husbands are charged with the murder of their wives, sons with the murder of their fathers, &c.; and, even when the charge is not proved, an amount of injury is done to the accused which the whole amount insured could not indemnify him for.

But why, it may be asked, are not outrages like these exposed? So they are, sometimes. But those having plenty of money can easily make it appear, to those who do not care to examine the circumstances, that, instead of their being swindlers, they are the injured party. The press, for example, would be very ungrateful if it said anything calculated to injure the fair fame of just this class of insurance companies; for none others give it a larger amount of patronage. Even Barnum does not advertise so extensively as the companies alluded to; nor do his advertisements cost him half so much in proportion. This would not seem so munificently liberal if they pretended themselves that they derived a corresponding benefit from it; but they do not. On the contrary, they insist that it does them little or no good; that they have to rely upon their canvassers; that, for one premium procured by means of an advertisement, twenty are procured by their "drummers." Whence, then, these whole columns of advertisements? We are well aware that the law requires that "statements" should be published at particular times; but in most cases a hundred-fold more expense is incurred with the papers than is required by law. It is expected that journals thus patronized will not be too curious, or too communicative, in reference to insurance trials. If, upon the other hand, poor papers, in city or country, attempt to enlighten their readers as to the peculiar means by which insurance companies serve most of those who have dealings with them, they are threatened with libel suits. Not unfrequently proceedings are commenced against them, when it is well known that they have stated the simple truth; the plan of the prosecutors being, that the alleged libellers will readily apologize and admit they were in error, rather than incur the expense of a prosecution.

For example, we know an insurance president of a Broadway company, who has threatened several papers in other cities for having compared him to Barnum; whereas, the truth is, that our great charlatan has more reason to complain of the comparison, though he did write a book to show how clever he was in the art of imposing on public credulity. But, nevertheless, the enterprising gentleman alluded to, carried his point; he entirely succeeded in intimidating the country editors, who were glad to get out of the predicament on terms so easy as to publish a eulogy on himself and his company; not forgetting to say that the

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company's stock is at least a million, the assets nearly twice that amount. Sometimes the worthy president himself condescends to write articles of this kind. His contributions to the Sunday papers, which circulate chiefly in the Bowery, have acquired for him a certain celebrity, which some, perhaps, would envy, though they consist chiefly of eulogies on himself, and have to be paid for out of the enormous stock of the company. But it is not alone the newspapers, daily and weekly, that are interested in maintaining the high reputation of the company under consideration. We doubt whether there is a single barber, of any standing, in the States of New York, New Jersey, or Connecticut, in whose establishment the advertisement of the company does not occupy a conspicuous place; and the same may be said of hotel-keepers, steam-boat captains, &c., &c.—in short, of all who have any extensive intercourse with the public, and are willing to say handsome things for a consideration, without examining too curiously whether they are deceived or not.

True, this is an extreme case. Numerous as our companies are, there are not many of them who carry their charlatanism to such an extent as this; though they carry it much too far. Now, need any one be told that legitimate business of any kind does not need so extensive a system of quackery to recommend it to public patronage? and we have not said a word about its "drummers," who are resolved to make people insure whether they will or not. One might be excused for doubting whether parties who act in this way would pay in any case, where the amount is large; but this would not do. Even the mock-auctioneers must sometimes give a bargain; if they cheated in every instance, they would soon be shunned by the most stupid. The same remark applies to the gambler, who sometimes allows his opponent to win. When the quack insurance company pays $10,000, to an insured party, it serves as a new bait to catch gudgeons. It must be remembered that if $10,000 bring $100,000, it is laid out to good advantage, though it be thrown into the river.

Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the morality and patriotism of the sort of insurance, or, rather, *assurance*, of which we have been speaking, than the companies recently formed for the purpose of securing exemption from drafting for the timid who are willing to pay. These would exempt all and procure substitutes for all for a suitable consideration. They, too, were doing a goodly amount of business until the Government cut short their operations, just as it should have done. Now, there is scarcely one of the parties, who were thus willing to prevent enlistment as much as possible, who was not connected directly or indirectly with some insurance company pretending to secure all from loss for a certain amount; and that the new enterprise had the approval of the old companies is sufficiently evident, from the fact that the latter were given as references. In short, the whole system requires reformation.

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Those who sought to make money by preventing enlistments are not the only parties that deserve to be taken in hand by the police. If there is to be such an increase of what is nothing better than legalized gambling, during the next seven years, as there has been during the last seven, why, we shall have more insurance presidents, vice-presidents, actuaries, &c., &c., than merchants. In time, they will undertake to insure anything; they will revive speculations still more ruinous and ludicrous than those of the South Sea Bubble times, when the companies of our English cousins used to undertake to insure female virtue, engaging to pay a handsome sum in case the chastity of the insured lady should suffer any serious detriment. The president alluded to above may thank us for the suggestion; for it is entirely worthy of his attention. At all events, we merely state an historical fact. In the work of Francis, the title of which stands at the head of our article, we have a list of thirty insurance projects, which concludes as follows:

> "William Helmes, Exchange alley, Assurance of Female Chastity.
> Insurance from house-breakers.
> Assurance from lying.
> Insurance from highwaymen.
> Plummer & Pelly's Insurance from death by Geneva.
> Rum Insurance," &c.*

In the same work, we have an account of an "Insurance office for horses dying natural deaths, stolen, or disabled, Crown Tavern, Smithfield." We learn that it was extensively advertised, too, both in prose and rhyme—the latter running as follows:

> "You that keep horses to preserve your ease,
> And pads to please sour wives and mistresses,
> Insure their lives—and if they die we'll make
> Full satisfaction, *or be bound to break.*"

There is not a remark we have made in the above sketch but we could illustrate by facts which could not be denied; but we forbear to do so for the present, not wishing to mention names of high functionaries, though they be of the quack genus. We prefer to hope that the abuses alluded to will effect their own cure before long; although the sanitary process may be aided by such hints as we have given. At all events, we first try the gentle salve; should this fail, we shall not hesitate, at the proper time, to use the lancet.

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* *Annals, Anecdotes, &c. A Chronicle of Life Insurance.*

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ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

An English Grammar. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M., Principal of "The Collegiate School," New York, author of "First Lessons in Composition," &c., &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1862.

We confess that we have been influenced by curiosity, more than any other feeling, in taking up this book. Whether by accident or otherwise, we had got the impression that it is of their worst books the Messrs. Appleton are most lavish of praise. Wishing to discard prejudice, if such we labored under in the matter, we procured a copy of the work; for even they never praised anything higher. After enumerating the various points in which it excels all other performances of the kind now extant, they inform the world that, "By reason of these, and other striking advantages, this text-book promises *to create an entire revolution in the present mode of teaching grammar*, and it should be examined by all teachers and school committees, who desire to make their pupils thorough in this important branch with the least possible labor." We open the book, and find that there is a remarkable similarity, in language and style, between the preface and the advertisement. In the former, we are told what, perhaps, many did not know before, namely, that "grammar has *hitherto* been a dry and a hard subject to teach" (p. 5). Of course, it will not be so any longer; Professor Quackenbos has removed all obstacles; so that the study is as attractive now as suggar-plums. But let us see how the almost miraculous change has been brought about. Speaking of the superiority of his own definitions, the author informs us that "they are approached *by means* of preliminary illustrations, which make their abstract language intelligible while it is in process of learning" (p. 6). This is about as lucid as the definitions themselves, that is, so far as the author can pretend to claim them as his own. Further on, on the same page, we are made aware, in a separate paragraph, that "There is no avoiding of difficulties. A lesson is *expressly devoted* to the explanation of perplexing constructions." A less conscientious savant would have passed over the "difficulties," and "perplexing constructions," as a *pons asinorum*, and let the urchins be grateful accordingly. The primary, or "striking," advantages of the work being set forward after this fashion, the author adds, in the same modest style, that "Minor points may also be noticed; *such as doing away with the neuter gender, a factitious distinction, engrafted on English Grammar*

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from the classical languages; the view taken of comparison; the comprehensive treatment of auxilaries, and directions for their proper use, the *introduction* of *need* as an auxiliary of the present potential," &c. (p. 6).

Without any disposition to be harsh towards Mr. Quackenbos, we must say, that his pretending to do away with the neuter gender shows that he does not understand himself what he undertakes to teach others. In the class-room, with his pupils around him, he may be an excellent instructor. The boys might believe him, and think he had accomplished a great feat, if he told them he had done away with the neuter gender—that is, done away with *neither one nor the other;* for this is what is meant by neuter—a mere technical term, composed of the Latin *ne* and *uter*, and adopted for convenience' sake. But let us see how the doing away is effected. Instead of neuter nouns, our author gives us "Nouns destitute of gender." What an improvement! The definition follows, thus: "Many nouns are destitute of gender. Things without life are neither male nor female; *hence*, the nouns that represent them have no gender." This is the sort of thing we are to regard as grammar made easy! The neuter gender having been engrafted on English from the classical languages, it can only be regarded as a foreign element, and therefore should be set aside. Our author forgets that, if this be a good reason for doing away with the neuter gender, the same would apply to our cases, conjugations, moods, tenses, &c., for we have borrowed all from the classical languages.

We have searched in vain for the new feature, entitled, "the view taken of comparison," except it consists in the distinctions of proper, multiplicative, pronominal, ordinal, cardinal, numeral, and common, applied by Professor Quackenbos to different adjectives; but even these are not new. New or old, we are unable to see how they can facilitate the study of grammar, or render the subject much more attractive than usual. But, perhaps, it may be different with *need*, of which our author has made an auxiliary verb of the potential mood. Although he claims great credit for this as an invention of his own, the idea is quite as old as that of the neuter gender. It would not have required a large amount of research, on his part, to have discovered that several writers on grammar have ranked the word under consideration among auxiliaries of the potential mood; but not one grammarian worthy of the name. *I need* is no more potential mood than *I want*, *I desire*, *I lack*, &c., to which it is an equivalent. It is the same as the Latin *egeo*, *indigeo*, or *careo*. In the French, it is best rendered by *manquer* or *avoir besoin;* in the Italian, by *essere bisognosa*, or *aver bisogno;* in the Spanish, by *necesitarse*, or *haber menester*, &c. In any of these instances, the verb might be called an auxiliary of the potential mood; but this would not alter it in any way, or facilitate, in the slightest degree, the study of grammar. The next time we shall hear adverbs called prepositions, and *vice versa*, and the genius, who has made,

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or pretended to make, the change, will claim that he has facilitated the study of grammar by the operation; whereas, the truth is, that, except so far as the original significations of the terms are concerned, the science of grammar is not affected in the slightest degree by what is merely the substitution of one word for another. Yet, this is the sort of improvement which, according to the Messrs. Appleton, is to cause a revolution in teaching grammar, and by which, according to the author himself, the science, from being dry and hard, has all of a sudden become attractive.

But one word more as to the definitions of the latter. In the very first page of his grammar, he tells us that "Thoughts are expressed by words." This is true, so far as it goes; but the inference is, that by no other means can thoughts be expressed; whereas, a painting, a landscape, nay, a nod, or a gesture, may express more than the most eloquent oration. We have the authority of Longinus for the opinion, that the silence of Ajax, on a certain occasion described by Homer, was not only more expressive, but more sublime than the most appropriate words,* and we have a similar instance of the eloquence of silence, in the meeting of Æneas with Dido in Hades, where the goddess, full of contempt and indignation for the unmanly treatment she had received from him, as the reward of her hospitality and love, stood averted, with her eyes fixed on the ground, not deigning even to look at him.† But, according to Mr. Quackenbos, she expressed no thoughts, since she made use of no words. "Thoughts," he tells us further, "may be either spoken or written. Grammar, *therefore*, teaches us how to speak and write correctly. Different languages, such as English, French, Latin, have different peculiarities. *Hence, every language* has its own grammar." What can be more logical than this! The syllogism is nearly as perfect as that formed by saying, The Professors in most collegiate schools can teach their vernacular tongue, *therefore*, everybody who chooses to call himself a professor, or an author, can do the same. But enough. What is strange is, that it is necessary to say one word in condemnation of such books, in a country where ample provisions are made to place at least the rudiments of education within the reach of all. Certainly, no intelligent teacher need be told that the Quackenbos Grammar will *not* "work to perfection in the class-room," or "create an entire revolution" in anything whatever, except it be, perhaps, in the quackery by which the public are led to buy books of the kind. Intelligent parents often wonder how it is that teachers, who ought to know better, are so anxious to in-

* Ὡς ἡ τοῦ Αἴαντος ἐν Νεκυίᾳ σιωπὴ μέγα καὶ παντὸς ὑψηλότερον λόγου.—Περὶ ὕψους.—Sec. ix, 9.

† Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat;
Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,
Quam si dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes:
Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum.

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duce them to purchase new books for their children; books which they see themselves do not possess a single merit to recommend them; but they are now beginning to understand the whole affair; for it is no longer a secret that strong inducements are presented to a certain class of teachers to introduce and recommend books that could never hope to be introduced on their own merits. In short, the teacher, willing to aid in carrying out the plan, gets a pecuniary interest in the work himself. Of course, then, he finds the suppression of the neuter gender, or any other "new feature," an admirable thing!

Aristotle's History of Animals, in Ten Books. Translated by RICHARD CRESSWELL, M. A., St. John's College, Oxford. London: Henry G. Bohn. New York: Charles Welford, English Publishers' Depot. 1862.

None but those who have consulted this work have any idea of the vast amount of multifarious knowledge it contains; and, the more they know of natural history, the more surprised they will be. Still more incredible is the extent to which the best modern naturalists of all nations have borrowed from it. The universal use made of it in this way would seem less strange, if it were a voluminous work. But it is the reverse of this. The volume now before us includes the whole ten books which constitute the History of Animals; also, the "Essay" of Schneider "On the Source of Aristotle's Knowledge of Animals," besides a copious index; and yet it is but a small duodecimo of less than 360 pages, in good clear type. In this we see the characteristic difference between the ancients and the moderns. The former used no superfluous words; they compressed their facts and their thoughts into the narrowest possible compass, whereas the habit of the moderns is, to expand their thoughts and magnify their facts. Cuvier admitted himself that there was more knowledge in this slender volume of the Stagirite's than in six of his own; a similar admission has been made by Linnæus; nor has Buffon been less enthusiastic in his admiration of the same work. The opinions of these three illustrious men, on such a subject, are decisive as to the value of what they praise; probably, no other men, since his own time, were better qualified to pass judgment on the History of Animals. As we can only make room for one extract, we make choice of one from Buffon. For the benefit of those unacquainted with the French, we translate the following passage from the Introduction to his *Histoire Naturelle*, giving the original in note form at the bottom of the page. "His *History of Animals*," says Buffon, "is, perhaps, to this day, the best we have, in its kind. * * He accumulates the facts, and does not write a useless word. Thus has he comprehended, in a small volume, an infinite number of facts. I do not believe it possible to reduce to fewer terms all he had to say on this matter, which seems so little susceptible

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of precision, that it required a genius like his to preserve in it, as he has done, both order and elegance. This work of Aristotle's presents itself to me as a table of contents, which had been extracted, with the greatest care, *from many thousand volumes, filled with descriptions and observations of every kind;* it is the most learned abridgment that has ever been made, if science is, in truth, the history of facts; and when one even supposes that Aristotle had drawn from all the books of his time what he put in his, the plan of the work, its distribution, the choice of examples, the justice of comparisons, a certain elegant turn in the ideas, which I call the philosophical character, leave no reason to doubt that he was himself much richer than those from whom he had borrowed."*

All sources of knowledge then existing were open to Aristotle; and he availed himself of them to the utmost. He names several authors from whom he had drawn more or less of his materials. There is no historical fact of the time better substantiated, than that Alexander the Great contributed ten hundred talents towards the work; and also employed thousands of men, in all parts of Europe and Asia, to procure him specimens. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding all this testimony in proof of the value of the work, the one now before us, is the first translation of it that has ever appeared in the English language.

One Hundred and Ninth Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Columbia College, including the Law and Medical Departments, and the Grammar School.

We have examined the contents of this pamphlet with considerable interest; and, in doing so, have been agreeably surprised. The course of study is much more thorough than we had been led to suppose; and a similar remark will apply to the inducements to study. In both respects, Columbia College will compare favorably with the best similar institutions of Europe. We confess we had also been under the impression that it was exclusive and selfish, not to say illiberal. It was not without some feeling of prejudice, therefore, that we opened the pamphlet; but, it so happened that the very first page which presented itself was that relating to free scholarships, and in which the following paragraphs occur:

"1. The Corporation of the city of New York; the Corporation of the city of Brooklyn; the Trustees of the Mercantile Library Association; of the Mechanics'

* "Son Histoire des Animaux," dit-il, "est peut-être encore aujourd'hui ce que nous avons de mieux fait en ce genre.... Il les connaît peut-être mieux et sous des vues plus générales qu'on ne les connaît aujourd'hui.... Il accumule les faits, et n'écrit pas un mot qui soit inutile. Aussi a-t-il compris dans un petit volume un nombre infini de différens faits, et je ne crois pas qu'il soit possible de réduire à de moindres termes tout ce qu'il avait à dire sur cette matière, qui paraît si peu susceptible de précision, qu'il fallait un génie comme le sien pour y conserver en même tems de l'ordre et de la netteté. Cet ouvrage d'Aristote s'est présenté à mes yeux comme une table des matières, qu'on aurait extrait avec le plus grand soin de plusieurs milliers de volumes, remplis de descriptions et d'observations de toute espèce; c'est l'abrége le plus savant qui ait jamais été fait, si la science est en effet l'histoire des faits; et quand même on supposerait qu'Aristote aurait tiré de tous les livres de son tems ce qu'il a mis dans le sien, le plan de l'ouvrage, sa distribution, le choix des exemples, la justesse des comparaisons, une certain tournure dans les idées que j'appellerais volontiers le caractère philosophique, ne laissent pas douter qu'il ne fût lui-même beaucoup plus riche que ceux dont il aurait emprunté."

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Institute; and of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the city of New York, shall each be entitled to have *always two students*; the N. Y. Free Academy, four students; and the Corporation of Jersey City, one student, educated in the College *free of all charges of tuition.*

"2. *Every Religious Denomination* in the city of New York shall be entitled to have always one student, who may be designed for the ministry, educated in the College *free of all charge of tuition.*

"3. Every School—except the Grammar School of the College—from which there shall be admitted in any one year, into the College, four students, who pay their matriculation fees, shall have the privilege of sending one scholar to be educated gratuitously in the College."—pp. 70–1.

This extract not only exculpates Columbia College from the imputations mentioned, but proves that its liberality is, in every sense of the word, exemplary. It were well for the cause of education, and, perhaps, for the cause of religion, too, that the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin were equally free from bigotry, even at the present day, after each has abolished so many sectarian restrictions, that were unworthy even of the dark ages.

Still, we must say, in justice to ourselves, that there were some grounds for the opinion we had formed of Columbia College. Both students and visitors have assured us that the most important of the improvements alluded to above (for such it is admitted they are) do not date any farther back than 1849, when Professor Charles King, LL. D., was elected to the position of Chancellor, which he has since held, and the duties of which he continues to discharge with zeal and ability; but need we say that the institution is nothing the less entitled to credit, or that its present thoroughness is nothing the less valuable on this account?

The course of study in Columbia College, as already intimated, is well proportioned and full; its Faculty is strong in number and ability. It is essentially a city college, having no commons and no resident students, and it may therefore be said to combine discipline and instruction with the advantages and amenities of a home.

The prizes offered for competition in the different departments—especially in those of law and medicine—are quite considerable, the first prize amounting, in the former, to $250; and the rule is, that they "shall be awarded, at the option of the recipient, in money, medals, or books. Where no notice is given to the contrary, the award will be in money, until otherwise ordered." (p. 40.) Various other inducements to study are presented, some of which assume the form of important privileges. Thus, for example, the graduates of the Law School are admitted to practice in all the Courts of the State, on receiving the College diploma.

When such are the characteristics of the institution, we are glad to learn that, notwithstanding the number it has contributed to the army within the last eighteen months, it will open in October with full classes. The College has a large endowment in real estate; but a large portion of it is at present unproductive. Hence, it has been found necessary to raise the tuition fees to $100, in order that the scope of its instruction and the *personnel* of its Faculty may not be diminished.

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The Theaetetus of Plato, with a Revised Text and English Notes. By the Rev. LEWIS CAMPBELL, M. A., late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London. 1862.

This is an excellent edition of one of the best of the Platonic dialogues —one which we should wish to see extensively used in our colleges and seminaries. The editor is a Greek scholar of the first class; we doubt whether he is surpassed by any Englishman of the present day, and there are but few Germans who can claim a more familiar acquaintance with the language of Plato. The notes, however, are mostly borrowed—the majority being almost literal translations from German notes on the same author. But they are nothing the worse on this account; we mention the fact, only because, so far as we have seen, in the hurried glance we have been able to give at the work, the source from which they are taken is not acknowledged. In a school-book, especially, it is always better to adopt the views of others, when they prove to be sound and correct, than to give views of our own which we know could not stand the test of criticism. Our school-book publishers, as well as compilers, would do well to bear this in mind; they ought to understand that it would be better to borrow all, than, being blind, attempt to lead the blind.

The whole of this dialogue may be regarded as a discussion on the nature of science. Those who take part in it are, first, Euclides and Terpsion, and then Socrates, Theodores and Theaetetus, the last having the honor of giving it his name. Need we say how much is to be expected from such a discussion, reported by the divine Plato? The Greek text in the present edition contains all the emendations approved by the best German scholars; and it is correctly printed. The latter may well be regarded as a matter of course; but how seldom can the same be said of text-books published in this city? and what can annoy and confuse either student or teacher more than typographical errors in a dead language?

Revelation and Science in respect to Bunsen's Biblical Researches, &c. By the Rev. BOUCHIER WREY SAVILE, M. A. London. 1862.

This book is much more curious than instructive or edifying. Many will regard it as amusing, though written in a style sufficiently grave for tragedy. The process by which Mr. Savile reconciles the testimony of science with that of Scripture has, at least, the merit of being simple; it needs no very abstruse calculations; all that is necessary is, to use a little multiplication. The historian of the creation meant no vulgar day, whether he spoke of the first, second, or third of the week, but seven thousand years, which made the six days to consist of 42,000 years! The period allotted to man on earth he computes to be 6,000 years; to this is to be added the millennium, which makes a thousand more!

When the latter period is expired, Christ will cease to have any kingly

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connection with the earth; then, and not till then, will the world be finished off. In the mean time, the Father is resting from the work of creation, according to the verse in Genesis, which tells us that the Lord rested on the seventh day, &c. Science may now make the world as old as it will; all desiring to be orthodox have only to add to the length of the six days in proportion; for each may as easily be made 77,000 as 7,000.

By these remarks we may seem to misrepresent the learned author; but such is not the case. For example, he reasons as follows, at page 256: "And thus we gather from Revelation that the seventh day, or resting time, as we might term it, of the *demiurgic* Creator means a period of *seven thousand years*. Hence, it may be *logically proved* that each of the 'six days' mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis represents a period of equal duration." The American publishers of Spurgeon's Sermons, Cummings' Great Tribulation, &c., would do well to note this logic, for it is just in their line, the very sort of theological calculation their patrons want—not unlike their own calculation, when they call their first edition the thirtieth.

Etudes sur l'Astronomie Indienne et sur l'Astronomie Chinoise. Par J. B. Biot, Membre de l'Academie des Sciences, &c., &c. Paris. 1862.

It is much to be regretted, for the cause of science, that the learned author of this work was not spared to finish it. This he could have done to his own satisfaction in one year; but be it remembered, that it contains the results of nearly a whole lifetime of careful researches. M. Biot proves that both the Hindoos and Chinese were well acquainted with astronomy and kindred sciences thousands of years anterior to our era. It is but right that justice should be done in this way; there is no feeling more paltry than that which would rob antiquity of the fruits of its labors.

Palmer's Hand Book: A Book on Artificial Limbs. By B. Frank. Palmer, Surgeon-Artist, Inventor of the Palmer Wooden Leg, &c. 8vo. New York and Philadelphia. 1862.

We have been favored with proof sheets of this now most useful book. Our first wish is, after a careful examination, that it may be soon published. It embraces a succinct, but comprehensive, history of the art of replacing amputated limbs; new rules for amputation, which are daily gaining new adherents amongst the best class of surgeons; and a synopsis of the information previously published in the "Bane and Antidote," and the "Surgical Adjuvant." The work is illustrated with a new set of well-executed cuts, got up expressly for it by the inventor, who, we are glad to see, has recently established an office in New York.

Long before our present troubles commenced, Mr. Palmer had become

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famous throughout Europe, especially in England, as a surgeon-artist. He had received the highest premiums for artificial limbs at the great National Exhibition of London, and had been similarly distinguished at Paris as having transcended all competition. We are all the more pleased at these successes on the part of an American competitor, because we are assured that in several instances Mr. Palmer has furnished his admirable limbs to several of our wounded soldiers, at less than half their cost, and entirely gratis to some. It is pleasant to observe that the Government has evinced its appreciation of his humane generosity and patriotism as thus manifested, for we learn that he is now engaged in making one thousand legs, officially ordered for the United States troops. We hope that some provision will be made by which the poor maimed privates, in both army and navy, who, of course, are themselves unable to afford all the expense, can be furnished with a plain style of the Palmer limb; for then it would require some scrutiny to discover that they were not still in the enjoyment of the limbs they had got from nature.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life and Letters of Washington Irving. By his Nephew, PIERRE IRVING. Vol. II, 12mo, pp. 492. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1862.

We are glad to see that Mr. Irving improves as he proceeds. At the opening of his first volume, he seemed to us to enter into needless details as to the genealogy of his illustrious uncle; and we did not hesitate to say so. We were influenced in this, however, more by fears for the future, than dissatisfaction with the past, feeling satisfied that the author of *Bracebridge Hall* had left ample materials for an interesting biography, independently of all conjectural matter that extended further than the usual brief reference to the most prominent members of the family to which he belonged. And it is well known that we do not shrink from giving expression to whatever opinion we entertain. We are well aware that publishers generally regard this as a grave fault; indeed, many of them have given us their views on the subject in a manner that renders it impossible for us to doubt the fact. Fortunately, or, perhaps, unfortunately, we are not of a timid nature; otherwise, we should have been frightened long since, from speaking, of anything in book form, in other terms than those of eulogy and appreciation. But Mr. Putnam does not belong to the class who regard a criticism as a personal attack, for which there has been some malignant and vindictive motive; but, on the contrary, so far as we can learn, he is in favor of legitimate criticism. This, indeed, is the case with all educated and thoughtful men; but such are very few in "the trade." It is also to be observed, that those who publish the best works are the

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least opposed to criticism. Nor is it difficult to understand the reason. This, too, will account for the equanimity with which Mr. Putnam can read a criticism on books which stand highest in his estimation; and it affords us all the more pleasure to acknowledge the merits of his publications—especially of such as the valuable and interesting work now before us.

The table of contents of the second volume is well calculated to awaken the interest of the reader. In each of seventeen chapters, we are presented with a large variety; and it is but rarely we meet with a single passage which we can say is superfluous, or which we should wish to have omitted in a second edition. The biographer has evinced great discrimination in this respect; he gives us just what we have a right to expect; and whatever needs an explanation receives it, without any needless profusion of words. We are sorry that we have but little room for extracts on the present occasion; we can not forbear, however, to give one or two; but these we must select more for their brevity than for any superiority they possess over numbers of others by which they are surrounded. The first letter in the second volume, written from Paris, is from Irving to his brother William; it shows that, so early as 1820, he had an eye to business as well as to literature:

"*To William Irving.*

"PARIS, Sept. 22, 1820.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:

"I have just drawn two sets of Exchange on you, one at 60 and another at 90 days for $1,000 each. I presume Peter has written at large about the project to promote which these bills are drawn. I will, however, give a few particulars. On our way from England here we stopped at Havre, where we unexpectedly found Mr. Edward Church, who had just put a steamboat on the Seine, to run between Havre and Rouen. It had made but one trip; but the prospects were so favorable that Mr. Beasley, our consul, who is well acquainted with the river and its localities, had entered warmly into the enterprise. We took passage in the steamboat for Rouen, and were struck with the populousness of the banks of the river, the quantity of traffic carried on upon its waters, and the magnificence of the scenery. It appeared to be one of the most advantageous places possible for steam navigation, both as to procuring freight and passengers; and we both at the same time conceived the idea that a share in a new enterprise of the kind would be a most promising mode of turning a small amount of money and some activity of talent and exertion to large account. It was not like a mere random experiment, for Mr. Church, the conductor of the enterprise, had already proved his capacity by his very successful attempts on the Garonne. The circumstance, too, of the parties owning the boat being such intimate friends was greatly in favor of a participation in the concern. After our arrival in Paris, we talked the matter over with one another and with Mr. Church, and Peter wrote to Beasley. He has since been at Rouen and is at present at Havre, where, after making minute examinations, all which tend to confirm us more and more in our anticipations, he has made arrangements for taking a share in the general concern (which will include two other boats about to be built) to the amount of ten thousand dollars. I have agreed to embark one-half of the amount ($5,000), which I trust is not more than the value of my literary property in the hands of E. I., and shall draw on you to that amount. As it will no doubt be in advance of the proceeds of my writings, you must avail yourself of them as they come in; or, if it is necessary to your convenience, you may dispose of the copyrights."—pp. 14, 15.

Occasionally, Irving evinced not a little of the simplicity of Goldsmith in his disposition and character, as he did in his writings. His letter to Leslie, the painter, while engaged with his portrait, will serve as an

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illustration. No one was more sensitive, in regard to his personal appearance, than Goldsmith; but the author of the *Sketch Book* was a much more handsome man than the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield;* indeed, the difference was so great as to present a strong contrast; for "poor Goldy" was one of the homeliest of men. The artist has rather the advantage of the author in the following passage:

"I received a letter from Peter Powell, in which he speaks of my portrait being in the engraver's hands, and that it is painted in the old Venetian costume. I hope you have not misunderstood my meaning when I spoke about the costume in which I should like to be painted. I believe I spoke something about the costume of Newton's portrait. I meant Newton's portrait of *me*, not of *himself*. If you recollect, he painted me as if in some kind of an overcoat, with a fur cape; a dress that had nothing in it remarkable, but which merely avoided any present fashion that might in a few years appear stupid. The Venetian dress which Newton painted himself in would have a fantastic appearance, and savor of affectation. If it is not too late, I should like to have the thing altered. Let the costume be simple and picturesque, but such a one as a gentleman might be supposed to wear occasionally at the present day. I only wanted you to avoid the edges, and corners, and angles with which a modern coat is so oddly and formally clipped out at the present day. 'I received yesterday yours of the 19th,' writes Leslie in reply, 'and hasten to relieve your mind from any apprehensions you may entertain with regard to the costume of your portrait, which is still in my room exactly in the state in which you last saw it. I shall finish it in a day or two, strictly according to your wishes. The Venetian dress was only a phantom of Peter Powell's imagination, conjured up to disturb your evening dreams.'"—p. 29.

The letters of Irving are not so remarkable for brilliancy as one would naturally expect from his writings. By this we do not mean but that many of them sparkle with wit and humor, though apparently without any effort on his part. We are here reminded of his first interview with Moore, to which the latter refers as follows in his diary:

"*December* 21, 1820.—Dined with McKay at the *table d'hote* at Meurice's for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the 'Sketch Book'; a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man."—p. 33.

The two authors soon became warmly attached to each other. Irving writes to his friend Brevoort, speaking in the most enthusiastic terms of his new acquaintance:

"I have become very intimate with Anacreon Moore, who is living here with his family. Scarce a day passes without our seeing each other, and he has made me acquainted with many of his friends here. He is a charming, joyous fellow; full of frank, generous, manly feeling. I am happy to say he expresses himself in the fullest and strongest manner on the subject of his writings in America, which he pronounces the great sin of his early life. He is busy upon the life of Sheridan and upon a poem. His acquaintance is one of the most gratifying things I have met with for some time; as he takes the warm interest of an old friend in me and my concerns."—pp. 33, 34.

A letter which he wrote to Moore from Brighton, in 1824, closes thus:

"Farewell, my dear Moore. Let me hear from you, if but a line; particularly if my work pleases you, but don't say a word against it. I am easily put out of humor with what I do. Give as much love to Mrs. Moore as it is respectable in a husband to countenance, and tell her I have ordered a copy of my work to be sent to her. Yours ever, WASHINGTON IRVING."
—pp. 37, 38.

We find but few extracts from the author's diary in the present volume, but those we have are very good, such as lead us to expect much that is

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interesting from this source, whence most of the letters have been given; for we understand that the diary is to be reserved for the closing volume. Then it will serve as an excellent dessert. The most interesting letters are those which relate to authors and their works; such, for example, as those which show what difficulty Mr. Bryant had in securing the publication of his poems in London. We have copies of the poet's letters to Washington Irving and Julian C. Verplanck, both written for the purpose of influencing Mr. Murray to undertake the publication. We quote a paragraph from Mr. Bryant's letter to Irving, which shows how anxious the former was to have his poems published in London:

"I have written to Mr. Verplanck, desiring him to give me a letter to you on the subject; but as the packet which takes out my book will sail before I can receive an answer, I have presumed so far on your goodness as to make the application myself. May I ask of you the favor to write to Mr. Murray on the subject as soon as you receive this? In my letter to him I have said nothing of the terms, which of course will depend upon circumstances which I may not know, or of which I cannot judge. I should be glad to receive something for the work, but if he does not think it worth his while to give anything, I had rather that he should take it for nothing, than that it should not be published by a respectable bookseller."—p. 472.

Both, it seems, did their best, but Murray declined. Mr. Andrews, who was by no means so well known as Murray, finally undertook to publish the poems, on condition that Irving would edit them. The latter agreed to do so, and dedicated the volume to Rogers, the poet. How grateful Mr. Bryant felt for the friendly pains thus taken sufficiently appears from the poet's letter of thanks, in which the following passage occurs:

* * * "Had your kindness been limited to procuring the publication of the work, I should still have esteemed the favor worthy of my particular acknowledgment; but by giving it the sanction of your name, and presenting it to the British public with a recommendation so powerful as yours, on both sides of the Atlantic, I feel that you have done me an honor in the eyes of my countrymen, and of the world."—p. 478.

But we find we can proceed no further. Were we to copy every interesting passage in the present volume, we could find room for little besides in our whole number. At all events, we take it for granted that it is not necessary; that there are few, if any, of our readers who will not read the whole work. For our own part, we have seldom spent a pleasanter hour than that devoted to the above hurried glance.

Memoires sur la Vie publique et privée de Fouquet, Surintendant des Finances, d'après ses Lettres et des Piéces inédités conservées à la Bibliothèque Impériale. Par A. CHEVRUEL, Inspecteur-General de l'Instruction Publique. 2 vols. London: D. Nutt. 1862.

The more we learn on the subject of finance just now the better; and there is much that is interesting, as well as instructive, in these volumes. Fouquet is well known in history as an able and adroit financier, by whose aid the celebrated Cardinal Mazarin was enabled to carry on the most expensive of his great plans. He commenced his public career in 1635, as

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Master of Requests, a position which he soon changed for that of Intendant of the Army. This, it seems, was a lucrative office, for Fouquet soon became rich. But he was as fond of knowledge as he was of money; and, as offices were then bought and sold like other commodities, he was soon able to purchase the appointment of Attorney General to the Parliament. He was now on the direct road to power, and he despised no means that seemed likely to aid him in securing as much of it as possible. Having once secured the good-will of Mazarin, which he was not slow in doing, almost any office he wished was at his command. His choice was the Finance Department of Government, of which, accordingly, he was appointed Superintendent. He soon showed that he was fully qualified for the office, at least so far as his ability to raise money was concerned. In a short time, the treasury, which he found nearly empty, was nearly filled; nor did the people seem sensible of any undue drain on their resources or industry. A minister armed with the power of the government may raise money easily enough; but the great difficulty is to do so without causing the people to complain—a difficulty, however, which Fouquet was able to surmount. In short, as a financier, he was entirely successful; but he soon began to indulge in extravagant habits, both in his official and private capacity, until finally nothing less than the position of the great Cardinal would satisfy his ambition. This soon led to his fall; but his financial system is not the less instructive on this account. Viewing the work before us in any light, it is worthy of careful perusal. There is a useful moral lesson in remembering that he who had once more money at his command than any other man in Europe, had to spend the evening of his days, when he had most need for comfort, in a miserable dungeon, where he had scarcely the necessaries of life. Let the miserable fate of Fouquet be a warning to those who would enrich themselves at the public expense.

A Discourse, in commemoration of the Life and Character of the late George W. Bethune, D. D., delivered in the Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, on Sunday morning, June 8th, 1862. By Isaac Ferris, D. D., Chancellor of the University of the City of New York. Published at the request of the Consistory of the Church on the Heights. New York: Board of Publication of the R. P. Dutch Church.

It is not often that we read the funeral orations of the present day. Not that the death of a good man does not afford a subject which is suggestive of noble thoughts, but because modern eulogies are so bombastic and extravagant as to degenerate into satires. We do not mean that no praise should be given. In this respect, we hold with Horace, that "valor uncelebrated differs little from cowardice entombed."

"Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus."*

* *Carmin.*, l. iv, 29.

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Nor do we object to the adage, "De mortuis nihil nisi bonum." We are not of those who would criticise the dead while their grave is yet open; we would rather draw a veil for the present over that part of their character which we could not commend. But it is too often forgotten that few efforts require a higher degree of culture, taste and eloquence, than to do justice to the merits of a departed friend before a promiscuous audience, without incurring the charge of fulsomeness and exaggeration. So satisfied were the ancients of this, that none but the most accomplished orators were permitted to pronounce the usual eulogium on their great men. This rule was observed even in the case of those regarded as tyrants, and who were slain as such. Hence it was that even the conspirators did not dare to prevent Mark Antony from delivering his celebrated oration over the dead body of Cæsar, although they were well aware that it would excite the populace against them. In accordance with the same sentiment, we see that Homer is never more sublime or eloquent than in those passages in which the last tribute is paid to the fallen brave. Even the women are invested for the time being with the noblest qualities of the orator. The thoughtless and erring Helen becomes so eloquent as to rend the heart in her lamentation over Hector's body; and that she was permitted to do so is held to be the best proof that she was regarded, not as a faithless, but as an injured woman. In most modern nations, the same respect is paid to those whose conduct through life deserved it. This is particularly true of France; and hence it is that Bossuet and Bourdaloue have left nothing that will endure longer than their funeral orations. For our own part, there are none of their efforts we read with more pleasure or profit, although we do not pretend to be more disposed than our neighbors to indulge in gloomy thoughts.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune deserved the tribute of intellect. Crude and fulsome praise would have been an insult to the memory of such a man. We are glad, therefore, that one, in every respect, so well qualified as Dr. Ferris, was selected to deliver his funeral oration. And never, in our opinion, did the venerable Chancellor succeed better; although, with characteristic modesty, he calls his fine tribute not an oration, but simply a "Discourse." Those who read it as carefully as we have done will not be surprised that the Consistory of the Church in which it was delivered passed the following resolution, and communicated it to the author:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Consistory be presented to the Reverend Doctor Ferris for the Discourse delivered by him, at their request, on the 8th instant; that they regard it as a most valuable memorial of the life and character of the Reverend Doctor Bethune, and that Doctor Ferris be requested to furnish the Consistory with the manuscript for publication."

It is to this request, and not to any ambition for fame, on the part of the author, we owe the eloquent, scholarly and thoughtful paper now before us. But we must hasten to let our readers judge for themselves; premising, however, that a few brief extracts, taken at random, can give no just

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impression of an oration which partakes so much of the classic model that it does not contain a paragraph, or even a sentence, which could be omitted without marring the artistic harmony of the *tout ensemble*. The melancholy subject is thus appropriately introduced:

"How painful, my brethren, are the partings which occur from time to time in social life. Constrained by the demands of business, the husband, the father, the son, must leave the circle of loved ones to go far away; sometimes ill health sends a very dear member of the family group to more genial climes; and the minister and the people suffer the suspension of mutually happy relations as the frail body of the faithful laborer yields to the pressure of duty. The thought is oppressive that, soon, thousands of miles will intervene, and the vast ocean will separate those we love from our care and sympathy. But, above all else, the uncertainty of life forces on us the apprehension that the parting will never know reunion on earth; that all that shall be left will be the memory of the past."

After alluding to the visit to Europe, undertaken by Dr. Bethune for the benefit of his health, but which unhappily resulted in his death, the Chancellor observes:

"You have kindly invited me, who have known him long, even from school-boy days, and whose relations to him have always been most pleasant, to help you thus to cherish his memory. I would I were able to do justice to his character and his life. I would speak of your friend and my friend in various respects, and shall necessarily draw largely on your kindness; but the theme is grateful to every heart."

This is the language of good taste, good sense, and modesty; and, as such, we wish it to be imitated in similar circumstances; especially by that large class of orators who think that, in order to be solemn and pathetic, they must necessarily use large words, and a profusion of them. Having thus prepared his audience, the author proceeds to consider his subject, in turn, as a Christian, a scholar, a pulpit orator, a domestic and social man, a clergyman, and a patriot. Speaking of him as a scholar, he observes:

"It was the privilege of our friend to live in a circle where thorough and liberal education was highly prized, and the means of securing it were abundantly enjoyed. Every facility was accordingly afforded this only son, for the acquisition of knowledge in his training for life. There was no such unwise anticipation and forestalling of Providence, as we often see in parents restricting the studies of a son to what *they* deem he is likely to need, and which is almost as frequently the subject of bitter regret in the end; but the policy evidently was, to give all the training and as broad an education as his years allowed, and as he could profitably take, that he thus might be prepared for whatever Providence might itself indicate. The foundation was deeply and early laid, and, while there was no pressure, there was rapid advance. In 1820 he entered Columbia College, being fifteen years of age, where he completed two years, and when Dr. Mason, his father's warm and for many years bosom friend, became the President of Dickinson College, Carlisle, he was transferred to that institution, where a considerable number of the sons of Dr. Mason's friends also gathered."

Young men, who think that, because they have spent three or four years at college and passed some examinations, they may consider their education completed, would do well to remember the following remarks:

"It is pleasant to think of the young Bethune as not belonging to that class of young men who intermit careful study and rigid preparation for weekly work, when a few years have familiarized them to pulpit ministrations. He felt that the more he knew *the more there was to be known*; that, as he ascended the *eminence, the field of vision was constantly widening*. Every stage of his progress may be defined by his several settlements; so to speak, *he was building upon himself*. What he was

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at Rhinebeck, became the pedestal to what he became at Utica, and what he was at Utica, became the pedestal of what he was at Philadelphia."

Of Dr. Bethune's literary talents, the author speaks as follows, and, although the language is that of a friend, one who is as genial and appreciative as he is eloquent, it contains no exaggeration:

"A fine natural taste, and that cultivated in the highest degree by judicious reading and constant practice in the art of composition, gave him very great facility and power. Nothing from his pen would be considered ordinary, while some of the most finished productions will be found in his writings. He possessed admirable qualifications for poetic writing, and, had he given himself to it, would have excelled. All he has given to us was in the form of brief pieces, some of which, as they have been added to our Christian hymnology, are universal favorites. Such was the estimate of his ability in the poetic art, that very large inducements were offered him, by a publishing house, to make a volume of the choicest religious poetry in our language."

We were not aware, before the perusal of this pamphlet, that Dr. Bethune was so persevering and profound a student of the Greek and Latin classics, although we might have inferred the fact from his characteristic liberality of feeling and sentiment:

"But, probably, in familiar acquaintance with classical literature he had no superior in the ranks of the clergy. His was not simply wide, but careful, critical, reading. One who knew his habits well has strongly said he was a thorough and accurate scholar, and was specially celebrated for his erudition in classical literature. He had great contempt for the modern notion that would reject the study of the authors of antiquity, the sources of all the modern languages of civilized nations, and that would cast away the discipline and the literature that are inseparably connected with them. He read the Greek and Latin poets, and other classic authors, with almost as much ease as he read his mother tongue, and continued, during his life, to study them, for mental recreation and culture."

Although many other works, of much larger size and pretensions, await our examination, to each of which we cannot devote even a brief paragraph, we cannot yet take leave of the "Discourse" without availing ourselves of another extract—one which does credit to the head and heart of the learned and kind-hearted author. Wishing that the good Chancellor may live long to give us many such noble orations, we close with a portion of that passage in which Dr. Bethune is considered as "a domestic and social man:"

"Our friend was formed to enjoy and to grace domestic and social life, as he had a warm, confiding, sympathizing heart. His frank, open, kind manner drew friends around him wherever he lived, and with whomsoever he mingled. The general apprehension concerning a great man is such that he is looked on from a distance; he is expected, in his air and manner, to impress one with his being raised above the ordinary grade of men. There are some great men of whom this is true, and others whose greatness is only in their pompous air and cold stateliness. It was not so with him; all hearts were drawn to him; all felt at ease with him; all were impressed and won with his genial character. He was a universal favorite in the social circle, both with the young and the old, entering into the feelings of the former and the graver conversations of the latter, with natural adaptation to each. He was the most generous of men, and limited its manifestations to no given circle. He was ever ready to hear the tale of sorrow, and sympathize with the sufferer. He needed a large purse, for he had a large heart. He was liable to be imposed upon, and sometimes suffered exactions where he had placed confidence; but it never chilled his feeling heart, or tightened his purse-strings, making the worthy recipient of favor suffer for the unworthy."

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Tableau de l'Empire Romain depuis la Fondation de Rome, jusqu'à la Fin de Gouvernment Imperiale en Occident. Par M. AMEDÉE THIERRY, Sénateur et Membre de l'Institut. Londres: Williams et Norgate. 1862.

The author of this work is well known as one of the most eminent historians of the age. His History of the Gauls* is universally recognized at home and abroad, as at once the most reliable and most charmingly written of all the similar works of which that ancient people form the subject. Those acquainted with the author's former work need not be informed how closely the history of the ancient Gauls or Celts is blended with that of the Romans. The author's learning and researches have placed this in a clear light; for he has shown, from original authorities, Greek as well as Roman, what an important part the Celts took in both the civil and foreign wars of Rome, especially in the wars against Carthage.

It was comparatively easy, therefore, for M. Thierry to turn his exclusive attention to ancient Rome, since he had already secured a large amount of materials. That he has availed himself of all these advantages we have abundant and agreeable evidence in the present volume. He goes back to the earliest records; but is careful to distinguish facts from fables. A graphic and lucid sketch is given of the series of events which must have led to the formation of the first republic; nor is our author less careful, or less interesting, in tracing the agencies that caused the fall of the same. His analysis of the character and motives of Cæsar is an admirable specimen of historical criticism. But, no part of his labors, thus far, is so interesting as that in which he attempts to show what were the feelings of the Romans when they began to foresee that the sceptre of the world was about to pass for ever from their hands. They were too thoughtful and too proud a people to contemplate such a change with indifference; although they were taught by their historians and philosophers that a nation can no more hope to exist for ever than an individual.

Another important part of the work is that which describes the conflicts between Paganism and Christianity, and the final triumph of the latter. It is easy to understand, that, in a brief notice in this department of our Journal, we can do little more than allude to the more prominent characteristics of a work so pregnant with thought, and in which such mighty events are discussed. We should like much to see the *Tableau* reprinted in this country; but, just now, those of our publishers who would be most likely to undertake it in ordinary times, have but little encouragement to engage in any enterprise involving much expense.

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* *Hist. des Gaulois de les temps les plus reculés, &c.*

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New York City during the American Revolution. Being a collection of original papers (now first published) from the Manuscripts in the possession of the Mercantile Library Association of New York City. Privately printed for the Association.

It is but recently this work has fallen into our hands, though published a year ago. Now, at the eleventh hour, its contents have agreeably surprised us, at once curious and valuable as they are, and well calculated to enliven the patriotism of the most thoughtless at the present crisis. In the introduction, we have an interesting account of New York in 1776—its buildings of all kinds, streets, suburban residences, &c.—which is followed by graphic accounts of the Stamp Act riot, the formation of the association called "The Sons of Liberty," the Hickey Plot, the battle of Harlem Plains, New York Loyalists, &c.

Different narratives are given of the principal events, by eye-witnesses who were much more patriotic than literary, as may be seen from their style of writing, the original orthography, as well as the syntax, having been carefully retained. The important statements made are sustained by authorities such as the Autobiography of John Adams, Dawson's Battles of the United States, Bancroft's History of the United States, Gordon's American Revolution, &c. The work is copiously annotated, most of the notes containing information quite as valuable as that in the text; and it has also the advantage of a complete alphabetical index.

It is highly interesting to look back at those of the citizens of New York who took the most active part in organizing the opposition to British rule; and their names are carefully recorded in connection with the course they pursued. A full list is also given of the New York loyalists, together with a copy of the petition which they presented to Lord Howe, on the occasion of the occupation of the city in 1776. The latter document contains such "loyal" passages as the following: "That we bear true allegiance to our rightful sovereign, George the Third, as well as *warm affection to his sacred person*, crown, and dignity." The names of the signers occupy some ten or twelve pages, including notes, which give an account of their various callings. It is worthy of remark that, with scarcely an exception, the names are such as would be unhesitatingly claimed by a certain class of modern ethnologists as Anglo-Saxon.

In short, the work is highly creditable to the Mercantile Library Association; which is undoubtedly the best and most useful institution of its kind in America. Although Mr. S. Hastings Grant, the accomplished and popular librarian, has been chiefly instrumental in getting up this work, he forbears, with his wonted modesty, to take any of the credit to himself.

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Mémoires Secrets et inédits de Stanislas Auguste, Comte Poniatowski, dernier Roi de Pologne, relatifs à ses Rapports intimes avec l'Imperatrice Catherine II. et à son Avénément au Trône, &c. London: David Nutt. 1862.

Although it can hardly be said that there is anything in this work which had not previously been published, in one form or other, it is replete with interest. Facts, anecdotes, and scraps of scandal that have appeared in a hundred different publications, and almost in as many languages, are here placed side by side by a lively and skilful hand. There are, indeed, some passages in the *Secret Memoirs*, the genuineness of which may be doubted; but we have enough, besides these, to prove that if Catherine II. hated Poland she did not hate Stanislas. In the opinion of the editor, the Empress was actuated more by jealousy than ambition. She loved Stanislas; it was her love for him that prompted her to secure him the crown; but he evinced neither gratitude nor gallantry; he did not reciprocrate her tender feeling, but rather slighted her attentions. In short, the prevailing tendency of the book is to show that, after all, the partition of Poland is to be attributed to unrequited love. There are not many who will believe this. Most historians admit, it is true, that the Empress had once a passion for Stanislas; but they also agree that it was of short duration. At all events, it is not as a reliable history the *Mémoires Secrets* claims attention; but for its curious and piquant gossip. The Poles will hardly like it; for it does them no credit as a nation.

Histoire de la Femme: sa condition Politique, Civile, Morale, et Religieuse. Par C. A. MARTIN. Paris: Didier. 1862.

The champions of "Woman's Rights" would do well to read this book; not that it contains one word disrespectful to the sex, or makes any attempt to depreciate their capabilities, either intellectual or physical. At the same time it does not undertake to prove that it is right or proper for them to seek to rival the ruder sex in the more active and boisterous affairs of life. Fortunately, no very strong arguments are necessary at the present time to persuade those that used to make most noise about their right to labor, their ability to navigate vessels, to represent constituencies in Congress, &c., &c. Since the present rebellion commenced, the most resolute and brave of the fair agitators for their rights have remained remarkably silent; they no longer dispute with the lords of creation the peculiar privilege of buckling on their armor and braving death at the cannon's mouth. But Mr. Martin's book will not be the less interesting to all on this account. In the present volume we have an insight into the treatment of women among the Hindoos, Persians, Chinese, Egyptians, Assyrians, &c., and we are shown that, just in proportion as man has improved in civilization, has he become indulgent and respectful to woman. The author maintains, however, that indulgence, if not respect, may be carried too far, that it may do more harm than good; and that there is nothing

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inconsistent with true gallantry in holding a woman responsible for her conduct, and even punishing her when she deserved it. This seems very ungallant; but it is not the less true. We will forbear further comment, however, until the second volume is before us, which will bring the subject down to the present time.

The Roman History of Ammianus Marcellinus, during the Reigns of the Emperors Constantius, Julian, Jovianus, Valentinian and Valens. Translated by C. D. YONGE, B. A. Large 12mo. pp. 646. London: Henry C. Bohn. New York: Charles Welford, English Publishers' Depot. 1862.

Further than that he was a native of Antioch, and devoted himself to a military life, little is known of the author of this work; indeed, even the facts mentioned are not well authenticated. But all competent judges are agreed as to the value of his work. In its original form, it contained thirty-one books, but thirteen of these have been lost. Fortunately, the latter were those of least importance, since they related to a period the history of which has been given in sufficient detail by different other authors. The work as it now stands may be regarded as a continuation of Tacitus and Suetonius. In point of style, it is not a good specimen of the classics; but it is replete with interest, its lively digressions and episodes enabling the author to bring under review a large variety of questions. Gibbon freely acknowledges his indebtedness to Ammianus, regarding his history as memoirs of his time. In no other work do we find anything, on the same subjects, of so much interest as his notices of the Huns and Alaric; of the Saracens; of the Scythians and Samaritans, &c. The present edition is complete; it is accurately rendered; and it has the advantage of a copious general index.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough; with a Memoir by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

There is much thought and feeling in this pretty volume; but it does not prove the author a poet. By this we do not mean, however, that the contents do not compare favorably with those of most volumes of modern poetry; for such would not be correct. It is but seldom we see better; but it is equally true that Ticknor & Fields have never given us worse in the form of a reprint. This, we admit, is because they are scrupulously careful and generally successful in their selections.

Mr. Clough is much better known as a prose writer, or, rather, as a translator, than as a poet. We mention the fact, because those who know his literary character will be best able to appreciate his poetry. He was educated at the famous Rugby School, which conferred on him every honor

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in its gift. From Rugby he went to Oxford, where in due time he gained the Baliol scholarship. From this it will not seem strange that, soon after leaving college, he undertook to translate Plutarch's Lives. To do this correctly and independently would require a thorough acquaintance with the Greek; for there are few prose authors more difficult to render than Plutarch, whose Greek combines almost all the idioms of that language. But he had several other translations to aid him, including one superintended, if not actually executed, by Dryden, and the more recent work of the Langhornes, not to mention the French versions of the Abbé Amiot, M. De Vailleur, and others. That he has given us a version of the Lives is, therefore, no proof that he was an accurate Hellenic scholar, but his notes show that he had thoroughly studied the subject. A perusal of these had satisfied us that, although the verses of such a student and thinker might not be poetical, they would be sure to be instructive and brilliant, and we admit that our expectations have been more than realized.

At the same time, we confess that we cannot appreciate the exquisite beauties which the author's admirers tell us are so thickly strewn over the principal poem in the present volume--that entitled *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*. The title is not very euphonious, it will be admitted; and yet it seems to us singularly characteristic. It matters little in what part of the poem we select a specimen; all is strangely uncouth, not to say harsh. The author's prose is infinitely better—more harmonious and more agreeable. As the opening verses have been declared the best by more than one critic, we transcribe a few of them as a sample:

"It was the afternoon; and the sports were now at the ending.
Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer;
Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,
Eighth stout gillies had run, with speed and agility wondrous:
Run too the course on the level had been; the leaping was over:
Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,
Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,
Turning the clansmen about, as they stood with upraised elbows;
Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran."—p. 3.

This is harmony itself, sweetness and melody compared to about a score of passages we have marked, and yet we have read few poems that contain more striking thoughts, or thoughts more difficult to be forgotten. Let the reader be not discouraged, therefore, by first appearances, repulsive, rather than attractive, as they may seem. Nor is *Amours du Voyage* much more prepossessing. This consists of a series of letters in the form of verse, but in reality very matter-of-fact prose. We quote a brief passage at random. Thus Claude writes to Eustace as follows, by the way of describing Rome:

"Dear Eustatio, I write that you may write me an answer,
Or at least to put us again *en rapport* with each other.
Rome disappoints me much,—St. Peter's, perhaps, in especial;
Only the Arch of Titus and view from the Lateran please me:
This, however, perhaps, is the weather, which truly is horrid.
Greece must be better, surely; and yet I am feeling so spiteful,
That I could travel to Athens, to Delphi, and Troy, and Mount Sinai,
Though but to see with my eyes that these are vanity also."—p. 106.

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In this surely there is neither rhyme nor reason, and there is a great deal more of the same kind. Still, paradoxical as the fact may seem, we have found much more thought and fancy in the poem than in many pieces of higher pretensions, written in the smoothest couplets.

But Mr. Clough can be sweet and harmonious when he chooses. We have proofs enough of this in his minor poems, almost the only fault of which is a little pedantry. We like ourselves an occasional scrap of Greek or Latin, when it is more forcible and energetic than anything we remember in the vernacular suitable for quotation, and when our subject is a heavy one. Even then we make it a point to give an English rendering, for the benefit of those who understand no more ancient dialect. But Mr. Clough introduces Greek even to his ballads. Instance, his "Farewell, my Highland Lassie," the heading and refrain of which is Ὁ Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ (God be with you). Of all compositions, the ballad requires most simplicity, and it seems to us not less clear that, of all means of making inroads on the heart of a Highland lassie, the most hopeless is to speak Greek to her. We find a similar affectation in regard to the Latin; nor does our author disdain to introduce French phrases, whenever he thinks there is any opportunity of doing so. Thus, one of his best pieces is entitled, "*Mari Magno*," and here and there in it we find passages like the following:

> "They wondered greatly at this wondrous thing:
> *Les Anglais* are forever on the wing.
> The *conducteur* said, everybody knew
> We were descended of the Wandering Jew.
> I could not say, had always heard before
> The Wandering Jew had been a bachelor;
> Some said a *conducteur*. '*Mon Dieu*,' said he,
> '*Mais il avait diablement d'esprit*,
> *Et vous de même, Monsieur*,' and on we rolled,
> And woods and vales and fuller streams beheld."—p. 264.

But we must not conclude without satisfying our readers that, when Mr. Clough chose to eschew this untimely pedantry, he could write really charming verses. "The Lawyer's Tale," in *Mari Magno*, is scarcely inferior in sweetness and harmony of versification to Prior's *Nut Brown Maid*, to which it bears some resemblance in rythm and style of thought and sentiment. We can only quote a couplet or two:

> "A youth and maid upon a summer night
> Upon the lawn, while yet the skies were light,—
> Edmund and Emma, let their names be these,—
> Among the shrubs, within the circling trees,
> Joined in a game with boys and girls at play.
> For games perhaps too old a little they:
> In April she her eighteenth year begun,
> And twenty he, and near to twenty-one.
> A game it was of running and of noise,
> He as a boy with other girls and boys
> (Her sisters and her brothers) took the fun;
> And when her turn, she marked not, came to run,
> 'Emma!' he called, then knew that he was wrong,
> Knew that her name to him did not belong."—p. 192.

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We have not yet done justice, however, to our author; and we have, certainly, no disposition to depreciate his efforts. In all his writings, there is evidence of a warm and generous heart, and a mind superior to prejudice. Mr. Clough was, in the best sense, a citizen of the world. None had a higher appreciation of liberty; and yet, none was more favorable to obedience to legitimate authority. This is well and agreeably illustrated in one of his minor poems; we quote a stanza or two:

"Submit, submit!
'T is common sense, and human wit
Can claim no higher name than it.
Devotion, and ideas, and love,
And beauty claim their place above;
But saint and sage and poet's dreams
Divide the light in colored streams,
Which this alone gives all combined,
The 'siccum lumen' of the mind,
Called common sense; and no high wit
Gives better counsel than does it.
Submit, submit!

To see things simply as they are
Here at our elbows, transcends far
Trying to spy out at mid-day
Some bright particular star, which may,
Or not, be visible at night,
But clearly is not in daylight.
No inspiration vague outweighs
The plain good common sense that says,
Submit, submit!

'T is common sense, and human wit
Can claim no higher name than it.
Submit, submit!

For tell me then in earth's great laws
Have you found any saving clause?
Exemption special granted you
From doing what the rest must do?
Of common sense who made you quit,
And told you you'd no need of it?
Nor to submit?"—pp. 271–272.

Most of his poems are imbued with the genuine spirit of Christianity; although nowhere does he make any display of his religious feeling. In no modern poet do we find anything more sweetly encouraging than the following lines, with which we must close our extracts, though not without assuring our readers that, in spite of the faults alluded to in our hasty remarks, no thoughtful person, capable of appreciating the highest order of culture, can read Clough's Poems without profit:

"When the enemy is near thee,
Call on us!
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee and shall fear thee.
Call on us!

Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee,
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
When the brain is sick with thinking,
Help, O help!
Call, and, following close behind thee,
There shall haste and there shall find thee
Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
When necessity seems on thee,
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee,
Call on us!

O, and if thou dost not call,
Be but faithful, that is all!
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still, and find thee,
Help, sure help."—p. 274.

An Introduction to Mental Philosophy, on the Inductive Method. By J. D. Morell, A. M., LL. D. London. 1862.

The author of this work is well known as an industrious and thoughtful writer. Several of his books are used as text-books in schools in England, but they are chiefly compilations. In that before us too there is a good deal of borrowed matter; this is freely acknowledged in the preface,

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but the author's own thoughts have as much force and depth as most of those he has adopted from others. "Perception," he tells us, "involves in its unexpanded form all the elements of logical thinking, and the power of comparison and separation, of seeing similarities and judging differences (in which, as we shall see, all logic consists), is here already at work, forming the mental law which underlies all our intellectual operations, alike in their lowest and their highest sphere of action" (p. 158). Elsewhere he recommends induction thus: "With regard to the method, we have to lay aside all preconceived ideas in relation to the nature and attributes of the mind, and proceed steadily from the known to the unknown by the same inductive process, which has proved so abundantly fruitful in relation to physical science" (p. 13). The author's remarks on the will, the feelings, and the emotions are eloquent, instructive, and convincing; indeed, worth more than whole volumes of such "philosophy" as most generally falls into our hands at the present day.

Hans of Iceland; or, the Demon of the North. A Romance. By VICTOR HUGO, author of "Les Miserables," "Notre Dame de Paris," &c., &c. New York: M. Doolady. 1862.

When this work was written, the author was unknown to fame; for it was one of his first productions. We are not aware that he had published any novel before it. He had been known, indeed, to a wide circle of friends as the author of several poetical effusions, which, however, attracted no great attention. Yet, Hans of Iceland soon became a popular book. It was translated into German, Swedish, and Danish; but was severely handled by the critics, especially those of Germany. Not, however, because it was dull, or heavy; or because its style was crude or unattractive. None of these charges were made against it; but, the pure and virtuous were warned against its teachings.

After having carefully read it, we cannot wonder at this; and yet the story itself inculcates no bad moral. A romance so strange and wierd is seldom vicious; for it is not to the softer feelings of our nature it appeals; it is much better calculated to excite terror than either lawful or guilty love; a remark which is particularly true of that now before us. It will not be difficult to understand this, when it is remembered that the superstition on which it is founded is thus described by one of the earlier historians of Norway: "It was the current belief of the inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, at that day, that there existed certain beings, who, though born of woman, owed their paternity to fiends from hell. They were supposed to roam about the earth, fulfilling their mission of evil, by inflicting the direst calamities upon all who fell in their power. Murder and rapine followed in their footsteps; but, fearful above all things was the fate of the woman who, through violence or seduction, became the victim of one of these unclean and malignant spirits. United,

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irrevocably, to the monster for life, it was held that she became a partaker of his awful doom."

Much that is seductive could not be expected from materials of this kind; nor is the reader mistaken who thinks so in taking up the book, though generally fascinated by the narrative. None but the most depraved can sympathize with the demon, always repulsive as he is in character and conduct. But it is otherwise with the characters introduced in the episodes; although these, too, are generally strange beings—such as excite almost any other passion rather than love. It is the episodes, however, that contain what is most objectionable. In short, there are scenes and passages in the book which render it unfit for the perusal of ladies. This we could easily prove from various passages we have marked. We select one, not because it is the most objectionable, but the contrary—because, although it is sufficiently indelicate, it is not as likely to cause a blush as others not far from it. What the latter are may be inferred from the following passage, which explains itself but too plainly:

"'Noble lady,' said he, 'condescend to allow me to lay at your feet this communication from his grace, your husband, and my venerated master.'

"'Is he not coming himself? and why did he select you as a messenger?' asked the countess.

"'The letter which I have had the honor to present will inform your ladyship of the important affairs which detain his grace. For myself, by his orders I am obliged to ask the favor of a private interview with my honored mistress.'

"The countess grew pale, and faltered out, 'With me, Musdamon?'

"I extremely regret it, if it is disagreeable to your ladyship; but such are my orders.'

"'Disagreeable!' replied the countess, forcing a smile, 'oh, no, certainly not—but is it necessary?

"The messenger inclined his head with deep reverence. 'Absolutely necessary, madame, as your ladyship will perceive from a perusal of the letter you hold in your hand.'

"There was something singular in the agitated and trembling manner with which the haughty countess received this communication from the menial, who addressed her with such profound respect. In a feeble voice she said to the ladies about her: 'Leave us for a few moments.'

"'I trust your ladyship will pardon me,' said the messenger, bending his knee, 'for the trouble and inconvenience I am obliged to give you.'

"'It is no inconvenience, I assure you,' replied the countess, striving, in the presence of her retiring suite, to preserve the appearance of equanimity.

"When the last had left the room, and the door was closed, Musdamon began:

"'Elphaga, have you forgotten the time when a meeting with me was your greatest happiness?'

"Such were the terms in which the messenger addressed the countess, the moment they were alone; and the question was accompanied with a fiendish leer, such as the devil himself might display, when the last moment of his compact with some apostate soul had run out.

"The humbled woman hid her face in her hands and murmured, 'Would to heaven I could forget it.'

"'Fool! why should you blush? No one sees you.'

"'God sees me——'

"'God! you poor idiot!—why, you are not worthy to have deceived your husband; cuckold as he is, he is not superstitious.'

"'Musdamon, you are ungenerous to mock at my remorse.'

"'Why, then, do you mock at it yourself, by the daily commission of fresh crimes?'

"The countess shuddered, but was silent.

"'Come, Elphaga,' continued the messenger, 'no more of this; you choose whether remorse shall kill you and your crime, or whether you will kill remorse by

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fresh crime; the second way is the best, at least, it is the gayest for the time, and it is my way.'

"'Do you think you will ever remember having said that in eternity?' said the countess, in a low voice.

"'Nonsense, my dear, let us have done with this stuff;' so saying, he drew near the countess, and throwing his arms around her neck, continued: 'Come, Elphaga, try and imagine yourself only twenty years of age once more.'

"The unhappy lady, the slave as we have seen of her accomplice, was obliged to submit to and return caresses which had long since become revolting to her."—pp. 26–7.

Of the startling, unearthly scenes, there are enough for half a dozen of ordinary romances; and most of them are so vividly drawn and lay such a hold on the imagination that one often requires an effort of the memory to console himself with the reflection that all is but fiction. We quote one specimen of this kind:

"After some hours of study and meditation, he was about to give up his book for his bed, when his attention was arrested by this strange and ominous passage of the sage Tormodus Torfœus: '*A man lights his lamp, and, before he extinguishes it, death is at his door.*'

"'By your leave, learned doctor,' said Spiagudry, 'that shall not be my case to-night!' and he raised his lamp to blow it out.

"At this moment a voice from the dead-room called—'Spiagudry!'

"The old keeper trembled in every limb, not that he feared that the inmates of his dreaded abode were about to rise in mutiny—he was too much of a philosopher to be disturbed by imaginary terrors—it was because he too well recognised the tones of that voice, that the old man shuddered and grew faint.

"'Spiagudry!' resounded again through the vault; 'must I tear your ears open to make myself heard?'

"'Oh, Saint Hospice pity me!' exclaimed the affrighted old man, as with a faltering step, which fear both urged and impeded, he made his way to the postern, and opened the door into the chamber of the dead.

"The lamp which he bore in his hand shone upon as hideous a picture as could well be imagined. On one side was Spiagudry himself, tall, meagre, and ghastly pale; on the other, confronting him with no amicable expression of countenance, or feature, stood a being in human form, who was indeed fearful to look upon. He was apparently a man of low stature, clad from head to foot with blood-stained skins of beasts. He stood at the feet of the corpse of Gill Stadt, whose body, together with that of the captain and the drowned girl, filled the background of the picture.

"There was something more or less than human in the countenance of this strange being; he had a long and thick beard, of fiery red, with hair of the same color overhanging his low forehead; his mouth was enormous, and his open lips, of livid hue, displayed a set of strong, white, and very sharp teeth; his nose was prominent, and curved, like an eagle's beak.

"'Why! you cursed old spectre!' exclaimed the unknown; 'what do you mean by keeping me waiting thus long; did you not hear me?'

"'Pardon me, mighty master!' faltered Spiagudry, with a humble reverence; 'I was sound asleep.'

"'Sound asleep! I'm a mind to set you so sound asleep that you will never wake, and put you to bed myself on one of your granite couches here, instead of your nest of straw yonder.' The old man shuddered. 'Eh!' continued the other, 'what ails the old fool? Is not my presence agreeable to you?'

"'Oh, my master and lord,' replied Spiagudry, with a faint and sickly effort to smile; 'it is too great an honor and happiness to be permitted to receive you; what are your excellency's commands?'

"'Honor and happiness! you old tailless fox,' repeated the other with a sneer; 'my excellency's commands are, that you bring me the clothes of Gill Stadt, the miner.'

"'I have them not, mighty master,' replied the old man. 'The miners are wards of the king, and all they have is taken to the royal treasury.'

"The unknown turned musingly to the naked body of the youth. 'Yes!' he exclaimed; 'they treat the wretched miner as the fishermen of the coast do the eider-duck—build it a nest that they may know where to catch it, and pluck it bare.' Then, raising the heavy corpse without an effort, he clasped it to his breast, and gave vent to a sort of wailing and lamentation, which, void of all articulate sound,

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ave now and then a word in some unknown tongue, resembled the moaning of a bear that had lost her cubs.

"'Tell me,' he said, at last, turning sharply to Spiagudry—'tell me, you cursed old wizard, what is the name of that arquebusier of Monckholm, whose evil destiny it was to win the affections of this worthless girl from Gill?'

"'My lord, I cannot tell,' replied Spiagudry; 'I never knew.'

"'No matter—then they shall all perish. By the axe of Ingolphe, the Exterminator, I'll destroy every living soul that wears the uniform; I'll burn the whole forest to make sure of the poison tree. I've begun already; there is one sacrifice to Gill's remains—that captain I slew this very day at the Sands of Urchtal! O Gill! Gill! you were all my hope! Are you gone? is this all that remains of one who could catch the seal in the waves, and the chamois on his mountain path?—is this the hand that could strangle the bear with its grasp?—these the feet that could run the length of Drontheim in a day, and climb the loftiest ice-peaks as the ivy does the oak? Hushed is the voice that, from the cliff of the stormy Kongsburg, was heard above the thunder. The terrible race of Ingolphe shall no longer live to you and yours. Never shall I resign in your hands the fearful axe. I am the last of my line, and from your skull I must drink the hot blood of foes and the bitter water of the seas.'"—pp. 21, 22.

Although we cannot recommend the book, but, on the contrary, think, as already intimated, that it should be carefully excluded from the hands of the young and innocent, we readily admit that its style throughout is eminently characteristic of the author, especially in the irresistible fascination which one finds himself laboring under in reading, even what is most repulsive and most improbable.

Edwin Brothertoft. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Author of "Cecil Dreeme," and "John Brent." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

We presume there are not many of our fair readers who have not read this last work of the gallant and brilliant Winthrop; for it is essentially a lady's book—a tale of love, devotion and generosity. In our opinion, it is far superior to "John Brent," and quite equal to "Cecil Dreeme;" and there are few ladies, that read a novel at all, who will not consider this high praise. We have taken no pains to ascertain whether that before us was written before or after the author's other productions; but we are certain that it is better written; the portraitures are more life-like; the descriptions more graphic; and the narrative more cohesive—better calculated, as it were, to coax the reader along. It may be that it has passed under the revision of some friendly hand, whose touch is vivifying, and whose taste has been cultivated by experience. By this however, we do not mean that it is a great work, or one destined to endure. It teaches no new lessons; it neither startles by its boldness, nor surprises by its originality; but it portrays life as it is, without exaggeration, or distortion, investing the simplest incidents with interest. The sickness and death of a father are described with true pathos by Winthrop. We extract a brief passage:

"A blank by the fireside, where his father used to sit. A blank in the chamber, where he lay so many days, drifting slowly out of life. Silence now—silence, which those feeble words of affection, those mild warnings, those earnest prayers, those trailing whispers low from dying lips, would never faintly break again. No dear hand to press. No beloved face to watch sleeping, until it woke into a smile. No face, no touch, no voice; only a want and an absence in that lonely home."—p. 31.

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Our author is equally successful in describing the effects of an unhappy marriage. Of this, too, we adduce some evidence; but only a paragraph or two; and these not the best, but the most easily detached:

"It might be made a very long and very painful story. Chapter after chapter might describe the gradual vanishing of illusions, the slight divergence, the widening of estrangement, the death of trust, the deceit on one side, the wearing misery of doubt on the other, the dragging march step by step, day by day, to the final wrong, the halt on the hither edge, and the careless, the desperate, the irremediable plunge at last.

"But the statement of the result is sad enough. Let all these dreary chapters be condensed into one!

"A fatality preceded the wrong. It was this:

"The woman was coarse, and the man was fine. No gentle influences had received her in the facile days of childhood, and trained her nobler nature to the masterhood. Her eyes had been familiar with vulgar people and their vulgar ways. Her ears had heard their coarse talk. Her mind had narrowed to their ignoble methods of judgment. Her heart's desire had been taught to be for the cheap and mundane possessions, money, show, titles, place, notoriety; and not for the priceless and immortal wages of an earnest life, Peace, Joy, and Love."—pp. 58, 59.

Indeed, there is scarcely a page we open in which we do not find a well-drawn picture—a faithful transcript from nature—one sad and painful, another gay and joyous—then again a blending of the sombre with the bright, veritable lights and shades. In short, the more we read Winthrop, the better we like him. We are sincerely sorry to learn that no more of his manuscripts are left; for even Ticknor & Fields, with their characteristic skill and good taste as caterers, can seldom set their imprint on better American stories than "Brothertoft," "Cecil Dreeme," and "John Brent."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Via Media: A Peaceful and Permanent Settlement of the Slavery Question. By Mrs. EMMA WILLARD, author of "Current Histories, American and Universal."

When our hearts are pressed with anxiety by momentous political questions, in process of being resolved, but concerning which the future lies yet dim and dark before us, and when we must ourselves act upon them with greater or less influence, then it is refreshing to learn what views have arisen in an honest mind from the daily task of gathering history as it is formed from current events. And such is the occupation of the writer of the pamphlet which we now recommend to the attentive perusal of our readers. It is thus described by the venerable editor of the National Intelligencer:

"The appeal made by Mrs. Willard is addressed equally to the people of the North and of the South. She earnestly entreats the latter to introduce certain ameliorations into the code of the slaveholding States, which shall have for their effect to transform chattel slavery into a social system of regulated servitude, in which the master shall be the guardian of the subject race. Upon the people of the North, she urges the duty of consulting for the welfare of the blacks liberated in the course of the present war, by domesticating them in Northern homes, caring for their wants, and instructing their children—thus creating a model of that beneficent form of regulated servitude which is commended to the adoption of the South."

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This synopsis we find correct as far as it goes, and it shows that Mrs. Willard has treated this hackneyed subject of slavery in a manner entirely new. She has sustained her positions by convincing arguments and pertinent facts, and she brings the *via media* into the subject of colonization, showing that, although it is good so far as it can be made effectual, yet it may become an *ignis fatuus*, deluding belief, and thus hindering right and wholesome action.

Although this pamphlet is addressed to both sections of the country, yet, as we see from its date, it was written in May, and published at Washington, instead of Troy, the author's place of residence. It is clear that she intended it principally for the South. She, no doubt, partook of the hopes which, three months ago, were rife among us—that the war might soon be ended, and believed that the pamphlet might be wafted by the winds and the waves, and find an access to the Southern mind, which might the better be operated on, because it could no longer be blinded to the fact that England had interfered with our quarrel solely for her own advantage.

Modern Love, and Poems of the English Roadside, with Poems and Ballads. By GEORGE MEREDITH. London: Chapman and Hall. 1862.

It seems to us that Mr. Meredith does not improve much in his poetry. The highest praise we feel able to bestow on the present volume is, that it contains some pretty verses. But even in these we can find no originality—nothing that could not be said nearly, if not quite, as well in prose. Bulwer, who we understand to be the poet's father, has often given expression to much more poetical thoughts in his novels—in *Pelham*, for instance. As for his *Lady of Lyons*, we doubt whether it will ever be equalled by George Meredith. Still the latter is not without merit; and, were it even in our power, we should not discourage him from writing. We would only advise him to *think* more and write less; then he would not be so likely to mistake mere flippancy for poetry. If he possesses an equal amount of culture with Bulwer senior, certain it is that he does not show it as well. The author of *The Caxtons* is, indeed, sometimes prurient in his language, but never vulgar. It is but rarely if ever he descends, for example, to such as the following:

> "You nice little madam! you know you are nice,
> I remember hearing a parson say,
> You're a plateful of vanity peppered with vice."—p. 103.

This is not poetry; and such as it is, it is not original; although one would think that it would be hardly worth while to steal so paltry a thing.

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Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans, from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century: literally translated from the original Pus'hto, with Notices of the different Authors, and remarks on the Mystic Doctrines and Poetry of the Sufis. By Capt. H. G. RAVERTY. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

This volume will agreeably surprise all into whose hands it may fall. For our own part, although we have paid considerable attention to Oriental literature, and been led, by doing so, to entertain a high opinion of the better class of Oriental authors, we confess that we were not prepared to receive such poetical gems as are contained in this book from the Asiatic Switzerland. Nor is it the freshness and vigor of the poetry that render the book most attractive; although these qualities alone would have secured it many readers. The insight which it gives into the mystic doctrines of the Sufis renders it interesting and valuable by itself; and whatever is obscure in the poetry is explained by the editor, who gives us a large amount of curious information within a comparatively narrow space. On the present occasion we have not room for specimens; and were it otherwise we could not hope to do justice to the Afghan poets, since they are rendered only into prose. But as a lady or gentleman may be discovered under the plainest and most vulgar garb, so in these pieces it is easy to trace the germs of genuine poetry. Indeed, there are remarkable passages at almost every page; such, for example, as the following satire on woman:

"All women-kind are of intellect deficient;
And the voluntary causes of all life's ills.
Thou mayest be straight and even with them,
But they are crooked and wayward with thee.
Do them a thousand benefits and services,
Yet at a single word their hearts sulky grow.
They become poison unto thee and kill thee—
They whom thou deemest a healing balm.
They have no fidelity in their composition;
They are naturally unto perfidiousness prone.
Created, indeed, in the figure of mankind,
But in reality with no humanity in them.
They make thee out culpable on a slight offence;
But they cannot be wrong, however great their sins.
The more crosses borne, the more petulant they;
The more whims brooked, the more capricious they grow.
In all things they are fickle and changeable,
Tame in tongue, but untameable in heart," &c.

This is rather ungallant on the part of Khushhal Khan, who was, doubtless, an old bachelor, not very amiable in his habits. As applied to the whole sex, his poem is a malicious libel; but that some are quite as bad as he represents them will be admitted in the West as well as in the East. The volume must be read in order to be appreciated.

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The New Testament, translated from the Latin Vulgate and diligently compared with the original Greek Text, with notes critical and explanatory. By FRANCIS PATRICK KENDRICK, Archbishop of Baltimore. 8vo. pp. 801. Baltimore: Kelly, Hedian, and Piet. 1862.

We have examined this version with much attention and interest, and feel bound to acknowledge that it has amply rewarded us for our pains. Not the text, however, so much as the notes; although the former is well rendered and differs but very slightly from the generally received Protestant version. In this respect, the translator evinces great liberality; not the slightest tinge of sectarian bigotry do we find in the whole work. And that it is not the less Catholic on this account may be inferred from the success of his previous translations (also noticed in this journal,)* which elicited the commendation of the Ninth Council of Bishops, held at Baltimore, in 1858, and more recently of the Cardinal Prefect at Rome. But, in our estimation, the notes are most valuable. We do not mean, however, in a theological point of view, for it is none of our business to expound theology; but the translator has managed to compress an incredible amount of historical, as well as philological, knowledge into those short, pithy sentences in small type at the bottom of each page. This will render the work acceptable to students of languages of all denominations. Altogether independently of the aid thus afforded, it is interesting to have the views of a scholar who has devoted so much attention to the subject, on disputed passages, especially when sustained, as in this case, by various authorities, of whose learning and integrity there can be no doubt. In many instances, the present translation differs from the Douay version quite as much as from the Protestant version, made under the auspices of King James, although we can speak only from memory of the former, having no copy of it at hand. We observe this difference on the one side, and similarity on the other, at almost every page. Thus, for example, all remember how much angry controversy has been caused by that one verse in the second chapter of John, in which the Saviour replies to Mary, his mother, when she tells him that the guests at the marriage have no wine. In the Protestant version, the reply is, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come;" whereas, in the Catholic version, the form is, "What is that to thee and to me? mine hour is not yet come." In the version of Dr. Kendrick, the form is, word for word, the same as in the Protestant version; the only difference being, that the former uses "my" for "mine," which, of course, makes no difference whatever in the version. We appreciate this on the part of the Archbishop, as evidence of a disposition to be liberal, and to obviate as much as possible disputes about mere words. To us it seems all the more evident that this was his motive,

* See "National Quarterly," No. III, pp. 182-4.

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because, without any special pleading, he certainly makes out a good case in favor of the Douay rendering. In a Leipsic edition of the Greek Testament, now before us, the form is *Τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοί, γύναι; οὔπω ἥκει ἡ ὥρα μου*, which, being literally translated, is simply, "What to thee and to me, woman? my hour is not yet come." In the first clause of the original, there is, in fact, no verb at all, *ἐμοί* means to me, just as much as *σοί* means to thee. But no one is anything the worse or the better, as a Christian, for adopting one form more than another. Whatever words happen to be in the text, it may be safely presumed that the Saviour could mean nothing offensive to his mother; so that it is not necessary to quarrel about a word more or less. We could point to many other instances in which the learned translator has made similar concessions, without the least injury to the cause of which he is so able an exponent. The prefaces to the different Gospels and Epistles also form a valuable feature in the present edition: and it must be admitted that the publishers have done their part very creditably. The typography of the text is large and clear; that of the notes is necessarily small, but exceedingly elegant and tasteful.

The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World, showing who Robbed him, who Hilded him, and who Passed him by. By W. M. THACKERAY, author of "Vanity Fair," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

It is almost superfluous to say that a book by Thackeray is readable. All who have any acquaintance with English light literature are aware of the fact. For the same reason, it is needless to attempt any description, in a brief notice like the present, of the author's characteristics; it is sufficient to say that the best of them have lost none of their *vim*; but are as vigorous and strongly marked as ever. But more than this his warmest admirers cannot claim. No new feature can be pointed out in the work before us, scarcely a new idea. Even the characters can hardly be distinguished from those of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes." If there be any appreciable difference, it is more in dress and habit than in intellect or disposition. The most patient and conservative—those caring least for novelty—must, in time, get weary of this sameness; for there is nothing so palatable and agreeable but it will in time pall on the appetite, except its flavor is altered by some condiment. Though the alteration were for the worse, still, as affording variety, the spice of life, it would gratify the palate, at least for a time.

Except Mr. Thackeray can infuse such new flavor into his future stories, he should attempt some other kind of writing, melo-dramas for instance, or his readers will diminish at a hundred-fold ratio. This is the point in which he is excelled by Dickens—that is, the creative faculty—the faculty of producing something new at every effort—something that

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possesses an individuality. We call Shakespeare the Great, not because he has well portrayed a Hamlet, a Desdemona, or a King Lear; but because he has portrayed so many true men and women of various passions and dispositions, no two of whom have any more similarity to each other than is known to exist in real life. But the women, as well as the men, of Mr. Thackeray seem as if they had all not only been born at one birth, but sent to the same school, fed at the same table, and dressed by the same tailor or mantuamaker. Certainly the artist has done much to relieve this sameness, especially in *The Adventures of Philip*, the pencil imparting much more variety, if not giving proof of more genius, than the pen.

The Mother and her Work. N. Broughton, Jr., Cornhill, Boston, and J. C. Broughton, Bible House, New York, Depositories. American Tract Society.

We rarely take up a book bearing the imprint of this society, which does not possess sterling merit in one form or other—never one that does not inculcate useful lessons, religious or moral, generally both, in a manner that is sure to lay hold on the attention of youth, so as to give it a happy turn. We are all familiar with the adage, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" but how few of us give it any thought! although the greatest men and women will tell us verbally, or in their writings, that they owed their first serious resolve to persevere in well-doing to some casual advice, or the falling into their hands of some good, though simple and unpretending book, which made their thoughts run in a new current. Of such a character is the tiny volume now before us; so deeply impressed are we with the superior excellence of its teachings, that we heartily wish we could place a copy of it in the hands of every mother in our land. We find no name on the title-page; but it is easy to see that it is the work of a mother—one of those good women of thought and culture, of whom New England may well be proud. Were it not that, in nine cases out of ten, true merit is modest, especially in woman, we should expect little from the preface, which begins thus: "The following pages have not been written from any desire for literary notoriety, or from the most distant wish to present in them the example of the author as a model for imitation. But as, from time to time, in the prosecution of home duties, her own spiritual perception has been quickened to apprehend the duties and responsibilities bound up in the maternal relation, she has been stirred with an earnest longing that her fellow-laborers in this greatest and noblest sphere of human effort might receive the same impulse." The tendency of the book is to impart such an impulse. The chapters on "Hired Labor," "The Mother's Calling," "What is Education?" and the "True Model of a Home," claim particular attention, as embodying lessons which none can afford to neglect. There is yet another chapter, which

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contains such excellent suggestions that we think mothers will thank us even for a brief extract:

"This physical education is by a great many underrated. It is considered as a matter of course that the child will grow up according to its constitutional tendencies, and that attention to so many rules and principles will do no good, but will make the subject of them whimsical and fastidious. But as the tender sapling in our garden will not be likely to grow into a fine, symmetrical, noble tree without proper culture, so our children will not grow into a vigorous maturity unless the laws of the physical organization be duly regarded. We say *our children*—but our sons usually fare well enough, and our daughters are the unhappy victims of many and very fatal mistakes. We may say they have inherited disease, and therefore can never be strong and well; but it is a fact that many constitutions so tainted have been recovered, as it were re-created, by a careful regimen; and noble powers of body and mind have been rescued from the opening jaws of an early death, or from a lengthened vapid life, to the cause of God and humanity.

"Many poor, suffering, worn-out mothers are full of complaints of their cross and fretful children—peevish by day, restless and wakeful at night. Others speak of the dull, lethargic intellect of their sons and daughters. 'We fear they will never learn, never be fit for anything in the world,' they say. 'But it is the sovereign dispensation of the Almighty, who in wisdom gives to one and withholds from another, and we must try to say, 'Thy will be done.'' Is there not a cause for these sad effects within the reach of the parents' eye and hand? Let the mother search and see—like the skillful physician, let her examine the symptoms and ascertain the hidden root from which they spring—and we venture to say that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she will find that the fault *is her own*, and lies in a direct and outrageous transgression of some plain law of our nature."

We are all the more glad to see a society successful in its catering which has done so much for the Union cause. Soldiers of all denominations speak with gratitude of its attractive, cheering books and pamphlets without any tinge of bigotry or sectarianism, while waiting from week to week, and from month to month, in the marshes of Virginia, to meet the enemies of their country.

Education of Officers, Preparatory and Professional. By E. R. Humphreys, LL. D., Principal of the Collegiate and Military School, Franklin square, Boston; editor of an "Edition of Livy for Military Students," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1862.

Our readers are well acquainted with the author of this pamphlet, as he has contributed several able articles to this journal. It is needless for us, therefore, to enter into any criticism of the paper before us. Suffice it to say, that it is worthy the attention of all who take an interest in the cause of education. The sketch which it gives of the military systems of France and England, interspersed, as it is, with appropriate suggestions in reference to our own system, will be found particularly interesting at the present time.

None question any longer that our military schools need improvement; and the admission is equally general that those we have, assuming them to be the very best, are too few. Nothing is more painfully evident than that West Point has utterly failed as a national institution. Certain it is, that no other seminary, of modern times, has produced so large a number of traitors to the very cause for the benefit of which it was originally founded. A system of education which blunts all feeling of moral obliga-

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tion, not to speak of religious obligation, to such an extent as to render its students insensible to the requirements of the most solemn and most binding of all oaths, must, to say the least, be radically defective. Whatever, therefore, turns intelligent attention to it, so as to awaken temperate and thoughtful discussion, must necessarily do good. Although Dr. Humphreys has had practical experience in military education, having for years held the position of Public Examiner in England, as a recognition of his superior scholarship and of his qualifications as an educator, he gives his views, in the present pamphlet, without ostentation or arrogant assumption.

First Book in Chemistry for the use of Schools and Families. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M. D., author of "Human Physiology," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

If great progress is not made in the acquisition of knowledge by the rising generation, it is not for the want of books, for all our publishers seem to vie with each other in manufacturing works for their benefit. And, that great improvements are made in this way, might well be inferred from the fact that the last volume is always sure to be the best. This superiority would be a sufficient excuse for publication, but generally the modesty of the authors is such that they assign some other reason. In the present case, the author says, that "The idea of this book was suggested by a lady, who is a stranger to me, in a letter, a portion of which I will quote." Here follows an extract, which, to us, seems nothing more nor less than a rather clumsy puff of another book by the same author, entitled "Child's Book of Nature." The receipt of this letter convinced Professor Hooker that he was destined to accomplish great things as an author, so we may thank the unknown lady for the volume now before us. The Doctor gives us another piece of information, as follows: "This book can be readily comprehended by pupils of average capacity, of twelve or even eleven years of age, *especially* if they have *gone through my* "Child's Book of Nature" (page 6). It is but seldom we have had to point out any charlatanism in the publications of the Messrs. Harper, which, in general, have been of such a character as to elicit our warmest commendation; and we trust that, where credit is deserved, we are not backward in awarding it. Further than this, however, we make no promises even to the lords of Franklin Square. If they continue to publish good books, we will speak of them accordingly; but we shall not feel in the least afraid, for any reason whatever, to give our opinion of any inferior books they may issue, as freely as we are wont to do of the worthless issues of others. We do not deny that the little volume now before us is a very good book for children, indeed, we do not know that we could recommend better of the kind. It is, therefore, not against the book we speak, but

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against the manner in which it is introduced by the compiler. Those capable of writing original works that are worth reading, have no need to puff themselves; were it otherwise, good taste would prevent them; but a work for children, or indeed for any age, is nothing the worse for its materials being borrowed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

WHICH MAY BE RECOMMENDED FOR PERUSAL AND STUDY.

Edwin Brothertoft. By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," &c. 16mo, pp. 369. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Des Doctrines religieuses des Juifs pendent les Deux Siècles antérieurs à l'Ere Chrétienne. Par Michel Nicolas. London. 1860.

A Commentary, Grammatical and Exegetical, on the Book of Job. With a Translation. By the Rev. A. B. Davidson, M. A., Hebrew Tutor, New College, Edinburgh. Vol. I. London and Edinburgh. 1862.

Jerusalem: A Sketch of the City and Temple, from the earliest times to the Siege by Titus. By Thomas Lewin, Esq., of Trinity College, Oxford, M. A., author of "The Life of St. Paul," &c., &c. London.

Church and State Two Hundred Years Ago. A History of Ecclesiastical Affairs in England from 1660 to 1663. By John Stoughton. London. 1862.

Troublous Times; or, Leaves from the Note Book of the Rev. Mr. John Hicks, an ejected Nonconformist Minister, 1670–71. Transcribed by Jane Bowring Crouch; with an Introduction by the Rev. Charles Stanford. London. 1862.

Specielle Einleitung in die Kanonischen Bücher des Alten Testaments. Von J. J. Stäbelin, Doctor Theologiae, und Professor in Basel. London. 1862.

An Introduction to Mental Philosophy, on the Inductive Method. By J. D. Morell, A. M., LL. D. London. 1862.

The Theaetetus of Plato, with a Revised Text and English Notes. By the Rev. Lewis Campbell, M. A., Vicar of Milford, Hants; late Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Oxford. 1861.

Modern Philosophy; or, a Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, from the Fourteenth Century to the French Revolution, with a Glimpse into the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, M. A. London. 1862.

Arthur Schopenhauer aus persönlichem Umgange dargestellt. Ein Blick auf sein Leben, seinen Charakter und seine Lehre. Von Wilhelm Gwinner. London: Williams & Norgate. 1862.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain, and Ireland. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. With a Map embracing colored Routes of Travel in the above countries. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Golden Hour. By Moncure D. Conway, author of "The Rejected Stone." 12mo. pp. 160. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

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The New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children. With a translation of Pfof. Kloss's Dumb Bell Instructor, and Prof. Schreber's Pangymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M. D., proprietor of the Essex Street Gymnasium, Boston. With three hundred Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 274. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

On the Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are Fertilized by Insects, and on the Good Effects of Intercrossing. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., &c. With Illustrations. London. 1862. Post 8vo.

Vorträge zur Vergleichenden Anatomie der Wirbelthiere. Von Henrich Rathke. Mit einem Vorwort von C. Gegenbaur. Leipzig. 1862. 8vo.

Researches on the Nature and Treatment of Diabetes. By F. M. Pavy, M. D., F. R. C. P. Assistant Physician to, and Lecturer on Physiology at, Guy's Hospital. 8vo. London. 1862.

Atlas des Peripherischen Nervensystems des Menschlichen Körpers. Bearbeitet von Dr. Rüdinger, Prosector in der Königl. Anatomie in München. Dritte und Vierte Lieferung. München. 1862.

Tableau de l'Empire Romain depuis la Fondation de Rome jusqu'à la Fin du Gouvernment Imperial en Occident. Par M. Amédée Thierry, Sénateur et Membre de l'Institut. Londres. 1862.

Untersuchungen über die Fortpflanzungsgeschwindigkeit der Keizung in der Quergestreiften Muskelfaser. Von Dr. Ch. Aeby. Mit elf Abbildungen in Holzschnitt. Braunschweig. 1862. 8vo.

A Sketch of the History of the United States, from Independence to Secession. By J. M. Ludlow, author of "British India, its Races and its History," &c. To which is added "The Struggle for Kansas." By Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School Days," &c. Cambridge and London. 1862.

The Story of Lord Bacon's Life. By W. Hepworth Dixon, Barrister-at-Law. With Portrait of Bacon and Vignette of old York House. By E. M. Ward, R. A. London. 1862.

Carl von Zierotin und seine Zeit, 1564–1615. Von Peter Ritter von Chlumecky. London. 1862.

The Life of Arthur, First Duke of Wellington. Partly from the French of M. Brialmont, partly from Original Documents. By Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. London.

Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Par Edgar Quinet. London. 1862.

Modern Love and Poems of the English Broadside, with Poems and Ballads. By George Meredith. London. 1862.

Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political and Social, Literary and Scientific. By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh. 1862.

Life in the Forests of the Far East. By Spencer St. John, F. R. G. S., F. E. S., formerly H. M. Consul-General in the Great Island of Borneo, and now H. M. Chargé d'Affaires to the Republic of Hayti. 2 vols. London. 1862.

Thebis: its Tombs and their Tenants, Ancient and Present, including a Record of Excavations in the Necropolis. By A. H. Rhind, T. S. A., &c. London. 1862.

Prussia and the Poles. By Otto Wenkstern. London. 1862.

Essai sur la Situation Russe. Par N. Ogareff. Londres. 1862.

Memoirs of New Zealand Life. By Edward Hodder. London. 1862.

New Zealand and the War. By W. Swainson, Esq., formerly Attorney-General for New Zealand. London. 1862.

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One Year in Sweden, including a Visit to the Isle of Gôtland. By Horace Marryat, author of "Jutland and the Danish Isles." 2 vols. London. 1862.

A Summer Tour in the Grisons and Italian Valleys of the Bernina. By Mrs. Henry Freshfield, author of "Alpine Bye-ways." London. 1862.

Across the Carpathians. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1862.

The Druzes and the Maronites under Turkish Rule from 1840 to 1860. By Colonel Churchill, author of "Ten Years' Residence on Mount Lebanon." London. 1862.

Turgot: sa Vie, son Administration, ses Œuvrages. Par J. Tissot. Paris and London.

The Capital of Italy and How to get It. By M. R. Ballard. London 1862.

Population and Trade in France in 1861-2. By F. Marshall. London. 1862.

A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy. By George F. Chambers, F. R. G. S. London. 1861. Post 8vo. With numerous illustrations.

Volcanoes. The character of their Phenomena, their share in the Structure and Composition of the Surface of the Globe, and their relation to its Internal Forces. With a Descriptive Catalogue of all known Volcanoes and Volcanic Fortification. By G. Poulett Scrope, M. P., F. R. S., F. G. S. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. With a Map of the Volcanic Areas of the Globe, and other illustrations. 8vo. London. 1862.

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2. *Materia Hieroglyphica; containing the Egyptian Pantheon, and the Succession of the Pharaohs from the earliest Times to the Conquest of Alexander; with Plates and Notes, explanatory of the same.* By J. G. WILKINSON, Esq. Malta, 1828. Accompanied by a Vocabulary and Appendix.

3. *Pantheon Egyptien: Collection des Personnages Mythologiques de l'Ancienne Egypte, d'après les Monuments;* avec un texte explicatif par M. J. F. CHAMPOLLION le Jéune; et les figures d'après les dessins de M. L. J. J. Dubois. 15ême Livraison.

4. *De Prisca Ægyptiorum Litteratura Commentatio Prima, quam scripsit* JOANNES GODOFREDUS LUDOVICUS KOSEGARTEN, SS. Theol. Doct., ejusdemque et Litterar.

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6. *Egypt and the Books of Moses; or, the Books of Moses illustrated by the Monuments of Egypt.* With an Appendix. By Dr. E. W. HENGSTENBERG, Professor of Theology at Berlin. From the German, by R. D. C. ROBBINS; with Additional Notes by W. COOKE TAYLOR, Esq., LL.D., M.R.A.S., of Trinity College, Dublin.

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THE

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ART. I.—1. *Monumenti dell' Egitto e della Nubia, disegnati della, Spedizione scientifico-letteraria Toscana in Egitto. Distribuiti in ordine di Materie, interpretati ed illustrati, dal* Dottore IPPOLLITO ROSELLINI, direttore della spedizione. Tom. I., II. Pisa, 1835, 8vo. With an Atlas and Plates, large folio, in livraisons.

2. *Materia Hieroglyphica; containing the Egyptian Pantheon, and the Succession of the Pharaohs from the earliest Times to the Conquest of Alexander; with Plates and Notes, explanatory of the same.* By J. G. WILKINSON, Esq. Malta, 1828. Accompanied by a Vocabulary and Appendix.

3. *Pantheon Egyptien: Collection des Personnages Mythologiques de l'Ancienne Egypte, d'après les Monuments;* avec un texte explicatif par M. J. F. CHAMPOLLION le Jeune; et les figures d'après les dessins de M. L. J. J. Dubois. 15ème Livraison. Paris. 1825.

4. *De Prisca Ægyptiorum Litteratura Commentatio Prima, quam scripsit* JOANNES GODOFREDUS LUDOVICUS KOSEGARTEN, SS. Theol. Doct., ejusdemque et Litterar.

5. *Egyptens Stelle in der Weltgeschichte, &c.—Egypt's Place in the History of the World: an Historical Treatise, in five Books.* By CHRISTIAN CHARLES JOSIAS BUNSEN, Phil. and LL.D. Vols. I.–III., 8vo. Hamburg. 1845.

6. *Egypt and the Books of Moses; or, the Books of Moses illustrated by the Monuments of Egypt.* With an Appendix. By Dr. E. W. HENGSTENBERG, Professor of Theology at Berlin. From the German, by R. D. C. ROBBINS; with Additional Notes by W. COOKE TAYLOR, Esq., LL.D., M.R.A.S., of Trinity College, Dublin. Edinburgh: Clark.

IT is a very common habit, among a certain class, to make a jest of the study of antiquity. There are many who think they are called upon to smile, as upon a visionary, at even a

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passing allusion to any period more remote than the Christian era; and those who do so would feel highly indignant if their intelligence, or even their ability to instruct others, were called into question.

Still, let us not be too ready to blame such; let us rather admit that there is some reason for their prejudice against antiquity; for the subject is too often treated as if the writers made it a point to be as dry, technical, and obscure as possible. They think that, in order to be considered learned, they must make use of a sort of dialect which none but the favored few can pretend to understand. However, there is reason for this, too. Of all the moderns, it is the Germans who have paid most attention to antiquities; and, of all the moderns, it is the same people who are most grave and ponderous in their writings, especially on recondite subjects. That modern learning and civilization owe them much, far be it from us to deny; none appreciate their indefatigable and invaluable labors in the pursuit of knowledge more than we do ourselves. It is not they we would blame, but their imitators; for, if German authors write in a grave style, they address themselves to grave readers. In other words, those who read their long, involved periods, are a patient and dreamy, if not a thoughtful or brilliant, people. Thus it is that a work which is considered highly attractive in Germany, has few readers in England, even when translated; still fewer in this country, and scarcely any in France. This fact is lost sight of by those who think that, in order to get credit for German learning and profundity, it is necessary to affect a German style.

It is not strange, then, that the study of antiquities is regarded by the thoughtless in the light of a bore; whereas, the greatest thinkers are those who use the simplest and most perspicuous language. Who, for example, can have any difficulty in understanding the dialogues of Plato, let their subjects be what they may? If it be urged that he treated of the present and the future more than of the past, the same objection will not hold against Herodotus, whose history of the nations of remote antiquity is as lucid and as full of vivacity as an Eastern tale. If all would bear in mind that, whether they are treating of the ancients or of the moderns, their first duty is to render themselves intelligible to the greatest number, taxing the attention of their readers as little as possible, there would not be half so many as there are who would see anything so very absurd or ludicrous in spending, as it were, an hour or two among the ruins of cities and empires that existed thousands of years ago, and of which even the sites are but matters of conjecture.

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At all events, it will be our aim in this paper to glance at the results of recent discoveries in Egypt, with as little display of mere words as possible; for we are ambitious and sanguine enough to hope that, despite the prejudices alluded to, we may be able to show in time, that after all, it is those who neglect the past, and not those who try to profit by its lessons, that most deserve to be laughed at, if, indeed, we ought not all rather pity than sneer at those who have no thought but for themselves, and whatever they suppose relates to them directly or indirectly in the journey of life. There is no study from which we can better learn humility and resignation than from that of past greatness and magnificence, of which the vestiges still remain.

There is no more effectual cure for vanity or arrogance, either individual or national; nothing better calculated to teach us that we should ridicule nothing which we cannot understand; for, if we can only understand the plainest language, that does not find expression in words, the fragments of those cities that flourished in all their pride more than four thousand years ago, warn us that the proudest and greatest of our modern cities, too, will one day present scenes of desolation. Of their end, there can be no doubt; they are as certain of dissolution as all that is mortal of ourselves; the only question is, Will they leave such splendid monuments to attest what they once were, as those of the great nations of which little more than the tomb-stones remain? "I will retire into solitude," says Volney, "to live among the ruins; I will question the ancient monuments on the wisdom of the past; I will evoke from the bosom of the tomb that spirit which formerly in Asia was the splendor of states and the glory of peoples; I will interrogate the ashes of legislators, by what means did they elevate and abase empires; by what causes are the prosperity and misfortunes of nations produced; in a word, on what principles ought the peace of society and the happiness of man be established."*

Such is our self-love, that, because we enjoy a certain amount of prosperity, and a certain degree of civilization, and make discoveries in the arts and sciences, we are too apt to imagine that whatever progress we have made is so much added to

* "J'irai dans la solitude vivre parmi les ruines; j'interrogerai les monumens anciens sur la sagesse des tems passés; j'évoquerai du sein des tombeaux l'esprit qui, jadis dans l'Asie, fit la splendeur des états et la gloire des peuples. Je demanderai à la cendre des législateurs par quels mobiles s'élèvent et s'abaissent les empires; de quelles causes naissent la prospérité et les malheurs des nations; sur quels principes enfin, doivent s'établir la paix des sociétés et le bonheur des hommes."—*Les Ruines; ou Méditation sur les Révolutions des Empires.* Par Volney. Chap. iv., p. 24.

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that of the world. There are but few who pause to inquire whether the ancients did not possess the same advantages, at least a portion of them, though subsequently lost for centuries. But little allowance is made for the ravages of time, and those invasions by hostile nations which only ended with the utter annihilation of the nations invaded. Thus, for example, no thoughtful person will venture to dispute that a nation which attained to such greatness and power as the Carthaginians, whose ships were to be found in every sea, and who, even after having been induced to deliver up their arms to their ancient enemies, were still able to hold out against the whole power of Rome for three years, must have cultivated the arts and sciences to no slight extent. Their famous fire-ships alone, by which they destroyed the Roman fleet, would show this; yet further than by inference in this way none can tell what amount of knowledge they possessed, or what degree of civilization they enjoyed.

It would have been the same with the Egyptians, had it not been for their wonderful architectural monuments; for they, more than the Carthaginians, can hardly be said to have left us any books. Some papyri manuscripts, indeed, there are, but if not spurious altogether, they are generally regarded as of comparatively modern date. At all events, the information which they contain is of comparatively little value; indeed, it falls into insignificance when compared to the elaborate and detailed histories embraced in the mural paintings in the pyramids. And what do we learn from these records? It may well seem incredible that they prove the existence of a state of civilization among the Egyptians thousands of years ago, not at all inferior, if not, indeed, superior in all that contributes to human happiness, to that enjoyed at present by the most enlightened and refined nations. But such is really the fact, and to Rosellini is due the credit of having placed it beyond dispute. Others, indeed, had prepared the way for him; they had given outlines, and accompanied them with suggestions as to details; but to him belongs the glory of having reduced the chaos to a system, so that from his labors we can now trace the history of the Egyptians, for a period of nearly four centuries, with almost as much accuracy and certainty as that of any modern nation.

The period for which he thus supplies complete materials for a history is that known as the eighteenth dynasty, which may justly be called the golden age of Egyptian civilization. It was during the sway of this dynasty those events occurred which have had most influence on human destiny. Aristotle has proved in his history of republics that they were originated by the colonists, who left Egypt for different countries at this

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time, and who received different names from those among whom they settled; such as the Titans, the Pelasgians, the Cyclopeans, the Tulteques, &c., all of which are translatable into "Architects;" some calling them "wandering architects;" others, "great architects;" others, "wonderful architects," &c., &c. Wherever they settled they introduced their peculiar styles of architecture; such as rock-built fortresses, cellular caverns, graduated arches, without the key-stone, cylindrical columns, pyramids, &c. But be it remembered that they were inferior races who were thus expelled; at least, inferior in numerical strength and intelligence; for we find that those who expelled them established more magnificent styles of architecture than any they had brought with them, into the various countries in which they settled; not excepting those of the race who settled in Greece, and to whom the best historians and ethnologists of ancient and modern times ascribe the foundation of Grecian civilization, especially in relation to art and science. This is no mere conjecture; no fact not capable of ocular demonstration is so well established; for we find evidence of it scattered throughout all the works of antiquity that have come down to our time.

There is no theory in which all ancient authors, whether historians, poets, fabulists, dramatists, or philosophers, more unanimously concur than in that which makes Egypt the original home of the famous Argive family, which founded Athens, and from which the most illustrious of the Greeks are descended. It is not known whether the emigration of this branch was forced or voluntary, although the former is the opinion most commonly entertained by those who have investigated the subject. What is of much more importance to be known is, that whether they left willingly or against their will, their departure took place during the eighteenth dynasty. Incredible as it may seem to those who have not examined the subject, this is regarded as placed beyond dispute; and it is held to be equally certain that it was during the same dynasty the Jews were expelled from Egypt; or, perhaps, we should rather say, were allowed to withdraw from bondage under the auspices of Moses and Aaron.

Before the time of Rosellini and Bunsen, we had the conflicting records of Herodotus, Mantheo, Eusebius, Erotosthenes, Diodorus, Siculus, Josephus and Syncellus, besides the tablet of Abydos, corroborated by several other tablets, such as those of Karnac, and of Medinet Abre; but all were regarded rather as curiosities than authorities. Now, most of the information they were said to contain is *proved* to be correct. This is particularly true of the tablet of Abydos, and we will therefore

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make an observation or two about it, which may give the uninitiated such a general idea of its character as may awaken his curiosity.

It consists of three lines of ovals, each line embracing eighteen, and each oval commencing with the symbol *Pha*, the sun, from which is derived the title of Pharaoh. The casual observer may well say that this is vague proof; that the same word might be made to represent many other titles as well as that of Pharaoh, and with quite as much show of reason. Such objections have, indeed, been made, and often by learned men; those capable of tracing the same phonetic sounds through different languages. Nay, those who first undertook to decipher the chief symbols on the tablet were laughed at as visionaries. When Champollion maintained that the middle line of the tablet comprises the successive sovereigns of the eighteenth dynasty, commencing with the sixth oval and ending with the eighteenth, he was considered even by so learned a body as the French Academy as a knave or a fool.

Nor will this fact seem strange when it is borne in mind what is the character of the mode of translation used. The names of the Pharaohs are designated by two ovals placed over their heads like the rectangles employed by the ancient Mexicans or Tulteques for the same purpose. The first of these ovals expressed the title; the second, the name in phonetic. Thus it was that the principal names of the eighteenth dynasty were deciphered: namely, those of Mothnos, Menophres, Thothnosis, Rhamses, and Meamon. These being found the same on different tablets and monuments, there could be no doubt that the system by which they were deciphered was correct. This gave such an impulse to the study that it was easily discovered by the same means that Menes was the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, and that he had commenced his reign about 2190 B. C. These statements, when first made public, were ridiculed from one end of Europe to the other. But so were all the greatest discoveries when first made. For example, not only did the ignorant and thoughtless condemn Copernicus as an emissary of Satan, for reviving the Pythagorean theory, and declaring the sun to be the centre of our system; the most learned universities of Europe passed a similar sentence upon him, or sought to overwhelm him with ridicule. It is familiar to all what Galileo suffered for having undertaken in a similar manner to promulgate discoveries for which the world was not yet prepared. Without making any additions, these examples will be sufficient to show how absurd and unsatisfactory the deductions of science often seem at the outset,

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or until the public has had an opportunity of seeing them duly tested and corroborated.

Nay, before any attempts had been made at deciphering the hieroglyphics, those who merely undertook to describe the pyramids were denounced as impostors, who were actuated by no nobler motive than to make some money by imposing on public credulity. Not one out of five hundred of the most intelligent believed the reality; many protested they could never do so until their own eyes had borne testimony to the truth. Even Champollion was long among the incredulous. He had studied much before he could think it possible that there existed a civilization thousands of years anterior to our era capable of producing such sublime and magnificent monuments as those on the plain embraced by "Hundred-gated Thebes." Hence it was that, when he was finally enabled to judge of those immense structures for himself, he exclaimed with astonishment, "These porticoes must be the work of men one hundred feet high! Imagination sinks abashed at the foot of the one hundred and forty columns of the hypostyle hall of Karnac." Bunsen, and Dubois, and Wilkinson were equally amazed, after they had devoted years to the study of the best works on Egyptology. When Belzoni, another enthusiastic student, first saw the great hall of Karnac, supported by its one hundred and forty columns, he exclaimed, "I have at least lived one day!" In describing his sensations on seeing the great pyramids, he says: "It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence."*

When the most eminent scientific men thus bore testimony to the unapproachable grandeur of the Egyptian monuments, the most skeptical were forced to believe that they must at least be of gigantic size. This made Egypt the most attractive part of the globe for the curious of all countries for more than a century; and to the present day no traveller who has

* "Twenty years have now elapsed," says the Chevalier Bunsen, "since I became convinced by Champollion's lectures and writings, as well as by my own examination of the Egyptian monuments at Rome, and particularly the obelisks, that the great discovery of the hieroglyphical system would prove to be of the highest importance for the ancient history of mankind. In analyzing its bearing upon the course of historical research pursued in Germany and upon my own studies, three questions presented themselves: Is the chronology of Egypt, as embodied in the dynasties of Manetho, capable of restoration, wholly or in part, by means of the monuments and the names of its kings? Will the Egyptian language enable us to establish the position of the Egyptians, as a nation, in primæval history, and especially their connection with the tribes of the Aramaic and Indo-Germanic stock? Lastly, may we hope, by persevering in a course of Egyptian research, based in the strictest sense of the word on historical principles, to obtain for the history of mankind a more sure and unfailing foundation than we at present possess?"—*Egypt's Place in Universal History.* Preface, p. vii.

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any taste for the grand and sublime considers his tour in the Old World complete until he has visited Egypt.*

But such is the tendency of the present age to depreciate ancient civilization, that when it was no longer possible to deny the superior magnificence of Egyptian architecture, the public thought to indemnify itself by sneering at the Egyptians as a race who did nothing else but build huge edifices, which, after all, were less useful and ornamental than curious. We have ourselves often heard persons who piqued themselves not a little on their intelligence say, "Well, doubtless the Egyptians were better architects than we; at least they built *larger* structures than we do—more sublime structures, perhaps; but this was their specialty. In all other arts and sciences; in all that constitutes comfort, or contributes to refinement, they were as children to us." But no such pretensions can be made any longer; recent discoveries prove beyond doubt that we enjoy very few, if any, means of comfort which were not equally familiar to the Egyptians. We are well aware how strange this remark will seem to many, but it is not the less true on this account.

It would be sufficient for those who are still skeptical to consult the great work of Rosellini; although there are several other authorities equally respectable whose researches lead to the same conclusion. There is good reason to believe that even steam was known to the Egyptians. This is the opinion of the Chevalier Bunsen, Sir William Drummond, Champollion, and several other eminent Egyptologists, who maintain that on no other theory can it be explained how it was possible to raise and locate the enormous masses of masonry used in building the pyramids. But this is not the only argument adduced in support of that theory. The paintings of the Egyptian ships of war exhibit pulleys, paddles, wheels, machine-cases, &c.; at least contrivances which bear a remarkable similarity in every respect to those on modern vessels, known by those names; and it is only by assuming them to be such, that we can account for the effectual operation of the three banks of oars employed in vessels carrying more troops than our largest men-of-war. It has been clearly proved that the Egyptians not only manufactured the finest glass, but stained and gilded it, in imitation of emerald, onyx, ruby, carbuncle, &c., &c. Rosellini shows us the sculptors in the act of cutting

* "Tradition's legend, History's page, and many a mould'ring pile,
Alike associate with the past thy glory, ancient Nile!
'Tis linked with sacred chronicles, where faithful records tell
Of Pharaoh's pride and punishment, and captive Israel;
Nor can the wide earth boast a spot by pilgrim's footsteps trod,
Where have been made more manifest the wondrous works of God!"

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the inscriptions on the granite tablets and obelisks; and presents us fac-similes of the chisels, mallets, and other tools by which the work was performed.

Every intelligent student of the Classics has been struck with the passage in Homer which describes the Phœnician ship which conveyed Ulysses to Ithaca, and which was propelled by a self-motive power, without oars or sails. Was this motive power steam, or was it not? The question may be asked seriously and earnestly; for the critics of all countries and of all ages since the poet's time admit that no other works contain more accurate and reliable word-pictures of the manners and customs, &c., &c., prevailing when they were composed than the Homeric poems. Another passage in Homer describes the gift of plate made to Helen by the wife of the Egyptian king, Thone—a gift which could hardly be surpassed in magnificence or artistic elegance by the most skilful and accomplished of modern goldsmiths. And what student of the Classics does not remember his description of the hundred gates of Thebes, which Pope translates, or rather paraphrases, as follows:

> "Not all proud Thebes' giant walls contain
> The world's great mistress on the Egyptian main,
> Who spreads her conquests o'er a hundred states,
> And throngs to battle through a hundred gates;
> Two hundred warriors and two hundred cars
> Through each wide portal issuing to the wars."*

If, notwithstanding the general accuracy and fidelity of Homer, it is objected that in this instance, at least, he has been guilty of exaggeration, then we have the testimony of the Old Testament to show the fears entertained throughout the East of the irresistible power of the Egyptians. Nothing is clearer than that they were the Romans of their time. Leaving Sesostris out of the question altogether, we have the most conclusive testimony that even Alexander was not more formidable in his time than was Shishak, King of Egypt, one of the Pharaohs, in his. One passage will be sufficient for our purpose; and this, it will be seen, not only proves the great power of the king, but also shows that he was a contemporary of King Solomon; and what is perhaps more important still, it shows that most, if not all, of the neighboring nations were subject to Egypt, and furnished contingents to the armies of the king.

"In the fifth year of king Rehoboam, Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem, because they had transgressed against the Lord,

---

* 'ουδ' ὁσα Θηβας
Αιγυπτιας, οθι πλειστα δομοις εν κτηματα κειται,
Αἱ θ' ἑκατομπυλοι εισι διηκοσιοι δ' αν' ἑκαστων
Ανερες εξοιχνεῦσι συν ἱπποισιν και οχεσφιν·

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"With twelve hundred chariots and three-score thousand horsemen; and the people were without number *that came up out of Egypt;* the Lubims, the Sukkiims and the Ethiopians.

"And he took *the fenced cities* which pertained to Judah and came to Jerusalem.

"So Shishak, king of Egypt, *came up against Jerusalem, and took away the treasures* of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he took all; he carried away also the shields of gold which Solomon had made."—2 *Chron.*, xii.

From other passages, the accuracy of which is corroborated and illustrated by Josephus, we learn that one of King Shishak's daughters was married to King Solomon, and another to Rehoboam; and the most reliable commentators, both Jews and Christians, concur in the opinion that it was this lady who inspired the Song of Solomon, one of the finest lyrical pieces to be found in the whole range of ancient literature, sacred or profane!

The general opinion at the present day among Orientalists is, that the Song of Solomon was intended as a sacred opera; and there are those who believe that Solomon's wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, and, perhaps, some of her maids of honor, contributed portions of it. Be this as it may, scarcely any other production, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, exhibits so much variety. Strange as it may seem to those who read it only in an English dress, it embraces some forty songs in almost as many different metres, some of which are in rhyme. The imagery pervading the whole "Song" is decidedly Egyptian. The princess receives precisely the same names which she does in the mural inscriptions; such as "sacred garden," "sister-bride," &c., &c. Several of these lyrics are sung in pure Hebrew in all parts of the world at the present day, and in most cases are accompanied with poetical versions in the vernacular tongue of the singers, whether that vernacular be English, German, or French. We subjoin below a specimen,*

---

* Cale; gan noni
Moin huthim, sheleie
Paradis romumin;
Om pri megerdis
Camphrim om nardim
Nardim u karkim
Cane u Cinamon.
Ol col otye lebne
Mur u saleth;
Om col rashi Casmin,
Moin eganim;
Bar mim eum;
Unalim min Lebnon.
A "sacred garden" is my "sister-bride,"
A sacred garden and a well-spring sealed;
A paradise of sweets, wherein preside
The fairest fruits which spiciest blossoms yield,
Such as in youthful Eden were revealed;

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which we ourselves have heard sung at a synagogue in the City of New York. Few, if any, doubt any longer that the ornaments described in the "Song" were of Egyptian workmanship.

"I have compared thee, oh my love, to the company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

"Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

"We too will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."—*Solomon's Song*, chap. i, v. 9, 10, 11.

We might easily add to these passages, but by doing so we should have to neglect other branches of our subject. We think it better to give a general outline of the evidences lately brought to light as to what the ancient Egyptians really were, than to occupy all our space with the details, so far as known, in regard to one phase of their character. The student of ancient history could hardly perform any task more interesting and instructive than to compare the book of Genesis and the histories of Manetho and Josephus with each other. No three works of ancient times are more strikingly illustrative of each other; and all are corroborated by the pictorial sketches of Rosellini.

Manetho tells us that from the time of the Egyptian Genesis to that of Alexander, thirty-one dynasties reigned in Egypt. The first fifteen of these are recorded as theocracies—the sovereigns being regarded as gods and demi-gods. Eusebius is of opinion that there were no such dynasties; he told Ptolemy to his face that Manetho lied on this branch of the subject. It would lead us too far to inquire into the facts of the case. We prefer to pass on to the dynasties which are now as generally recognized as those of any modern country.

It was maintained by Whiston, some thirty years ago, that the great Rameses-Sesostris was the Pharaoh who pursued the Israelites into the Red Sea; a view of the case in which Dr. Warburton and several other learned men concurred. The chief difficulty was, that his name did not appear either in the papyri or in the phonetic ovals by that name; only as Rameses. This led to the conclusion that Sesostris was a myth; that no such king ever lived. But the researches of Rosellini and other recent investigators have traced him into India, and proved him to be one of the world's greatest conquerors. What is more, they have proved that it was he who ended the eighteenth dynasty, or commenced the nineteenth.

Camphor and spikenard flourish midst its flowers;
Spikenard and balsam, cane and cinnamon;
Gem-scattering fountains bathe its fragrant bowers
Of myrrh and incense, balm and origan;
While living waters leap from cedary Lebanon.

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Rosellini has read the story of his conquests as recorded on the colossal gateways, the prostyles, and sculptured porticoes of Luxore; and he has reproduced it in his engravings, so that he who runs may read. The records are in the form of grand historical pictures, on the walls of the palace. There is no more ancient tradition extant than that Sesostris visited India. Hindoo, Hebrew, Greek and Roman writers speak of his triumphs in that country, and he is spoken of under different names in the traditions of almost every country in Europe, including those of Scandinavia and Russia. Nay, on the Tulteque monuments of ancient Mexico there are pictorial sketches, declared by the most eminent antiquaries to have reference to no other personage. However, all these views were regarded as but ingenious conjectures at best, until lately. Now, strange as it may appear, they are held by the best authorities to be fully authenticated. Rosellini has brought to light the triumphal processions from which the Romans must have borrowed the idea of theirs. This is the opinion of Wilkinson, Hamilton, Head, Felix, Belzoni and Hamilton, all of whom concur more or less fully as to the general accuracy of Rosellini's transcripts from the monuments, several of them having added details which he had not had time to furnish. The classical student need not be informed that the Roman generals exhibited in their triumphal processions the spoils of the conquered, for the two-fold purpose of giving ocular demonstration of what they had accomplished, and, at the same time, giving the people an idea of the geography, natural productions, and manners and customs of those whom they subdued. By examining the works of the Egyptologists just mentioned, it will be seen that the Egyptian kings had the same habit as the Roman generals. In this fact we find the best proof of the conquests of Sesostris; for among his trophies are to be seen the huge elephant of India attended by a native Hindoo; the tusks of ivory borne by others, whose costume proves them to belong to the same country; the Indian ox, or sacred bull of Bramah, with the characteristic hump on his back, &c., &c. Side by side with these are the camelopard of Central Africa, the ebony and gold-dust of Congo, together with tigers, lions, leopards, and various other animals, some of which are no longer known. In the same tablets there is evidence that the conqueror visited the North as well as the East and South. An imaginary animal called the griffin, known as the symbol of the hyperborean regions, occupies a prominent position in the triumphal procession of Sesostris, the obvious design being to intimate, whether truly or falsely, that the conqueror had subdued the North. There are many curious and

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interesting evidences of his having at least penetrated into Southern Russia; but our space will not allow us to adduce them here; we must content ourselves, on the present occasion, by referring the reader to the works of Rosellini, Champollion, and Belzoni, for the details.

Sesostris is the first conqueror of which history, sacred or profane, gives any account. Even the fabulist scarcely attempts to penetrate further back than his time for a hero. But what state of civilization do we find in his time? Nay, what are the characters of the different civilizations which his conquests, as portrayed by the Egyptian sculptors and painters, have brought before us? This may well seem an unanswerable question, yet the contrary is the fact; for it is not alone the lower animals of the conquered countries that are exhibited in the triumphal procession, but also the types of the principal races brought under subjection, together with specimens here and there of their workmanship.

All sorts of costumes are thus seen side by side, from the most sumptuous and most elegant, to the shabbiest and most squalid. Thus, we see the Persian beside the Chaldean, the Negro beside the Jew, and the Hindoo beside the Ethiopian; each as easily distinguished from all around him, both by costume and style of features, as he would be in similar circumstances at the present day. Yet this is not all; we see also the Babylonian mitre; the short, bushy hair and flowing robes which distinguished the Medes and Bactrians—all corresponding with the figures on the Persopolitan monuments.

But who are those strange beings with horned helmets and hauberks? and who are those with fair complexion, auburn hair, and painted skins, that stand beside them and seem to claim kindred with them? These questions have been often asked by chronologists for the last twenty years; and the general reply is, that both Saxons and Celts were among the captives of Sesostris. Champollion and Belzoni go further still, for they undertake to prove that both the Chinese and American Indian types are depicted on the same monuments. Nor do they do so without good reason; for the beardless men of noble bearing and fantastic costume, represented on the Luxore, as driven to their ships by Sesostris, are identical with the types depicted on the monuments of ancient Mexico.

Assuming that there is more vanity than truth in these representations, on the part of the Egyptian artists—that, in order to flatter the reigning sovereign, they magnified his exploits a thousand-fold, the same as Virgil and Horace did in more recent times, in their extravagant eulogies of Augustus Cæsar, by which they would fain have him almost wor-

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shipped as a god, and prove that he was a lineal descendant of the royal line of Troy, there would remain the undeniable fact, that it required a high degree of civilization to produce men capable of such exaggerations—that is, exaggerations that would defy the ravages of time for thousands of years! But we have still stronger proof than this. Not only are we presented with faithful likenesses of various types of men and women, of quadrupeds, birds, and even fishes, but also pictures of numerous articles of luxury. Before alluding in brief to these, in passing, let us remark, that with all our boasted "modern improvements," the tools manufactured at the present day are incapable of cutting stone with the exquisite grace and precision of outline which the Egyptian inscriptions still retain. We see the Egyptian chisels, and know not only that they are steel, but steel of a much harder and better quality than any we can produce by the aid of steam, or any other means; we see also, and know, that the same people possessed the art of hardening copper to be used for implements of agriculture and weapons of war; an art of which we are utterly ignorant.

But in the arts of peace they were equally distinguished. Those various styles of elegant furniture so long supposed to be Greek or Etrurian are now proved to be Egyptian. It is only necessary to examine the engravings of Rosellini in order to be assured how few things there are that are entitled to the name of *modern* improvements. Were we depending on any one authority for this information, we should still be skeptical; but Rosellini's views are fully corroborated by those of a dozen others more or less distinguished for their investigations and researches in the same field. It is impossible, then, not to admire those magnificent gold, silver, marble, and alabaster vases of which copies are given in the plates. Nor do these stand alone; cups and various other vessels are equally exquisite in design and execution; in short, all kinds which the most luxurious court of any age could wish. The hunting-cups are peculiarly beautiful; they are adorned, as at the present day, with the heads of the animals hunted; and are of every form with which we are acquainted. Still more interesting and characteristic are the banqueting urns. The latter, instead of the vanquished Carians—*i. e.*, the Cariatides, as at Athens, Rome, and Pompeii—are supported by vanquished Chaldean, Scythian, Bactrian, and Ethiopian kings.

Nor is it the various kinds of vessels alone, whether for ornament or use, that are found thus superb and magnificent; the chairs, tables, sofas, buffets, harps and different other instruments of music, exhibit equal taste and skill. In examin-

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ing these, one is reminded of the Egyptian golden statues, thrones, and foot-stools described by Homer as moving about as if instinct with life, and is prompted to ask whether, after all, the poet had much, if at all, exaggerated the veritable ingenuity of the Egyptian goldsmiths.

If we turn to plainer articles, these, too, surprise us, proving as they do how little we moderns have to boast of in useful more than in ornamental utensils; for Rosellini exhibits earthen-ware plates and dishes, carving-knives, with the names of the makers stamped on the blades, as at present; pots, porringers; in short, every kind of kitchen or cooking utensils that we can think of. In a similar manner, the Egyptian modes of hunting, fowling, and fishing are exhibited, with the different kinds of instruments used for each purpose. We are shown how aquatic birds are caught in curious nets; how boys catch other birds with traps or cages; how fishes are harpooned or taken by the angling-rod; how dogs are trained, &c., &c.

The artists do not content themselves with delineating the different articles; they also show us how they are manufactured; how provisions are preserved; nay, how they are bought and sold; and that in a manner as intelligible as the most graphic descriptions to be found in books. We see the tailor with his measure, scissors, and other characteristic instruments, in the act of fitting a customer; the turner, in the act of modelling the wood before putting it on the lathe; the potter in the act of modelling his vases; the shoemaker cutting out the leather for the shoe, and the coach-maker in the act of fitting together the different parts of magnificent carriages and war-chariots. The harness, saws, augers, compasses, squares, chisels, &c., &c., differ little from those used at the present day.

But how often are we told that there were no cotton factories in ancient times—no silk manufactories save those of India and China, if, indeed, there were any at all prior to our enlightened era! But cotton goods were once the staple commodities of Egypt as much as they are now that of England. We are shown every process of the manufacture both of silk and cotton—including the reeling, dyeing, carding, and weaving. Because the Egyptians committed their most important records to the sculptors and painters, it was long supposed that they were not acquainted with the art of writing. Those who maintained this theory argued, with much apparent reason, that had they been skilled in the use of letters, they would at least have written their scientific treatises; but it is seen that even their natural histories are pictorial. Rosellini has brought to light two of these—one may justly be called "A Natural History of the Animals, Birds, Fishes, and Insects of

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Egypt;" the other, "A Natural History of the Animals, Birds, Fishes, and Insects of the whole Ancient World." Incredible as it may appear, in the latter are found several quadrupeds and birds known to be indigenous to this continent.

But we are not required to depend on mere inference as to the Egyptians having been acquainted with letters; the fact has been placed beyond doubt by recent investigators. We do not mean that the discovery itself is of recent date; no discovery, in regard to Egypt, of which the moderns have the benefit, is more ancient. That the Egyptians had possessed a written literature, was well known to the Greeks and Romans; but they were also aware that that strange people depended more on the pictorial art than any other. This caused them to take less pains with such papyri as they found, than they would otherwise have done; in other words, they soon discovered that more information was to be obtained from the mural tablets, than from any other records of Egyptian civilization. At all events, it remained for one of the fathers of the Church to give something like a definite account of the Egyptian system, or rather systems, of writing. Clemens, of Alexandria, whose learning and veracity are beyond question, tells us that even down to his own time three systems of writing were still in use among the priests of the ancient religion, though only as those of a dead language; namely, I. the *Epistolographic*, called also *Demotic* and *Erichoral*, which was the kind in general use; II. the *Hieratic*, or sacerdotal language; and III. the *Hieroglyphic*, or monumental language.

The last was again subdivided into different species, according to the character of the records to be made. The principal was the *Phonetic*, which expressed objects by means of characters employed as signs of sounds; the second in importance was the *Mimetic*, which was part picture-writing, from which such valuable information is now derived; the third was the *Symbolic*, which expressed objects by implication, by synecdoche, by metonymy, or by metaphors, more or less obvious; and the fourth *Enigmatic*, which, as the name implies, expressed ideas by means of certain enigmas.* It need hardly be said,

* The most absurd theories have been put forward by different authors as to the best mode of interpreting these different systems. We will note one in passing as an instance. Thus M. De Gonlianoff and M. Klaproth tell us that they have made the *discovery*, (or rather that the former has,) the principal of which is, that the figure of any object whatever *may represent any other object*, provided the names of both in the spoken language begin with the same letter. According to this hypothesis, a *lark* may represent a *lady* or a *lord;* a *diamond* a *donkey;* a *dove* a *devil;* a *mouse* a *mountain;* a *saint* a *serpent*, &c., &c. Absurd as this theory is, M. Klaproth has inferred from it that after all the Egyptians must have been a very puerile people.

"J'avoue," he says, "qu'en lisant l'exposé de cette découverte j'avais peine à y ajouter foi, tant elle faisait paraître absurde cette nation Egyptienne si vantée, et

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that to learn to read all these, not to mention writing them, required no slight amount of attention and study. Even the Sanscrit was simple in its most complex constructions, when compared to the language which could be properly understood only when all these different systems were mastered. The remarks of Clemens, of Alexandria, on the subject, written in the Greek language, are still extant, but most of the passage in which they occur is exceedingly obscure. All that is important, however, is now well understood. This part we give in a footnote,* for the benefit of the classical student, subjoin-

on peut dire si révérée parmi nous. Serait-il possible, me-disais-je, que le peuple que l'Europe a regardé pendant plus de vingt siècles comme l'inventeur des lettres, des sciences et des arts, ait eu l'esprit borné, au point de se servir d'une manière si pénible d'exprimer ses pensées par écrit? Ces prêtres de Diospolis et de Memphis ne se seraient-ils occupés d'apprendre par cœur un tas de mauvais rébus et d'insipides calembourgs, qui ferait honte aux auteurs des devises dont les confiseurs de la rue des Lombards entourent leurs bonbons?" Here some think that M. Klaproth merely meant to amuse himself at the expense of his friend, the Russian *savant*, (M. De Gonlianoff,) who regarded his pretended discovery as one of the greatest of the age.

Λυτίκα οἱ παρ' Αἰγυπτίοις παιδευόμενοι πρῶτον μὲν τάντων τὴν Αἰγυπτίων γραμμάτων μέθοδον ἐκμανθανουσι, τὴν ἐπιστολογραφικὴν καλουμένην· δευτερον δὲ, τὴν ἱερατικὴν, ᾗ χρῶνται οἱ ἱερογραμματεῖς· ὑστάτην δὲ καὶ τελευταίαν τὴν ἱερογλυφικὴν, ἧς ἡ μὲν ἐστι διὰ τῶν ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΣΤΟΙΧΕΙΩΝ κυριολογικὴ, ἡ δὲ συμβολική. Τῆς συμβολικῆς ἡ μὲν κυριολογεῖται κατὰ μίμησιν, ἡ δ' ὥσπερ τροπικῶς γράφεται, ἡ δὲ ἀντιπρὸς ἀλληγορεῖται κατά τινας αἰνιγμούς. Ἥλιον γοῦν γράψαι βουλόμενοι κύκλον ποιοῦσι, σελήνην δὲ σχῆμα μηνοειδές. κατὰ τὸ κυριολογούμενον εἶδος. Τροπικῶς δὲ κατ' οἰκειότητα μεταγόντες καὶ μετατιθέντες, τὰ δ' ἐξαλλάττοντες, τὰ δὲ παλλαχῶς μετασχηματίζοντες χαράττουσι. Τοὺς γοῦν τῶν βασιλέων ἐπαίνους θεολογουμένους αἰνίγμασι παραδίδοντες, ἀναγραφουσι διὰ τῶν ἀναγλύφων. Τοῦ δὲ κατὰ κοῦς αἰνιγμοὺς τρίτου εἴδους δεῖγμα ἔστω τόδε· τὰ μὲν γὰρ τῶν ἄλλων ἄστρων, διὰ τὴν πλαγίαν τὴν λοξὴν ἕλκουσι σωμασι μεταχαράττοντες, τὸν δὲ Ἥλιον τῷ τοῦ κανθάρου, κ. τ. λ.—Strom., l, 5, p. 657.

"Those who are educated among the Egyptians learn first of all the kind of Egyptian letters called Epistolographic; secondly, the Hieratic, which the hierogrammatists (or sacred scribes) employ; and lastly, the most perfect of all, the Hieroglyphic, of which one sort is kuriologic (or eminently and peculiarly expressive,) by means of the first elements (or primary alphabetic characters,) and another is symbolic. Of the symbolic (writing) there is one mode by which the objects themselves are mimetically delineated; another, by which they are represented tropically (or figuratively); and a third, distinct from both, which expresses them allegorically by means of certain enigmas. Thus, according to the method of representing the proper form of an object by imitation, the Egyptians make a circle when they wish to indicate the Sun, and a uniform figure (or crescent) to denote the Moon. When they write in the tropical (or figurative) manner, they change and transpose the forms of objects according to certain agreements (or analogies), modifying the figures of some and transmuting those of others, in a great variety of modes. Thus, when they desire to transmit the praises of their kings in their theological fables, they describe them by means of anaglyphs (that is, by transpositions of the hieroglyphics, placing them out of their usual order, and perhaps also changing their figures.) Of the third kind of symbolic writings, which is enigmatical, this may serve as an example: the Egyptians figure the oblique course of the other planetary stars by the bodies of serpents, but they liken the Sun's to that of a scarabæus."

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ing a translation for such as are not acquainted with the original—a class which, we fear, form the large majority even of the readers of the "National Quarterly."

Nothing is more remarkable in the magnificent specimens of the Egyptian language that have come down to our time, than its uniformity for thousands of years. In the chronology of Rosellini, the records on the monuments of Cheops and Mycerinus, a period is embraced of at least two thousand one hundred (2,100) years anterior to the Christian era. These records were evidently made at different intervals during this time, while thousands of generations passed away; and yet there is less difference between inscriptions made at intervals of a thousand years, than there is between the English of Addison and that of Macaulay. The same words appear on the monuments, sound for sound, element for element, in passages inscribed at such vast intervals. This is a much more important fact than it would appear at first sight, since, apart from the insight which it gives into the character of the language, it proves conclusively that no foreign conquerors were able to obtain a footing in Egypt for a period of nearly three thousand years. The probability is, that that nation maintained its independence, and was the dominant power of the world, for a much longer period; but the proof of authenticity only extends thus far. No doubt the researches which are being prosecuted with so much zeal and assiduity, on the part of German, English, French and American *savans* at the present moment, will unveil at least a period of a thousand years more. Much more than this is confidently expected by the most accomplished Egyptologists. "German philology," says Bunsen, "to any one who has cultivated it since Frederic Schlegel, must necessarily present the great truth that a method has been found of restoring the genealogy of mankind, through the medium of language; not by the means of forced, isolated etymologies, but by taking a large and comprehensive view of the organic and indestructible fabric of individual tongues, according to the family to which they belong. Viewing the question upon the principles established by these researches, I found a comparison of the Coptic language with such roots and forms of the old Egyptian as were then discovered, sufficient to remove from my mind all doubt as to the Asiatic origin of the Egyptians, and their affinity with the Semetic or Aramaic stock. But I had, moreover, long arrived at the conclusion, from a more general study of language, that the civilization of the human race is principally due to two great families of nations, whose connection is a fact as much beyond the possibility of mistake, as is their early separation.

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What we call universal history, necessarily therefore appeared to me, from this point of view, as the history of two races, who, under a variety of names, represent the development of the human mind. Of these, the Indo-Germanic seemed to me the one which carried on the main stream of history; the Aramaic, that which crossed it and formed the episodes in the Divine drama. It had struck me, therefore, as a convenient course, and in our time in particular, a most appropriate one, *to make the structure of the language of these two parent stocks the basis of all research into the origin of the human race and the laws of its development.*"*

No researches have more strikingly illustrated the value of comparative philology than those of Egyptologists. None but those aware of their results could form any adequate idea of the vast amount of knowledge evolved by these researches. Of no other investigations can it be more truly said that they have shed a flood of light on the most important periods of man's history. We have already alluded to the insight they give us into the manufactures, mechanic arts, habits, customs, &c., of the ancient Egyptians; but they render us equally familiar with the mythology, religion, and jurisprudence of the same people. Nay, by means of philology and criticism, the student of history is enabled to study the disposition and character of kings who flourished thousands of ages anterior to the time when, according to modern *savans* and philosophers, the art of writing was discovered. The mere lid of an Egyptian sarcophagus is often found to contain an elaborate history, and one whose records are corroborated by various means. The Chevalier Bunsen, in commenting on one of these sarcophagi, makes the following remarks, the justice of which, as applied to the tyrant kings, is as well established as if those to whom they refer had belonged to our own era. Indeed, there are sentences passed by Hume, Clarendon, Michelet, and Sismondi, which it would be now more difficult to justify by cotemporary authorities than that passed by Bunsen in the present instance:

"The bones of the two oppressors who for two generations tormented hundreds of thousands day after day, have been torn from their sepulchral chambers, which were destined to defy the curiosity and destructiveness of men, and preserve their bodies for ever from the annihilation which they dreaded. Nay, Diodorus relates an Egyptian tradition, according to which both of these kings, owing to the apprehensions which were entertained of a violent outbreak of popular fury, were silently deposited in humble graves, and never occupied their pyramids. But the good and philanthropic king, who put an end to the inhuman oppression of the people, and in consequence of

* *Egypt's Place in Universal History.* Preface, pp. viii.-ix.

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this *lived in poetry and song* even to the latest times as the people's darling, *has even to our days*, although his coffin has been broken open, remained in his own pyramid, and has now, rescued from the mass of ruins, found a resting-place worthy of him! A notable destiny! The old monarchy of the Pharaohs, of which he was the eighteenth ruler, has passed away; two other monarchies have followed it, and the destroyers of the most ancient have also made their exit from the stage of history. The gods of Egypt have crumbled into dust; son of the Pharaohs is a name of reproach in the Pharaohs' land; even the language has grown dumb among the people, and threatens to vanish from the altars, where, though for the most part an unknown tongue, it used to be transmitted. The body of Mycerinus, however, now rests more securely than it did 5,000 years ago—in the world-ruling island, which is protected by the might of freedom and civilization still more than by the waves which encircle it—amid the treasures of every realm of nature, and the most sublime remains of human art. May its rest there, in the onward course of universal history, never be disturbed!"*—(*Egypt's Place in Universal History*, vol. ii., p. 178.)

The Greek historians are vindicated by the same investigators; that is, the inscriptions of all kinds on the Egyptian monuments corroborate the most important statements of Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and others—those statements which it was so much the fashion to ridicule at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and which are still subjects of ridicule to a large number who consider themselves second to none in intelligence and enlightenment. We know not a few who, while understanding no language but their own, and even that but indifferently, smile at the simplicity that would regard Herodotus in any other light than that of a fabulist. Nay, there are those who call themselves linguists and investigators, that entertain the same ideas in regard to "the Father of History." No doubt it was such as this Pope meant when he denounced a "little learning" as "a dangerous thing." His advice to "drink deep" is equally applicable in the present case. No Egyptologist who has drunk deep would venture to represent Herodotus as a mere fabulist. That he records some events which seem fabulous is very true, but in almost every instance of the kind he qualifies his statements by telling us that he relates them as they were related to him. At all events, there is scarcely an assertion of importance made by Herodotus as if he believed it himself, which has not been more or less corroborated by recent discoveries.

* The good king thus contrasted with the tyrants is Mycerinus, whose sepulchral chamber, sarcophagus and corpse were found in the third pyramid some years since by Col. Vyse, while prosecuting his researches in the great pyramids. While returning to England with several of these valuable relics, he had the misfortune to lose the sarcophagus in a storm on the coast of Spain; but so anxious was he to retain the most important part, although at the risk of his life, that he succeeded in saving the body of the king and the lid of the sarcophagus, both of which may now be seen in the British Museum.

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In speaking of the general character of the Egyptians, the historian says: "But as concerning human affairs, they agree with one another in the following account: that the Egyptians were the first to discover the year, which they divided into twelve parts; and that they say they made this discovery from the stars; and so far I think *they act more wisely than the Grecians*, in that the Grecians insert an intercalary month every third year, on account of the seasons; whereas the Egyptians, reckoning twelve months of thirty days each, add five days each year above that number, and so with them the circle of the seasons comes round to the same point. They say, also, that the Egyptians were the first who introduced the names of the twelve gods, *and that the Greeks borrowed those names from them;* and they were the first to assign altars, images, and temples to the gods, and *to carve the figures of animals on stone;* and *most of these things they proved were so in fact.* * * I now proceed to give a more particular account of Egypt. *It possesses more wonders than any other country*, and exhibits works *greater than can be described*, in comparison with all other regions. The Egyptians, besides having a climate peculiar to themselves, and a river differing in its nature from all other rivers, have adopted customs and usages in almost every respect different from the rest of mankind."* The historian here proceeds to describe the manners and customs of the people; and except in a few rare instances, his account agrees exactly with the pictorial records on the principal monuments.

Still more accurately, if possible, does the historian corroborate the information given by the mural tablets as to the religion of the Egyptians. "They are of all men," he says, "the most excessively attentive to the worship of the gods, and observe the following ceremonies: They drink from cups of brass, which they scour every day; nor is this custom practised by some and neglected by others, but all do it. They wear linen garments constantly fresh washed, and they pay particular attention to this. They are circumcised for the sake of cleanliness, thinking it better to be clean than handsome. The priests shave their whole body every day, that no impurity be found upon them when engaged in the service of the gods. The priests wear linen only, and shoes of byblus, and are not permitted to wear any other garments or other shoes. * * On the other hand, they enjoy no slight advantages, for they do not consume or expend any of their private property; but sacred food is cooked for them, and a *great*

* Euterpe, ii., chap. 35.

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quantity of beef and geese is allowed each of them every day; and wine from the grape is given them, but they may not taste of fish. * * The service of each god is performed, not by one, but by many priests, of whom one is chief priest; and when any of them dies, his son is put in his place."*—*Euterpe*, ii., chap. 37.

Many ask why did not the Romans tell us as much about the wonders and magnificence of Egypt as the Greeks of their time have done, since the former had more intercourse with Africa than the latter, if only on account of their wars with the Carthaginians. This question is asked triumphantly, but it is not the less easily answered. It must be borne in mind, in making any comparison of this kind, that the Greeks and Romans were very different in their appreciation of knowledge and love of discovery. The latter cared more for conquest than for the elucidation of abstruse problems; most, if not all, the knowledge the most learned of them possessed, they borrowed from the former. This is true of their historians as well as of their poets. Yet there were exceptions; all the Romans were not thus indolent, and willing to depend exclusively on what they learned from the Greeks. Of this we find sufficient evidence in the pages of Livy, although we have not room now for quotations from that author. Nor is Tacitus altogether silent on the same subject. He tells us (*Annal.*, ii., 59–61) that Germanicus went in pursuit of knowledge to Upper Egypt, and obtained all the information he could from the priests and hierogrammatists of Thebes. And that he was not unsuccessful, may be inferred from the fact that he endeavored on his return to induce Tiberius to send a committee of learned men to the same city, for the purpose of making such researches as the jealousy of the priests might permit. It is probable, too, that his advice would have been acted upon by the emperor, but the latter was jealous himself of the popularity and supposed "deep designs" of the former. He feared that if he sent away all the learned men to Egypt under the auspices of Germanicus, they would occupy themselves more with efforts to undermine his power, than with any important researches among the pyramids. In the time of the Romans Egypt was no lon-

* Bunsen has given a clearer idea of Egyptian mythology than any other modern writer. He presents us the various divinities in three cycles. The first containing eight gods; the second, twelve; and the third, the Isis and Osiris group. According to his system, the following are the six principal divinities:

1. Ammon, "the hidden God."
2. Rhem, "the phallic God," or productive nature.
3. Kneph (A-nub-is,) "the spirit," or world-creating idea, who forms the divine limbs of Osiris, the primal soul in opposition to
4. Ptah, who, as a real demiurgus, forms the visible world.
5. Neith, the creative principle—as nature, feminine.
6. Ra, her son, the father and nourisher of the earthly.

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ger rich; on the contrary, it was very poor; the nation had little left save the glory of other days—the imperishable monuments of their ancestors. The latter the Romans cared little about, and consequently, they did not think it worth while to annex the country to the Roman Empire. With the Greeks it was altogether different. The latter in their palmiest days were proud to claim kindred with the godlike men who built the pyramids; and the Egyptians were pleased in turn to regard Egypt as the mother-country of the people who were then confessedly the most enlightened and most intellectual of their time. Hence it was that the Greek and the Egyptian formed so agreeable a union under the mild and peaceful reigns of the first three of the Ptolemies. In commenting on these differences between the Greeks and the Romans, and accounting for the little information we obtain from the latter, even in regard to the countries which they reduced to the condition of Roman provinces, Bunsen remarks very forcibly and truly, that they "knew how to conquer the world, and how to govern the vanquished. They substituted Roman jurisprudence and a regular administration of affairs for the wantonness of court intrigues, for aristocratic violence, and the pernicious contests of democracy. They carried the straight lines of their laws, no less than of their roads, through all the lands of the earth, and along them marched the legion and the colony, the judge and the publicanus, the language of Cicero, *and still more, that of Homer and Plato*, into the regions of barbarism. Their generals and rulers were at least cultivated and lovers of art, in some cases learned men. How then did it happen that the Romans, so shamefully inferior to the Greeks, whom they despised and ill-treated, *did nothing for the languages, manners, and history of the nations of antiquity?* Simply for this reason—*because they did not recognize and reverence humanity in any nation but their own*, and because a love for knowledge and truth on their own account, was a phrase without meaning to them. They recognized no race of men as other than a degraded one; they loved and were beloved by none, because they neither offered nor sought in return the offices of humanity, and did not even confer a benefit, except for their own advantage. Their calculating self-love made them essentially beneficial rulers; but they had no esteem for their subjects. The conquered nations were to them objects, and not personalities; and this they were not long in discovering. Humanity was to the Roman statesman and practical philosopher—and they never had any but practical philosophers—a ministering handmaid, with whom it was not worth while, nay, it was even derogatory to converse, unless she spoke Greek or Latin; for these were

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the only nations in which they admitted a divine ingredient; yet, even in the Greek, it was not so much for the purely human, *in which the Greek surpassed all nations, even in the days of his grossest debasement;* it was for this that the Romans loved and honored him. The life of the Greeks allured them, because it was at once convenient and useful to their own mental and bodily self-indulgence; nay, the *os rotundum* of the Greek muse, as imitated by the Romans, by degrees captivated the ear of Roman audiences. Rhetoric borrowed from Athens and Rhodes made people rich and powerful; from the eighth century, it was considered good *ton* in the best parts of the city to speak Greek; little flowers of Greek poetry were scattered over their epistolary correspondence, and sometimes it was necessary to quote familiar verses of Homer and the Greek tragic or comic poets; lastly, Greek was very useful to the rulers of the world in their travels. But what end did the other nations serve, except that of furnishing to their lords money, and the other appliances of comfort and enjoyment?"*

It is true that Egypt had fallen into decay long before Rome had any existence. Before Romulus or Remus was born, miraculously or otherwise, the Egyptians had cultivated the arts and sciences; the pyramids, which will ever remain the most gigantic works of man, had excited the wonder of the world as the relics of a remote antiquity. The probability is, that much less was known of them, even in Egypt, than is at the present day. This, like many other assertions that can be truly made in regard to the antiquity of Egyptian civilization, may seem incredible, but it is well authenticated. We cannot, however, give much evidence of the fact here; but we think we can give all that is required. The best we can avail ourselves of in the amount of space now left for it, is the chronology of Manetho, as revised in turn by Africanus, Eusebius and Bunsen. The original record could hardly have passed through three more critical and able hands; and it has received the sanction of several other Egyptologists of the first rank, including Rosellini, Wilkinson, and Champollion. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not yet seen it, we transcribe the table of dynasties, reigns and years, with the total and epilogue of each book as we find it in the latest edition of Bunsen's works:

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* *Egypt's Place in Universal History*, vol. i., p. 174.

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BOOK I.			BOOK II.			BOOK III.		
Dyn.	Reigns.	Years.	Dyn.	Reigns	Years.	Dyn.	Kn's	Years.
I.	8	263	XII.	7	160	XX.	12	135
II.	9	302	XIII.	60	453	XXI.	7	114
III.	9	214	XIV.	76	184	XXII.	9	116
IV.	8	284	XV.	6	284	XXIII.	4	89
V.	9	218	XVI.	32	518	XXIV.	1	6
VI.	6	203	XVII.	43	151	XXV.	3	40
VII.	70 (Eus. 5)	70 (days.)	XVIII.	16	259	XXVI.	9	150
VIII.	27	146	XIX.	6	204	XXVII.	8	124
IX.	19	409				XXVIII.	1	6
X.	19	185				XXIX.	4	20
XI.	16	43				XXX.	3	38
Sum,	200	2,267	Sum,	246	2,213	Sum.	61	834
Epil.	192	2,300	Epil.	96	2,121			

A mere casual glance will not be sufficient to understand this. It requires a careful examination to comprehend the full force of it; for there are not many who would not require a plainer statement of facts to satisfy them that the Empire of Menes was founded so early as 2,300 years before the Deluge, or about 5,000 anterior to the Christian era—and yet this information is embraced in the above table; and it tells us also, if we will only read it intelligibly, that the last of the 350 kings whose reigns it gives ended his career 340 years B. C. It is, however, agreed upon all hands that the record is not complete. Neither the papyri nor the monuments give anything more than vague allusions in regard to the period intervening between the XIIIth and XVIIth dynasty. All that seems to be known with tolerable certainty about it is, that it was that during which the Phœnician shepherds were expelled by the native princes, as we have already intimated; and be it remembered, that the most learned investigators of the subject are of opinion that these shepherds were no others than the personages who figure in Greek fable and tradition, as Cadmus, Danus, &c. Be this as it may, several attempts have been made to arrange the chronology of the period. Those which seem most successful have been made by Josephus and Africanus, each taking Manetho and some papyri manuscripts*

* "These papyri, to the number of ten or twelve, were brought a few years ago, with a collection of antiquities, from Egypt, by a native merchant of that country; and they

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for their guide, but interpreting each so differently that nowhere else are the two more at variance with each other. But as it is generally admitted that the truth lies between them, or in other words, that both are nearer to the truth than any others, we subjoin the chronology of each, one side by side with the other:

AFRICANUS.			JOSEPHUS.		
Dyn.		Yrs.			
XIII.	60 Diospolite kings,	453			
XIV.	76 Xoïte kings,	184			
XV.	Six Shepherd kings,		*Invasion, Conquest, and Empire of Phœnician Shepherds.*		
	Phœnician Invaders and Conquerors.			Yrs.	M.
	1. Saites,	19	Salatis,	19	0
	2. Beon,	44	Beon,	44	0
	3. Pachnan,	61	Apachnas,	36	7
	4. Staan,	50	Apophis,	61	0
	5. Archles,	49	Janias,	50	1
	6. Aphobis,	61 284	Assis,	49	2
XVI.	32 Shepherd kings,	518		259	10
	[Euseb. 5.]				
XVII.	43 Shepherd kings, / 43 Diospolite kings,	151	These kings, with their descendants, reigned in all 511 years. After which, the shepherds were expelled by the native princes.		
		1590			

But no figures, accounts or descriptions can give any adequate idea either of the antiquity of Egypt as a nation, or of the wonderful works of its people. It is not the pyramids alone that show this. All that has been taken from the country is much more valuable in an artistic and scientific point of view than all that remains; for be it remembered, that there is not a museum in the world worthy of the name—in Europe, Asia, or America—whose choicest relics are not Egyptian. None but those who have travelled and seen for themselves can realize this. Before the dawn of Christian civilization, the Persians, Greeks, Romans and Arabs had in turn plundered Egypt; each carrying away whatever they could of her treasures of art and science, and often destroying what they could not carry away. And need we say to what an extent she has been despoiled in modern times? Every nation in Europe

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contain, for the most part, prayers or rituals, more or less extended, which had been deposited in the cases of mummies. There is among them the contract for the sale of a house, entered into under the reign of one of the Ptolemies, and three rolls joined together, written in superb demotic characters—characters which, as is well known, were appropriated to civil purposes. M. Champollion could not express his joy and astonishment, when, looking at the first of these rolls, which is pretty thick, discovered that it contains a History of the Campaigns of Sesostris Rhamses, called also Sethos, or Sethosis, and Sesoosis, and that it gave most circumstantial details respecting the conquests of that hero, the countries he traversed, and the force and composition of his army! The manuscript concludes with a declaration of the historian, who, after stating his names and titles, certifies his having written the work in the ninth year of the reign of Sesostris Rhamses, King of Kings, a lion in battle, the arm to which God hath given strength, and other paraphrases in the Oriental style."

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has alternately taken from Egypt as much as it could of her choicest treasures. No ship laden with the wealth of the Indies, wrecked on a barbarous coast, has been less spared in these respects; no fallen giant has been less spared by the vultures; yet, after all have done their worst—after all that could be removed has been abstracted from the country, there still remains, broken and mutilated, as they are, the noblest monuments of the hand of man—monuments compared to which the most gigantic to be found elsewhere appear but the works of children.

When Napoleon was at St. Helena, he said that if no other result had followed his invasion of Egypt but the discovery of the Rosetta stone, that France was amply paid for all the blood and treasure it cost her; and he added, that his object in going to Egypt was much more to secure such trophies than to gain any political advantage. This statement has, indeed, not only been discredited, but ridiculed; it has been asked what need was there to bring a large army in search of articles which could have been procured for one-fourth the amount of money required to support that army. To those unacquainted with the circumstances, this may seem conclusive against Napoleon; but be it remembered that he had brought with him all the men of learning and science who were willing to engage in Egyptian researches, and paid their expenses out of the public treasury. Nay, he permitted officers of the army who had scientific tastes to leave their camps and camp duties, in order to engage in Egyptian researches. Hence it was that M. Bouchard, an engineer officer in his service, was enabled to discover the famous trigrammatrical stone of Rosetta, the inscriptions of which contain more information than an octavo volume; and before a sentence of any of these inscriptions had been deciphered, the conqueror declared that he valued the discovery much more than the greatest victory he could have gained in Egypt at the cannon's mouth. The examinations of it, made soon after by M. Silvestre de Sacy, M. Ackerblad, and Dr. Young, showed that Napoleon had not at all exaggerated its value, since the inscriptions afforded specimens of the various kinds of writing used by the Egyptians. Of a similar character are the antigraphs of Casati and Gray, and the Gnostic Ritual of Leyden. The latter especially is greatly prized, embracing, as it does, many prayers and invocations, which exhibit better than any descriptions, the peculiar character of the Egyptian religion. It took the most eminent Egyptologists of the age nearly twenty years to read the principal inscriptions in the Ritual; and all have not been deciphered to this day, because they are written in all the dialects, or peculiar systems of

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Egypt—in the demotic, the hieratic, the enchorial and the hieroglyphical.

We mention these few tablets only as specimens. If all that has been brought to England alone from Egypt could be intelligently examined, it would be needless to write a word in proof of the extent to which the arts and sciences were cultivated in Egypt, at least four thousand years ago; not to mention the priceless Egyptian treasures at Turin, Rome, Venice, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Madrid, St. Petersbugh, &c., &c. In order to form a just estimate of the intellectual productions of the ancient Egyptians, it would be necessary to visit the museums of all these cities, not forgetting the British Museum. A tour of this kind, duly performed, would give a much more correct idea of what Egyptian civilization really was, than any examination, however thorough, of every spot, both in Upper and Lower Egypt, where any monument is to be seen at the present day. What a commentary it is on the vanity of the present age, that while there are many of these wonderful relics of a remote antiquity, too profound and learned for the comprehension of our most eminent *savans*, that ninety-five out of a hundred, even of what are called the intelligent classes, could not be persuaded that the Egyptians or any other people were capable of so much, or knew as much as themselves!

But it is often asked, Were not the Egyptians Negroes? No one that can pretend to have paid any attention to ethnology, can entertain even a suspicion of this kind any longer. That there were many Negroes in Egypt in its palmiest days, is very clear; but it is still clearer that they were not the Egyptians; although they were far superior both physically and intellectually in the time of the Pharaohs, to what they are now. Nothing is more conclusively proved by the monuments, than that the Egyptians were of a copper color, like the Moors of the present day, or like the Hindoos. All the portraits of Sesostris represent him as of this color; and the same remark will apply to all other personages represented on the monuments, and known to be native Egyptians, with, perhaps, the sole exception of Memnon, who is a shade darker. Virgil describes the latter as black; but he is described by Homer as second only to Achilles in manly beauty. The fact that the hair of the Egyptians is sometimes curled as well as black, has deceived many; but there is this important difference, that it is never woolly. The Negro type is easily distinguished on all the monuments, even from the darkest of the Nubians. Not the least tinge of Negro blood is exhibited by the Egyptian artist. The illustrations of Champollion and

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Rosellini will satisfy the most skeptical on this point; but the same illustrations prove that the Negroes were by no means so much despised as they are at the present, but were in fact thought more of than the Jews. To prove this, it would be almost sufficient to show that even Egyptian princes sometimes intermarried with the Negro race; which can be very easily done. We need not go beyond the case of Memnon, whose mother was undoubtedly a mulatto, if not a negress; but evidently one of a superior order. However, in this fact we have the secret of the erroneous opinion so generally entertained by a certain class—an opinion which has been much strengthened by the conduct of the wife of Potiphar towards Joseph. But, had no portraits been given on the monuments or elsewhere, the noble works of the ancient Egyptians would be sufficient evidence that they belonged to a noble race.

ART. II.—1. *De la Démocratie en Amérique.* Par M. ALEXIS DE TOQUEVILLE. 2 vols. Paris. 1861.

2. *Democracy in America.* By M. ALEXIS DE TOQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE. 2 vols., 8vo. London. 1860.

3. *The Republic of Plato—Bohn's Classical Library.*

4. *Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary. Article Democracy.*

WE do not speak of New England on account of its own intrinsic interest, great as that interest undoubtedly is, but because it contains to a superlative degree the characteristics of America; and without much exaggeration American life may be called the quintescence of life in the nineteenth century. When, therefore, we name individualism as the characteristic of New England, we have pointed out the leading feature of our modern civilization; a feature which affords us the Ariadne-thread to many a labyrinth of human desires and motives.

The first cause of this individualism is the abolition of primogeniture and the laws of exclusive privilege, for these laws are the index of wealth, and wealth is the exponent of a more complete cultivation, a more perfect, powerful manhood, in short—of an aristocracy. The world will never be without an aristocracy, for there will always be a class who shall be respected and obeyed as possessing in a marked degree the qualities of perfect manhood. God is continually sending into the world men who are very unequal in point of talent and power, so that, talk as much as we will, we shall

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never have perfect equality until the sins, and the virtues too, of the fathers cease to descend on the children; until the divine law of hereditary descent is revoked. And until that time shall come, the divine right of such kings as these will still be recognized long after crowns have become but crumbling relics. The distinction between this aristocracy and that of past ages is very marked; the one is heaven-born, the other of earth; the one is an aristocracy of birth, the other of race. In every country of Europe with whose history we are acquainted, the population has been composed of two ingredients: the conquerors, holding the wealth of the land, with its consequent cultivation and power; the conquered, living in silent poverty and obedience. The Spartans had their Helots; the Romans were divided into patrician and plebeian; in England the Saxon ruled the Celt, and the Norman in his turn oppressed the Saxon. After mankind had tried during five thousand years to govern themselves on the old principle of races, at a time when all these attempts had resulted in a miserable failure, and, in the darkness of the middle ages, the world seemed going back to primæval barbarism, God gave them a new world; new, not because before undiscovered, but because there the conquered dwindled and died, leaving the conquerors alone by themselves, to try over again the old experiment of society on the new basis of a single, equal race. As the result of this, in America there is no primogeniture or exclusive privilege, but in rights, if not in condition, all men are equal,* and instead of an aristocracy of race, we have only an aristocracy of birth.

Most men care little for what God thinks of them, more for their own self-respect, but most of all do they care for their standing in the estimation of their fellow men. The desire of our first parents to be as Gods has come down to their descendants in an ambition to hold a supreme position, to be honored, respected and obeyed by those about them; and, as Adam sacrificed God and eternity, so his children, to satisfy this desire, have ever since been giving up love, home, country and heaven. Of old this feeling in the masses was killed by the insurmountable obstacle of race, but now it has revived, and rules with invincible power, for this superiority is open to all, and the royal road thither is wealth. In fact, it always has been, and all the laws and armies of a government would

* The absolute equality which exists in society, and the actual sovereignty of the people of America, repose on a maxim universally received in that country, viz.: "That every one is the best and sole judge of his own private interest. Every individual possesses an equal share of power, and participates alike in the government of the state. Every individual is therefore supposed to be as well informed, as virtuous, and as strong, as any of his fellow-citizens."—*Dem. in Amer.*, vol. i., p. 79.

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not be sufficient to prop up the superiority of a race, if a monopoly of wealth had not given them increased advantages, with abundant leisure to improve them, and, in consequence, that more perfect cultivation which is power. Men once worked for a certain class; for with that class only could they gain wealth, and consequently distinction. They devoted their energies to the welfare of their country, for in that country's position and welfare their own was identified; but abolition of privileged classes has opened the acquisition of wealth to all without distinction of race—and the security of modern governments guarantees possession of it; so that, as a result, we have an intense individualism in the pursuit of wealth, and through wealth, of aristocratic distinction. The results of this primæval ambition, having thus full sway, freed, as it is, from all bonds of race or country, are very obvious.

It has changed the whole character of action. The labor of the plebeian was toil, weary and heartless, as his toil must always be whose labor keeps its fruits for others; but this hope of individual advancement has infused a life into this toil, given it a soul, and made it energetic, enthusiastic work. The reason why mankind is advancing so fast towards a perfect dominion over all lower nature, is that before, weary hands were working, but now it is the strong and willing heart. Men work infinitely harder to-day than they did centuries ago. The iron rod of the tyrant was terrible, but its oppressive rule was nothing to the weight of that golden rod with which this desire for individual advancement rules the world. In labor as in morals, a man is his own hardest task-master, for another can control only his greater actions; but a man's own will, like the attraction of gravity, acts upon the minutest detail of life. Many have claimed that our government should appoint certain holidays like those of the English peasantry, in which the overdriven mind and overburdened body might find rest. But if appointed, they would not be observed, for the New Englander celebrates only two week-days, the Fourth of July, the anniversary of his political, and Thanksgiving, the memento of his religious individualism; all others are devoted to an unceasing round of work. Pleasures are divided into two great classes: the one we may call passive, because the mind is then rather acted upon than acting, as in the delights of the bodily appetites, and to some extent, the gratification of our social and æsthetical natures; the other is active, a pleasure which we find in doing; that fierce, wild delight which makes the simple enjoyments of the English peasantry as insipid to the sense of a New Englander as milk after the taste of strong liquors. The American is fairly drunk with this fierce pleas-

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ure of action. Under its influence he dashes into the wilderness, and, with frantic haste, rushes up a house, a village, a city, and falls worn out ere half his years are gone.

This tendency may be seen in the most ordinary concerns of life. Next to family prayers, when all are gathered about the altar to commune with God, that time when the family gathers about the table to commune with each other is the most sacred. The gratification of the appetite affords a gentle excitement, the taking of food fills up the pauses in the conversation, and all circumstances tend to make the meal-time the happiest portion of the day. Now in New England they eat to live, mere sensual gratification is the only pleasure attendant on the repast, and after a few hurried moments the man betakes himself again to his business; he cannot stop to be happy.

That this is fundamentally wrong, there can be no doubt. If God had meant that our lives should be of this character, a continual haste with no time for enjoyment, he would have made the air all oxygen, and would have given us no capacities to be filled, but only faculties to be kept in action. He would never have made a part of our natures to be left uncultivated and dead. Labor may be the strong warp of life, but these passive enjoyments are the many-colored woof which must be interwoven there to make the texture complete.

This mad haste defeats its own end. As we have before hinted, the pursuit of wealth is not for its own sake, nor yet for the sensual enjoyments that it may purchase; but wealth is desired that by its means may be obtained the cultivation and refinement which are the title deed of a higher rank in society. If the American sometimes forgets the end in the pursuit of the means, he does but that which mankind have done for ages, and are still doing. The pagan worshipping his god of wood, and the American, in the pursuit of wealth forgetting the cultivation it brings, belong to the same category. The very intensity of pursuit renders this disregard more radical. When the means have been acquired, and nothing is left but for the man to enter in and take possession of the cultivation he has earned, his nature, dwarfed and narrowed by years of unthinking toil, shrinks from the task, and contents itself with displaying and vaunting the empty insignia of a rank the man does not really occupy. As in individuals the pursuit defeats its own end, so does it when we consider men collectively. The theory which they hold, consciously or unconsciously, is this: that a man shall minister to some physical enjoyment of the world, and in return for his time and talent thus spent, he shall, in the shape of wealth, receive his own subsistence, the implements and opportunities of cultivation, together with the

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leisure for improving them. As this theory has been universally put in practice, and men of talents and power have devoted their best years to the increase of physical enjoyments for the world, it has come to pass that sensual wants, and the means of their gratification, have become so numerous, that before a man is able to accumulate those possessions which are considered indispensable to the rank he aspires to reach, death comes upon him, and, like Moses on Pisgah, he dies in sight of the promised land.

This would seem to indicate that we neither have nor will have any brilliant men or profound scholars in America; much as our national pride starts at it, such is the fact. For the production of such men, two conditions are requisite: First, a highly cultivated class, transmitting for centuries the accumulated effects of this cultivation from father to son; for, aloe-like, it requires a hundred years to culminate in one of those brilliant geniuses which are the joy of the world. Secondly, a training which commences in infancy, and proceeds without interruption throughout every moment of the life. Continual fluctuation of wealth denies to the American both these requisites, for they can only proceed from a class possessing permanent, hereditary riches.

Though we have few brilliant or scholarly men, it seems as if, at least, we might have deep thinkers, for they have sprung from every station—the lowest as well as the highest. But, in order to penetrate successfully into the deep recesses of human nature, and bring to light those abstruse laws therein so deeply hidden, requires a quiet and undisturbed state of mind such as it is impossible to obtain amid the whirl and turmoil consequent on individualism. Such a condition is only possible where each class has taken its own well-defined station, without fear or hope of change. There is also requisite a frankness and sincerity of spirit which shall seek truth for its own sake.

In aristocratic countries members of the nobility, secure of their own rank, with every want of body or mind supplied, will occasionally turn their attention to those abstruse studies out of mere love for them. Certain of the lower classes also, despairing of ever emerging from the rank they occupy, will turn their whole energy to those studies which require no apparatus, we might almost say, no previous cultivation. Such men seek only truth; the American seeks only for a semblance of truth. To decide whether a theory is sound or not, requires the test of time; but before that judgment is pronounced, the author will be sleeping where applause or reproach can never disturb his rest. The American has cut himself loose from

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the distinctions of ancestry and rank, so that the past is nothing to him. This perpetual fluctuation of position prevents any permanent transmission of wealth or position to his descendants, so the future also becomes nothing, and he lives in an eternal Now. Accordingly, he seeks only that semblance of truth which shall in the present bring him wealth or reputation, and whether the future shall rise up and call him blessed or sneer at him as an impostor, is all the same to him. To discover the truth takes time, to find its semblance takes only energy; the one requires a wide foundation of facts as the basis of reasoning, the other only a strong chain of logic hanging from a few distorted principles which will not bear the test of experience. But time is money, and the semblance in the present serves as well as the truth itself; so our country is full of empty schemes, rash, wild theories, which shall carry with them to oblivion the names of their originators.

But having said that we have few brilliant or cultivated men, it is by no means conceded that we are behind the rest of the world or other ages in intelligence; on the contrary, we hold that our average cultivation is far higher than that of any other country or age. An age of individualism is an age of averages. The perpetual shifting of wealth is for ever carrying hereditary talents to the depths of social position from which they are continually emerging, and that power, which might have been concentrated in a few men who should astonish the world, is thus distributed among the whole population. Though it produces no startling effects, this average is fast moving the world towards the millennium. It is a well-known principle of political economists, that an amount of labor spent on a certain extent of ground will produce more than the same amount spent on half that surface. So this amount of cultivation distributed through the mass of the people produces greater effects than though it were concentrated in one privileged class; effects less brilliant, to be sure, but far more serviceable and lasting.

It cannot be denied that there are circumstances in our modern civilization which work strongly against this enlightenment of the common people, and most prominent among these is division of labor. Physical wants have multiplied to such an extent, and the means of their gratification have reached such a degree of perfection, that if one would come up even to the common standard of workmanship, he must devote his whole attention to a small portion in one of the world's numerous occupations. That a man who thus spends weeks and years giving his whole mind to perfect the head of a pin or point of a needle should find his intellect narrowed and

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blunted by the process, is inevitable. Whatever is mechanical, also, does its work quicker and more perfectly than that which goes by reason, for it is not for ever hindered and perplexed by asking "why?" It would be a tendency, therefore, that science and the power of reasoning would gradually die away, and a mechanical prosecution of the arts would take their place. Since it is science which moves onward, while the arts only spring up behind it, the result of this tendency of modern civilization would be that society would remain stationary, and men would become mere machines instead of scientific, progressive thinkers.

But this individualism in the pursuit of wealth has, with the bane, brought the antidote in an individualism of self-government. Of old, when each man was a soldier, and warlike munitions consisted only of a few swords and spears, kings governed by power. But this same principle of division of labor has come in, and sets apart a portion of the community, called a standing army, who devote their whole attention to the art of war, and, for their services, receive a remuneration from the government. By the introduction of gunpowder and the advancement of science, the munitions of war also have reached an astonishing degree of perfection, and demand a corresponding expenditure. As the result of these causes, not the sword-bearer, but the holder of the purse, wields the supreme power. The exercise of authority will not long be separated from those who hold the power, and as individualism goes on distributing wealth among all classes of the community, with that wealth it carries the power of self-government.

In England and the Old World this principle has not yet worked out its legitimate results, both because individualism is not there wholly freed from the bonds of rank, and because relics of past usages still hedge about the sword-bearer, and prevent the purse-holder from knowing his power; but it has been continually advancing, and in England the perpetual commotions and revolutions of three centuries have been caused only by a shifting and adjustment in the relative position of the king and people. In America, where individualism is perfect, its results have been worked out to their fullest extent, so that the purse-holders govern themselves, and there is no sword-bearer.*

* "Mark," says De Toqueville, "mark, for instance, that opulent citizen, who is as anxious as a Jew of the Middle Ages to conceal his wealth. His dress is plain, his demeanor unassuming; but the interior of his dwelling glitters with luxury, and none but a few chosen guests, whom he haughtily styles his equals, are allowed to penetrate into this sanctuary. No European noble is more exclusive in his plea-

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Self-government demands intelligence.

In an Aristocracy each one rallies about his own class, and exerts his whole influence for the benefit of that class, following the direction of its few leading men as to the means. But in a Democracy, the sole end is the good of the country, and, through that, of the individual. Parties and political combinations are continually fluctuating and changing their principles, so that the end only is fixed, while the means are doubtful. In consequence, the mind of each individual is a judgment bar before which are arraigned all kinds of theories and opinions on those most difficult sciences, political economy and government. These daily judgments, with their preliminary reasoning, for ever keep alive in the community a broad-minded intelligence which counterbalances the narrow and mechanical tendency of a labor-dividing age.

Another influence counterbalancing this individualism in wealth-seeking, is individualism in heaven-seeking—that is, religion. In classical times it is wonderful to see how utterly a clannish spirit pervaded all worship; even their heaven had its greater and lesser divinities, its *dii majores et minores;* on earth, too, each nation had its guardian divinity, each family its household gods, and by the intercession of these, rather than by their own piety, they hoped to be saved to enter that dimly shadowed paradise which bounded their earthly views. The Christian era was in every sense the new birth of the world, for then was first brought forth that great principle of individualism in religion from which the character of our modern civilization has sprung. Then first did the Hebrews even cease to be a peculiar people, while Jew and Gentile, bond and free, stood before God alone, on the ground of their own individual righteousness or guilt. But the clannish spirit of four thousand years was too strong to be in a moment subverted, and the new religion was gradually stripped of its peculiar characteristics. The Virgin Mary and the holy martyrs took the place of the *dii minores*, guardian saints occupied the position of guardian divinities, and men again hoped

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ures, or more jealous of the smallest advantages which his privileged station confers upon him. But the very same individual crosses the city to reach a dark counting-house in the centre of traffic, where every one may accost him who pleases. If he meets his cobbler upon the way, they stop and converse; the two citizens discuss the affairs of the State in which they have an equal interest, and they shake hands before they part.

"But beneath this artificial enthusiasm, and these obsequious attentions to the preponderating power, it is easy to perceive that the wealthy members of the community entertain a hearty distaste to the democratic institutions of their country. The populace is at once the object of their scorn and of their fears. If the maladministration of the democracy ever brings about a revolutionary crisis, and if monarchical institutions ever become practicable in the United States, the truth of what I advance will become obvious."—Vol. ii., p. 18.

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to gain Heaven through the intercession of others. The truth was still alive, though sleeping, and it again brought "not peace on earth, but a sword." The world in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries began to throw off these relics of a past civilization, and bring back the purity of religious individualism. Following closely behind this, as in France, even walking hand in hand with it as in England, came individualism in social position and in government. In the Old World this principle has not yet reached its perfection; even in England a clannish spirit still lingers in the forms and restrictions of the Established Church; but when the Puritan set his foot on New England soil, he had emphatically reached a new world, and he stood alone, with not even a cloud of superstition or the shadow of a form between his soul and his God. From this individual responsibility in religion there flow important results which hold back the spirit of the age from rushing to its own destruction.

The first consequence of the mad pursuit of wealth would seem to be an intense selfishness, which would eventually defeat its own ends by a dissolution of social bonds. In ancient times, the state was so small, and its existence so precarious, that each person by his own actions seemed to affect its prosperity, making his interest and the interest of his country identical. Therefore peculation and fraud were rare; man and his property seemed made for the state, not the state for the man. In these days, when governments are so large and their foundations so secure that individual interests instead of being lost therein are wholly independent, it would seem natural that peculation and fraud would be so enormous as to subvert all order and rule. In this mad race for riches there must be some too who by their own faults, or by the judgments of God, would be weaker than the rest, and it would seem that these unfortunates would be trampled down and crushed by the onward rush towards individual prosperity. But our individual responsibility in religion not only countervails this tendency, but even turns the current in the other direction.

Amid the enormous temptations peculiar to our times peculation is comparatively slight. Alms-houses and charitable institutions rise all over the land, showing that both private and public opinion is imbued with this principle of "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." So the selfish rule of gold on earth is softened and controlled by the golden rule of Heaven. Again, in a country where selfishness and unrestrained freedom of legislation were predominant, where also the majority had full sway, laws would naturally be passed op-

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pressing the few for the benefit of the many;* but here again this feeling of personal responsibility restrains the law-makers from infringing the rights even of the minority.† Not kings or emperors rule the world, but public opinion, and public opinion is here ruled by the law of God.

It was religion which made the wide distinction between the French and American revolutions. The Frenchman was striving to escape from a religion which he thought oppressed him; he was flying from a centre, and therefore fell into all kinds of wild schemes, and at last sunk into the depths of atheism. The Puritan, realizing to some extent the awfulness of the dependent eternity, and led by a feeling of personal responsibility, was always going towards a centre, always seeking the truth; therefore he found that truth instead of returning, like his successors in France, to a false belief, as a refuge from the horrors of disbelief.

The same difference is seen in their legislation.‡ The Frenchman was trying to escape from a tyrannical government, and he

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* Voltaire defends democracy, as compared with aristocracy and monarchy, more vigorously and more earnestly than any other great writer of modern Europe. "There is ordinarily," he says, "no comparison to be made between the crimes of the great, who are always ambitious, and those of the people, who never desire anything but liberty and equality. These two sentiments, 'liberty and equality,' do not *necessarily* lead to calumny, rapine, assassination, poisoning, and devastation of the lands of neighbors; but the towering ambition and thirst for power of the great precipitate them headlong into every species of crime, in all periods and in all places." This is followed by a contrast between the monarchy of Macedon and the democracy of Athens, in which the crimes of the former are shown to be much more numerous and much more revolting than those of the latter.

† "The majority in that country exercises a prodigious actual authority, and a moral influence, which is scarcely less preponderant; no obstacles exist which can impede, or so much as retard its progress, or which can induce it to heed the complaints of those whom it crushes upon its path. This state of things is fatal in itself, and dangerous for the future."—*Dem. in America*, vol. ii., p. 147.

‡ "In New England, townships were completely and definitely constituted as early as 1650. The independence of the township was the nucleus round which the local interests, passions, rights, and duties collected and clung. It gave scope to the activity of a real political life, most thoroughly democratic and republican. The colonies still recognized the supremacy of the mother-country; monarchy was still the law of the States, but the republic was already established in every township. The towns named their own magistrates of every kind, rated themselves, and levied their own taxes. In the laws of Connecticut, as well as in all those of New England, we find the germ and gradual development of that township independence, *which is the life and mainspring of American liberty at the present day.*" * * * *

"The existence of the townships in New England is in general a happy one. Their government is united to their tastes, and chosen by themselves. * * * The conduct of local business is easy. The political education of the people has long been complete; say rather that it was complete when the people first set foot upon the soil.

"The native of New England is attached to his township because it is independent and free: his co-operation in its affairs insures his attachment to its interest; the well-being it affords him secures his affection; and its welfare is the aim of his ambition and of his future exertions; he takes a part in every occurrence in the place; he practises the art of government in the small sphere within his reach; he accustoms himself to those forms which can alone insure the steady progress of liberty he imbibes there; he acquires a taste for order, comprehends the union or the balance of powers, and collects clear practical notions on the nature of his duties and the extent of his rights."—*De Toque.*, vol. i., p. 40; vol. i., pp. 84–86.

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fled into all kinds of wild projects which would have enslaved the minority instead of the majority, thus only changing the tyranny of the few for the tyranny of the many. The religion and the legislation of the French revolution were negative, an escaping from the wrong, and therefore came to nothing; the religion of the Puritan was positive, a search for truth, and therefore had power to restrain his legislation from infringing the rights even of the few.

But to build alms-houses, to live honestly and legislate justly, are very small virtues, not to be compared with those great deeds of self-denial which make the old chivalric ages glorious. True, these are little things, for, as we have called the present an age of mental averages, so it is an age of moral averages, the era of small virtues. There is a reason, too, for the difference. Of old there was no real self-denial, because there was no real self. From infancy the serf looked up with fear and reverence to the lord who owned him, until, at last, his individuality was lost in that feeling. The glory and renown of that lord became a part of himself, and therefore, when that glory or renown were in danger, it was no self-sacrifice to give his life for their defence. The lord, too, separated from his serfs in thought, feeling and action, freed from that great bond of association, the earning of a common subsistence, thought himself sprung from a higher nature, and pictured to himself a præterhuman ideal of life; an ideal that sometimes found expression in sublime actions of bravery and self-denial. But this was only one extreme. The sparkling crust of the wave has its black, unseen undertow, which beneath groans and gurgles unheard. When this blind self-devotion was directed not rightly but wrongly, when this præterhuman ideal was not angelic but devilish, then took place such deeds of iniquity as no history has recorded, because they took place in darkness; then human nature reached such depths of iniquity as only God's eye can fathom. In our age, bound by so many ties to the lowest as well as the highest, meeting thousands every day whom we must acknowledge as belonging to the same race with us, we cannot picture to ourselves any such extravagant ideal of human nature.

On the other hand, we merge our souls in no blind hero worship, but our individuality is as distinctly defined as a mathematical figure. So free are we from this, that we cannot submit even to the dead heroes who have always ruled the world from their graves; ours is the age which denies Shakspeare and calls Homer a myth. But though the lack of these things denies unto us those occasional bursts of self-denial which shine like blossoms of the century plant here and there in an hun-

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dred years; yet from this sense of religious responsibility there are continually springing ten thousand humbler blossoms of faith and love and charity; flowers which strew our life and make it not brilliant, only happy.

We have shown that in mind an age of average is an age of advanced culture; so in morals we can but think that an age of small virtue is one of the stepping-stones towards that time when there will be no great virtues because there will be no great wrongs to be redressed, but the earth shall be filled with love and charity as the waters fill the sea.

It has been said that we are not a patriotic people, and in these sad times men point mournfully back to the age of Mutius Scævola and Quintus Curtius. It is true that we are not ready at a moment's warning to throw away our lives in our country's cause. This religious individualism, with its weight of personal responsibility and the awful sanctions of eternity which it brings, has given to life an infinite value which it did not before possess, and men are no longer willing to throw it away in a mere burst of emotion.

Again, an age of individualism is not enthusiastic. The primary requisite of enthusiasm is implicit faith, without a doubt or the shadow of a question; a kind of faith in which our inquisitive, skeptical age is utterly deficient. But in the place of enthusiasm there has arisen another motive, stronger than this, which in the end prevails over the importance of life and the fear of death—a motive called sense of duty.

It is slow, this sense of duty; enthusiasm flashes up in a moment, claps its hand on its sword, and rushes to the defence of its darling institution; but this other feeling counts well the cost, and deliberately chooses its method of procedure. Enthusiasm makes splendid cavalry to come sweeping down over the plain with streaming plumes and ringing war-cries; sense of duty makes the infantry who can stand like granite, and need no war-cry save that stern voice muttering in their hearts "God and our rights." With defeat enthusiasm vanishes as quickly as it arose, for with the first doubt, its foundation of faith is destroyed; but sense of duty has calmly laid its plans, and deliberately counted the cost; with it there is no defeat, but annihilation.

The result of the conflict between enthusiasm and the sense of duty, clanism and individualism, may be seen in the English revolution of the seventeenth century. The Cavaliers rose up with a splendid burst of loyalty, and grasping their sword in defence of the king and their own privileges, they swept the poor hireling troops of the Parliament before them like chaff. Then this stern sense of duty awoke, and brought into the field

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its iron legions, under their iron leader, old Oliver Cromwell; men who feared not man nor devil; only God; men who swept England from one end to the other as the thresher sweeps his floor. In 1862 as in 1640 the descendants of these same Cavaliers and Puritans are fighting out this same great battle of individualism or servitude. When God had given to men this new world, free from a conquered race, in which to try again, and succeed in the great experiment of government, then the Cavaliers in the face of God's providence imported such an inferior race to gratify their old imperious natures, and now their descendants have arisen to fight the battle of the old civilization. At first individualism sent only her scapegraces and profligates, with but here and there an honorable exception, (and thrice honored be he who first heard his duty call him;) at first also the old Cavalier enthusiasm prevailed. But the same blood which swelled the hearts of old Cromwell's heroes under their iron jerkin is now fired again by a sense of duty, and the war-cry of the iron legions who shall fight again their Naseby's field and Marston's moor shall be the old watch-word of their fathers, "Thus saith the Lord."*

At the present day the favorite quotation of all faint-hearted and faithless people is this, "Westward the course of empire takes its way." They glance back at the fallen republics of antiquity, and mournfully shake their heads; nay, some timorous souls are even looking forward to no distant day when New York and Boston shall become like Rome and Athens, while some unknown island of the western sea shall gather to its ports the commerce of all nations, and become the centre of the world. Even when two cases are exactly parallel reasoning from analogy often leads to deceptive conclusions, but especially in the present case it must be unreliable, rejecting as it does the great distinguishing characteristic of the two civilizations, which is religion. While the Athenian trusted to his fabulous religion; while he believed that there was a divinity who watched over his city to guard it from all danger, and at last bring it out victorious; while his ancestors who had gone to dwell with the gods seemed to hover about him, rejoicing at his patriotism, hiding their faces at his cowardice—so long Athens, filled with such citizens,

* It is evident, says De Toqueville, that nothing but a long series of events, all having the same tendency, can substitute for this combination of laws, opinions, and manners, a mass of opposite opinions, manners, and laws.

"If republican principles are to perish in America, *they can only yield after a laborious social process, often interrupted, and as often resumed;* they will have many apparent revivals, and will not become totally extinct until an entirely new people shall have succeeded to that which now exists. Now, it must be admitted that *there is no symptom of presage of the approach of such a revolution.*"

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withstood the shocks of contending states, and even stemmed the torrent of Persian invasion. But when a growing equality of rank had brought out the awakening power of personal ambition, when the disputes of the Agora had brought with them the individualism of self-government, when the searching questions of Socrates and his disciples had elicited an independence of thought, the religion of an uncultivated past could not bear the scrutiny of the quick eyes turned upon it, and the whole fabric sank away, bearing with it all that patriotic enthusiasm to which it had given birth. The Athenians were thus left with all the centrifugal tendencies of a selfish individualism, with no centripetal force either of religious duty or even loyal enthusiasm to bind them to the common good. Their shortsighted selfishness could not see that their own was involved in the safety of the country. So they plundered the state without law or conscience; they sold themselves to the service of foreigners; or, sunken in an apathy of individual prosperity from which even the fierce denunciations of Demosthenes could not arouse them, they awaited the grasping hand of Philip.

The Athenian republic perished in the transition from the old to the new civilization.* They obtained equality of rights, they reached individualism in self-government; all that was superlative and distinctive they attained; but that personal religious responsibility which should have bound them together could not come from a false religion, and, like the French people in the eighteenth century, they were left in the saddest of conditions, an irreligious individualism. We, long ago, passed this transition state which has been so fatal to other republics, and, whether the present war shall terminate, as De Toque-

* Plato sneers at the liberty, or rather the license enjoyed by the Athenians. "First, then, he says, are they not free, and is not the State full of freedom of action and speech, and each one at liberty to do what he pleases? So it is said, he replied. And where there is liberty, every one will evidently regulate his own plan of life just as he pleases? Plainly so, under such a government, especially, methinks, men of all characters will spring up. Of course. This, said I, seems likely to be the best of all governments; just as a various-colored robe, embroidered with flowers of all kinds, so will this appear best, variegated as it is with all sorts of manners. Of course, said he. And perhaps, too, said I, the multitude will reckon this the best, *just as children and women looking at embroidered dresses.*"

In a similar strain of irony, he accounts for the manner in which democracies are formed, thus:

"Well, then, as a diseased body needs but the smallest shock from without to give it pain, and is sometimes thrown into disorder without any interference from without, so also the State that resembles it will, on the smallest occasion from without, either when one party forms an alliance with an oligarchal, or the other with a democratic State, become disordered, *and fight with itself, and also rise in revolt without any external interference.* Yes, certainly. A democracy then, I think, arises, when the poor prevailing over the rich, kill some, and banish others, and share the State offices and magistracies equally among the remainder; and for the most part the magistracies therein are disposed of by lot. Aye, said he, this is the establishment of a democracy, whether it be effected through force of arms, or from the withdrawal of the other party through fear."—*Plato*, vol. ii., p. 246.

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ville once hinted, in two independent nations, or whether we shall again become a united people, which we trust is much more likely, the facts are still the same. When the Athenians once, returning from a victorious expedition, heard that their country had been subjugated by the tyranny of the "Ten," they said, "We mourn for our city, we lament its palaces and homes resting under the shadow of oppression; but Athens is free, for we ourselves are Athens. The state is not walls or cities, but the people, and wherever we go we bear our country with us." So whatever circumstances surround the American people, their character is still the same; and while the distinctive tendencies of individualism are controlled by a public and private opinion imbued with a feeling of personal responsibility, so long, like the stars in heaven, will the states move on in harmony, bound by the divine law to God, the great creator of order and light.

ART. III.—1. *Men of Genius and Men of Talent.* By JAMES HENRY FRANCIS. London. 1853.

La Différence entre le Génie et le Talent. Par JAQUES LA TIERRE. Geneva. 1860.

WHAT is Genius? and what are its relations to Talent and Tact? Let us attempt an analysis of that strange and mystic power which is not so much an acquisition as an endowment. That she stands alone a crowned and robed queen in whose train her subjects are glad to walk and render obedience, is acknowledged by all who appreciate her spirit and bow before her majestic presence. What can fitly describe or illustrate that faculty born and nurtured by inspiration? When we would grasp her she eludes us; when we would embrace her she vanishes away! And our object is to detain her long enough to behold her proportions, to note her mien, to look up and catch her descending mantle, and to go on our way aided by the inspiration with which she has blessed our toilsome path of endeavor. We need hardly say that genius as a faculty of the soul, as an endowment of the spirit, stands peerless and alone, with none so worthy as to do her reverence. Genius is intuition. Men of genius do things by means of her influence better than other men can by all ideas to which access is made possible. She is to talent what passion is to logic; what inspiration is to reason.

Genius takes all baser metals and transmutes them to gold.

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The rough, misshaped marble block in her hand takes a shape of grandeur and assumes forms of beauty. She makes the lips of Memnon move amid desert sands, and brings out music. She is the sun which in his rising sends life beneath the ribs of death. Her children are sons and daughters of the Highest. The Infinite is the consummate expression of her influence and power. Genius alone can illustrate herself; yet it is allowed her devotees to worship her at a distance—as the greatest and the best; the father and mother of the soul is not displeased to receive the praise and adulation of his creatures. Of course we cannot hope to do justice to a subject like this within the limits of one article; to complete and perfect a structure whose foundation-stone was laid in creation's dawn; yes, "before the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." We can only bring some contributions to the grand edifice we would rear, and add here a column and there a capital; here an arch and there a pedestal to the royal palace. We have said that genius, more than any other faculty of the soul, is an endowment. It is not a cultivated plant, but a natural flower. It springs up in the soul like a mountain daisy all unheralded and unsung; like a blue-eyed violet wet with heaven's dew and filled with heaven's light; like a wild rose adorning the breast of nature with its many charms, and seen only by the giver of its life and the maker of its joys. Look at genius as rendering illustrious the lives of men.

When God makes a great man in the sense of transcendent merit, he stands isolated and alone. His birth breaks the mould, and "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." No bowed and reverent Elisha is seen catching the mantle of an ascending Elijah. There are many expressions of genius and manifestations of art—as in sculpture, poetry, painting, story and song. It is very natural to speak of the arts, in contradistinction from the sciences, as exhibitions of the divine faculty of genius; but that does not necessarily follow; for it is not so much the *manifestation* as the *inspiration* which proves the possession of the strange power of which we speak. Science as well as art is a production of the celestial plant and flower of genius. Newton, Kepler and La Place were none the less men of genius for not being sculptors, poets, painters, and the like. It is the ideal in the mind, in the soul; the conception before it has reached execution which seals the forehead and wreaths the brow of the sons and daughters of all art, whether embodied in thought, word, deed or speech; whether taking shape or assuming form in marble, brass, wood or stone. In other words, the artistic soul makes the artist, and the material wrought in has nothing to do with it.

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Amid still and solemn pines, in the solitudes of grand old forests, away back in the buried recesses of Nature, some of the loveliest and sublimest creations of God stand to praise Him. They may be dumb oracles to hurrying feet and busy brains and hands of toil; they may have no speech nor eloquence for the artificial world which Man has made; but they are presence, spirit and power in the sight of Him "with whom we have to do." The laborer plying his homely avocation, the clerk behind the counter, the sailor climbing the dizzy mast and reefing the flowing sail, the miner digging and delving in the bowels of the earth where the pure air and light of heaven never come, having been cut off from all intercourse with his fellow-men; these may be men of the profoundest genius as well as others. We do not mean to say that it is enough to have a grand ideal, a splendid conception, though choosing these might seem to argue the possession of genius. Men of talent may have these; but we must have the idea, the design, the desire and the *power of its achievement*. We must be at least worthy of the place and position, "whether these be granted or denied us by fortune." Men of genius are of right entitled to first-class positions, though circumstances may for ever prevent their ascending to them in the light of the world. Genius is often poor and obscure. Thousands of times she began her career wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger. "Foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests," but she "had not where to lay her head." And this is not strange; for merit in her sublimest shape and most beauteous form is crucified oftener than crowned.

We have spoken of genius as standing isolated and alone; and though a queen, yet unacknowledged by her servitors. This faculty does not stand independent of all alliance. Unemployed and undeveloped, genius is not a presence and a power. She must form alliances with other powers. She cannot drive her chariot without the harnessed steeds of talent and tact, and her reins of guidance must be judgment and discretion. The highest and most resplendent form which genius may assume, the image enshrined in all hearts that throb with the pulsations of immortality, rises on the vision as the glory and beauty of utility. The rose does not bloom for herself alone, nor does the lily stand arrayed in more than kingly grandeur only that she may see her splendors reflected in the glorious surface of lake or stream. They are "floral epistles" sent forth to teach and preach of the beautiful and sublime; transcripts from the "golden Scripture writ by God's own hand;" passages from the book which is no less of God because of nature.

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It is the utility of beauty and the beauty of utility which best manifest and express our theme. So we see that men who most exhibit and illustrate genius by learning its own lineaments are distinguished for nothing so much as for plodding industry, for wonderful pains-taking, and for persistence in labor. They work and toil as though all gifts were denied them, and armed immortality of mediocrity awaited them unless they should put forth herculean efforts to stand in respectable position in their several callings and avocations. And this is right. For the ideal never becomes the actual with the children ken has thus endowed. With them nothing is done while anything remains undone. The past is nothing; the present is nothing; the future is everything! When Columbus set sail from Spain in search of the Indies, every league of the watery route he traversed brought him nearer the goal; but the distance made was as nothing to that to be overcome, and his vision was lifted to the future rather than the past. He looked forward, not backward. The course of his vessel indicated the progress of his thought and desire. So of all great men. They have no time to hang their harps upon the willows, and to lament the past. They are the Demosthenes of their race, and their watch-word is action. Faith and hope are the handmaids of genius, not doubt and despair. The first are Heaven; the last were Hell. All men of genius are inspired and inspiring. Moreover, they are self-poised, revolving in their own centres. They who do not understand them call them egotists. No man is so conscious of his personality as a man of genius. The individuality of a great man is sharply and clearly defined. Mediocrity cannot comprehend, much less appreciate, the gift divine which sets apart and separates a man from his kind. A prophet is without honor in his own country because he is a prophet; because he is lifted by a divine right founded in his faculties and powers above his fellows. Talent cannot enter into the soul of genius; for the one works by maxims and rules, whilst the other "drinks the nectar of the gods," breathes the atmosphere of immortals, and has food to eat of which mortals cannot know.

To know the difference between genius and talent, we have but to note the achievements of either as contrasted with the other. Look at the works of men whose name and fame the world "will not willingly let die." Their works reflect themselves; they are the original results of their trials, aspirations, tears; they stand as monuments whose immortal fronts defy the ravages of wreck and time. No canvass glows with such colors as that which responded to the touch of a hand made lumin-

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ous and resplendent by art consecrated of genius. No dull, dead marble breaks into the beauty and wonder of life, and stands confronting the verdict of ages like that which has grown, and breathed, and burned beneath the plastic power of a soul thus endowed by God. When Phidias grasps the chisel and Raphael holds the pencil, we bow, we worship, we adore. We are not surprised at anything a Homer, a Pericles, a Praxiteles, a Shakspeare may do. They are guided by the inspiration of faith; they believe *in their powers;* and "nothing is impossible to those that believe." Genius plans and builds cathedrals—as at Milan, at Rome, at Florence, at Venice. Genius paints pictures; Reubens, Van Dyk, Van Wort, Angelo, Raphael, respond. Genius harnesses the thunder and drives with the lightning; her reins are of flame! Genius is not so much possessed by a man as it possesses him. At first it may come as a dream from which the sleeper drowsily awakens; but he soon finds it a blessed reality. It is a splendid possibility which has borne the matured fruit of certainty. It is a vine whose clusters hang golden with promise —not dead-sea apples which turn to ashes in the hand! But after all, Genius is a steed that needs to be checked and reined, or the chariot-wheels, like those of ancient time, armed with scythes, will rush on only to kill and destroy. Every shape of grandeur and form of beauty; everything that lives because it hath immortality in itself, and cannot die; everything that delights the eye till it tires not of seeing, and pleases the ear till it tires not of hearing, and touches the understanding till it loves to respond, and sweeps the chords of the affections till the music evolved cannot but continue its sweet strains, is the product of that which is the maker and subject of our theme. Men of talent have thought and spoken, have desired and planned, and executed works whose utility cannot be questioned, and lived and died the benefactors of their race. But all the way along their path were giants, building castles, and they have climbed with toil, scarred and bleeding feet, the great hill difficulty.

Genius is the bird that sits and sings and soars as her feelings move her. She rises like the eagle on her heavenward way; she touches the tops of the loftiest crags, and if she come down to the vales and plains below, it is but to descend gracefully and dip her plumage in the crystal waters of the mountain lake. Genius is the anvil of the dragon, which, uplifted, evokes all earthly and divine things; unlocks all secrets of nature, science, art; which calls, and is answered; which says, and it is done; which commands, and it stands forth; which makes things of what were not things. But we prom-

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ised to show not only what this strange and mystic power called genius is, but also what its relations are to talent and to tact; other forces upon which it depends for its best manifestations and most beneficent results.

Talent is not Genius; it is very unlike it; yet is there some resemblance,—that of a star to a sun, of a river to an ocean, of a pond to a lake. Men of talent are not only not without their use, but they are more useful than men of genius. Their number is more inconsiderable, but their efforts tell with greatest strength and power. The world's work is carried on by them; it is helped by their thought and care, its ways made passable by their plans and aims. Talent is not genius, but genius without the practical force which talent supplies were genius dead, inert and cold, not genius life-giving, beautifying, adorning, inspiring. Genius may place a heart beneath the ribs of death, but talent shows the heart how to work, and sets its pulses in motion. Genius may invent the steamship; but talent builds the hull, constructs the boiler, bends the sails, steers the ship, and makes the voyage. The ideal is of Genius; the conception glows with its new-formed inspiration, but it becomes the actual only when it has passed from thought and desire to work and deed; and when what *might be is*. Genius invents the pulleys, the axle, the wheels; whilst talent supplies the running gear, puts on the bands without which all the rest are useless. Nay, genius cannot afford to turn away in haughty pride from talent; she cannot treat her humbler sister with disdain; she must hear, and listen, and obey. The fruit hanging in clusters of profusion from the bough cannot disdain the leaves that surround and protect it, nor even the rough old bark which shields the trunk whence is its life. Reason is of use as well as intuition; logic is as essential as passion; Inspiration herself must touch earth in her ascension, and her robes must needs be woven and her crown braided by human fingers. Whilst man is of the earth, earthy; whilst he must live by bread, though not by bread alone, himself a bundle of wants and desires, genius sits solitary and alone, a widow indeed, if unattended by the handmaids which talent and tact alone can supply.

But what is talent? and what is the connection between it and genius? Talent is a faculty of the mind which enables it to put forth useful effort. "It comprises general strength of intellect and a peculiar aptitude for being moulded to specific employments." Such is the definition the learned give us. Talent, too, is the result of training in no such sense as genius is. We would call it an acquisition rather than an

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endowment. For instance, a man, as the result of years of patience, industry, and faith, may paint a good picture; or carve a statue, or write a poem. By following certain maxims and rules in literature and art, he may acquire an aptitude for certain special kinds of labor. But if he be a painter, he cannot paint like Apelles; he cannot make cherries look so natural that the birds of heaven shall be deceived, and come and peck at them. Talent in painting, sculpture, architecture, or in any other art, may result in considerable progress and efficiency, nay, may lead to respectability on the part of him who exhibits it; but that is all; eminence is impossible to any efforts save those of consummate genius. Nevertheless, talent, as we have said, is not to be despised; nay, it will accomplish what genius itself cannot achieve. Talent is intellect in its vigor and strength, and it is that which rules the world. If it cannot plan cathedrals, it can build them; if it cannot shine as the sun, it can twinkle as a star; and genius herself must look through windows constructed by eye, and ear, and head off this homely yet useful power.

There are but few men of genius; but there are a mighty host of talented men, and hence our necessities are met, our wants are attended to, and we are able to feel *terra firma* under our feet. Talent is seldom impracticable like genius. She shows what to do, and goes to work and does it. She has no susceptibility which cannot respond with good measure to any onslaught from the world which may be made upon them. She is no sentimentalist; she is no poet; she knows nothing and cares less about the muses. The nearest approach she has ever known to make to poetry was to string together reason and rhyme. With her things stand for what they are to the senses. If they have a spiritual memory, she leaves that for other natures than her own. Talent looks upon the world as a place to eat and sleep and live in; the objects around her she examines for the use they bring. An apple-tree is a tree that bears apples; and apples are good fruit because useful; because they can be picked and packed and barrelled and marketed; because they can be eaten and drunk; because they can be sold and will bring money; and money is the thing that is tangible—something that can be touched and handled. So of all other objects which appealing to the senses appeal to talent. Talent never goes further than the facts will warrant in any investigations of hers. She holds the hand of reason and of common sense with a grasp that will not let go. Trees are for shade or for fruit, not for poetry, moonshine, nor romance. Genius sees more than the tree and its fruit. She luxuriates in their suggestions. An apple to her is more

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than an apple. It comes to her soul with a significance and a power which go far beyond its material presence. It brings up the tree of life with its healing leaves and its fragrant fruit; it visions the fair streams and sweet fields of Paradise. But what do not the tree and its fruit and all other objects of nature suggest to the soul of genius? To the man of genius this world is a grand poem; to a man of science in the noblest sense, it is filled with images of grandeur and glory, of grace and beauty. Talent is content to use the eyes she has. Eyes were made to see with—to see profit and loss, title and gain, the best side of a bargain—to see how to look out for No. 1—to build, to live and to enjoy. Talent is not to be condemned. Not use, but abuse—excess is sin. Genius needs to feel that she has wants and desires which talent alone can meet and answer; that whilst she has wings and flies, she has also feet, and must sometimes walk, nay, even plod her weary way. We are not independent of circumstances, but greatly dependent upon them. We are bodies as well as souls; and whilst this is our constitution, we cannot afford to be indifferent to the helps and necessities of our nature. The relations of genius to talent are these—those of a parent to a child, those of the implement to the hand that wields it and to the brain that thinks.

This world can do very well without cathedrals, but churches are deemed a necessity. The fruits and the flowers of existence can be dispensed with much better than the grain that waves in all its golden glory in our fields, and which is indeed the "staff of life." Solids we must have; fluids we may or may not,—certainly not to the same extent. In honoring genius, then, let us not decry talent. Let us remember the loyalty which sustains her upon her throne and which follows in the train of her attendants. In the plan of the universe, every part is needed, and nothing in its relation to the whole design can be deemed insignificant. Last of all, we speak of genius in her relations to tact. We do not mention this faculty or power last because we regard it as least, but because it has fallen into the order of our thought.

What is tact? and what part does it play in the drama of existence? That it has some place to occupy, some sphere to fill, some work to do, is patent and plain. Tact is the clear eyesight, the unobscured vision of the mind. It partakes of the nature of genius, for it sees most, if not all, of the dependencies of things. It is the nice touch, the keen perception, the eye and ear, the head and brain of things. A man of tact may not be a man of genius nor a man of talent, as that may be defined, and yet he will succeed where both those

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fail. He will bear away prizes which genius and talent have vainly sought and striven to win. Tact tells us how to do it; when and where not to do it; when and where not to venture. Tact is human nature in her blossom and her fruit. She succeeds where everything else fails. She never quits the field; she is never discomfited; or if that, she is never wholly conquered nor overcome. Where the eye is true and clear, the hand steady and the brain healthy and the ear attentive, the work will be done and the labor performed in the best and most successful way. We know neither men of genius nor men endowed with talent, who are not prosperous and successful men. And why? Because they are men of tact; because they "keep their eyes and ears open;" because the seeing faculty sees all that relates to its good and the hearing faculty all that concerns its welfare; and because they are keen, shrewd, and above all, practical men. The bones of genius are strewn on the highway over which they would stride to success.

The greatest geniuses the world has seen whose monuments shall neither crumble nor mould in the passage of time, men whose words and thoughts and deeds are redolent of immortality, have been men who to a genius unparalleled have added talent full orbed and formed, and tact of royal lineage and extraction. In them has been incarnated the trinity of powers. They stand as beacons on a rock-bound coast, warning mariners of dangers on the sea. They shine as suns around which all lesser constellations are proud to move—obedient to their law. Their name and fame are imperishable. They shall endure when the everlasting hills shall fall away; when the fountains of the great deep shall be broken up; when the old shall melt and dissolve, "the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wreck behind;" and when there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, for the past heaven and the past earth shall have passed away.

No: genius may be dispensed with; there are but few that may bear her crown or be garlanded with her powers. Talent may pass to an oblivion which at length overturns all sublunary things.* Neither the endowment nor the acquisition we

* It is proper to admit, however, that all who have devoted attention to the subject do not find talent so different from genius. The most profound thinkers, ancient and modern, apply both terms alternately to the same faculties of the mind, as if they regarded them as synonymous. Thus Voltaire asks: "But, properly speaking, is genius anything but capability? What is capability, but *a disposition to succeed in an art?* Why do we say the genius of a language? It is that every language, by its terminations, articles, participles, and shorter or longer words, will necessarily have exclusive properties of its own. By the genius of a nation is meant the character, manners, *talents, and even vices*, which distinguish one people from another. It is sufficient to see the French, English, and Spanish people, to feel this difference."—*Philosoph. Dict.*, Art. "Genius."

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have named is indispensable in the sense in which we now speak. But tact, the faculty that enables us to know when and where and how—that in heaven and earth, that wherever man may dwell, is the staff on which he must lean, the armor he must bear, the sword he must wield, the word of faith he must believe! What genius shall be in the future, what talent is in the present, depends upon the recognition those may give to this wonderful faculty of wisdom and discernment which we name. In the coming ages of the world, both natural endowment and acquired powers will be useful or useless, a blessing or a curse, "a savor of life unto life or of death unto death," as they acknowedge the sway of royal and of regal tact. Genius dazzles, talent shines, tact gives forth a pure and steady flame. The first is the sun, the second the moon, but the third and last is the Joshua who commands them both to stand still, and they obey. No man can entertain greater reverence than the writer of this article for those specimens of splendid genius which adorn and illustrate the best culture of the age. Words are too feeble to paint the pictures which arise on the vision as we write—pictures and images of men and women who have made life itself richer, deeper and profounder, because of the highway of glory they have thrown up and passed over as they entered into their first immortality. The great soul feeds on food prepared and furnished by great souls. And we who worship at a distance believe what intervenes, and catch some rays of the glory and beauty that flash about us. We are richer for the profusion. Men as well as women are hero-worshippers; a worship nobler and worthier of immortals than any known to ages of darkness and

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M. Laharpe, in his *Cours de Littérature*, puts forward the same views. After fully discussing the subject, he says: "What, then, does the word *genius* signify, thus taken eminently, and in its most extended sense? It can be nothing else than the superiority of wit *(esprit)* and *talent*, and consequently it admits of being applied, more or less, to all that depends on the intellectual faculties. Hence we can say, in speaking of politics, the genius of Richelieu; in speaking of mathematics, the genius of Newton; in speaking of the military art, the genius of Turenne; and so of others. In confining ourselves to this definition we know, at least, what we say. Is it asked has such a man genius? Examine his works. Has he attained the object of his art? has his work those beauties which it is given only to a few to produce? This examination must be critical, taking into consideration principles and effects. If the result is in his favor, he is then a superior man; he possesses genius."—*Introduction*, p. 29.

The same author quotes several passages from Boileau's poetry and prose, including the following lines:

"On a vu le vin et le hasard
Inspirer quelque fois une muse grossière,
Et fournir *sans génie* un couplet à Linière."

Nothing more is meant here, he maintains, than what we call talent: "*Génie* est là bien évidemment pour aptitude naturelle, pour ce que *nous appellons talent, dans le sens même le plus restreint.* Il n'exprime *aucune idée de prééminence*, au lieu que, lorsque nous disons, c'est un homme de génie, il y a du génie dans cet ouvrage, nous croyons dire ce qu'il y a de plus fort."—*Ib.*, p. 26.

Nor are these views peculiar to French authors. Horace means just the same

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not of light. The eye cannot say to the ear, I have no need of thee; nor the ear to the eye, I have no need of thee; neither can the hand say this to the foot, nor the foot to the hand. We are all members one of another, and each a member in particular. There are many sides to truth. So there are many ways of viewing all questions which offer themselves to our attention. If all other things be related, and mutually dependent one upon another, so with the different faculties of which we have treated, genius, talent, tact, and their relations. We hope we have made ourselves understood in what we have written with regard to them. We have come to the end of the space we had intended to occupy, but do not feel that we have begun to exhaust our subject.

It is a subject which not only cannot be exhausted, but which cannot be exhibited, certainly not illustrated, but by those who are themselves its embodied exponents and examples. We take leave, therefore, of our queen and of her attendants. She has stood forth before us the impersonation of all grand and glorious, of all graceful and beautiful things. As she passed by, we could but bow and worship and adore; we could but veil our faces and look towards the holy place into which she has entered. If we have caught a single ray of her inspiration, if we have felt the touch of her mantle as she swept in majesty along, if we have been lifted up by her pres-

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when he advises writers to choose their subjects carefully—such subjects as they feel themselves best competent to treat—adding, that when they have duly studied them, neither eloquence nor conspicuous order will fail them:

"Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent
Quid valent, humeri; cui lecta potenter erit res
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo."—*De Arte Poetica*, v. 38–41.

Of the writers in our own language who have used the words genius and talent almost indiscriminately, but always making genius the highest order of talent, suffice it to mention Burke, Addison, Swift, Akenside, Hume, and Goldsmith. When the majority of these give any very different sense to genius than is meant by a high order of talent, they make the former word synonymous with taste, or the natural disposition or characteristics, good or bad, of the mind. Thus it is what we generally mean by genius, in the most exalted sense of the term, that Akenside means by taste, in the following passage:

"What, then, is taste, but those internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? A discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross,
In species. This nor genius, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, *nor culture can bestow*,
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul."—*Pleasures of the Imagination.*

As an example of the other sense in which the term genius is used, we transcribe two or three lines from the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy."

"Of all our elder plays,
This and Philaster have the loudest fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our English genius is express'd:
Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd."

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ence to the desire of being the humblest of her servitors, we are content; we have not lived in vain. And her handmaidens, too, if we have been enabled to linger even for a time with those who daily wait upon her and who thus enter into her spirit and are blessed by her presence, we are grateful and thankful. Genius, talent, tact!—whichever, in the providence of God, we may exhibit and illustrate, may we prove faithful and give Him the glory due his name. Be our talent ten or five, be it one; whatever it be, may it be exercised and not be buried in a napkin and laid away when the Lord of conscience shall call. Then, faithful ourselves, we shall receive the plaudits of "Well done!" and that shall be our great reward.

ART. IV.—1. *Observations on Modern Systems of Fortification, &c.* By General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, Bart. 1859.

2. *Système de Défense de l'Angleterre.* Par A. BRIALMONT, Capitaine de l'Etat Major. Paris. 1860.

3. *Du Projet de fortifier Paris; ou Examen d'un Système Général de Défense, &c.* Paris. 1840.

4. *Etudes sur les Fortifications de Paris, considérés politiquement et Militairement.* Par M. ARAGO, Député des Pyrenées Orientales. Paris. 1843.

5. *Niles' Register, vols.* 20 *and* 22, *Reports on Our National Defences.*

SIX months ago we endeavored to show, that if only as a precautionary measure, we should lose no time in strengthening our national defences.* Our remarks on the subject were then brief, because we thought that no elaborate arguments were necessary to prove what the experience of the world had already established. In all ages fortifications have had an important influence on the issue of wars; not unfrequently they have decided the destinies of nations. Nor can any change in the art of war justify their being neglected. That the strongest forts can be battered down now much more easily than they could have been twenty or even five years ago, only shows that they now require to be built still stronger. At first sight this may seem a contradiction; but in proportion as destructive missiles are increased the power of resisting them is also increased. Sometimes there may be exceptions to this rule, but they cannot last. When a new instrument of destruction is invented,

* N. Q. R., No. viii.

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it may do much damage before it can be successfully resisted; but in time, if not immediately, it suggests a means of resistance itself. This is sufficiently illustrated by the iron-plated gun-boats. Only a few brief years have passed since it was thought that no ship, let it be built as it might, could resist rifled cannon; nay, the opinion was very generally entertained that they were irresistible on land as well as on sea; to fortresses as well as to fleets. But now their heaviest shot scarcely makes a dent in the vessels which it was thought they could have annihilated at once; and it needs no argument to prove that what can be resisted on sea can be resisted on land. Only a certain amount of iron can be borne by a ship; in proportion as the amount is large it retards her movements, compels her to keep near the shore, or sinks her altogether; whereas any amount required may be used on land fortifications. This cannot be denied; it shows, then, that whatever has been alleged to the contrary, fortifications have lost none of their relative utility. In other words, if they are properly constructed—that is, constructed with a view to the new force to be brought to bear against them—they are as useful and important now as they were in the times of Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, and Alexander.

There is no maxim relative to the art of war more readily assented to by military men, than that every frontier town, of over twenty thousand inhabitants, should be fortified. Scarcely any deny, that let the size or population of an important frontier city be what it may, it ought to be fortified—that is, if it be a city the occupation of which would have a considerable influence on the war, either in rendering the enemy independent of his base of operations by affording him subsistence for a long period, or by enabling him to command important routes. Nor is it a mere maxim; it is a fact tested by experience, and acted upon by the nations most distinguished as well for their superior knowledge of the art of war, as for their general enlightenment. We need only mention France, Prussia and Austria as examples. All who have travelled remember the formidable fortifications of Cologne, Coblentz, Antwerp, &c.; and not one of these cities was fortified until it was evident that, much expense as the project would involve, it would prove, in the long run, the cheapest investment that could be made—an investment in which five or six million dollars might save a hundred millions, or perhaps the very existence of the nation.

But it is not alone frontier cities which, in the opinion of the greatest captains of the age, ought to be fortified, when of such a character as to render their capture and occupation of

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great value to the enemy. Napoleon had long contemplated fortifying Paris, though so far from the interior; and Wellington often advised the British government to fortify London. Perhaps the majority of military men would not deem it necessary to fortify either city; of London, in particular, this may be said; for there is a great difference between the two cities, as to the danger to which they would be subject in time of war. Leaving the insular position of England out of the question, which, by itself, affords a powerful barrier, it would be much more difficult for a hostile army to march on the capital of England than on that of France, assuming the defenders of both to be as nearly equal in numbers and discipline as they would be in bravery and patriotism. This Napoleon understood very well, and he did not hesitate to admit it. Whereas Wellington admitted, on the other hand, to the British government, that the arguments in favor of fortifying both cities acquired ten-fold force as applied to the French capital.

Accordingly, Paris is fortified in the strongest manner; and London yet remains unfortified. And what is the effect of this disparity? Do the Londoners feel as safe when there is a prospect of war as the Parisians? or does the British government feel as much at ease in regard to its capital as the French government? The excitement which pervaded all England, less than two years since, affords all who remember it a sufficient answer to these questions. The probability of an invasion, and the consequences that might result from it, were freely discussed by the press of every grade, from the Daily journal to the Quarterly; and no defensive measures were more strongly urged than the immediate building of fortifications, especially for the protection of London. Nor was the government less convinced than the press of the importance of fortifying the British capital. The only question was, Did the necessity of any measures of defence yet exist, as appearances seemed to show? While this point was being discussed with no slight anxiety, the Emperor assured England directly and indirectly that there was no intention on his part to commit any hostile act against England. But this had little effect; the general opinion was, that he merely wished to lull the country into a false sense of security. The preparations for defence were continued on an extensive scale, nor did they cease for a day, until a large reduction in the French army satisfied the most timorous that, after all, England was not to be invaded by the French, at least for the present. Several plans of fortifications, some of which were acted upon to a greater or less extent, were then suspended, but not abandoned.

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Before we speak of what the principal governments of Europe have done in this way in recent years, we will make a few observations on fortifications in general, avoiding technicalities as much as possible. Holding that nothing is superfluous that serves to shed light on a subject, which, however important in itself, is but little understood by the generality of readers, we will take the liberty of giving a passing glance at those defensive operations of the past, which, although sufficiently famous, are but little remembered even by those who hold the commissions of field officers. We need not, however, inquire whether the Egyptians or the Phœnicians were the builders of the first fortifications; or whether a German *savant* is not right in undertaking to prove that the tower of Babel was intended rather to guard against the future depredations of war, than against a future deluge. It is pretty safe to conclude, in passing, that men had not long been divided into separate communities, however small, before they began to build fortifications.

We can only judge of the strength of ancient fortifications by the resistance which they are said to have offered. Taking this as a criterion, we should regard those of Azoth as the strongest of all antiquity, since they are recorded to have held out twenty-nine years; nearly three times as long as those of Troy, and nearly ten times as long as those of Carthage. True, those which yielded soonest may have been the strongest after all; and most probably they were. But even the case of Carthage shows the value of fortifications: since by their means, the doomed city was enabled to bid defiance to the whole power of the Roman Empire for more than three years; and even then, it was lost only by treachery. Other memorable sieges are those of Alesia and Marseilles, by Julius Cæsar, and that of Jerusalem, by Vespasian and Titus. We refer to the former especially, because the best generals of modern times have admitted that they took valuable hints from Julius Cæsar, whose own description of the two sieges, in the seventh book of his *Commentaries*, will ever be read with interest.

Even the Jews, weak as they had become—a mere handful—might have held out seven years more against the disciplined legions of Rome, had they not quarrelled amongst themselves. Every means had been exhausted which was at the command of the Roman generals to reduce the works, but all in vain; for Herod had brought all the skill and science of the age to bear on the latter. This is, indeed, sufficiently proved by the results, without any reference to what the historians say on the subject. The Jews saw their holy city taken in the end,

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reduced to ashes, not because their fortifications were incapable under proper management of affording them protection; but because no fortress is so strong but it will fall before an enemy, if its inhabitants are divided against each other.

It may seem strange to say that fortifications have exercised an important influence on modern civilization; but it is not the less true. Be it remembered that without them the feudal system could never have existed. The chiefs of the middle ages could not have bid defiance to their king or other superior in power, had they not been able to shut themselves up in their castellated mansions. Fifty of their retainers thus intrenched could protect them, as they often did, from a whole army. Nor was it alone the feudal chiefs who thus became great and formidable by means of fortifications. The large towns and cities soon learned to imitate their example, and in almost every country where cities have been fortified, from the fall of the Roman Empire until the French Revolution, the chief object of the inhabitants was to protect themselves against the encroachments of the barons. Thus it was that the free cities of Italy, Spain, and the Netherlands were established. When the chiefs felt themselves safe from the resentment of the king, and the inhabitants of towns and cities felt safe, in turn, against the encroachments of the barons, it is easy to understand that the people in general began to entertain ideas of liberty. To these accidental circumstances, much more than to the labors of any particular race or people, does the modern world owe the most important principles of representative government. Although the feudal system had made less progress in England than in any other country in Europe, for reasons not necessary to mention here, the sturdy barons who demanded *Magna Charta* from King John, would have done so in vain could they not have shut themselves up in their castles and bid defiance to any troops he could have sent against them to enforce obedience.

But the use of gunpowder soon altered the whole system; we say soon, because it did not do so immediately. Different kinds of fire-arms were in use before cannon was thought of. Even when it began to be used by both besiegers and besieged, it did little harm or good for some time. This may easily be understood from the fact that even at the present day the most skilful use of the most powerful artillery often fails to do any damage. It did sufficient, however, in a short time, to produce a complete revolution in the art of war. It was thought now that any city having sufficient cannon was impregnable, because the besiegers could not, without exposing themselves too much, go sufficiently near with their cannon to do any considerable

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injury to the fortifications. They had to throw away their movable towers, tortoises, battering-rams, and various other machines, by which they formerly approached the fortifications and effected breaches in them. But, as already observed, one invention suggests another. The besieger seeing that his elevated towers and other kindred appliances had become useless, soon invented the plan of digging trenches, burying himself in the ground, and placing the excavated earth between him and the besieged, so that he might approach the works gradually and do much damage at comparatively little risk. But to counterbalance this, the besieged piled terraces of earth against the walls on which the artillery could manœuvre, and erected parapets, also of earth, which were impervious to balls.

Now the means of attack and defence were pretty nearly balanced once more; but the besieger invented mines, which, for a time, seemed to render the best fortifications little better than useless; but it was not long until the besieged tried countermines, which again restored the equality. Thus did one invention lead to another, until the bastion came into use, and caused another great disparity between the advantages of the besieged and those of the besieger; the former being the benefited party. This is fully illustrated by several sieges which occurred at that period, one or two of which we will mention in passing. The first that occurs to us is that of Candia defended by the Venetians, against the whole force of the Ottoman Empire for more than two years, when that gigantic power overshadowed all Europe, from the Black Sea to the Tagus. So vast were the advantages afforded by the fortifications, that although the garrison did not exceed two thousand men, not less than two hundred thousand of the Turks were killed in their fruitless efforts to capture the place; notwithstanding the fact that their cannon was the largest and most formidable then known in Europe. Not long after, the City of Ostend held out three years against the Spaniards, and did not surrender finally, until ordered to do so by the Sates-General, who had gained so much in other directions by its obstinate resistance, as to render it unnecessary to spend any more of either blood or treasure in retaining it.* The sieges of Metz, Marseilles, Peronne and Maestrict, may also be mentioned in proof of the value of fortifications, when vigorously and courageously defended. This is particularly true of the last-mentioned city, the siege of which occurred in 1676. The besieged were the French, and the besieger was the Prince of Orange, with an army more than ten times as strong, numeri-

* *Hist. des Pays Bas. Par M. de Troissart, tome* ii., *p.* 95.

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cally, as the garrison. After the city had been completely invested for six weeks, and several breaches had been made in the walls, the prince was forced by Marshal Schomberg to raise the siege and retire; whereas, had a different result followed—had the city been unfortified, and consequently captured, it might have affected the destiny of France to this day.*

Without adding any more instances illustrative of the great importance of fortifications in time of war as a means of protection, not only to the particular city fortified, but often to the nation at large, we may ask, Is it strange, then, that the idea of fortifying Paris is not new, but was seriously entertained centuries ago? There is still in existence an essay written on the subject by the celebrated engineer Vauban, in 1689. Vauban commences his "projet" by pointing out the great importance of Paris to the rest of France, and the consequent expediency of providing for its safety. "It is impossible," he says, "to take too many precautions to preserve it; and the more so, that if an enemy had forced our frontiers, beaten and dissipated our armies—very difficult, I admit, but not impossible—one cannot doubt that he would make every effort to render himself master of the capital." This, be it remembered, was the Vauban who invented the *parallels* and changed the whole art of attack on fortresses; it was he, also, who invented the ricochet batteries,† both of which have been in use ever since, and are still ranked among the most important improvements in the modern art of war. Some think, however, that the suggestion of fortifying Paris first came from Cardinal Richelieu, after his return from the siege of Hesdin, with Louis XIII. In the time of both Vauban and Richelieu, the city was surrounded with old walls which occupied the line of the present Boulevards, and which, although then in a dilapidated state, showed beyond doubt that

* When the Spaniards, under the Duke of Parma, besieged Antwerp in 1584, the fortifications enabled the citizens to inflict incredible damage on the besiegers. It was on this occasion fire-ships were first used in modern times. The explosion of one of these ships killed five hundred Spaniards and one of their principal officers, besides wounding more than three times that number. In defence of the same city a floating battery was used—one similar to that brought to bear against Fort Sumter by the rebels of South Carolina; although the latter claim theirs as an invention of their own. In short, so well had the fortifications of Antwerp protected the city, that all attempts to capture it proved fruitless; and it finally fell only when the citizens were reduced to the last extremity by famine.

† The ricochet batteries are founded on the principle that a ball falling at an acute angle upon firm earth will rebound several times before it reaches its destination. It had long been known that it bounded to a greater or less extent on the surface of water, under similar circumstances, before it finally sunk; but it remained for Vauban to turn the fact to account by floating batteries at such an angle and range as to make the balls rebound on the parapet, so as to do the greatest possible damage.

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the city had once been fortified, and in a manner quite sufficient for the means of attack then existing.

The project of Vauban was to repair this wall and strengthen it by the addition of an earthen rampart and parapet for artillery, and a deep ditch in front. He proposed to establish beyond this, "à la très grande portée de canon;" a continuous inclosure consisting of a regular permanent rampart with bastion fronts on the largest scale. He would also have added outworks, a covered way; in short, every detail of the most complete fortress. The outer "enceinte" was to have occupied a line only a short distance beyond the present "mur d'octroi." Yet another part of his plan was to erect two citadels within the outer "enceinte" close to the river, and on opposite sides of it, one above and the other below the city. The latter were intended for a purpose different from that of the former—nothing less than to keep the city in subjection, should it become necessary to do so. That is, the engineer thought that when the Parisians found themselves fortified, they might set even the authority of the king at defiance, should he happen to pursue any course towards them which they did not approve; and accordingly the two citadels in the interior were designed as a sort of counterpoise, of which the government might avail itself in case of necessity.

At different times afterwards, the same project was brought forward by military men; but the citizens were always opposed to it until the restoration of the Bourbons after the fall of Napoleon. The occupation of the city by foreign troops, who had imposed upon them a government they did not like, had greatly mortified them; and it was doubtless with the view of soothing their wounded feelings that Louis XVIII. instituted a Commission of National Defence, under the presidency of Marshal Gauvion St. Cyr. After due deliberation, the Commission recommended that both Paris and Lyons should be fortified; the former with detached forts sufficiently far from the city to protect it from bombardment. In due time the whole plan was submitted to the Council; but the Parisians having still in their mind the reason assigned by Vauban for building the internal citadels, petitioned against the measure, and it was rejected by a large majority. This was in 1822; and no other effort seems to have been made in regard to it until after the revolution in 1830. Louis Philippe had not been more than two or three weeks on the throne when Marshal Soult revived the project and referred it to the Committee on Fortifications. The latter lost no time in drawing up a report, which induced the Chamber to grant five millions of francs for the fortifications of the capital, and three millions

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for those of Lyons. Two years after, a further sum was voted; two millions and a half for Paris, and one million seven hundred thousand for Lyons. The Parisians took little notice of what was going forward. As long as they liked the project, they would not complain of the cost. But they soon began to think that Paris was in no danger, after all, from foreign invasion; and that should it be otherwise, they would be able to protect themselves, with the aid of the troops. True, they said, the Allies had entered Paris after the battle of Waterloo, but they did so not as enemies, but as friends. Had it even been captured by an assault, it would have been a peculiar case—an act committed under peculiar circumstances. What they meant by this was, that a man like Napoleon does not appear for ages; and when he does appear, he is not likely to end his career on a rock in the ocean. Besides, they did not like the plan of the fortifications.

The Commission of 1830 differed little from that of 1818–1822 in this respect; there seems to have been no difference except in minor details. But this did not please Marshal Soult; he differed in opinion with the principal engineers, and being then in power, he had only to issue an order. Hence it was that, instead of permanent fortifications, nothing more important than a system of field-works was undertaken. When this became generally known, the works were ridiculed as of no practical use further than to put money into the pockets of the contractors. A new committee was appointed in 1833 to examine what had been done, and suggest what they thought ought to be done in the future. As Marshal Soult was in power, they avoided giving any opinion as to the strength or utility of the works; but they reported that fifty millions would be required to finish them; and they thought this amount should not be expended without a special law. There was no difficulty, however, in procuring the passage of such a law; a sum of thirty millions was voted by the Chamber, but the Parisians threatened to rebel. They were persuaded by the republican leaders that the object of the king and his ministers was not to protect, but subdue them. It was in vain the authorities tried to remove this impression; the people persisted in believing that the real design of Soult and his master was to render the Bastile system stronger and more odious than ever; and their will had to be complied with. The works were discontinued at once; and thus did they remain for seven years.

In 1840, France from one end to the other raged with indignation on finding that the quadruple treaty had been signed by the other great powers. This, it was thought, could mean nothing less than a conspiracy to weaken, if not to destroy, the

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power of France. Soon after—the same year—Beyrout was bombarded by the British, and Louis Napoleon landed at Boulogne from an English steamer. All this served to confirm the worst suspicions of the people as to the designs of the four powers that were parties to the treaty—especially those of England. And here we may remark, that had it not been for the two other events alluded to, Louis Napoleon might have succeeded in causing a revolution in his favor. To this day, it is the opinion of Guizot as well as Thiers, that had he made the attempt previous to the signing of the quadruple treaty, and to the difficulties which occurred in the Levant, the probability was that a large portion even of the army would have flocked to his standard. Be this as it may, there was no longer any opposition to the fortifications. On the contrary, deputations were sent to the king urging that he would proceed with them at once. Louis Philippe was glad of the opportunity, and being well aware of the fickleness of the people whom he had to deal with, he lost no time in issuing a royal ordinance, announcing the necessity of fortifying Paris in such a manner that it would be able to set the armies of combined Europe at defiance. Conservatives and liberals alike were now in favor of the measure; all but the Red Republicans, who renewed the old cry of "Bastiles!" "Bastiles!" warning the people that they were aiding in forging their own chains; that as soon as the works were finished they would become the slaves of a military despotism. But the Parisians had been imposed upon too often to pay much attention to such "warnings," and accordingly, instead of offering any opposition, they did all in their power to hasten the progress of the works.

Money was now voted in enormous sums; much larger sums than had ever before been asked for; and there was a proportionate increase in the magnitude of the fortifications. According to the plan of 1833, which had been rejected as too expensive, little more was to have been done than to strengthen and loop-hole the "mur d'octroi," the old wall to which we have previously alluded. Beyond this, at distances varying from a mile to a mile and a half, detached forts were to be built, each capable of containing a thousand men. Now this plan was entirely set aside as inadequate to the purpose for which it was intended, and a plan was adopted in its stead known to be more than five times more expensive, but securing ten times as much strength and protection.

The final result was a series of the most stupendous fortifications ever constructed in ancient or modern times—fortifications which the best engineers of Europe and America have pronounced impregnable. It may seem incredible that they

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are of such enormous strength, and constructed with so much skill as to be capable of bidding defiance to all the forces that combined Europe could send against them; yet this is the general opinion of military men. Doubtless they could be taken notwithstanding, but not without causing immense loss to the besiegers; probably too great a loss to be compensated by the capture and occupation even of a city like Paris. This will be more readily understood by those who have not had an opportunity of seeing the works, from an observation or two in regard to their extent, position and form.

The continuous rampart which now surrounds Paris, forming a circuit of nearly twenty-four miles, is more than seventy feet wide, faced with a wall more than thirty feet high, and with a ditch in front of it twenty feet deep. May it not be doubted whether the fabled wall of Babylon was equal to this in dimensions or strength? Yet the wall, stupendous as it is, is by no means the most important part of the fortifications of Paris. The fifteen detached forts which protect it on the outside, at distances varying from one to three miles, and the smallest of which is capable of accommodating four thousand men, are regarded as much more formidable works—not to mention the Château de Vincennes—constructed, as all are, in a manner that brings them at least as near to perfection as any other fortifications in the world. The armament, voted in time of profound peace, consists of two hundred and twenty pieces of heavy ordnance, and one hundred and twenty field-guns, with proportionate material of all kinds. The powder magazines, all of which are in the forts, are intended to contain four million four hundred thousand (4,400,000) pounds of powder.

The Parisians, with their characteristic jealousy in regard to anything having even the appearance of an infringement on their liberties, petitioned the Chamber that the fortifications should not be armed except in time of war. In order to satisfy them in this respect, it was resolved, at the suggestion of the government, that the armament should be deposited at Bourges, and not be brought to Paris until needed for war purposes. There is no longer any fear on this point; scarcely any believe any longer that the main object of Louis Philippe in fortifying Paris was to be prepared, not for a foreign invasion, but for an insurrection of the inhabitants. If there are any who do still cling to this belief, they have entirely changed their mind in regard to it. Many now admit that if the government could not prevent insurrectionary movements by other means, it had a perfect right to have recourse to fortifications, and that the people have no more cause to complain of the fortifications, than they have of the general police system, whose

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intention as well as duty it is to protect the inhabitants. In one case as well as in the other, protection is the object sought.

If a city is not to be fortified in order to save it from capture or bombardment in times of war, lest its armament might be turned against the inhabitants, the same argument would hold against raising armies to repel invasion, or to maintain the integrity of the nation. Thus, we have no more right to think that the liberties of the Parisians are endangered because their city is so fortified that the guns of the forts may be turned against themselves, than they have to think that our liberties are in danger because we have found it necessary to raise a large army to prevent the dismemberment of the Union. No one doubts that the one-tenth part of the Federal troops could hold New York in entire subjection; but it is equally true that no one fears that any such holding will be attempted.

That the fortifications of Paris completely command the city is very true. They would enable a comparatively small number of troops to put down the most formidable insurrection with little loss, and if necessary to lay the city in ashes. M. Arago has shown that the garrisons of the detached forts could cover Paris ("la totalité de Paris") with shot and shell even if the range of cannon and mortars were limited to 4,000 metres; whereas, to his own knowledge, several pieces of the artillery forming the armament projected shells to a distance of 6,000 metres.* But even at the former range, any number of insurgents could easily be brought to subjection.

As soon as there was any manifestation of an insurrectionary spirit, the detached forts could be manned gradually without creating any suspicion on the part of the inhabitants, so that in three or four days they might contain a force of 60,000 men. This force would, of course, command all the avenues to the capital, so that the refractory citizens could be brought to their senses without the firing of a gun. Who will deny that this would be a benefit to themselves rather than an evil, judging future insurrections by the past? In any case of riot or insurrection, the humane, as well as the judicious course, is to send an overwhelming force to suppress it. The rioters or insurgents would be overawed; finding opposition useless, they would submit, and thereby prevent the effusion of blood; whereas, if only a small force is sent, it is pretty sure to be attacked, and perhaps defeated.

This lesson we learned ourselves to our cost at Fort Sumter. Had the fort been sufficiently garrisoned, the rebels would

* Etudes, &c., p. 21.

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have made no attempt to capture it; but left as it was, with only a handful of men, they knew it was completely in their power. The same remark will apply to the feeble attempts made to reinforce it. First, the rebels were rather encouraged than otherwise by the sending of a single commercial steamer, which they could, and did, easily drive away. When, in addition to this, they captured the fort, it was not strange that they regarded the Government as unable to put them down. We see the same fact illustrated in a riot. If only a few police are sent to quell it, the probability is that both sides will turn on the peace-makers; whereas, if a sufficient force is sent, there is no further trouble; so that let us regard the fortifications of Paris, or of any other large city, from what point of view we may, it is impossible to deny that their effect is good.

The best proof that it was right, after all, on the part of the French government to fortify Paris, is, that those who censure it most were anxious to do the same themselves when they apprehended that France had hostile intentions. Scarcely two years have elapsed yet since the press and people of England were discussing the necessity of fortifying not only London, but every important place in the United Kingdom. The most respectable journals—those that could not be charged with needless timidity, did not think it in the least derogatory to themselves, or to their country, to engage in the discussion. As an instance, suffice it to mention the *Westminster Review*, and give an extract or two from one of its articles on the subject—enough to show that we do not exaggerate the facts. Speaking in general terms of the danger to be apprehended, the *Westminster* remarks:

"Opinions may and do vary very much as to the probability of our being attacked, but the arguments against it of the most sanguine are insufficient. Such arguments should prove an invasion to be not only improbable, but impossible, before they should induce us to forego measures for our security. We know it to be most improbable that our house will be burned down, but that does not prevent those who are duly provident from insuring and taking other precautions to prevent the calamity. But in what do the improbabilities consist? First, they say, in the good dispositions of the French Emperor towards us; and secondly, that it is not his interest nor that of France to be involved in hostilities against such a power as ours. None have yet been bold enough to assert that no subject of differences can with any probability be expected to rise between us, and it is well known how soon such differences may remove the most friendly feelings, and engender the most bitter animosities. At such a period, reason is rendered powerless; for when national disputes take place, each country, with one voice, espouses its own cause of quarrel, and, as justice cannot be with both, pride and ambition, assumed self-interests, and all the passions which spring from national rivalry, take the place of reason and carry

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the day; nor is it in the power of the greatest advocates for peace to make it otherwise."—*West. R., No.* 146, *Art.* "*National Defences.*"

The grounds for apprehension on the part of England are discussed with similar freedom, but in the language of moderation and courtesy. Not an offensive word is said of France in the whole article; on the contrary, its whole tenor is rather complimentary than otherwise. We mention this, simply because it does not follow that, if we had reason to believe that France and England, or both, will sooner or later pick a quarrel with us, whether on account of the present rebellion or some other pretext, that we should not discuss the probabilities and probable results of such an attack, without allowing passion to get the better of reason. Referring to the French navy and its movements, the English reviewer says:

"Their fleet, however, which has been enormously increased of late years, can be for no other service than to act in hostility to us; and, although it is said to be only rising to the strength always contemplated by preceding rulers as necessary and legitimate, most certainly the scale thus adopted was designed for no other purpose than to establish a power to rival Great Britain in its most tender and vulnerable point; and the accomplishment of that design, at any time, would have given the same grounds for alarm.

"Then we have accounts from all parts of the world of the military preparations and resources collected at stations of which they are already in possession, and the formation of new establishments, wherever a position can be found to threaten or control a British colony, and our government has full reason to be aware of the minute researches that are made systematically into the military state and condition of all our territories. In short, nothing can be more perfect than the system which the French have organized for obtaining every advantage, wherever it may be thought advisable to strike a blow, in the event of hostilities occurring with this country."—*Ib.*

At the beginning of our article, we have spoken of the difficulty of taking London, as compared to Paris, supposing both cities to be unfortified; but, that the most intelligent Englishmen do not pretend themselves that the capture of London would be impossible, may be seen from the following extract:

"The danger to be apprehended is, that unless we shall be far better prepared than we have hitherto been, a French army might land on the coast of England, and by one great enterprise, *obtain possession of London.* We consider it needless to reason upon the consequences of such a success; there cannot be a question but that it would be attended by such a thorough disorganization of all our means, that we should lie prostrate at the foot of our enemy, and submit to any law which he might be pleased to impose. The conquest of England may be considered an impossibility; but her humiliation and deprivation of power and riches would produce substantially equivalent effects."—*Ib.*

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But it was in no vague terms that the best minds of England, in and out of Parliament, discussed the question of an invasion by France, and the necessity of being prepared for the worst. Although London is nearly in the heart of England, the question in regard to it was, not whether it ought to be fortified, but how should it be done.

"The most influential writers on the defence of London seem to have been carried away by the idea of a standing refuge and stronghold at the metropolis, the great stake of the country, and by the existence of some striking features in the eminences around it, well adapted for defensive purposes; but none of them could have analyzed the subject in detail, if the above remarks are at all correct. Thus, in estimating the quantity of land required for the works, they propose to take merely the ground on which the few permanent works which they project would stand, leaving the land around, up to the very edges of the ditches, in the hands of private individuals. They calculate on obtaining such lands at £200 per acre, and the whole system would be completed for £800,000—that is, not more than one-seventh of the cost of fortifying Paris, which is scarcely one-half of its extent; and as regards the system of defence, the French have surely sufficient military intelligence not so greatly to overdo *what was necessary*. The great fallacy, in treating of defences for London, is in assuming that, with a few forts, dotted at four or five miles asunder, the rest could be prepared rapidly, at the period of the emergency; whereas, to make even a tolerably efficient contour of works, the preparations must be long, and very costly, and the attendant devastations would never be submitted to in this country. It can readily be shown that the defence of the lines of Lisbon, of Sebastopol, and other places, which are sometimes advanced as examples, were undertaken under totally different circumstances.

"It is not a question of the importance of saving London, but of the way in which it is to be done. It is not the part of resolute men to be deterred from a bold effort by too much thought as to the results of a failure; but some consideration may reasonably be given to such effects, where the chance of success is more than doubtful, and the consequence of defeat entails *no less than the sack of the city;* the horrors of which, in spite of all the boasted civilization of the present day, would be much on a par with any similar catastrophe by the Goths and Vandals."—*West. R., No.* 146.

We have copied these remarks not only because they show that England would be very glad to have London as strongly fortified as Paris, however much certain English journals decried the latter project while it was being carried out, as an infringement on the liberties of the Parisians, but also because the same reasoning applies to our own Atlantic cities with ten-fold force, and especially to New York and Boston, which in effect are as much frontier cities as Cronstadt and Sebastopol, Cologne and Coblentz.

It is a singular fact that the subject of fortifications occupied the attention of both government and people more than twenty years ago than it does now. Then England was the

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only power that was supposed to be at all likely to attempt an invasion of this country; now it is deemed at least as likely that France would interfere in our present troubles as England. Austria, too, and even Prussia, have been spoken of from time to time as likely to join France and England, should the latter resolve on armed intervention; yet all our large cities are utterly unprotected. There is not one of them whose fortifications are sufficient to prevent it from being bombarded by the combined fleets of England and France; nay, we are afraid that not one of them would be safe from capture in the event of its being attacked to-morrow. This we believe is the opinion of the best engineers of Europe and America. If it be urged that in any case a city is liable to capture, we have examples enough to show the contrary.

It will be remembered that the fortifications of Cronstadt were able to set the combined fleets of England and France at defiance. It was in vain that they tried again and again to attack the fortress; in the face of Europe and the world they were forced to abandon the attempt as a hopeless one. Even Sebastopol, whose fortifications were never strong, held out for nearly a whole year, against the armies and navies of England, France, Turkey and Sardinia. All remember how much it had cost in the end to capture the city; and who will compare any of our great Atlantic cities to Sebastopol, in point of importance? When the latter was taken finally, it was of little value to the captors; it could not afford them supplies for two weeks; nor was it of much value as a base of operations against Russia. Its occupation might have continued to this day with very little inconvenience to the latter. This Napoleon III. understood, and hence it was that he was so ready to offer terms of peace to the Czar. But could the same be said of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Baltimore? The possession of any one of these cities would be of the greatest importance to a power like England or France, since it would not only afford them supplies for a large army, but also furnish a base of operations, where expeditions could be fitted out to operate against any part of the coast.

But if we had no further proof of the value of fortifications as a means of protection than that furnished by the fortifications of Charleston, would it not be sufficient? Fort Sumter alone has hitherto been able to set our most formidable gunboats at defiance. If this be denied, it must be admitted that there has been much culpable carelessness on the part of our fleets. The people of Charleston themselves had no other idea than that every possible effort would be made to capture their city, because they knew that their own conduct had rendered

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such a course necessary, if only as a point of honor. It is now nearly two years since the rebellion commenced, and Charleston continues to set us at defiance, because she has strong fortifications. It is idle to deny, and it can do no injury to admit, the fact that Fort Sumter alone is worth all the forts of New York put together, as a means of protecting the city from bombardment and capture.

To say that we have created a revolution in naval warfare will not do away with this fact. We were the first, indeed, to put to the test principles enunciated by others. It was neither we nor the English, but the French, who introduced iron-clad steamers; although the honor of the invention may be claimed for Mr. Stevens, the builder of so many of our best steamers. It is now seven years since that gentleman made a series of experiments to ascertain and measure the resistance of iron plates to shot and shell. The result was, that he found that a plate of less than an inch in thickness would resist the impact of any shell then known; and that plates six inches in thickness were impenetrable to every projectile brought against them. Mr. Stevens lost no time in communicating this important fact to the Federal Government, but he did so in vain. So far as we have been able to ascertain, no attention was paid to his representations. Convinced that the discovery was of great importance, he proceeded immediately to Europe, and made a proposition in regard to it to the British government; there he was no more successful than he was at home. Then he went to Paris, and Napoleon III. took the hint at once. Scarcely six months had passed when the six iron-plated vessels, known as the French floating batteries, were ready for sea. They were just in time for the Crimean war. Their value was fully tested and proved in the reduction of Kinburn. The largest guns then in use were brought to bear upon them, often at a distance of less than fifty yards, but they failed to make any impression upon them.

This was the time the revolution in naval warfare was really inaugurated. The French floating batteries did not, indeed, perform such brilliant exploits as the Monitor and Merrimack, but they satisfied every thoughtful mind that the era of wooden war vessels was passed. Captain Halstead and Captain Osborn, probably the two best engineers in the British service, warned the government of this fact, assuring the Admiralty that there was no time to be lost. More than two years before the present rebellion commenced Captain Osborn wrote as follows:

"There is no doubt upon the minds of all who have seen anything of modern warfare, and who are unprejudiced enough to accept inno-

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vations, even though they come from a Frenchman, that *the days of wooden ships of the line are numbered*, and that in a close, fair fight, iron frigates against wooden two-deckers, *the latter would be knocked into Lucifer matches;* or, if they were both armed with rifled guns, probably blown up after a round or two. However, in spite of present disbelief, the fact *will one day dawn on the intellects still becalmed in the smoke of Trafalgar*. We sailors of this generation have lived to see old prejudices mastered in which wood and rope made a hard fight against iron tanks, iron cables, iron anchor stocks, iron collars, and iron block-straps. Iron has carried the day in all these points, and I am sanguine enough to think, if you and the public keep the pressure on, that some morning the good old souls will rub their eyes over 'The Times,' and exclaim, 'God bless us!—then after all these people are right, and iron does stop shot and shell better than wood!'"

Thus we have seen that all the great powers of continental Europe have fortified their principal cities within a comparatively brief period; and that notwithstanding the insular position of England, and the supremacy conceded to her navy for centuries, both the British Parliament and the British press strongly urged the building of fortifications such as those of Paris or other continental cities, scarcely two years since. None whose opinions were of any value denied that they were needed; nor was it denied for a moment what their object was. If the French did not really mean to attack England, it is no wonder that they were somewhat angry and playful in turn, in their comments on the fears and preparations for defence of their neighbors. But they did not feel called upon, by any law international or moral, to resent the latter, and they did not do it. On reflection, they admitted that it was but fair, after all, that if England apprehended danger, whether real or imaginary, it was her privilege to prepare for it. Neither, therefore, can deny us the same privilege now. Just at present there is not much appearance of intervention in our affairs; but appearances often deceive, especially in war times. At all events, the danger is certainly not less than it was twenty-one years ago, and then England was the only power that we thought it necessary to be prepared for. At least, such is the inference to be drawn from the public documents of the time. We have now one before us which we find, on examination, to be a fair specimen of its class; we select it all the more readily, from certain circumstances connected with it, which impart interest to it by themselves. We allude to the report of the Board of Engineers submitted to Congress by John C. Calhoun, as Secretary of War, in February, 1821, and signed by Brigadier-General Barnard, Captain J. D. Elliott, and Joseph G. Totten. According to this report, the services expected to be rendered by the fortifications recommended by the Board were as follows:

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"1. To close important harbors to an enemy, and secure them to the navy of the country.

"2. To deprive an enemy of strong positions, where, *protected by his naval superiority*, he might fix *permanent quarters in our territory, maintain himself during the war, and keep the whole frontier* in perpetual alarm.

"3. *To cover our great cities against attack.*

"4. To prevent, as much as possible, the great avenues of interior navigation from being blockaded by a naval force, at their entrance into the ocean.

"5. To cover the coastwise and interior navigation, and give to our navy the means necessary for protecting this navigation.

"6. To cover the great naval establishments."—*Niles' Register*, vol. xx., p. 264.

The second and third paragraphs show plainly that England was the power most feared; they also exhibit the nature of the danger apprehended; and few will deny that the same causes may be assigned at the present day for the same results. As our extracts must necessarily be brief, we will select such passages as bear most directly on the fortifications of our large cities. Thus, in speaking of New York, the commissioners say:

"The projected works on the waters of the Hudson and East Rivers have for object, to cover the City of New York against an attack by land or sea; to protect its numerous shipping; to prevent, as much as possible, the blockade of that immense river, *which will soon have added to the wealth of its own shores the productions of the boundless regions on the northern and western lakes;* and to cover the interior navigation which is projected to connect the waters of the Delaware with those of the Bay of New York, by a canal from the Raritan. The forts projected at the Narrows, and at the pass of Throgg's Neck on the East River, while they defend the entrances into the bay, force the enemy to land in the Sound at a great distance from the city, and place Brooklyn Height at the bottom of an interior curve of the frontier, of which these works occupy the extremities, in rear of an enemy moving upon Brooklyn, and afford time, by their resistance, for the militia to assemble and march to the relief of the city; thus greatly diminishing the chances of success to the enterprise. The expense of these works will be about 1,800,000 dollars.

"As to the forts projected for the East Bank and Middle Ground, they will complete the defence of the city by depriving an enemy of the landing-place in Gravesend Bay, the only spot on the south shore of Long Island where he can safely land to march on Brooklyn. They will also deprive him of the possibility of establishing himself on Staten Island, and thus reduce the points of attack to one in the Sound. Besides thus strengthening the defences of the city, they will prevent an enemy *from anchoring in the outer harbor to blockade the Hudson*, alarm the country, and intercept the interior communication by the Raritan.

"The harbor of New York, in its present state, is *scarcely at all defended against a sea attack, and the city is not at all defended against an attack by land.* An invading enemy might reach the city within two or three days, either by the Sound or harbor, and, after accomplishing his object, would find his retreat secure."—*Niles' Register*, vol. xx., p. 265.

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Now, in our opinion, there is scarcely an observation in reference to the safety, or rather the danger, of New York and Brooklyn in the above paragraph, which is not almost equally applicable at the present day; for the fortifications since built, though good enough, perhaps, in their time, would afford but little protection against iron-clad gun-boats. And we may say the same, but slightly modified, of the following passage in relation to Narraganset and Boston:

"If Narraganset Bay was left in its existing state, as to defence, an enemy would seize it without difficulty, and, by the aid of his *naval supremacy*, form an establishment in Rhode Island for the war. For this purpose it would be sufficient for him to occupy the position of Tiverton heights, opposite Howland's ferry, which is of narrow front, easy to secure, and impossible to turn. He might then defy all the forces of the Eastern States, drive the United States to vast expense of blood and treasure, and while his troops would thus put in alarm and motion all the population of the East, feigned expeditions against New York by Long Island Sound would equally alarm that State and the neighboring ones; and, if he merely contented himself with menacing the coast, it is difficult to calculate the expenses into which he would drive the government. The advantages which the United States will derive from the occupation of this bay, and those of which this occupation will deprive an enemy, seem to us of infinitely more importance than the sum of 1,600,000 dollars, which will be required to close and fortify it completely.

"The forts projected to cover Boston will have for object to defend the channel at its junction with the ocean, to cover Nantasket road against an attack by sea, to render any attempt against the naval depot and arsenal at Charlestown and the City of Boston impracticable, and to secure and facilitate the sailing out and in of the fleets of the United States."—*Ib.*, vol. xx., p. 265.

The facility with which Philadelphia could be captured is shown in another passage which we quote, asking all concerned whether it could not be captured to-day just as easily, as the forts since erected hardly counterbalance the improved means of attack.

"We shall select Philadelphia, because its attack in neither case involves any complication in the movements for defence. We suppose an enemy to have arrived at Fort Mifflin, within a very few hours of the annunciation of his appearance off the capes. His attack will be instantly made by one or other of these methods:

"1st. He will transfer the troops to the row-boats of the squadron, and pass them by the forts, hugging the Jersey shore, while the fire of the forts is engaged by an attack of his numerous heavy ships and bomb vessels; land just below the city, seize and destroy the Schuylkill bridges, and take position north of the city, where he can only be assailed in front. His retreat will be conducted like his advance.

"2d. He may land upon the Pennsylvania shore, and, by a rapid march, seize the Schuylkill bridges.

"3d. He may land in Jersey, and cannonade the city from Camden, covering his incendiary batteries with his troops.

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"4th. He may assault the forts in the first place, (and he would hardly fail of capturing them,) and there will remain no further impediment to his advance upon the city, and nothing to interrupt his retreat from it. Arriving suddenly from the ocean, as he may, with an army of 20,000 men, an able enemy *must* succeed by either of these methods, and perhaps by others more complicated, and his retreat can be effected, too, before a sufficient force can come in to jeopardize his forces." —*Niles' Register*, vol. xx., p. 266.

It is needless to repeat that it is England, and England alone, that is referred to in all these passages. If there was any doubt on the subject, it would be removed by the following sentence or two: "These forts," says the report, "will secure to the United States a position from which will result the following advantages: "1st. A nearer and better point *of departure for operations in time of war against the British establishments in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and against the commerce of those provinces, &c.*"—(*Ib.*, p. 266.) We may remark parenthetically, that we are here reminded of the friendly spirit which the rebels tell us they always entertained towards England, and for which they get credit from the London *Times*. No intelligent person need be informed that Mr. Calhoun was one of the first, if not the very first, who advocated secession; and it is he who commends this report to Congress, as embodying suggestions in regard to England which ought to be acted upon. But we need give no more quotations. We have shown that the greatest nations in the world have either fortified their principal cities, or have resolved to do so; and why should we not do the same? Are our great cities of less importance to us than theirs are to them? or are they more enterprising, more patriotic, and more energetic than we? None would reply in the affirmative to either of these questions; even our enemies would hardly allege this against us; but at the same time, not one of our great cities is sufficiently fortified to be secure from bombardment, capture, and sack. This ought not to be so any longer; certainly not longer than could be avoided.

ART. V.—1. *The Life, &c., of Robert Burns.* By ROBERT CHALMERS. London. 1859.

2. *The Complete Works of Robert Burns, &c.* By A. CUNNINGHAM, Esq. New York. 1859.

ROBERT BURNS inherited little from the past. Brief space would be needed to name all his antecedent kindred, in direct or collateral line, who are now in any wise remembered. He

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derived from none of these either land or gold, or gentle blood. His family cognomen, even, gradually became another than that which his father had borne, and was made peculiarly his own before it had gained any lustre of renown.

How it happened that good William Burness, born on the eastern coast near the Grampian hills, and at twenty a resident of Edinburgh, came at length, years later, to remove to Ayrshire, as distant from the metropolis in an opposite direction as his native Kincardineshire—choosing that lowland abode of all the wide world before him—does not now appear. At the age of thirty-six, he married Agnes Brown, a fair-haired, dark-eyed lass, ten years his junior, and in a clay cottage built with his own hands, at the "Brig o' Doon," near Alloway Kirk, their eldest-born, ROBERT, first saw the light, on the 25th day of January, 1759. All Christendom knows, henceforward, this obscure little tenement close by the wayside, and its inmates of that memorable winter. This humble birth, here in a quiet corner of the world, in the middle of a century that had no excess of light, was unheralded by strange portents; yet was it a notable event of the time. King George the Second was now lingering in extreme age, soon to die. The American Revolution, and that other which impended over France, were hastening on, no longer distant. Goethe was then in his boyhood. Schiller entered the world in the same year. Napoleon was to follow but ten years later. Voltaire and Rousseau had hardly yet begun to disturb the thought of Europe. The Ayrshire child had his place apart from all these—was, in truth, to know little of them during all his days, however much he shared the spirit of the era then dawning. The torch-flame borne by him was transmitted to others coming after, but was received from no predecessor.

Generations before Ayrshire had its localities famous in history, in tradition, and in song. For ages it had been a land of martial din and of monkish dreaming; of quiet cloisters and of noisy castles. The religious houses and estates had been seasonably sold by the sagacious recluses, who fled to the continent with their records and their riches before the coming storm of the Reformation. Monasteries and fortresses of a feudal age had at length sunk into general decay, or were transformed to accord with a modern social order, being still, whether as ruins or as renovations, faithful witnesses of the great change that had come upon both Church and State. Nor were there wanting traditions of men of other times, whom the later dwellers had pictured to their minds in all the mythic hues and proportions of a heroic age. Not far from Ayr is the notable valley in which King Coil and Fergus, centuries

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ago, are said to have met in deadly encounter—an event attested by memorials still pointed out, while the name of the one yet lives in that of the district (Kyle) to which Ayr and Alloway belong. The spirits of Wallace and Bruce, to the peasant imagination, even yet whispered in the groves; their ghostly footsteps were heard and their presence felt on the hillsides and in the dales where these heroes were wont to be in other days. Here were the old nobilities—proud families towering above the smaller proprietors and the poorer many, however much degenerate in popular fame. The contest between Cromwell and Charles had still its memories, together with the later demonstrations of Jacobite loyalty, with highland and lowland feuds, and with northern and southern antipathies and their long train of border conflicts. Whatever was peculiar in Scottish character, whatever was especially rich in national association and song, had here its appropriate home.

The first seven years at Doonside, brief as is their history, are by no means the least momentous of the poet's life. At Alloway was his first school. Here he read his first two books, the biographies of Wallace and Hannibal, and gained a gateway of knowledge, through which, henceforth, he roamed at will. This spot, above all others, is consecrated in the adorations and pilgrimages of his devotees from all lands. The pure light and glory of childhood innocence dwell for ever on this obscure abode. The places trodden by his infant feet, the outward face of things and the rounding horizon on which his wondering eyes were first wont to look; the sounds coming up from the sea; and all the slowly changing realities of the solid world as he first knew them, still abide here as of old. This scene, with its recollections, was to be isolated and apart from the places later hallowed by his presence, in all its language breathing alone of whatever is best and purest in his earthly life.

Years of disastrous trial on the farm at Mount Oliphant next followed, during which the father heroically toiled, aided by the brave hands of both Robert and his younger brother Gilbert, ending at last in the foredoomed result. This period, while passing from his eighth to his twentieth year—how large a portion of all his days!—was one of unending struggle, of very swimming for life, on a sea without repose or visible limits, for the yet undespairing youth. He learned, once for all, that existence was to be, for him, no drowsy loitering or holiday pastime. He could see no more chance for evading his hard destiny, than to a galley-slave for escaping his chains, and scarcely less of weary drudgery in his lot as a worker. No special wildness is apparent in him; no ungovernable play

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of animal spirits or errant enthusiasm. He walks and works very much like other youths about him. He delights in the clever things he hears said by others, and usually has something yet more clever at his tongue's end, which he utters, if in the mood. But reserve yet predominates over vivacity. His wisest schoolmaster, of those days, "always thought Gilbert the brighter lad of the two."

Meanwhile, Robert had read many books, devouring them, according to his brother's testimony, "with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equalled." The list of these, as he has himself given it, is miscellaneous enough, surely—not without influence on the impressible mind of the youth; while but few, of them all, were suited to be either models for his genius or guides for his life. The old ballads and the theology gained the most substantial hold, while Richardson and Smollett apparently had a greater charm for him, at that age, than Shakespeare or Addison. In his seventeenth year—after much sentimental reading—he confesses himself to have first become, in any manner, a subject of the tender passion, and simultaneous therewith was the production of his earliest but nowise remarkable poem, "Handsome Nell."

While pursuing his mathematical studies at Kirkoswald, Burns formed many acquaintances with the good and the bad, and learned, in his own indefinable way, the characters of men and women whose lineaments subsequently appeared in his lays. Out of school hours, he used to walk far around, in the long warm days, with a Maybole schoolmate. Among other places visited was the plain alehouse of Kirkton Jean, which he has made memorable. In the neighborhood, at the farm of Shanter, lived Douglas Graham, a stalwart Cawick farmer, given to smuggling and superstition; with his wife, Helen McTaggart, whose soul was also vexed with an uncommon share of credulous faiths and fears. These are the originals of *Tam and Kate*, in one of his chief poems. The characteristics of these odd men and women of the rugged coast, who knew so much of the world, in so strange a way of their own, and all so novel to young Robert, seized strongly upon his imagination, and gave a kind of fascination to irregular life, for him, which he could not now resist, and did not speedily overcome. At this place, also, he met the second "heorine" who ever charmed away sleep from his pillow, and whom he honored with one of the best of his early songs: "Now westlin' winds and slaughtering guns."

During the next four years of laborious toil at Lochlea, whither his father removed from Mount Oliphant, he seems to have led, in presence of the world, whatever his own secret

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emotions, a frolicksome, careless existence, regardless of his hardships, and as glad of an evening's merriment, or of the witching society of a Tarbolton lass, as if he were the veriest man of leisure. Neither "Handsome Nell" nor the Kirkoswald maiden had gained any lasting hold upon his heart. These boy-loves soon, in absence, passed into the cool twilight of occasional memory. Another spell, alike evanescent, had it been subjected to a similar trial, was now upon him, of which a lass "on Cessnock banks"—also the subject of a poem—was the occasion. Rather unpoetically named Ellison Begbie, she had a masculine unimpressibility quite as rugged as her cognomen. Some of his earliest letters, of solemn, not even ardent character, but business-like rather, were addressed to her, with proposals of marriage, which were never accepted. Poor Ellison, for a moment illumined as she little knew, vanishes ever after in the common oblivion that awaits each generation's undistinguished millions.

The poems as yet written by him (æt. 23) are of no rare excellence. They barely suffice to give evidence of a great inward fire, struggling into lucent flame, yet without mastering its adverse conditions. These strains—certain little songs like those already noticed—were but the first tuning and trial of his harp. Most poets have taken the precaution to conceal these rude beginnings; some few have published "Hours of Idleness," and the like, in days of youthful folly; but to Burns it has happened to have whatever he wrote or did, earlier or later, without much friendly discrimination, uncurtained to the public eye.

Until now, we must conceive of him as, for the most part, a sedate, religious youth, such as would have been found among the strictly trained young New Englanders of the same day. If there have appeared signs of incipient license and irregularity, we cannot yet discern aught in his conduct on which any censor of morals could gravely frown. His has been one of the hardest of all hard lots, short of slavery and its utter despair. That there should be a resilience still, in his too cramped mind, and a welling up of lively humor through his dry and dreary experience, is a special marvel. One less nobly endowed, it would seem, must have been crushed down into the dead level of barren common-place. But there is a rebounding force still active and strong in the spirit of Robert Burns. The more his hard destiny threatens to overwhelm him, the more nimbly he evades the danger, and leaps up with bold, exultant limb, sporting with the terrific monster, and, with shouts of wild laughter and song, deluding him of his purpose and defying his power.

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At Irvine, whither he went, a little later, to learn flax-dressing, in hope of thus aiding to enlarge the family revenue, his constitutional melancholy, that had been for a time apparently in check, revived with bitter force; its first pleasing delirium had been swallowed up in grim sadness, and light or joy rarely glanced in through the crevices of his prison-house. Alive as he was to the keenest sense of all that was worst in his lot, the consciousness of transgression, now, was not wanting to add a sting to his anguish. Sadder and poorer, if not wiser, abandoning his unsuccessful undertaking, he returned to Lochlea, to find his father—prematurely old—just passing from life. From persuading himself that he had altogether given up rhyming—having fallen in with Ferguson's poems—he had broken his resolution, and received from that bard, perhaps, a more determined impulse towards the freer expression of the Scotch dialect. A rakish companion, captivating him by the narrations of sailor-boy adventure in which this youth had borne a part, left an evil moral influence, and paved the way for meditations of West Indian emigration. Another, who knew Burns during this sojourn at Irvine, afterwards boasted his own instrumentality in "liberalizing" the poet's religious views. Whatever was the agency, Burns had certainly come to look with different eyes upon matters of this sort, and reverently to feel that the universe of nature and man was constructed on a broader scale, and out of materials more manifold, than any catechism or creed had yet sufficed to comprehend within its scope.

Those were, indeed, for him, on more accounts than are here indicated, sorrowful days. He nevertheless oscillated, if not with even regularity, certainly with often a surprising rebound, from sadness to the other extreme. Associations with clubs and free-mason lodges, attendances at balls, and amatory meetings by moonlight with the fair ones around Lochlea and Tarbolton, showed the genial flow of spirits, and the social cheerfulness and charity of his heart. We behold at the same time, and even more clearly than before, his profound, brooding melancholy, such as made his life often seem but a prolonged wail of sorrow, like the dismal voice of strong autumn winds, moaning through empty fields and leafless trees. The earnest communion with himself; the remorseful sense of errors repented and repeated; the vivid self-consciousness, intense even to morbidity, which his unreserved private memoranda of this period disclose;—all give their peculiar tinge to his poems and correspondence of the same date. He sees his life running on—his twenty-fifth year already entered—and, with a little notoriety, he is still one of the obscurest persons of an obscure

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region. How small now appears the hope of any change for the better! Looking back along the dismal level of a quarter of a century, whence could such a one expect to gain a new altitude in the future?

"Montgomery's Peggy," a love song of this date, is an appellation of some significance as associating the dark present with rapidly approaching events in the poet's life. This "heroine" lived at Coilsfield—the "Castle of Montgomery;" and, like the Rosalind of Romeo, may have preluded a more real and abiding love for a Juliet, before which all others were to vanish. It is something to have even the evidence of this song, that he was already at least a visitant to the consecrated grounds, evermore hallowed as the scene of this devotion.

He had carefully calculated his horoscope, and could see no prospect for himself other than a life of earnest, unceasing work, as a farmer. For this he manfully girded himself, resolved that nothing should subdue him into baseness or dependence. His harp he promised himself to hang upon the willows. What could come of a further thrumming of its unpolished strings? It seemed to him an idle tinkling now, that served to divide his purpose, swerving aside his course from the aim to which destiny pointed him. He knew that he had faculties fitted for a better part, but why should he longer look wistfully over the insurmountable barriers? No perfection could he hope in his minstrel art—not so much as the merit of Allan Ramsay, or of Ferguson, whose grave was yet unhonored by even a rude head-stone. What presumption, then, when he beheld Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Addison, Thomson, Shenstone, Young—those British masters of song, whom he had read with such delight—for him to strive for even the humblest niche alongside of such a group; him, with no hour for the great undertaking but such as he purloined from the time foredoomed to inexorable toil?

Were it in the nature of things possible for him to execute this determination; could genius be quenched by an effort of will when once the blaze has fairly appeared, then might the subsequent history of Robert Burns be briefly told. All his previous career would then have been little worth recording; and, outside of a narrow district, would have gained no remembrance among men. But a higher energy was at work for him; not of himself, nor originating in his own will, nor subject to his own behest. As if ordered for the very purpose of manifesting in the clearest light the presence of this higher power especially controlling his spirit, we find Burns now deliberately entering upon a mere plodding farm life, purposing, with all his force of determination, to give this his exclusive attention,

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eschewing all the more genial efforts and aims of his previous course.

Neither in his private note-book at this time, nor in the recollections of the members of his family, are there any definite traces of his amours. Mrs. Begg, indeed, remembers one autumn day in which a letter was handed in for Robert, who turned aside to a window and broke the seal. The contents of the letter evidently overwhelmed him with grief, but the mystery was never certainly revealed. Her own conjecture in after years, when the deep impression of his agonized countenance at that moment remained uneffaced, referred to this saddest event of his personal history for a solution of what was otherwise inexplicable. His occasional allusions to the subject are characterized by a tenderness and a delicacy worthy of such an attachment and of such a lover.

Of all his biographers, Dr. Currie seems to have had the best opportunities to learn the particulars of this history, and yet he has thrown least light upon it. "The object of this passion," he says, "died early in life, and the impression left on the mind of Burns seems to have been deep and lasting." But he classes it with other "youthful passions, the history of which it would be improper to reveal were it even in our power." Many years later, Lockhart and Cunningham gave somewhat fuller details respecting the character and social condition of Mary Campbell, and the eventful period of her acquaintance with Burns. But it was reserved for Mr. Chambers, only a dozen years since, to advance an entirely new theory of the whole cycle of occurrences connected with this love affair, and to assign them a hitherto unsuspected date. According to all previous notions, so far as appears, these events must have happened between the time of Burns's return from Irvine to Lochlea, and his first acquaintance with Jean Armour. This fixes the spring of the year 1784, the first of his abode at Mossgiel, as the season of the parting between him and his Mary, and the autumn of that year as the date of the latter's death.

The theory, in brief, is, that after the father of Jean Armour had proved inexorable, and Jean herself had repelled Burns from her, he turned his affections upon Mary; gained her consent to marry him; parted from her on the 14th day of May, 1786; made arrangements for sailing to the West Indies; and heard of Mary's death, just as he was on the point of starting thither, in October, 1786, after an accidental delay of several days beyond the intended time of departure.

The supposed air of mystery and secrecy maintained by Burns in relation to this subject, is adduced as evidence that

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there was such a peculiar connection between this attachment and that for Jean Armour, as supposed by Mr. Chambers. This evidence is only incidental—collateral at best; establishes no positive point, if it is not in fact more naturally reconciled with the opposing hypothesis. That there should be an unusual reserve, in this instance, certainly might have been expected as a result of deep passion, merged in great grief. A calculating, studied concealment, on such a point, is inconsistent with the known character of Burns, who was always prone rather "to speak the truth to his own hurt." Besides, the motive is not supposable; for any such intercourse as that between Burns and his Mary could not possibly have been concealed under the circumstances assumed from Jean.

The most that can be claimed for this branch of the argument, therefore, is, that the facts clearly known are not irreconcilable with the new theory in question. It derives no actual support, but the contrary rather, from the points just alluded to.

According to the stories gathered by Mr. Chambers, the family of Mary always had a certain horror of Burns; her relation to him was, in that case, never a subject of pleasant reminiscence, or often, if ever, alluded to. Her last resting-place, no longer identified in any manner with the poet's name, nor otherwise specially noteworthy, might have been forgotten, and unreliable tradition, after a certain degree of celebrity had come to attach to such a place, may have erred in the locality even. But it is enough to invalidate all, that no record is put into the case, the construction and force of which do not turn entirely on remote traditional evidence.

We are therefore left still to conclude that the year 1784 was that of Highland Mary's death, in spite of ingenious attempts to establish a date two years later. There are certain positive reasons, which seem decisive, in favor of this commonly received opinion. These will be briefly presented.

Burns had never another so earnest, deep and lasting affection as that for Mary Campbell. This his poems alone show beyond all cavil, if we may trust the internal evidence of any writing. This is all we certainly know on the subject, and every circumstance of his life affecting the question tend conclusively to prove it. He expected, when they last parted, soon to marry her. He was overwhelmed with sorrow at her death. He never flippantly talked of this love. His family had no information of it from him. That the incident related by Mrs. Begg, already mentioned—the never explained letter and the distressed countenance which its contents occasioned—had direct reference to Mary's death, there is no reason to doubt.

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We cannot believe this love to have originated, culminated, and been supplanted, (as alleged by Mr. Chambers, who introduces yet another before the reconciliation with Jean,) all as a brief episode of three months, in a more serious affair of the heart. Indeed, the opposite conclusion is, to our mind, inevitable. It would be more fitly termed the leading event of the poet's maturer life.

To all careful investigators of the subject, the opinion of Mr. Chambers may not seem wholly unfounded, but the majority, we think, will readily conclude that, as Lockhart says, Mary Campbell was "the object of by far the deepest passion that ever Burns knew;" that his relations to Jean Armour were entirely subsequent and subordinate; and that this absorbing love, and this overwhelming loss, closed an era in his life, and introduced a new one, brilliant above all other periods of his history, in the energy and glow of genius.

The reaction from his first grief and depression impelled the poet into a certain wildness of living, a "storm and pressure" experience, which genius but too often has to pass through, and does well if it ever fairly lives down—a raging fervor, which no words can adequately represent, and the exact character of which, in a moral aspect, can nowhere else be written out than in Heaven's own book. We can see the outward movements of the tempest, but the secrets of the heart which it traverses and tries no mortal spectator can penetrate. With Burns this storm raged uncontrollably—brilliant meteors and auroral lights illuminating the darkness; dazzling and serene sunlight gilding the clouds in calmer intervals; a terrible energy and power more than human, veiled beneath all, and exciting our awe as we behold; and this from his earlier Mossgiel days to his settlement, years later, in another shire. We see the traces of this commotion in his subsequent love-making and love-songs; in his despairing melancholy; in his irreverent theological sarcasms; in his remorseful agonies; in all his defiant inconsistencies and intrepidities; his mingled devotions and depravities. He ranges through the whole scale of human passions, sympathies, sufferings, and ecstasies. Chaos was now come again in his soul; and now peaceful moments there sometimes were, when a mighty spirit moved through the confusion, and divine order and song, heavenly harmonies, and superhuman melodies came forth with the beauty and surprise of another creation morning.

After the loss of Highland Mary, the transition of the poet from the desolateness of his heart to a new attachment, that involved marriage and settlement in life, was neither sudden nor inconsistent. There was a race at Mauchline the last of

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April, as we are credibly told; the year, as we reckon, being 1785. At this gathering Burns was present. In the village was a dancing-hall, to which, on such occasions, the young people of the vicinity were accustomed to resort. Burns joined in the amusement, and Jean Armour, daughter of a mechanic of Mauchline, happened once, though not his partner, to be in the same dance. Here, in a manner as unpoetic as it well could be, if the incidents are truly told, commenced the bard's intimacy with Jean Armour, and almost, too, by her own first advances. With all his songs, he writes none, until long after, in praise of Jean. His fondness for her may have had less of the intellectual and imaginative elements in its composition than even the little admirations wasted on chance-met and quick-forgotten beauties—far less than had made for ever sacred his love for Mary. Yet time ere long showed that the two had affected each other "not wisely." On the part of Burns there was no lack of manly inclination to repair the wrong. He was willing openly to assume the domestic relation. As for poor Jean, the private marriage certificate may have somewhat eased her conscience; and she may, for a time, have regarded it as a thing of much consequence as a cure for wounded reputation. Strange to say, her father absolutely refused his consent to the proposed reparation, and, as if determined to make the case incurably desperate, he even demanded that the marriage writing she had received should be given up and destroyed. Stranger still, if possible, where all is unaccountable, Jean complied with this wish of her father. Turned now from the door of her he had wronged; renounced by one who had reason to bless her destiny that she had not herself been outcast and forsaken, there was little more for Burns to do than meekly suffer the anathemas of his church, seek once more the forgiveness of Heaven, and endure the legal embarrassments preparing for him; or else to flee from the scene of his disgrace, set his enemies at defiance, and endeavor, far away, to retrieve all he had lost.

Whatever the date of his first thoughts of the West Indies, as a final resort for himself, he now looked seriously in that direction. No other hope remaining, he fully resolved to quit his native land, and to try what Lethe fountain might be found in the tropics. For a double purpose, he would launch his little book of poems on the waters of fortune, just as he himself set sail for unknown shores. He needed a few more guineas to pay his westward passage, and he wished also to leave behind him a kind of despairing memorial, a mere token of his ambitious dreams, perchance to conciliate good-will and give a whitened hue to his name, among those he should

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never more behold. The result of his publication brought him abundant joy, but no wild hope. His head did not become giddy or bewildered. His purpose of emigration remained still unchanged.

The Kilmarnock edition comprised all he had then written which he deemed worthy to see the light. The most important of these poems were: "The Twa Dogs," one of the last written in the collection; "The Holy Fair;" "Address to the Deil;" "The Vision;" "Halloween;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night;" "To a Mouse;" "Epistle to Davie." "Man was made to mourn;" "To a Mountain Daisy;" and "Now Westlin' Winds." All these abound in humor and pathos; in simple nature and rustic grace; in a bold—sometimes altogether rugged—honesty; they have likewise characteristics which provoke censure, which it is needless to specify. In his preface, he sets forth with clearness the humbleness of his position in life, and confesses, as if it were a very serious and scarcely pardonable deficiency, that to him, Theocritus and Virgil "are, at least in their original language, a fountain shut up." He is not "a poet by rule." He only "seizes the sentiments and manners he felt and saw." Under the natural guise of modesty, he boldly places his work on the foundation of nature, and builds with independent strength. He expressly states that none of these pieces "were composed with a view to the press," and speaks of the toils and fatigues of a laborious life," which needed these as their solace—asserting that he was impelled to this writing "to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world" which he found "always an alien scene." Ramsay and Ferguson are kindly mentioned as his masters, and he disclaims "the most distant pretension" to their abilities. This preliminary appeal seems somewhat artificial, and imitative of the models of a current polite style, with the addition of a certain rude stiffness to the dignity, the unconcealed self-regard of his first public obeisance. He manifested, through all, a marked assurance of worth, by no means really lessened through an unaffected sense of the great disparity, in advantage and condition, between himself and the renowned literary men of his day.

The edition was exhausted in a little more than two months, and another was talked of. But the publisher, a thrifty printer, whose leading business virtue was caution, was unwilling to undertake the new venture on his own account; so hard is it to see a little way in the future—so easy not to recognize the man among ten thousand, when in your very presence. Genius had become mainly traditionary in those days, and this embodiment of it had to be judged as best it might. As if all such en-

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dowment were not essestially miraculous, men puzzled themselves by dwelling on the fact that this poet was an Ayrshire ploughman—an actual laborer in the field, day by day, all his lifetime; hitherto, without social place, without learning, without polish—and hence they first unduly regarded the mere accident, while all their appreciation would have more justly centered on the substance, on the reality itself. But prejudice, and the blinding evil of things present, scarcely allowed more.

It was only at the last moment, when Burns was about to betake himself to his tropical exile, where despair and death must have soon overtaken him, that he was rescued to Scotland and to song. The cordial commendation of Dr. Blacklock, and his suggestion that a second edition of the poems should be brought out at Edinburgh, so affected the bard, that he determined on making this new venture. His humble effects were in truth already on their way to Greenock, whence he was at once to sail for Jamaica. Never did hare, closely pursued, more abruptly double on her course. The West India scheme was abandoned for ever.

Remarkable was the variety of intense joy, sorrow, and tumult of soul, condensed into the twelve-month now closing. Not long ere the beginning of this period he had lost his Highland Mary. He was "under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes," he writes in his note-book. Never, perhaps, was his despair more oppressive and consuming. And yet, from this date, his greatest poetical energy began. He now chose topics of a wider range than before. His first inspiration, we have seen, had awakened with the emotions of love. His next effusions had the poorer incitement of partisan theological passion. He was now, at length, emerging into the light, and under the stimulus of world-wide sunbeams, in the freer air of an open champaign. Even the poetic epistles to his friends were universal in their tenor, and had a horizon embracing the entire race. The fertility evinced during the autumn and winter months (1785–6) is especially noticeable; and yet more, when we remember that he was all the while doing hard days'-work on his farm, and writing (if his statement is to be literally received) with no thought of any circle of auditors save the few obscure friends about him. We cannot doubt that it was during the same twelve-month his acquaintance seriously began with Jean Armour. As a consequence, too, he was plunged into new depths of misery, and in difficulties for which he saw no remedy but exile. During this year his restless spirit has oscillated from one extreme of destiny to the other. A sudden fame has illuminated his head. Why should there not now be a fair future before him?

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With the favor of Lord Glencairn and the critical endorsement of Henry Mackenzie, Burns soon made his way into the varied circles of the better society of Edinburgh. Robertson, Erskine, Monboddo, Stewart, Blair, Ferguson, and lesser chiefs of letters, all recognized him as of their guild. Had Edinburgh, as once, possessed the poor luxury of a court, undoubtedly he would have added to its saloons a splendor more real than all their pomps, and himself received all the lustre such royal favor could bestow.

His fame as a man, as an inspired talker, as a fascinator of gay Duchesses and of profound scholars, no less than as a veritable poet, had spread like a blaze amidst sere prairie-grass, and made Edinburgh a new world for a season. He was self-reliant—had a glance that quailed before no man or woman, but rather overawed all on whom it fell. Untaught in Chesterfield, he was courtly by instinct; and yet he dared, even in the heat of a moment embittered by opposition or injury, to overstep etiquette, and to assert himself with startling energy. But this was rare—never unprovoked. He seldom blundered. He remained clear-headed and calm, in general, through the intoxicating whirl of fashionable life.

It was impossible, however, not to see that soon there had begun a positive subsidence of the tide of applause and personal compliment. "He confessed to one of his old friends," says Lockhart, "ere the season was over, that some who had caressed him the most zealously no longer seemed to know him when he bowed in passing their carriages, and many more acknowledged his salute but coldly." The wonder had ceased to be novel. The fashionable excitement of the hour could not last. The learned came to look somewhat askance at one so comparatively unlettered, and to fall back upon their dignified exclusiveness. Finished rhetoricians concluded that, after all, their laborious cultivation and artificial fluency ought not to go for nothing, or a peasant marvel, ignorant of æsthetic laws, be allowed to pass for an excellent author; and all were probably getting tired of a succession of scenes in which really—however unconsciously at first—they had been but the courtiers, and he the true prince. Practically, then, this lionizing achieved nothing good, except as it brought him more conspicuously before a critical public eye, and helped to swell the subscription for his new edition.

Without definitely settling on his future course, he made a tour through the south of Scotland and across the Tweed, returning at length directly to Edinburgh. Subsequently he went on a visit to Dumfries-shire, to look at a farm, and, returning thence by Sanquhar homeward, he arrived at Mauch-

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line in June. How changed seemed his place in life since he left that quiet village of Ayrshire, a few months before!

However gladsome and happy, of itself, might be that domestic hearth to Robert, it is soon evident that he is ill at ease. Everything reminds him how different a person he had become since he first took up his abode at Mossgiel. His old troubles and remorses revive. Adulation meets him now, where he had once found but coldness; and he grows misanthropic over the hollowness and insincerity of human hearts. He calls at Mr. Armour's to visit his child, and is received with a fawning complaisance which recalls, as nothing else could, the contrasted indignities offered him a short while before, and excites an impatient disgust. In fact, his memorable autobiographic letter to Dr. Moore, written at this time, is altogether different in its general spirit and tenor. But he is moody, impulsive, and also forgiving. The wrath he treasures up to-day, to be preserved until the day of doom, may be out of memory to-morrow. Clouds and sunshine pass over his sky, by rapid turns, with all the mutability of April weather. In a short time Robert and Jean are becoming reconciled, and we hear no more of his bitter resentment against her or her friends, while his life lasts.

It is easy to fancy incipient signs of something more than friendship, on his part, in the letters addressed by him, at this time, to Margaret Chalmers, whose acquaintance he had lately made at Harvieston. He has himself spoken of her attractive person; and it is clear that she had a love for literature, a cultivated taste, and a lively spirit. She was the theme of two songs of Burns, written about this period, for the "Scot's Musical Museum"—"Braving angry Winter's Storms," and "My Peggy's Face." Of these compositions he duly apprises her in a letter, in which he talks also of setting out for Ayrshire, surely "in a week," and from thence he is to go to Dumfries. Unluckily, as he was on the point of executing this purpose, he was overturned by a tipsy coachman, and received so severe a sprain as to be unable to go abroad for weeks.

A whole winter at Edinburgh, mostly to be spent in the imprisonment of a sick-chamber, was now before the crippled poet. It was not long before his accident that he first met with Mrs. McLehose, a lady afterwards noted for her share in a sentimental correspondence with Burns, under the pseudonym of "Clarinda." This person had been made acquainted with him through a friend of Margaret Chalmers. Mrs. McLehose was living apart from her husband, (then in the West Indies,) and had to maintain herself and children upon small resources and in consequent obscurity. She was grand-niece of Maclau-

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rin, the mathematician, (a friend of Sir Isaac Newton,) and was cousin to Lord Craig. The circumstances in which Burns found himself at this date should be allowed a full consideration, in judging this episode in his history. The enigma of his future destination was far from being solved. Doubt and foreboding rested on his course. In the midst of bodily sufferings, with attendant mental depressions of the profoundest sort; now earnestly "reading his Bible;" now resolutely looking poverty, "iron-fisted oppression and contempt" fairly in the face, and bravely resolving to live down his ills; remorseful, penitent, despairing, he writes from his sick-room a series of letters to "Clarinda," over the signature of "Sylvander," which, at the outset, at least, can have had very little real meaning, except as we consider them a mere outlet for his pent-up feelings and fancies, for which a rhythmic or even conversational expression was not permitted him. On his part the correspondence seems, even to the last, more a romantic fiction than any earnest reality, and might almost, like a novel, claim a volume by itself, rather than a place in his biography.

His late visit to Athole House had brought him into acquaintance with a gentleman from whom he did not now disdain to ask the favor of his influence with the ruling powers to secure him a place. The Earl of Glencairn, one of his earliest Edinburgh friends, was also addressed on this same subject. All hope of better promotion having vanished, his wishes now began to take a definite shape, and he accordingly made an explicit request for support in his application to the Commissioners of Excise, for an appointment as a guager, or exciseman.

From Mossgiel, which he reached in the latter part of February, 1788, he proceeded a day or two after, to Dumfriesshire. This journey, the third of his visits to that quarter on this business, was undertaken with no very certain prospect, or even purpose, as would seem, of contracting for a farm-lease. The result of his visits, however, was a more favorable impression of the Nithsdale lands, and an offer to the proprietor for the proffered farm. Returning thence, he left Mossgiel soon after for another visit to Edinburgh, during which he closed a bargain for the farm called Ellisland, obtained an order from the Excise Board for his instruction in the duties of his promised office, and effected a settlement at last with his publisher. This was, indeed, a series of decisive steps forward—a closing up of the various events of a dilatory period, and a complete preparation for that on which he was entering. He received, as the net profit on his new volume, after defraying his expenses at Edinburgh and on his tours, about four hundred pounds sterling. Half of this sum he advanced to his brother Gilbert,

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to relieve him from embarrassment on account of the Mossgiel lease, now left exclusively on the latter's hands. With the remaining moiety the poet was to begin life anew at Ellisland.

Now lawfully wedded to Jean Armour, it is a pleasant thing to see him industriously employed in the first midsummer days at Ellisland, getting in his crops, and, above all, preparing a neat and comfortable dwelling into which to remove his family.

Burns was keenly sensitive to impressions from without. His emotions were a boiling sea, which no earthly voice could calm, and no inner pilot confidently expect to ride in safety. In this passional, impressional strength, lay indeed his power; but also, without self-control, there was therewith a compensating weakness.

The earlier biographers of the poet, writing during the lifetime of Jean, have treated his relations to her with commendable delicacy. But in passing almost silently over so important an element in his subsequent career, they have left out of view what should not now, at least, be overlooked. Despite the ingenious pleas and palliations of Professor Wilson, every one who carefully observes the course of events with the poet thus far, must be painfully conscious that his first connection with Jean Armour bodes no good; and when the drama at length culminates in their marriage, there can be but few who do not sadden at the thought of that perverseness which made the step necessary. When we think of Margaret Chalmers, of Isabella Lindsay; when we remember even poor Highland Mary; (for quite diverse were her mind and education, too, from Jean's, and no one can, for a moment, believe it possible for Mary to have endured a reproach like hers;) when we call to mind with what an eagerness he cherished even such intellectual sympathy as that of "Clarinda;" we cannot wonder that he, at times, seemed almost despairingly conscious of having formed a disadvantageous alliance, despite the "deep-rooted affection" which he avows. He sadly felt, as repeatedly appears in his letters of this and subsequent date, that some apology was needed for the step which he had taken. His justification is honorable to his heart; yet it is, after all, the unfortunate, the fatal plea of necessity, based upon his own misconduct. In his private note-book he states this in plain words. Writing to Mr. Bengo, he says:

"'God knows my choice was as random as blind-man's buff.' About the same time, he wrote to Margaret Chalmers: 'I can truly say that, all the exterior of life apart, I never saw two whose esteem flattered the nobler feelings of my soul; I will not say more, but so much, as

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Lady Mackenzie and Miss Chalmers. When I think of you—hearts the best, minds the noblest of human kind—unfortunate even in the shades of life—when I think I have met with you, and have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost anybody I meet with in eight years—when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again—I could sit down and cry like a child!"

What stronger expression could a laudable yearning after more cultivated society take? It is painful to add, what seems well attested, that Jean cannot have really had for him, at the outset—despite their too intimate relations—a great amount of devotion, or even of respect. She had spurned him from her, under circumstances which made this the strangest of all acts; and the fact stands fairly recorded by a biographer particularly charitable towards her, (Mr. Chambers,) that, though twice the mother of his children, unwed, she even at last preferred another. Jean proved, indeed, to be a kind, good wife, all his remaining days, a silent, much-enduring, all-forgiving woman; to her praise be all this recorded; but she must have been, withal, a woman of no great strength of character, or of any striking qualities that fitted her to fix the admiration of a man like Robert Burns.

Though distracted this time with many cares, he did not wholly cease to write; and now—what seems not to have before occurred to him, numerous as had been the objects of such compliments—he has a poem for his Jean. During the season, he contributes some of his choicest songs to Johnson's "Museum." Of this date are: "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw;" "Verses in Friars' Curse Hermitage;" "The Day Returns;" "First Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry," (on whose friendship and patronage he was still founding hopes for a more auspicious future;) "The Lazy Mist;" "Auld Lang Syne;" and "My Bonnie Mary." His despondent tone of mind particularly appears in his "Friars' Curse," and "The Lazy Mist," of which last a farmer once said to Allan Cunningham: "I'll never wish to hear it sung again; it is enough to make one quit plough-hilts and harrow, and turn hermit." It was from his inmost heart that Burns lamented:

> "How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain!
> How little of life's scanty span may remain!
> What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!
> *What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn!*"
> "This life's not worth having, with all it can give—
> For something beyond it, poor man, sure must live!"

The principal poems written by him during the last three years at Ellisland, were: "Verses on a Wounded Hare;" "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut;" "To Mary in Heaven;" "Epistles to Mr. Graham of Fintry;" "Tam o' Shanter," (his

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chief work at Ellisland, written the year before his departure thence;) and "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots." His Ellisland days and years were mingled sunshine and cloud. With congenial associates around him, and with occasional visits to Edinburgh—where, indeed, the great ones, with some few exceptions, seem to have forgotten him, or to have ignored their first greetings of the peasant as an ungenteel weakness, but where he had yet many agreeable friends whom he could regard without jealous distrust.

Burns removed to Dumfries in December, 1791. He was busied here with his excise calling alone; the scenes of his activity being essentially those with which he was already familiar in his divided labors of the last two or three years. These were idle days for him likewise—seasons for poetic contemplation, for favorite walks, for convivial meetings. Though little affected that way hitherto, he was now kindling with the new enthusiasm everywhere aroused by the revolution in France. From this time onward, with a strong sympathy for the democratic side, such as had strengthened with his years—quite independently of any foreign incitement—and with his scarcely concealed jealousy of rank, wealth, and learning, for some time past growing into a positive habit, he manifested also an increased proclivity towards unimproving associations. Young students of law and medicine, too, and merchants' clerks, flocked about him, enticing him with drink, that they might the more freely and joyously share his wit and inspired talk.

Despite obvious motives of prudence, he used great freedom of speech, regarding the warlike policy now contemplated by the government towards the dominant powers at Paris. He also warmly favored the domestic policy of the party then in opposition, and freely denounced public men who stood high in favor with the ministry. Aside from these drawbacks, he was fairly in the line of promotion to a supervisorship, which would add not a little to his salary, as well as to the respectability of his station. This advancement he fondly hoped. And yet to the imprudences we have mentioned, he added the poem, "Here's a Health to them that's Awa'," which, if known in high circles at the time, must have raised a storm at the expense of the luckless bard. Rumor, indeed, had him peremptorily dismissed; and he himself states, a few months later, that such an issue of the affair was only averted by the influence of Mr. Graham of Fintry, to whose clemency he especially appealed. His hope of the supervisorship again revived, and perhaps never afterwards wholly forsook him. But the promotion never came.

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The naturally strong constitution of the poet was already becoming impaired. Ere this he had several times been prostrated—usually for a brief period—with illness. His old complaint of the heart had not left him. His habits are getting to be such as rather to aggravate the disease. "Occasional hard drinking," he writes to Mr. Dunlop, "is the devil to me." This kind of excess he well enough understood the effects of, and he had before declared that every such indulgence was compensated by "a slice of his constitution."

During the first half of the year 1794, Burns seems to have been in a wretched state of mind. Some time previously, after a period of rather intimate friendship, he had fallen out with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riddell, of Woodley Park, (below Ellisland on the Nith, more than half way to Dumfries,) and from that date he had evidently been in no very good odor with the more cultivated society of Dumfries. For his part, he comes to have no very sweet terms or temper for "respectable people." and is sadly out of humor with the world, as well as with himself. Gradually, however, this darkness broke away. There came also to be somewhat of a social reaction in his favor; his really glaring offences, after penance, being no longer treasured against him. He still writes pleasing songs—some of the last flashes of the wasting light being not the least brilliant among the brightest of all. He meekly wears the literary honors denied him by none—patiently as he may, enduring all the sorrows of his lot, and the stings, also, of a conscience that does not forsake him. He is far from peace. His days are declining.

Some loss of self-respect, some sense of incompatibility, must attend his work of guaging ale-casks and malt-vats—of licensing the transport of spirits, stamping leather, keeping an eye on candle manufacturers, and seeing that no evasion or violation of the excise laws, to the detriment of the king's revenue, should pass undetected. With faithful zeal, yet with no inhuman rigors—he is not a man for work like that—he continues on in the tread-mill round. Solitary walks and the composition of songs are his chief delights of a healthful kind. By his lyrics, at least, he hopes to be remembered, now that all his more ambitious schemes of drama, opera, and autobiographic "Poet's Progress," have to be given up. Yet all these recreations and labors, too, approach their end.

In the early summer of 1795, the poet's health became seriously impaired—beyond those occasional attacks which had themselves excited in him, many times, the worst apprehensions. The darkness that now sadly settled upon his mind was but the "foregathering" of a more permanent night, closely im-

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pending. In the spring of this year, he had said, "I am beginning to feel as if I were soon to be an old man." From October until the following January, (1796,) he was confined to his room. The earlier part of the latter month, however, found him decidedly convalescent. Just at this crisis, he had the temerity to meet a convivial party at the Globe Tavern, where all care—that of his own health withal, in the joy he felt at its returning presence—was thrown to the winds. Exposure to the night air—prolonged, alas! as we need not repeat—on his homeward way, gave him a deadly chill. Rheumatic fever followed. Though he kept his bed but for a week or two, the effects were more lasting. His appetite began permanently to fail. His trembling hand and voice, on occasion of any unusual effort or emotion, betrayed the serious work going on within his frame, hastening its dissolution. During the spring, he was scarcely recognized by some of his former Ayrshire friends, in the "slovenly-looking man of sickly aspect," as he walked along the street.

An unusually beautiful May brought its gladsome influences; but on the poet they fell without healing. His friends had hoped that if he could live through the spring months, summer would restore him. But no favorable change appeared. For a few days Burns seemed to be getting better at Brow. The hope, nevertheless, proved to be delusive. His last poem—the beautiful song, "Fairest Maid on Devon Banks," was composed at this gloomy epoch. The subject was Charlotte Hamilton, to whom, and to the happy days spent at Harvieston, while in the auroral freshness and in the noontide glow of his fame, his thoughts now turned back with melancholy pleasure. On the 18th, after suffering from a new attack of fever, he returned to Dumfries, unhelped by salt-water, sea-breeze, or country air. His children, whom kind neighbors had taken in charge for these dismal days, were called in to look upon the living countenance of their father for the last time. With these dear ones about his bedside—in a state of mind hovering between sane consciousness and feverish wildness—without a calm word to assure us of what was passing in his soul, he gently sunk into unending sleep.

As a seer, penetrating the mysteries of the universe, reproducing to our eyes its beauties; as an inspired watcher on the towers of time, proclaiming the future to his race; but none the less as a man tried and suffering, involved in constant struggles with the world within and without; the career of Burns has an abiding and inexhaustible attraction for human hearts. The man of genius is humanity concentrated. In him the race stands represented. He is the noblest, the

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brightest, the best—with a mixture, an unseparated dross, always of the frailest and darkest—of all that is in human souls. The faults of our bard must take their place in the sombre background of the picture we form of him, as, too truly, in every likeness of the great. In all cases, these shades are more or less deepened; perhaps in few is there less of the dismal hue—in one place or another—than here.

An artistic poet, in strict sense, he was not. He had intuitive knowledge of men and manners, and the power to reproduce these in natural pictures. He caught, as if from afar, through the darkness of an ungenial period, the gleam of truer principles that were to lead men into a better state, and infused this liberal spirit into all that he wrote. A messenger of the new, he spared not the false and the dead, but hastened their removal out of sight. Such form as these impulses took —like the crystallizing shapes of nature, sometimes most perfectly symmetrical, sometimes irregular and incomplete, but always unique and beautiful—were left in their native originality, sufficing for his purpose if they but expressed what he was yearning to say. The form and the substance were neither borrowed nor artificial. He has no epic aspiration, choosing lofty themes, magnificently planning and ostentatiously executing. He breathes forth his simpler melodies as they rise and swell within his spirit. More homely subjects than some of his were never taken. He wrote much of that which lay immediately about him, finding beauty even in materials the most prosaic and common to other eyes. He obeyed the inspired impulse given through that which he saw, and knew, and felt—there in his rustic seclusion, away from all worldly show and glitter, imprisoned, as it were, in an obscure corner, with only humble hearts around him, and the grand presence of nature.

Occupying an intermediate space between the two great literary groups, one of which, gilded with courtly pomps, graced the beginning of the last century; while the other, grafted on no ancient stock, but striking deep its own root, and drawing its life from the heart of nature and humanity, sprang into birth at the close of the same centennial period; Burns stands independent and alone; slightly influenced by the men of the first era—strongly influencing those of the last. Nature set him apart as a favorite on whom, for the time, to bestow all her fondness.

The gift of marvellous utterance appeared even in his common conversation. Men the most illiterate, the most humble, the most rude, would gather about him as he went abroad, listening, delighted and spell-bound, to his voice. In the highest

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of all cultivated circles in his native land his sway was no less conspicuous. Whether in painting manners, in delineating character, or in exhibiting images to the senses, everything he touches is clear, true, and in bold relief. No hazy atmosphere, no mists rest on his landscapes. No uncertain or accidental hue disfigures his portraits.

His humor is genial and hearty, with an eminently national flavor, for the most part, but none the less cosmopolitan in its charm. No one minor characteristic, we may say, has contributed more to the strong hold he has upon the hearts of his own countrymen in particular. Even his poems of a strictly local character, in which this element prevails, though never thought of by him but as of the most ephemeral sort, are, by this quality, petrified and made enduring and universal.

To many his provincial dialect has been a stumbling-block. But he succeeded best by its occasional use, and did well to adhere to nature therein, despite other counsels. In many of his finest poems it is used but scantily, and in none does it appear without good reason, or fail to serve a genuine purpose. Only a slight familiarity, in all cases, removes its inconvenience. To read Shakespeare even, and much more, Spenser and Chaucer, one needs a glossary. We can afford to take similar pains with a not unworthy successor. We associate with it that passion of patriotism which glows through his verse, and we remember that no heroine of his love had a more sincere, if any one such constant, devotion as his dear native Scotland.

A commemorative tablet, set up in honor of a deceased champion, should rather name his chief victories than recount how they were won, or detail their results. So let us not dwell critically on the several poems of Burns. At this stage of his fame such a work would be superfluous. The world knows the beauties, and has weighed the merits, of the pastoral named "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and of its marvellous complement, "Tam o' Shanter;" which, together, as corresponding hemispheres, present an epitome of human life. The world knows, too, "The Holy Fair," that pilloried exposure of hypocrisy, exhibiting also a segment of humanity, with its mixed elements actually and visibly at work; "Death and Dr. Hornbook," irresistible in its satiric mirth. "The Vision," a sublime, but improbable prophecy, already fulfilled; "The Brigs of Ayr," opulent in imagery, character, humor, wisdom; "The Twa Dogs," with its powerful touches upon the various chords of mortal experience. Not less worthy of their renown are his Epistles to Sillar, Smith, Simpson, Lapraik, and other friends, in which some of his best passages are to be found. Nor need any reader be reminded of such pieces as "A Winter

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Dirge," more mournful than any lament of ocean winds; the touching verses, "To a Mouse," full of proverbial treasures; the "Lines to a Daisy,"—more than tropical product of the rugged acres of Mossgiel; or the brilliant fairy company of Songs, among which the favorites are so many, and for which every hearth and every heart has a welcome and a home. Every line he has left us, almost, has its unique character, and each poem, whether long or short, its abiding power.

When we consider Burns more especially as a man—how he lived, struggled, joyed, died; what economy he used of his great endowments; how he attempted to reconcile his delicately-strung spirit to the harsh dissonances of this life and of his own heart, and with what success, we cannot but regret much in his own conduct and in the circumstances about him, and sigh over his untimely fate. Though so gifted, so noble in soul, so famous for all time, he waged a sore warfare in this world, and fell at last, apparently the worse for the conflict. Enrolled by Thomas Carlyle in a select list of heroes, might it not rather be truly said that, while he needed no virtue more than true heroism, there was none which, in all his later life, he more lamentably lacked?

Living even in the ardor and freshness of perennial youth, the chills of age were not permitted to touch his spirit, or to dim the perpetual verdure and bloom which wreathe his immortal brow. Of the thirty-seven years of his life, it is noteworthy that the first twenty-three—extending to the time of his disastrous undertakings at Irvine—constitute the most regular, sedate, conforming period of all; that during this time, his genius remained chiefly latent; and that even his boyhood, as well as his youth, may almost be said to have been projected onward to a subsequent date. From his twenty-fourth year, until his marriage and settlement at Ellisland, a period of five years, his genius assumed the mastery over him; he condensed into his intense experience the life and the emotions of every stage of man's earthly being, making up for lost years of boyhood and youth, and anticipating the wisdom and profound observation of the maturest age. Over this period rest the charms of romance—the wildness of convivial mirth, the splendor of song, the luminous horizon of hope, are interwoven with its days; and mingled with all were dismal shades also—the darkest with the brightest. The remaining years which close his career have somewhat of the archangel still—are crowned by some of the best fruits of his inspiration—yet we painfully feel that the wings are no longer spread for a soaring flight, but rather to break an impending fall.

So strangely mixed and portioned, by a power not of earth

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or of man, were the elements of a life illumined—to mortal eyes apparently all but consumed—by the mysterious flame of genius.

ART. VI.—1. *The Life and Career of John André, &c.* By WINTHROP SARGENT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1861.

2. *The Life and Career of John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army.* By JAMES L. HENDERSON, Esq. London. 1856.

3. *The Life of Benedict Arnold, Brigadier-General of the British Army.* London. 1849.

THERE are two types of character which in the battle-march of humanity control the lists of honor and fame. Ranging under the first are the men who belong to their own era, live for it, aggrandize it. They represent individual, national traits. All great and noble souls are numbered here.

The second embodies those whom accident has elevated. They inhere to no particular time, are types of the race rather than of nationalities. The impersonations of imagination, the "Tom Jones" and "Gil Blas," are of this kindred. They coil themselves into human sympathies—for they are of us, children of Adam, offspring of all climes, walking with the Pharaohs and Patres, Medes, Parthians, and dwellers in Mesopotamia. Heroic seldom, they owe all their adornment to the gilt and paste of circumstance. Millions of mortals, wholly their peers, have gone down to forgotten graves, simply because human memory has its limits, and history, fickle as fortune, is chary of its favorites. Yet, as every fairly-written novel charms us, even though the man be Uncle Tom or plain Adam Bede, so would their lives and acts, wisely written, elevate them also above the "low Bedford level" of oblivion into the cathedral eminence of characters that guide or warn.

No one better illustrates this last type than John André. His life is connected with the history of our revolution; yet that connection is purely accidental. There is nothing specific in his living, no deep resolve, no marked, individual characteristic, such as should make him a requisite figure in the picture. Apart from the peculiar head-dress, the velvet breeches, and high hose—mere trappings of the age—he might as readily have played his part in the tenth or the nineteenth century. Arnold, on the other hand, cannot be erased from the canvas without destroying the effect. He is of the former class by virtue of his depth of vice. His treason was only

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possible by the peculiarity of his time. André belongs rather to romance literature. The true stand-point of judging him as a living man in a great and suggestive age is perhaps that of the circulating library. Viewed from such vantage-ground, his career would appear natural and coherent. There is love, desperation, the battle-field, the boudoir, sudden death. The plot possesses capabilities sufficiently unique to give distinctive features. It is again and again "truth stranger than fiction." One feels inclined, after reading the bulky pages of Sargent, to shut up the volume and say, "Ah, well! but you know it is not true." Hence women weep over him, all quick imaginations soften into sympathy or murmur querulously of injustice. Washington shares in the blame. Why could he not generously have proffered pardon? Why not permit André to be shot?

What such maudlin sentimentality is worth is the riddle of historians. To compare large things with small, recall the tears that have been shed over Mary Queen of Scots, over Charles the First, over the Duke d'Enghein. Yet the alternative of the first was another bloody Mary; of the second, Cardinal Laud; of the third, the Bourbons; rule of the few, iron-heeled despotism, grinding down the rights of twenty millions. Without entering minutely into the secret history of the times, it appears probable that the safety of America hung upon the sternness of Washington. A falling off in firmness, a moment's audience to the syren voice of mercy, and the prestige of Independence would have been seriously impaired. State necessity, which is above all law, required and consecrated the sacrifice.

The year 1769 is an important epoch in the life of John André. Before it all is uncertain, hypothetical. The honor of his birth-place pendulates doubtfully between Southampton and London. Even the month of his birth has passed out of the memory of "Dry-as-Dust." The spot where he first lisped A, B, C, where the mystery of the Pythagorean table was conquered, and *amo* trundled through its infant tenses, is as fleeting and intangible as the garden of the Hesperides. Enough is known to assure us that the English schools, whether Hackney or Westminster, were diligently improved, as, to a mind quick, receptive, retentive, was inevitable. He was next sent to Geneva—so stands the tradition—where he appears to have spent some years, perfecting himself in all modern accomplishments; at once linguist, artist, musical amateur, deep reader in popular literature, and a singular lover of mathematics—at least within the limited circle of the science of escarpment and redan.

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But here his studies ceased. So far and no farther could he go. That an elder son should be fittingly educated, were well; but that he should grow to despise the fountain of this education, was not to be thought of. His father, a thrifty Turkish merchant—as his brothers were beside him, with another son and three daughters, one of marriageable age—very naturally felt his estate insufficient to permit John to indulge in any other pursuit than that which had conduced to his own prosperity. Therefore, despite military geometry and prospective belles-lettres, he was placed—a mere boy of sixteen—in his father's counting-room.

In April of this year, however, his father died, and John, scarcely seventeen years of age, became at once head of the family and master in the hereditary business. The youth André appears at this time both precocious and backward. His education, for that century and his station in life, was extremely liberal. The influence of mother and sister is also marked. Added to this, he was a *pretty* boy. A portrait still preserved represents him with features exquisitely regular, a complexion waxen, almost girlish; here and there lines of thoughtfulness, sadness even, but none of the harsh masculine bars of self-love; the lip placid, but firm, willing to act, willing to wait; the eye pensive, sorrowful, lustrous; altogether such a head as one would give to the hero of a novel, but scarcely fitted to float safely through the turbid waters of eighteenth-century life. The circle wherein he moved was calculated to give a further tone to a bias already great. Moreover, he had stepped from the first form of the school-room to his father's desk without that preparatory social discipline which tempers and checks the ebullitions of early fancy. Accordingly, in the fall of this very year, while his mother was airing her widow robes in the quiet watering-places of Buxton and Matlock, the young Genevan student was making his first essay in the expression of that passion which, since Hero swam the Hellespont, has not wanted followers.

Honora Sneyd, a beautiful girl of some sixteen summers, blue-eyed and golden-haired, "a face flooded with expression, beauty and grace, sensibility and goodness," saw him but to be loved. She had early lost her mother, and was now the ward of Rev. Mr. Seward, canon in the cathedral church of Litchfield. His daughter, Anne Seward, somewhat of a blue, was particularly suited, from her more mature age and social connections, to act as *confidante* and adviser. Buxton was their summer resort; and here André met them. Miss Seward, whose poetic tastes and habitudes cannot be better described than in lines of her own,

"*Soft* as the spirit of the vernal morn,"

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was at once conquered by the ready wit and multifarious accomplishments of the cockney, counting-room clerk; and taking him under protection, threw her powerful influence into the trembling scale.

When a fiery young man whose talk is of war, and music, and song, meets a romantic girl, not spoiled by the spirit of coquetry, it is easy to prophesy results. With soul pure of guile—fresh from the reading of "Clarissa," and the chastening influence of a noble-souled English mother—a head not over old and a heart wholly young—he warmly prosecuted his suit. The sky then, as always, was sheeny with stars. In the "balmy twilight," the sweet September breezes cooing around them, their poetry fast changed into love. Had the elder André bequeathed a larger estate to his son, had Honora been as foolish in practice as she was sanguine in thought, the tragedy of West Point might have been avoided. Could mankind only realize that an obscure life, the quiet duty of citizenship, the calm endurance of womanhood, are as heroic, and infinitely more Christian than the doubtful paths of fame! But it is not now-a-days, nor was it then *sic itur ad astra*. There was a family inquest. Grave Senior Sneyd, matronly Widow André, held consultations ominous over this sudden escapade. The verdict was the eternal one. Love is praised, but dies of hunger! Let them part for the present. If circumstances hereafter prove propitious, the two may be made one.

Miss Seward was probably disappointed at the prosaic turn of affairs. André's disquiet spirit was his worst enemy; and, with Honora, she urged him to cast aside all thoughts of a military life, and devote himself to the counting-room. At Litchfield they parted, having arranged a correspondence, and vowing mutual and eternal friendship. André's intimacy with Miss S. was natural enough on prudential grounds; but there was another and nobler consideration. This lady was the centre of quite a village galaxy of literature. Without cataloguing minor stars, it may suffice to mention that "Botanic Garden" Darwin was one of the stellar throng. Where such a man was chief, we know what to expect. Men of suprasensibilities, writers of child stories, vestal virgins of the Minerva press, they formed a sodality which, to a boy just loose from school, somewhat sobered by family cares—particularly the loss of his warm parent—and a prey to a hundred new emotions, became especially attractive.

The letters which followed possess a melancholy interest. They are flighty and fanciful, teeming with high-wrought descriptions, appeals to "dear Honora," boy reveries, gossip and chaff. The odor of the shop is in every line he writes. There

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is no need of telling us of "John André by a small coal fire, in a gloomy compting-room in Warnford Court; nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and in all probability never to be much more than he is at present." How sadly, however, sounds the refrain of every letter! "But oh! my dear Honora! it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth, else this day should see me fling aside pen and carmine for an epaulette and glory!"

That hour was not far distant. This very year the House of Parliament, with amiable prudence, has voted that all cases of treason in the colonies shall be tried in England, and the Boston mob (March, 1770,) come in contact with the British soldiery—three citizens falling dead on the open street. Yet these concern not weary, love-lorn *cher Jean*. "What is it to you or me," he writes,

> "If here in the city we have nothing but riot,
> If the Spitalfield weavers can't be kept quiet?"

His mind is better ordered. Journeys to and from Clopton, *jeu d'esprit* of poetry, a second stolen visit to Litchfield; these, and more. "Ah, Julia," he writes to Miss Seward, "the cold hand of absence is heavy upon the heart of your *cher Jean*. He is forced to hammer into it perpetually every consoling argument that the magic wand of Hope can conjure up, viz., that every moment of industrious absence advances his journey you know whither."

In the spring of 1770, while Hutchinson was dragooning the turbulent democracy of Massachusetts, and Gates wrote the most confident letters to the Foreign Secretary, another personage appears upon the stage of this quiet country drama. One "Thomas Day, blackguard," tall, round-shouldered, and pitted by the small-pox, but possessing what Mr. Edgeworth affirms to have been Miss Sneyd's desire, "a reasoning mind," surrendered, not, however, at discretion, to the peerless beauty. Crotchety, with peculiar notions of home regulations—though a noble man many ways, and blessed with the substantive virtue of £1,200 a year—he was too much the creature of a theory to finally satisfy the Helen of Litchfield. His addresses, however, were not immediately discouraged. Enough was shown to satisfy André that the last link was sundered which held him to the desk.

We have no means of knowing the intensity of his sufferings in this trying moment. It is an ordeal through which few young hearts pass without carrying to the grave withering traces of their agony. Weak men, in such seasons, have flung themselves into the dark mystery of suicide. Stronger men have forsaken country, fled to new lands, or hazarded all upon

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the fickle die-throw of the battle-field. That with him also its effect was powerful and his act instantaneous, seems indubitable. There were family prejudices to counteract; mother and sisters were not disposed to humor an act that might separate him from them for ever. Nevertheless, he resigns his office to one of his uncles, and, on March 4th, 1771, received his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Royal Fusileers.

Immediately after this military appointment, we find him wandering through France, Prussia, and Germany. The Prussian tactics, wrought up to a high state of perfection by "grim Frederic," conqueror of Rossbach, led him to make Germany his home. Even the honor of intriguing for the Hessian corps is also ascribed to him, with questionable truth. Two years spent on the Continent, and especially in Germany, could not pass uselessly. The "seven years'" war was still on every lip. The strategy, the intrigue, the soldierly acumen of that great campaign, was fresh in all memories. That André pursued his studies earnestly, desperately even, through these months, his rapid promotion in the British service sufficiently proves. In the spring of '73 the Fusileers were ordered to Canada. "A young man's wrath," says the old rhyme, "is like straw on fire"—soon ashes; and our lieutenant's feverish disappointment would appear to have so far abated, as to become little more than a sentiment. At least, before leaving England, he went down to Litchfield, to bid farewell to his friends. He found Miss Sneyd betrothed to Mr. Edgeworth, a gentleman of much culture, father of Maria Edgeworth, whose stories have delighted the children of two generations, by their geniality and truth. During this visit, a wonderful dream occurred, in which André's future fate was portrayed with singular exactness. Whether he was advised of it or no, is at present not clear. But Mr. Sargent delights in prodigies, and vouches for at least three visions which, at different periods before his death, appeared to the friends of the future adjutant-general.

Instead of taking the most direct route, our young officer proceeded to the Canadas by way of Philadelphia. He arrived in that city while the first Congress was in session, and must have more than once seen the men to whom, under God, is due the establishment of this great nation. He did not tarry long, but, passing through New York and Boston, reported himself to his commanding officer at Quebec.

The campaign of 1773–4, in Upper Canada and on Lake Champlain, belongs rather to the pages of history, than to the confines of a brief biography; yet the *dénoûment* of that audacious advance of Montgomery is closely connected with

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our subject. Troops undisciplined, no ordnance, no army stores, prestige broken—not even a rampart to be dug, because a democratic State militia could not and would not see the utility thereof—he succeeded in seizing Chamblée, St. Johns, and finally Montreal. In St. Johns, acting as quartermaster to his regiment, was John André.

Lancaster, Penn., had been selected, chiefly on account of its remoteness from the sea-board, as a proper depot for the reception of British captives. Thither André was conveyed. His prison days seem to have been spent peacefully and wisely. He renewed his old recreation—painting. Men not long ago were living who received from him their first lessons in this art. Some annoyances there were. The over-officiousness of Tory sympathizers rendered the Whigs less companionable towards the prisoners than they would otherwise have been. A letter written in French subjected André to suspicion for no other reason apparently than that no one could read it. It was perhaps chiefly due to this that shortly after he was removed to Carlisle.

The capture of St. Johns took place in the fall of 1775. Washington was then laying siege to Boston, cutting off supplies of wood and poultry from the British occupants of the city, remonstrating with Congress against depending on the militia, settling rival claims between continental officers, opposing the New England custom of giving a commission to any man who could recruit a company, and writing letter after letter for ammunition. What speculators were to Napoleon, and to our present Secretary of War, that were they to the commanding general of those days which we love to deem heroic. "Such a dearth of public spirit," wrote Washington, "and such want of virtue, such stock-jobbing, and fertility to obtain advantage of one kind or another, I never saw before, and pray God's mercy that I may never be witness to again."

The cloud of gloom that overspread the camp at Cambridge had been black enough, but now came glimpses of a brighter day. While André was on his way to Lancaster, Dorchester Heights were fortified, and English Percy, delayed by a violent eastern storm from making an excellently-planned assault, saw too late the intrenchments strengthened beyond hope of escalade.

When Sir William Howe retreated from Boston peninsula and retired to Halifax, Gen. Lee advanced on New York. He entered in February of the next year, a little before André was removed to Carlisle. Nothing shows better the circles in which history moves than affairs at York Island. Precisely as Anderson stood by the voiceless Sumter guns, and, while

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one portion of the South was in a whirl of revolution, Southern representatives and senators tarried, untouched, at Washington, so did Gen. Clinton pause at New York to hold conference with Gov. Tryon without molestation from the Committee of Safety, though supported at this time by a corps of two thousand Connecticut volunteers. Yet he was then on his way to take command of the British forces in North Carolina! Very oddly writes Lee to Congress, "It is the most whimsical piece of civility I ever heard of!"

But the war fever was setting in. Men more clearly comprehended the crisis. Lee persisted in fortifying Long Island; and when Howe with reinforcements, among whom came the Hessians, appeared before Staten Island, he found Washington already there, and no little preparation made to resist his progress.

André was now at Carlisle. Such removals were frequent and necessary in the existing condition of affairs. That his new residence was not wholly to his mind, is evident from his letter to Cope. . . . . "My desire was to find a lodging where I could have him" (his young friend John, one of his artist students,) "with me, and some quiet honest (loyal) family of Friends or others where he might be boarded. . . . I have been able to find neither, and am myself in a tavern. The people here are no more willing to harbor us than those of Lancaster at our first coming there." His prison life, however, was not wholly disagreeable. He did not surrender his parole, as did some of his fellow-officers, disgusted at patriot surveillance. "Feet on window-sill, dogs by his side, reading," is the picture which the biographer gives us. Possibly he found some encouragement in the news from North River, as it percolated slowly through the up-country villages.

The battle of Brooklyn—another Bull Run, where we lost the day for the same reason that McDowell did—lack of cavalry—though followed up by that inimitable retreat from Long Island, gave a disastrous complexion to the cause of the Revolution. The cowardly affair of Kipps Bay was quite as bad. Washington was driven from Kingsbridge and White Plains across North River, and out of Fort Lee. Fort Washington was taken, and with it nearly three thousand prisoners. The flying march of Cornwallis through New Jersey, with the known disaffection of so many of the militia and citizens, seemed to insure the speedy death of the rebellion. The summer and fall campaign of Howe, if contrasted with what was afterwards effected by himself or others, is worthy of all praise.

Upon the *cartel* for a general exchange of prisoners negotiated at this time, André found himself released. He had

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scarcely reported himself to headquarters ere the news arrived of the battle of Trenton. It was evident they had to deal with a foe whose slow and Fabian tactics were the result of necessity rather than will. The memoir which he had secretly drawn up, and a journal, filled with sketches, topographical and otherwise, which had accumulated on his hands, and on his departure from Carlisle had been smuggled through our lines, lifted him into an importance which was no more than his due. He at once received a captaincy in the 27th, and soon after rose to the position of aide-de-camp to Major-General Gray.

Late in the summer of '77 Howe determined to make a vigorous attack on Philadelphia. Concealing his plans from even his own council, the fleet weighed anchor at Amboy and sailed south. Their next appearance was at the head of Elk, properly a northern limb of Chesapeake Bay. From Brandywine to Paoli Tavern, where André Gray—"No-flint-Gray" he was called thereafter—ordering his men to knock their flints from the gun-locks, charged "Mad Anthony" Wayne so decisively and remorselessly that even that gallant officer was subjected to court-martial; from thence to Germantown and Philadelphia it was a picture of a victorious march and a meritorious retreat.

André was quartered at the house of Dr. Franklin. A letter is still extant in which Mrs. Roche, the philosopher's daughter, complains to her father, "A Capt. André took with him a picture of you which hung in the dining-room." However comfortable he might have been in new quarters, it was not the season for rest. He was under Cornwallis at the evacuation of Red Bank, a small but important earth-work on the right bank of the Delaware, commanding the shipping, and but a brief period before bravely defended against Dunlop and his Germans. He also accompanied Gray and Howe in their desolating but unsuccessful march on Valley Forge; where Lydia Darrach, at the adjutant-general's key-hole, heard and carried to Washington the whole plan of the expedition. As winter came on the campaign quietly ended, and the whole city was given over to gayety.

Our young aide-de-camp was eminently social. His tastes were, as the times went, high; his accomplishments varied and conspicuous. With Darwin he had studied the loves of the flowers, and in that brilliant though sickly coterie he had attained to mature estimate of letters; to measure merit, and even to aim in equalling it. Knox, who, shortly after the capture of St. Johns, occupied the same room with him for a night, remarked his complete familiarity with the range of

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18th-century literature. Federalist Hamilton, who was by him in his last days, testified also to this. Yet he was too much of a gentleman—to use the sedate and self-respecting phrase of last-century fashion—to let the sharp points of intellect be felt through the velvet touch of ordinary intercourse. His adaptability, his companionableness, soon secured him city friends, and made him an important personage in the *esprit du corps*. The British officers had amused themselves with theatricals at Boston—Howe's Strolling Company they called themselves—and it was proposed to re-establish the drama in their new quarters. André's versatility was at once called into requisition. Side-scenes, dummies, prologues, adaptations, all felt the impress of his genius. The theatre was a success. Even Whig ladies deigned to attend. The rush for seats was so great that men ventured to fee the door-keeper. Long after Philadelphia was evacuated a beautiful drop-scene, having André painted in large letters on the back, remained as a souvenir.*

To André the best society in the city was free. He became acquainted with Miss Rodman and Miss Shippen. The latter lady, especially, attracted him. Adams tells us that her mother was "a religious and reasoning woman," one who saw God's providence in the rise of Massachusetts patriots, "else they could not have behaved through their trials with so much prudence and firmness." The father was a moderate American, and the lady herself, though, perhaps, sympathizing in the national cause, found no difficulty in gaining admission to the most exclusive royalist circles. A rapid intimacy sprang up, which, at parting, ripened into correspondence. How closely this friendship concerns biography, will be perceived hereafter.

André in New York did not differ from André at Philadelphia. He accompanied Gray in his marauding excursion to Martha's Vineyard, and was sent by that general as messenger to Clinton, to detail the success of that expedition. He signed the papers of surrender on the glacis of Fort Fayette; an act which was very rightly deemed, by the Americans, the sublime lapsing into the ridiculous.

* "One has only to read John Adams's Diary to realize the exceedingly social character of the people. The book overflows with descriptions of rich feasts. The plain New England lawyer dined with Dr. Shippen and Chief Justice Chew; with men who afterwards became arrant Tories without losing their love for good living. The downright Adams felt himself in a new element. Half his notices of a "supper out" are consecrated to a detail of the elegant trivialities of the table. The "flummeries" and the "trifles," the "fools" and "whipped syllabubs," the "floating islands" and "long etc.," the grand substantials of "turtle, turkey, beef, and pig," and the rare flagons of "claret, Madeira, and Burgundy," the "very best," are described in such appetizing words as only a born diplomat may use. Of a dinner with Mr. Chew this is written: "I drank Madeira at a great rate, and felt no inconvenience in it."—"The Life and Career of John André. By Winthrop Sargent."

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In society, his was the same careless gayety, kindly, humane, easy temper, and self-command. Visiting pretty girls at Staten Island, with Simcoe, courteous to the whole bevy of beauties on Ware and Pearl Streets,—"the finest model of manly beauty ever seen," rising from Clinton's aid, to deputy-adjutant, then to the adjutant-generalship. It was a path of roses.

In literary circles he was a welcome guest. A silly duel which took place between Howe and Gadesdale—for even stern men of a century ago were sometimes weak—afforded occasion for a *jeu d'esprit*. Of greater influence was a pasquinade on the conduct of the French and Americans at Newport. Everybody knows how irregular, to say the least, was the movement of the French admiral. All New England was chafing at the fickleness of D'Estaing. At the moment when probable victory hovered over our banners, scrupulous red-tape, from the saloons of St. Cloud, prevented additional lustre to the revolutionary record. André seized the occasion, and flung off another of his cold jests. It was not well balanced. It irritated, without effecting any object. A specious and insidious hit at the small aid which had accrued to America from France would not have been without result. But this was false to all political effect. Yankee Doodle, from English travesties, was not over agreeable to New England ears. His "Dream," a prose relation that found its way into Livingston's Gazette, was of far inferior worth. But the "Cow Chase," which appeared in the same paper, is better known. It was this that made him a name outside of the English lines. It has some exquisite stanzas. His reference to the refugees, many of whom were honorable but misguided men, is marked by much feeling. Yet one is led to doubt its genuineness, in face of the evident sins of the poem. There is a meanness in its taunts at the trades. Wayne was a tanner, another general had been a doctor, a third a hatter, and this beautiful Adonis made that the worthiest target for his lance. It shows the influence of circumstances, and how foppish he had become. At this very moment the French at the West Indies were destroying what little family property remained, and he and his were dependents on the British treasury for their all!

It was in the spring of 1779 the correspondence commenced which, whether it honors or dishonors André, is his only passport to history. Benedict Arnold, now at the mature age of forty, was a bitter and a disappointed man. To those who believe in hereditary transmission, the secret of his early life and his later sin assumes a new aspect. His father was in every respect a bad citizen. His own boyhood preserves

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nothing beautiful, with much that is repulsive. We think that Arnold felt this, and as he grew in years fought as best he might against it. The fiend, however, was always at the door. He was destitute of an adequate balancing power. In the absence of any great controlling moral principle, he feigned to substitute the emotions of honor, ambition, patriotism. Such a character is not born for the school of adversity. Success could chasten, but failure must destroy. He was merchant, navigator, bankrupt; painfully wandering from defective vision through devious ways, till Percy rode out of Boston and the battle of Lexington turned the leaf of history. Thereafter he was a changed man. His conduct with Ethan Allen, at Lake Champlain, in the arduous march through Maine to Quebec, in the Canadas, at Danbury, at Crown Point, at Behman's Heights, was wholly superb. He exhibited an endurance, an organizing spirit, an enterprise and fire, that marked him as the best fighting general in the American army. When we reflect how deficient our army then was, and in truth always has been, in capable officers, we can better estimate his desert. The popular voice was for him, but the politicians disliked him. Not that they were possessed of such vulture acuteness as to smell treason. He was hated because he would not be a tool; so they slighted him by promotions of his juniors in rank and his inferiors in military ability. They disputed his monetary accounts; refused him settlement; and, when at last forced to acknowledge his merit, did it grudgingly and under protest. Meanwhile, Arnold, dogged by debtors, and harassed by congressional interference, was suddenly appointed to a delicate and costly post in Philadelphia.

To his difficulties with the Governor of the State was added an unfortunate marriage alliance, which he was busy in contracting. The same Miss Shippen, whom we have mentioned as intimate with André, was now the object of Arnold's suit. He saw no other way of attaining to her hand than by an imperial establishment. Augmented expenses, growing unpopularity, political imbroglios, a social connection which brought him in contact with all the Tories of the city, prevailed in biasing a mind not overstrong or deep. He seems to have grappled with all the conditions of his act. The yawning abyss did not affright him; yet he hesitates at the brink. The French government was interrogated. It were better to be a venal American than a traitor. In this, he had done no more than Republicans, but a little later, were prepared to do in order to defeat the Federalists. The answer received in return to his application was not what Arnold had anticipated. It

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was flattering and friendly; but its flattery was for a patriotism which he had lost, and its friendship was not appreciable at the money broker's. There was one farther step, and he took it.

A letter signed "Gustavus," written in a straight-handed, light-fingered style, and containing valuable information relative to the movements of our army, reached Clinton at New York. The mystery attending its delivery, its evident high source of origin, excited his imagination, and opened the door for wide speculations. Unwilling to lower himself by personal superintendence, he summoned André, and bade him conduct the intrigue. Whether André saw anything improper or repulsive in the task, cannot now be determined. Yet a scheme more despicable it were hard to imagine. The language of Arnold was that of the shambles and slave-pen. It was a perpetual talk of "bargains," of "ready money," of "goods at market." Towards the completion of the plot, he writes, "I desire to procure you [André] an interview with Mr. M——e, [me] when you will be able to settle your *commercial plan*. I hope, agreeable to all parties." Such phrases had not been familiar to André since the days of "the compting-house in Warnford Court." The memories connected with that period were not such as to make them pleasant. Treachery in love and treachery in nationality differ only in kind. Yet he appears to have entered on the project with avidity. His chirography,—for everything pertaining to the bargain is interesting,—was heavier and more horizontal than his usual mode. It reminds one of the letter in Tennyson's "Princess," "writ

> In such a hand as when a field of corn
> Bows all its ears before the roaring east."

His signature, Anderson, [André's own,] is a transparent play of words. The correspondence continued some fifteen months. Arnold, meanwhile, watched his opportunity. The occasion was not far distant. Fearing lest the British should make a diversion against the French fleet, then at Newport, Washington moved the American forces across the Hudson, and advancing upon New York, took position for its investment. Though a mere feint to distract the attention of the English, it might in a certain contingency be followed by decisive results. While the General-in-Chief was superintending these operations, Arnold arrived at the camp. The honorary post of the left was at once tendered him. But, fertile in expedients, the subtile traitor pleaded the weakness of his leg, wounded in the gallant assault of Quebec, as an excuse for his preference of the less responsible post of West Point. Chagrined and puzzled at this inexplicable whim of a man so

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notably brave, Washington, nevertheless, consented to the request.

Clinton's quick eye saw at a glance the object of this manœuvre. If ever Arnold would be of value to him, it was now. André had already opened a correspondence with Mrs. Arnold; he was immediately directed to bring the affair to a crisis. The limits of this article are too brief to do justice to the whole history of the intrigue. No one needs be reminded of the arrangement then and there made: that at the approach of the British up the river, the Continental troops were to be stationed at all points but those really needful for defence; that the enemy, advancing by undefended paths, might achieve an easy victory; how with all necessary documents concealed in his boots, and in a disguise unwillingly assumed, he went forth along the west bank of the Hudson with Smith as guide; how, after sundry adventures, Smith leaving him just before Tarrytown, he was challenged by a party of three, playing cards at the crest of a hill, over which the road wound; men you may call cow-boys, freebooters, militia-men or patriots, just as you please, for history varies here; how he blundered, exhibited the pass from Arnold, finally dismounted, and, submitting to a search, had the West Point papers discovered; how he was delivered into the hands of Col. Tallmadge, and, revealing his true character, straightway wrote a letter to Washington, which went against him on the trial; how he was conveyed for safe keeping to the very fortress he had hoped victoriously to scale; feeding the quick ear of his escort on the voyage, by the glowing narrative of his now all-vanished dream; how a court-martial of majors and brigadiers-general, among whom were La Fayette, Steuben, Knox, was convened, and André justly decreed a spy, and subject to the penalty affixed; how Clinton wrote letters in extenuation; sending up Robertson, sending up Judge Smith, cunning and loyal, ready to make black white, and white black in André's behalf, all without effect; how Washington refused to see him; refused, so inflexible was that great man in the presence of public duty, even to mitigate the punishment, though stout-hearted Hamilton shed tears, and women waited in the camp. The story of this three days' melodrama burns in the memory of every reader. There are hours more pregnant with fate than centuries which precede or follow.

André was buoyed up through that long week's agony by a keen, high sense of honor. In his letter written from Salem immediately upon his capture, he most fears "the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous purposes or self-interest." "It is to vindicate my fame that I speak,

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and not to solicit security." So at his trial there was a fearless negligence of the petty evasions of justice. He scorned the mean pretence that he left the Vulture under the protection of a flag. He would utter the truth, though it should veil earth from his eyes!

The same emotion dictated his last letter to Washington—a paper beautiful for its chivalrous feeling—in which he prayed that he "might not die on a gibbet." André's closing hours were calm and collected. A pen-and-ink portrait of himself, pencilled almost within arrow-shot of the place of execution, evinces a singular coolness—not a line tremulous—the face, by good testimony, very perfect and true. His chief regret was the ignominious character of his impending death. Passing down through the long double lines of soldiery, his face first paled when he saw his dying request disregarded. Yet his heart was still strong. Jumping up into the cart, he put the noose to his neck, and with the last words, "Bear witness to the world that I die a brave man," swung into eternity.

This is all very sad; still, it was needful. "Never, perhaps," wrote Hamilton years after, "never, perhaps, did a man suffer death more justly, or deserve it less." There is a fearful truth hidden beneath the texture of this paradox. To tamper with the conscience, with the soul of a fellow-man, for an individual end, is an evil deed at best. But when this act concerns not one, but many; not the individual, but society; not the undermining of a party, but the sapping at the foundation of a nationality, it requires a higher pretext than loyalty to a king, or respectable character, or affable manners, to shelter the criminal from the righteous grasp of justice. André doubtless acted from the highest motives that an Englishman as an Englishman—at that day—was capable—commerce, royalty, honor; but these are flimsiest cobwebs in extenuation for the mischief which he schemed.

For the rest, we cannot agree with those who detect a higher promise in his life. True, he was immature even at the age of twenty-nine. For eleven years he had obeyed the promptings of that ambition which craves a ribbon or the plaudits of the fair. He risked the death he suffered in the hope of promotion, if successful. It was not a General Monk, to his apprehension, with whom he had to deal. He saw not patriotism in his act. It was a military plan, and one subservient to a purely military reward.

In truth, one perceives scant evidence of lofty national feeling in the conduct of the British officers of that day. It was not because a nation had revolted that they fought. George IV. and the Court party may have been inspired by the patri-

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otic sense of an empire crumbling from beneath their feet. Men like Johnson and Grenville may have considered it simply a legal question, in which we were wrong, and deserved punishment for our obstinacy. But the majority of the English fighting party saw only a question of diminished revenue—so much less tea sold; so much less hemp imported. We were a starveling race then as now—given to tobacco-smoking; given to the use of hot-air furnaces; to pickles and hotel boarding. We were to the citizen of London what a revolted Gallia, Asia, Africa, was to the citizen of the imperial city—barbarians all.

It is from this low phase of social and political morality—this paltry meanness of sneering and scorning, as if that were knightly prowess—that André derived all his justification. His mocking at Wayne "the tanner" was certainly the exhibition of cheap wit; but his ordinary conduct evinced another spirit. He was in America either to win fame or die. He was merely a soldier. He felt himself combating enemies rather than men who were lately his countrymen. He styles them "colonists," never "rebels." Every American who spoke with him testified to his manliness, his generosity, his kindness of heart. His sin was solely that of the head. He was a moth fluttering in the flame of a candle. He was the victim of the Nemesis of nations. "Never, perhaps, did a man suffer death more justly, or deserve it less."*

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* In the Monody on John André, composed by Miss Seward, and wept over by our British grand-dames of the last century—a poem which commences with this dulcet line—

"Loud howls the storm, the vexed Atlantic roars;"—

in this Monody we are told how, upon the "cruel capture,"

"Around the hero crowd the exulting bands,
And seize the spoils of war with bloody hands,
Snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest,
And tear the golden crescent from his breast,
The sword, the tube that wings the death from far,
And all the fatal implements of war."

Assuredly the men who dared to "snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest," and even, in the madness of their klepto mania, confiscating "the tube that wings the death from far," could scarcely have deserved this incomparable benignity of having their deeds embalmed in imperishable iambics! It is needless to say that all this terrible conduct existed only in the fertile fancy of the fair poet.

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ART. VII.—1. *Bacon's Essays, with Annotations.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1856.

2. *The Works of Lord Bacon, &c.* Boston: F. A Brown & Co. 1862.

3. *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon Ouvrage Posthume du* COMTE JOSEPH DE MAISTRE. Paris. 1860.

No works in the English language have had greater influence in forming the opinions and moulding the thoughts of men than those of Lord Bacon; and among them, his Essays stand pre-eminently distinguished for originality and strength; for depth of thought and power of expansion. They are, in the true sense of the word, "Essays." Not long and elaborate treatises of an exhaustive character, such as are found in our best literature in modern times, but simply the scaffolding of mighty buildings, or, rather, the foundation, walls and domes of magnificent temples of massive structure, to be filled up and completed by other hands found worthy of using a hammer, a trowel, and a measuring-rod, upon the designs and labors of this master-workman. Few have had the courage to undertake the task, and fewer still have done justice to the genius of the great artificer. To do this with effect, they should stand in the same relation with Bacon that the great masters in sculpture did to Phidias and Praxiteles, or that Milton and Shakespeare did to Homer and Euripides.

There is scarcely a branch of learning or of art that has not been enriched by the labors of Lord Bacon. His mind was wonderfully prolific and creative. Stern and severe as was his logic, his imagination presided over it and gave it eyes, Cyclopean and vast, to see the unapproachable, and, to others, the inaccessible. We believe that this is characteristic of all original and powerful thinkers, and the want of this "faculty divine" never can be compensated by the presence and power of "plain reason," however exalted and perfect.

The reader of Bacon is constantly struck with the richness, the affluence of his creative genius. Not only does he lay under contribution the finest thoughts of the poets and philosophers of classic story, enriching his pages with appropriate quotations from their works, but his own mind moulds and casts them with an ease and liberality that astonish and enchant the reader. Few persons who have looked upon Bacon as a philosopher ever think of him as a poet. What, the author of the *Organum* a poet? Yes, in the truest sense of that word, though we do not know that he ever made a couplet worthy to be read. He had all the elements of beauty and sublimity; all the taste and imagination that belong to

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the poet. There is more of that *physique* in his works than is necessary to furnish an outfit for a hundred Tennysons or Longfellows. We say this without any disparagement of the genius and labors of these gifted men. That a globe on fire does not shine as the sun, is no proof of its inability to attract attention. We admit the pretensions of smaller orbs, as Venus, though sixty-eight millions of miles from the god of day.

The intellect of Bacon scorned to tread in the old and beaten paths of philosophy, worn smooth by his predecessors; not because he was fond of marking out new ones for himself, but because he thought that they led astray. They commenced with a *petitio principii*, and ended in smoke and delusion. He swore by no master, and called no man rabbi, however great may have been his talents, however commanding his influence. Others may have done the same from mere pride of intellect or disposition to be singular. He, because he saw the truth in all its soundness, from every possible angle of vision, and so distinctly, that he lost sight of all those side influences which disturb the minds of inferior men, and force them into positions, from which they have neither the will nor the power to escape.

It was this rare, and original power, of abstracting himself from the thoughts and opinions of others, and his absolute freedom from intellectual authority, which gave him such mastery over the wide domain of learning and philosophy. His mind was kingly, and dwelt apart. He felt himself to be, in reality, what Lear did, when demented—"every inch a king," and therefore was a law unto himself. No one, of all the past, more justly, could claim the throne and empire of human reason, with a better title than Bacon. So cautious was he of the divine prerogative, that he was willing to submit his claims to the judgment of posterity, and well and truly has that judgment been rendered.

There is something truly prophetic in this consciousness of Bacon. He was in fact a seer, not in the sense of revelation, for he dealt not in matters of faith, but of reason: yet in that lower sense in which we apply the word to the most gifted of human beings. All great minds have felt as he did, when conceiving and giving utterance to new and important truths, beyond the age in which they lived. So felt Luther, so Locke, and Newton; so Galileo; so the great discoverers—Columbus, Harvey and Jenner. But no one was less affected by the opinions of others, or their judgment of his merits, in matters of philosophy, than Bacon. Self-reliant, and conscious of his resources, he spoke as the "High Priest and interpreter of

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Nature;" as if oracular, and committed his fame to the safe keeping of all the future.

> "His page,
> Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,
> Folds itself up for a serener clime
> Of years to come, and finds its recompense
> In that just expectation."

What renders his case the more interesting, is the fact that he chiefly dwelt upon moral truth, instead of physical. It was not from axioms, truisms or theorems, hackneyed and commonplace, that he wrought out his demonstrations, but he formed his own, and gave them to the world. It was not in the region of mathematical truth that he made his discoveries, for here there is little chance of mistake. Diagrams and problems, the dead reckonings of geometry, its surveys and admeasurements, were not the rules by which he worked. Nor was it the cross-questioning and catechetical system found in the Socratic school—too often employed to confound and silence, rather than to enlighten and convince; the trick of the schoolmen and the armor of the knights of the court-room and the squire's office. Nor was it the prying—spying, reconnoitering movements of the lantern-light philosophy of Diogenes; "the old wives" *dogmata*, of which an apostle has spoken, but it was an earnest inquiry into "what is," both in regard to matter and mind; not what ought to be or might be, or may be. It was a solemn inquest held over the body of nature—dead, as it seemed to him, in the light of the Aristotelian philosophy, but instinct with life, under that grand induction to which his siftings, explorations, and examinations led. His was a searching inquiry into facts, to find theories; of things to discover principles; of nature, to evoke its laws. He did not do as the creed-men, adopt a system of so many articles, and then ransack the Bible for special texts to support it—texts controlled more by the sound than by the sense. Nor did he subject nature to the Procrustean rule, to cut off the limbs if too long to fit the measure of his bedstead, or to stretch them if too short. But he looked at her in all her true proportions; her beauty of form, her stateliness and perfection, her dignified and queenly stature. Not only as a whole, in her rounded unity, but in the division of her separate parts; every section, fragment, and limb; every member, lobe, and lobule; every joint, axle, and limb; and the relations, uses and abuses of the whole. His "system" did not antedate and lie at the foundation of the temple of nature—hidden in the ground, but it was seen in the splendid dome which crowned it, and showed its completion.

It was in the domain of moral philosophy or pure intellec-

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tion that Bacon cut out his new and difficult path, without a guide or even a companion. Not only did he succeed, but he had the courage to walk in it alone, and was conscious of the fact that the world would follow. He did in this, what Napoleon did in the Alps, cleave the mountains and bear up over them his troops and cannon, and then leave the road as a public highway for all the future.

We cannot but think that Bacon was raised up to accomplish the task he performed—to break the fetters of a false philosophy, which enslaved the minds of men for ages, and to prepare the way for all the improvements made, since, in the arts of civilized life. Just as coal was hidden in the preadamite earth, for the benefit of those living in the nineteenth century, and in anticipation of its wants, so Bacon was born and lived, and wrote and thought, for the ages which succeeded him; and the providence of God is seen as well in the one case as in the other. He was the "Samson Agonistes" of his day, who brought upon the temple of the Philistines ruin and desolation, and spread upon the ground both the altars and the gods of their idolatry. He was a notable iconoclast; and effectually did he perform his task and fulfil his mission.

In regard to the life and times of Lord Bacon we refer the reader to Montagu and Macaulay. Nearly all that may now be known of this wonderful man will be found in the Life of Bacon as written by the one, and the review as written by the other. We will, however, observe, that some rebate and discount must be made in favor of Bacon, as a man, under the strong temptation to which the pen of Macaulay was subjected, in his scathing "Essay" of the *Life and Times of Bacon.* He was too good game to escape the hounds which were held in tether, hungry and fierce, by the hands of the merciless reviewer. He doubtless indulged his imagination too much, and made more out of the frailties and follies of Bacon than he should have done. That there should have been spots in this great luminary might have been expected, but there was no need to take their actual dimensions, much less to magnify and to gloat over them. But there is a weakness in many minds, and Macaulay was not free from it, to place in the boldest relief the vices and corruptions of those whom they most admire, and by way of compensation for their commanding talents and unapproachable excellencies, to exaggerate them. In the language of the Annotator of Bacon's Essays, "It may be added, that many who would never bring themselves to say anything positively false, yet need to be warned against the falsehood of suppression or extenuation;—against the unfairness of giving what is called a one-sided representation."

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The world has not so much to do with what Bacon was, as with what he did; and whilst it is the business of the biographer to speak of the man, it is the duty of the reviewer to speak of his works. We should be glad to know that one so gifted, and to whom we are so much indebted for the immortal truths which he has bequeathed us, had been perfect. But as this was not the case, we gladly accept the rich treasures of the intellect which he has given to the world. We have many evidences of the fact that superior endowments of the mind are often associated with great depravity of the heart. The intellect of a seraph may be allied to the wickedness of a demon.

In regard to Bacon, we would neither suppress nor extenuate. He had his failings, incident to all men. He committed some acts in violation of the first principles of morality and justice; and no one knew better than he did that, in so doing, he acted contrary to his own convictions of truth and duty; for these never suffered in the estimation of his own clear judgment, as we have abundant proofs in his Essays, and, indeed, in all his writings. Much may be said of the times in which he lived, and the usages of those in power. The moral sense is greatly benumbed by the prevalent customs of the ages which give birth to great men; and where self-interest, and the fascinations of wealth and power, strongly tempt, the fewest of men can resist them. Happy is he who can rise above them, and, like one of Milton's angels, pure, "faithful among the faithless," and chiefly so when it can be added,

"Faithful *only* he!"

We now speak of the "Essays," and first, will remark, that they are not long and elaborate productions, such as we are accustomed to see at the present day in the periodical literature of the day. The word "Essay," like many other words in our language, has undergone some change;—this, a striking one. "By an Essay was originally meant—according to the obvious and natural sense of the word—a slight sketch, to be filled up by the reader; brief hints, designed to be followed out; loose thoughts on some subjects, thrown out without much regularity, but sufficient to suggest further inquiries and reflections. Any more elaborate, regular, and finished composition, such as, in our days, often bears the title of an Essay, our ancestors called a *treatise*, *tractate*, *dissertation*, or *discourse*. But the more unpretending title of 'Essay' has in great measure superseded those others which were formerly in use, and more strictly appropriate."

The reader must not suppose, then, that these "Essays" are

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finished productions, containing all that the author could say, or designed to say, upon the subjects introduced therein; but rather designed to set the mind abroad; to elicit additional thought; to suggest further observations from the reader; and surely, no works of human origin have had a greater influence than Bacon's "Essays" in producing these effects.

The pure gold, often in solid ingots, found in these *first thoughts*, may be recognized in all the current literature of the day, beaten out, triturated and expanded. Sometimes a single grain sparkles brightly amidst the common-place matter of the writer; and then a whole column is covered over with the aureate treasure. His maxims, precepts, short and pithy sentences, would fill a volume, and furnish thought for a library of useful knowledge. Lawyers, judges, senators, preachers and people have drawn upon the common wealth Bacon has left, and still there remains enough to enrich a kingdom. It is one of the highest compliments paid to an author, that his thoughts enter into the current literature of the world, and pass everywhere as genuine coin from the mint. It has been so with Milton, Shakespeare, and Bacon. Not but that others have had similar conceptions, and without the aid of these master minds, who have given them to the world, but not in such form and shape as to catch the public eye, and with such warrant of success in holding it.

There have been a few minds which have held the sceptre over the domain of human thought, and whose influence has been felt for ages, and will be through all time. Aristotle ruled almost supreme for two thousand years, but his empire ended with Bacon, and a new dynasty arose, which will last for ever, inasmuch as it has been founded upon the eternal principles of truth and experience. Every day shows the importance and value of the system of induction developed by the prince of philosophers, and all the improvement and progress of the age are dependent upon it. If the Bible, now, by some master mind should be subjected to the rules laid down in the Baconian philosophy, it would develop a system of teaching as infallible and universal as the system of nature has done in the application of this rule. Unfortunately, the Aristotelian system has exercised a dominant influence over the religious elements, and the dogmas of the dark ages still hold their place in the creedism of the day. Truth should be the sole object of all our inquiries. To be disposed to receive and obey it, when known, serves as a better guide than all the writings of the fathers, the dicta of the schools, or the opinions of the commentators. We should be taught that we are liable to err, and that there is no weakness in confessing it. That

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we may be wiser to-day than on yesterday, and that to-morrow may place us in a still more favorable attitude to see the truth and to embrace it. That we may change our views on any subject that may challenge our attention, and that there may be no want of wisdom on the part of him who changes, and no crime committed in the change. In the language of a philosopher, we should "never hold any sentiment or proposition as more certain than the evidence on which it rests." This is truly Baconian, and applies as well to revelation as to nature.

It is wonderful to see how little improvement, if any, has been made by a certain class of moral philosophers since the days of Aristotle, who taught that "Matter is eternal; that the world, by powers natural to matter, has continued from all eternity the same as we see it, and that there exists nothing in the universe distinct from matter; that the present course of things, consisting of the motions of the heavenly bodies, and of the successive generations and corruptions of animals and vegetables, can neither be interrupted nor destroyed by anything extraneous, but must continue for ever. As for the Deity, if there were any, he taught that it was a nature happy in the contemplation of itself, and entirely regardless of human affairs."

Here is found in a nutshell the material of all that infidelity has said or thought from the days of Lord Herbert down to the modern school of "insight" and "intuition." The "spiritualism" of Newman, the "rationalism" of Strauss, and the "naturalism" of Aristotle, are only different names for the same thing. The application of the inductive system, both to nature and religion, will explode all that is false in our theories, and restore all that is true, inasmuch as it leaves out nothing that can lawfully be admitted into the premises, and draws its conclusions from authenticated facts and well-ascertained principles.

The progress of science, and a more perfect knowledge of the physical laws, enable us to understand and appreciate the difference between the natural and the supernatural, the human and the divine. The less exact philosophy of past ages did not allow the classifications which we now are able to make. The ground of the evangelic miracles has been narrowed and brought within a more limited scope of vision. Our enlarged knowledge of the physical laws, for which we are greatly indebted to Bacon, forbids us to attribute the mighty works wrought by Christ and his Apostles to some undeveloped influences of Nature of which they were in possession. If such, in fact, had been the case, it would place the founder

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of the Christian faith at the head of all the philosophers, without the power of accounting for the extraordinary phenomenon. It would have been a moral miracle, equal to any physical one attributed to him. No one *now* thinks it possible to give eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, or life to the dead, by a word, a look, or a touch. Science, at this time, vouches for these wonders as miracles indeed, and is continually diminishing the probability that such could have been effected by undiscovered natural means. Whilst, then, the area of miracles has been lessened and made to stand apart from all that belongs to the ordinary operations of the laws of nature, or the discovery of what may be latent in the great system, and yet to be developed—events which, in the past, were attributed to the supernatural, such as earthquakes, the appearance of comets, the fall of aerolites, an eclipse—have all been ranged under their appropriate heading, and are accounted for on natural and well-known principles. And here we would remark, that the old objection to miracles, as belonging to a past age, and as having lost their power, in consequence of the distance in which we live from the period which gave them birth, is shown to be fallacious, as the more perfect knowledge of the physical laws reduces them to one cause, and to one alone—the will and the power of the Almighty. This conviction, now so inevitable, from the discoveries of science, could not have been felt in the times of the Messiah; and it places us in a far more favorable position to see their true relation to the spiritual universe, and to win for us a deeper faith in the Divinity and truth of the Christian revelation. And still further, the laws of the inductive system compel us to seek for a higher testimony, for a religion claiming to be from heaven, than any of human origin; and that the evidence on which it rests must be homogeneous with the nature and origin of which it partakes. A mathematical proposition admits only of mathematical proof. The principles of moral philosophy can be sustained alone by argument addressed to the reason. The facts of history can alone be received upon the testimony of eye and ear witnesses; but a religion beyond the domain of nature, and claiming to have come from heaven, must be sustained by evidence belonging to the same category. This is truly Baconian, and belongs to the great system of induction which has given such vitality and power to the physical sciences, and wrought such wonders in the age in which we live. Thus it will be seen that all science is kindred, and claims a common fellowship; and that truth justifies itself in the whole area over which it has dominion.

It is a remark of one of the ancients, that "a knowledge of

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the truth is equal to the task both of discerning and of confuting all false and erroneous arguments, though never before met with, if only they may freely be brought forward;" and we may add, that the application of the inductive system is equal to the removal of all that is false in our theories, both in nature and in religion, and the discovery of all that is true.

How different were the designs of Bacon, and the results of his labors, from those of the encyclopædists, who, although they taught many truths, historical, political, physiological and ecclesiastical, yet they mixed them up with their own crude and undigested speculations on morals and religion, to the subversion of all that affects the best interests of man! "The sole price which their scholars paid for these treasures of new information, was to believe Christianity an imposture, the Scriptures a forgery, the worship (if not the belief) of God a superstition, hell a fable, heaven a dream, our life without a providence, and our death without hope."

Bacon had no other object in view than to elicit truth, and to show the most certain methods of reaching it. He had no ulterior purposes to accomplish. He scorned all "idols" of the mind, even though they should assume the shape of angels; and whatever "goblins" appeared, whether in the earth or the air, or from beneath, he questioned them without fear or favor, and would not be satisfied until they vanished into smoke, or gave him answer.

In his admirable "Essay, No. 1, OF TRUTH," he says: "Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it bondage to fix a belief affecting (aiming at) free-will in thinking as well as in acting; and though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing (discursive) wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients." He uses "giddiness" in the sense of inconstancy, unsteadiness. A certain class existed then, and they are equally numerous now, who have no settled belief on any subject, but delight in the intoxication of change, and the wild excitement of something new—weather-cocks varying with every gust of wind—clouds driven by the tempest—ever learning, but never attaining the truth. We need not go far in any direction to find a whole bevy of this "giddy" class. They have their lecturers, apostles, and teachers; their writers in the periodical literature of the day, and in books and pamphlets, tracts and tractates. They remind us of what Ovid says of Phaeton, the offspring of the sun, who, when yet very young, aspired, in spite of the prudent advice of his father, to the glory of driving his chariot (whereby the world is enlightened) and of managing his four-winged horses

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only for a single day. As he knew not the course he was to keep, and had not strength enough to govern the native fire and impetuositiy of these horses, he abandoned himself to their fury; set fire to the earth by drawing too near it, and would have turned the whole world into *chaos* again had not Jupiter stricken the young bravado with a thunderbolt, which threw him out of his seat, plunged him in the river Po, and overturned his chariot and horses with him. Not only does this fable aptly represent those who undertake matters beyond their abilities, but also those who suffer themselves to be carried away by any new impulse of passions and youthful conceit of the brain, instead of following the wise directions of reason and observation, which are given us as guides and teachers in the path of life. How many Phaetons have we in the departments of philosophy, morality and religion! The light of reason is too weak to enable them to resist the violence of the passions and the unrestrained "giddiness" of the will, and, abandoning themselves to the reins of the "fiery horses," they are driven over the mighty void to their own destruction. There is no doubt some pleasure in such a race; some ecstatic joy in the wild fury of following such fiery steeds, but the fall is certain, and the river Po is beneath them, or some more turbulent stream, into which they will be plunged and lost.

Such persons "count it a bondage to fix a belief." This is the true secret of their failures. Liberty with them is licentiousness. Freedom of will is bondage to thoughtlessness, and "giddiness" is the chariot in which they have ventured all that is dear and sacred in life. Belief in any proposition is only easy to him who will examine into the ground of evidence on which it rests; but he who is impatient of the task, or too indolent to undertake it, will be left to his own blindness and stupidity, by a law that is inviolable. This is not only true in matters belonging to revelation, but to any other subject within the domain of human reason and research. In fixing our belief, if we count it a bondage and avoid the yoke, or are restive and rebellious under it, we may go free, but it is the freedom of Phaeton in the fable of the poets.

Bacon, in this Essay, points out the difficulties which lie in the way of reaching truth, and among them—the labor it requires, the restraints it lays upon men's thoughts and actions, that bring lies into favor, and give a natural though corrupt tone to the lie itself. "This same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily (elegantly) as candle-lights." He adds: "Doth any man doubt, that if

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there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would (at pleasure) and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing (unpleasant) to themselves." "Truly, the minds of many would present the appearance of dry and shrivelled leathern bottles, such as the ancients used, after their contents were poured upon the ground, if all their vain and idle conceits were emptied out of them!" We will quote one more passage from this Essay, worthy to be engraved on the memory of every reader: "But, howsoever (although) these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature."

In this short Essay of Bacon there are many words which have become obsolete, or have changed their meaning; the fate of all living languages. Hence, has arisen the propriety of *Scholia* by the annotator, which he has employed with learned ability and success, without which, the ordinary reader would not be able to understand him. To trace such changes with accuracy, is the work of philology; and Trench has shown in his work on this subject a most interesting and important study. No one is better qualified for it than Archbishop Whately. It is the work of a translator, when he finds that words used by former writers have since contracted a meaning different from that in which they originally were employed, to substitute such terms as to the best of his judgment are adapted to convey those sentiments, and those only, intended by the author. And in such cases, he should assign the reason for the changes, and give examples to satisfy the reader. This Whately has done in notes at the foot of each page. Not only has he given the obsolete words, but their true meaning at the time they were used, and copious extracts from cotemporary writers, to confirm the truth and accuracy of his *Scholia*.

Bacon lived and wrote his works about the same era in which the Scriptures were revised, known as the "common version," and now in use. This version was completed in 1611, and in 1625 some of the later Essays of Bacon were first published; but as early as 1597 he published a small volume of "Essays," which was afterwards enlarged to as many times its original bulk.

The language of Bacon was, then, the language of the revisers

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of King James's version, of Shakespeare also, and of Milton; and the correspondence and use of the same terminology give additional interest to the study of his works, as it serves to fix and for ever stereotype the meaning of the words then in use, which have undergone so many changes, idiomatic and foreign, or which have become entirely obsolete. All these works need, and, indeed, have had, the labors of the learned, to restore the waste of past ages, and to supply the text with appropriate words of the same meaning as those which entered into the nomenclature of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Without this, these works cannot now be understood, and half their value is lost.

Before we close, we wish to notice the fact that a large proportion of the maxims of earthly origin and familiar sayings which have passed into our common speech may be traced back to the "Essays" of Lord Bacon; and many, besides, are found there which are only waiting for some passing gust or floating zephyr to send them adrift. We will give a few specimens:

"What is truth? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." (This, the poet Cowper has finely used in his "Task.")

"There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious."

"There is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates (subdues) and masters the fear of death."

"It is a happy thing when religion is well contained within the true bond of unity."

"When atheists and profane persons do hear of so many and contrary opinions in religion, it doth avert (repel) them from the Church."

"We may not take up Mahomet's sword, or like unto it; that is, to propagate religion by wars, or by sanguinary persecutions to force consciences."

"In taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior."

"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New."

"Dissimulation is but a faint kind of policy."

"Whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and freedom."

"Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring."

"After a time sit before thee thine own example."

"Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy office."

"When thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that moved thee to change."

"A place showeth the man; and it showeth some to the better and some to the worse."

"Goodness admits no excess but error."

"Whatsoever is somewhere gotten is somewhere lost."

"I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmus, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind."

"There is no secrecy comparable to celerity."

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"Nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise."

"Time is the greatest innovator."

"New things are like strangers: more admired and less favored."

"It is good not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation."

"Time is the measure of business."

"True dispatch is a rich thing."

"All states that are liberal of naturalization towards strangers are fit for empire."

"There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know a little."

"Men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss."

We might fill a volume with the wise sayings of Bacon, both from his Essays and his *Antitheta*, but these will suffice. We cannot but think that a taste for such works as Bacon's is much needed by the present generation to correct the growing tendency of the age to be satisfied with the puerilities and *dolce far niente* of the popular and corrupt literature among us. We will close this "Essay," for fear it may become a tractate; with the words of Coleridge, "To similar impulses we must attribute the praises of a true modern reader when he meets with a work in the true modern taste, videlicet: either in skipping unconnected, short-winded, asthmatic sentences, as easy to be understood as impossible to be remembered, in which the merest common-place acquires a momentary poignancy, a petty titillating sting, from affected point and wilful antithesis; or else in strutting and rounded periods, in which the emptiest truisms are blown up into illustrious bubbles, by help of film and inflation. 'Aye,' (quoth the delighted reader,) 'this is sense; this is genius! This I understand and admire! *I have thought the very same a hundred times myself!*' In other words, this man has reminded me of my own cleverness, and therefore I admire him." It may be safely said, that no one can read Bacon with any such self-complacency; or if he does, he had better lay down his works *semel pro semper*.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Educated and Uneducated Publishers; or, the Effect of Intelligence and Culture on the Trade, &c.* By JAMES J. DONEVAN, Esq., Barrister at Law. London. 1858.

2. *Monumens des Arts du Desin chez les Peuples tant Anciens que Modernes.* Recueillis par Vivant Denon, pour servir à l'histoire des Arts; décrits et expliqués par AMAURY DUVAL. Paris. 1829. Folio. 4 Vols.

3. *Catalogue of the Arundel Manuscripts in the British Museum, (with plates, engraved and colored.* By HENRY SHAW.) London. 1834. Folio.

4. *Paléographic Uuiverselle: Collection de fac-similes d'Ecritures de tous les peuples et de tous les temps, tirés des plus authentiques documents de l'art graphique chartes, et manuscrits .... publiée d'après les modèles écrits, dessinés et peints sur les lieux mêmes, par* M. SILVESTRE, et accompagnés d'explications historiques et descriptives par MM. CHAMPOLLION—Figeac et Aimé Champollion fils. Paris. 1840–1842. Folio. 4 Vols.

IT is a remarkable fact, that no class of business men have made less progress, intellectually, morally or socially, within the last two centuries, than the book-publishers. However strange—not to say incredible—it may seem, this is particularly true of the publishers of our own country. At the same time, none need fear that we contemplate anything unduly harsh in the observations we are about to make on the subject. In instituting comparisons between the old and the new, we have to state facts and examine the bearing which they seem to have on each other. If those facts are not all what they should be, the fault is not ours. We take up "the trade" as a subject the same as we do the antiquities of the Egyptians, the Hindoos or the Chinese; not for the purpose of bestowing praise or passing censure; but to learn from it whatever we can.

No doubt, in speaking of the Hindoos, we say many things that would not be at all pleasing to the Brahmans, did those worthy men happen to see them. Most probably they would accuse us with malice, and tell the world that we are thus malignant only because they would not allow us to desecrate the Vedas and other sacred books. If our friends, the publishers, are very much like the Brahmans in this respect, we cannot help it; nor can we say that we fear their resentment. It is our wish to improve their morals if we can; and to induce them to educate and train their sons so that they may be better worthy than themselves of a calling which is in itself eminently honorable. We are fully aware of the difficulties of the undertaking. Most people would, indeed, regard it as a hopeless one, but we are naturally sanguine; and there are those

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that still belong to the fraternity for whose sake it would be worth while to take any pains in order to make those with whom they have to associate, respectable, if the thing were possible. As Jehovah would have saved the doomed city of old for the sake of a half-dozen righteous men, so it is incumbent on the public to respect even a society of mutual admiration, many of whose members have little respect for themselves, for the sake of the few intelligent, honest and upright men who would have done honor to the trade in its palmiest days in any part of the world.

With these few preliminary observations as a basis, we proceed to see what the trade was in olden times. As there must have been books before booksellers, it seems desirable that we should make a remark or two in passing in regard to the former. For our own part, we have little doubt that books had been in use among the Egyptians, Hebrews, Chinese and Hindoos, thousands of years anterior to the period of which any authentic records now remain—long before the inspired Hebrew exclaimed, "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" or before Homer made Prœtus send a written communication by Bellerophon to Jobates.* But it is not necessary for our present purpose to go so far back. It will be sufficient to observe that, at all events, the Greeks and Romans had books and booksellers. The most exclusive champions of the moderns, and those who have least respect for the ancients, do not venture to deny this. Indeed, we have too much information on the subject after the lapse of so many ages—after so many nations once great and flourishing have passed away—to render such a denial possible; for even the processes by which the books were made—nay, the various materials of which they were composed—are minutely described.

Then, as well as now, the greatest pains were taken to produce good, durable ink. Various colors were used, but the commonest was black. Pliny and Vitruvius tell us that the latter was manufactured chiefly, if not exclusively, from soot and gum; but it seems that the best was supposed to be manufactured from the black liquor of the cuttle-fish,*(sepia.)* Whatever it was produced from, certain it is that the article in use in the time of Pericles was as much celebrated throughout the East for its blackness and durability, as that of Maynard & Noyes is in the West in our own time.† Probably the truest

* Il., vi., 168–178.

† The greatest curiosity in the way of ink is a specimen of the article in an inkstand found at Herculaneum. This has been subjected to chemical analysis, but with no definite result as to the ingredients of which it is composed. All that can be said of it is, that "it appears like a thick oil, and that it was much more opaque as well as incaustic than that used at present."

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representations of ancient books are those given in paintings found at Pompeii. One represents a *capsa* filled with books, with an individual at its side, who is evidently a bookseller. Had there been any village newspapers then, it would be easy to conclude from his attitude and his bearing towards two or three other persons who stand around him, that he was preparing "first-rate notices," to be mailed to the editors, accompanied with cheap copies of the forthcoming work. But as there was nothing of this kind yet a while, we must infer that the subordinates alluded to were persons whose duty it was to go about the country and deliver stereotyped speeches to all who would listen to them, on the superior excellence of their employer's publications—a habit which some of our publishers of school-books follow to the present day, and which seems to be attended with considerable success in those districts where neither teachers nor parents have time to form any opinion of their own. One of these paintings now in the Imperial Library at Paris, represents what would seem at first sight to be a large drum, standing on one end; but on examination, the drum proves to be a book-case. The books are in the form of rolls, which are placed vertically with the title on the head of each. A board stands against the book-case, on which not only the titles of the principal volumes are written in large letters, but also their characteristics, or what purport to be such, with the price last, accompanied with a phrase, which is generally translated, "very cheap." So far as appears from the painting, or any similar one in the British Museum, or elsewhere, no effort was made on the part of the honest bookseller to create the impression that twenty editions had been exhausted, when, in point of fact, the first edition was unsold. Nor do the painters tell us that the ancient booksellers rechristened books that failed to sell, and sought to palm them off on their customers as new and excellent. These, it seems, are inventions of the nineteenth century; at all events, we find nothing of them in ancient books. The most outspoken and censorious of the satirists make no mention of them.

There is, indeed, a painting in one of the pyramids of Egypt, which means something of this kind, if we are to believe one or two of the most learned commentators. We allude to that in which a conjurer is represented as touching a piece of brass with a wand, and telling the by-standers that it only requires a certain amount of incantation to convert it into gold. On the same painting are a large piece of gold, and a small piece of brass; the conjurer stands between them, and tries to convince a pretty large audience that, notwithstanding appearan-

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ces, the two pieces are equal. Yet another conjurer undertakes to cut a large slice from a piece of silver, and hand it over to an accomplice; and after having reduced the original lump to about one-third its size, he tries to persuade the audience that the part is equal to the whole. Rosellini is of opinion that the conjurers are intended to represent quack doctors; but both the Chevalier Bunsen and Champollion think they represent the degenerate booksellers of Thebes, who, instead of announcing their books honestly, and charging a fair price for them, as honest booksellers have done in all ages, they had recourse to the most shameful mendacity and to the most contemptible tricks, to cheat all who were so credulous as to believe their statements.

Passing over the publishers of Alexandria and Athens, because so little is known about them, we come to those of Rome, and see whether, Pagans as they were, their character does not appear to have been at least as good as that of their modern successors in the craft. The Romans had regular libraries. We have borrowed even the name of ours from them; their appellation for a collection of books being *libraria*, their bookstores being called *libraria-taberna*, (bookshop;) while our librarians take their names from the Roman, *librarii*, (transcribers;) the same as we call the Scriptures Bible, from the Greek, *βίβλος*, a book, or volume of papyrus. The earliest Roman publisher which we need mention in so brief a sketch as this, is Atticus, who published the works of Cicero, and who kept all his slaves, supposed to be over two hundred in number, engaged in transcribing, so as to multiply copies as fast as they were required. And these, be it observed, formed but a small part of his establishment. He employed, besides, a large number of men and women, each of whom was devoted to a particular department. Apart from the institution at which the books were thus manufactured, he also established a bookshop, the site of which is still pointed out by antiquaries. Cicero himself tells us how well pleased he was with Atticus. He sold his books so capitally, and shared the profits with him so honestly, that he declared that he should be the publisher of all his future works. This vow the orator seems to have made after the publication of the *Questiones Academicæ*, and his principal Speeches and Letters, including his Philippics against Mark Antony.

Nor was it alone the works of Cicero that were thus published in large editions and sold by Atticus; but also those of several of his contemporaries. That he had rivals in the trade is a well-established fact; but we have no evidence that he ever made any attempt to ruin the most daring of them either by

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issuing cheap editions of works they had commenced and invested much money in, or by any other means. And we are told that far from abusing the critics who ventured to give their opinions of his publications, he invited the severest of them to his villa, often after they had published their worst strictures. True, our modern publishers also sometimes give dinners, or rather suppers, to those who write about their books, but only to those who praise them—to the puffers—not to the critics. The former are feasted on pea-nuts, soda crackers and tea; which, together with the privilege of the free list, (which entitles them to one or more extra copies of each new book, according as the eulogy they write upon the same is long or short,) is considered sufficient to secure their good wishes for at least six months. Before taking leave of Atticus, we may remark, that in the many anecdotes which are told of him by his contemporaries there is not one that represents him as seizing on an Athenian dictionary or cyclopædia, getting somebody to make an alteration in it here and there, generally for the worse; adding eulogies on his acquaintances and friends, and then calling it by his own name. Had he been guilty of tricks of this kind, like our modern Melonphones, all the eloquence of Cicero would hardly have proved his claim to the character of an honest man. But Atticus was not only an educated man himself, he was the author of several essays of great merit, some fragments of which have reached our own era. He must not, however, be confounded either with Titus Pomponius Atticus, who was, at the same time, the friend of Cæsar, Pompey, Antony and Brutus; or with Tiberius Claudius Atticus, an Athenian statesman and philosopher; although the probability seems to be that he was the brother, or the father, of the former.

So far as can be ascertained at the present day, Atticus may be regarded as a fair representative of the publishers of his time; and if this fact be admitted, it can hardly be pretended that his successors of the present day have much to boast of, intellectually, morally, or socially, when compared to him. Now, if we pass over to the continent from Rome, at the same time passing over several centuries, without reaching those favored ages of our own, we shall find other publishers and booksellers equally distinguished, both intellectually and morally. This is true, for example, of Christopher Plantin, of Antwerp, who was printer, publisher, bookseller, and author, (1569,) and who employed a host of the literary men of his day, including the famous critic, De Thou. At the present day, we boast much of our great book-manufacturing establishments, and several of them are worthy of it; but let us bear in mind

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that Plantin had offices on a magnificent scale, not only in Holland, but also in Germany and France; and we may form some opinion of his liberality and enterprise, from the fact that he is reported to have at one time paid his proof-readers and compositors, not less than one hundred golden crowns per day. "I am well aware," says his biographer, "that many illustrious men have flourished as printers, such as the Alduses, of Italy, the Frobens, of Germany, and the Stephenses, of France; but these were all eclipsed in the single name of Plantin. If these were the stars of their own hemispheres, he was the sun—not of Antwerp merely, nor Belgium, but of the world!" But he was a scholar and an author himself—one of no mean rank; hence, he was capable of sympathizing with scholars and authors, for be it remembered, that the publisher and bookseller of Antwerp is the author of the *Biblia Polyglotta*, a work in eight folio volumes, which is still extant, and for a copy of which the late Louis Philippe paid five thousand dollars ($5,000) for the Imperial Library, or, as it was then called, the National Library.

Among the French booksellers are names equally illustrious; such, for example, as that of Robert Stephens, (1547,) a man who is still revered, not only in France, but throughout Europe; for, in the middle of the sixteenth century, as well as now, the French books were everywhere read. That Stephens was a scholar of the first rank, as well as a publisher, might sufficiently be inferred from his great work, entitled *Dictinarium seu Latinæ Linguæ Thesaurus*, which is still consulted by learned men, as an authority in philology. The high esteem in which it was held by the historian, De Thou, who was by no means prone to admiration of the works of his contemporaries, finds expression in language like the following: "Not only France, but the whole Christian world owes more to him than to the greatest warrior that ever extended the possessions of his country; and greater glory has redounded to Francis I., by the industry alone of Robert Stephens, than from all the illustrious, warlike and pacific undertakings in which he was engaged." His son and successor was also of great classical attainments, and wrote many learned works.

Nor are the early booksellers of England undistinguished by great names. It is Caxton who has the honor of having introduced the art of printing into England, (1486;) he is the first English publisher of whom any record remains, and he was an author withal. Although he kept twenty-four presses constantly at work, he found time to give to the world, from his own pen, not less than five thousand closely-printed folio pages, including several translations, and an elaborate and

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just criticism on the poet Chaucer. The latter is still extant, and notwithstanding the quaintness of its style—his language being that used towards the close of the fifteenth century—it is worthy of perusal, even now, by all who would form a correct estimate of the father of English poetry.*

Dodsley was but a poor footman in the service of Hon. Mrs. Lowther, who had tried to educate himself, when he addressed a copy of some verses to Pope. The author of the "Essay on Man" became warmly interested in the young footman, and encouraged him to publish by subscription a volume of his poems, which he finally did, under the title of the "Muse in Livery." The book was so well received that the author hastened to prepare a satirical comedy, which he called "The Toy Shop." Pope was kind enough not only to read this in manuscript, but also to exercise his influence with the managers to secure its representation. This was all that was needed. The comedy was duly represented, and in one week the author found himself in a position to throw up his situation as footman, and open a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall. In time he became one of the most eminent London publishers of his day, and one of the best friends of literary and learned men. Nor were the dramas which were instrumental in placing him in this position his only literary labors. A much better work was his "Economy of Human Life," which is still admired as well for the grace and elegance of its style, as for the admirable lessons which it teaches. It was some time before his most intimate friends could believe that one who had been so recently but a livery servant, was capable of producing a composition exhibiting so much taste and beauty; the general impression being that the real author was the accomplished Chesterfield. But Dodsley was not a whit the less unassuming on this account, or the less disposed to treat the humblest of the *literati* with courtesy and consideration. In illustration of his good sense in this respect, and his willingness to remember the meanness of his former way of life, it is recorded of him that on being spoken to one day by his friend Pope, in the course of conversation, relative to the good table kept by a celebrity of the day, he said, "Oh yes, I knew him well; I was his servant." He had understanding enough to know that this was no discredit to him, especially in the eyes of a philosopher like Pope, the author of the precept—

> "Honor and fame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

* Nor must we omit even in so hasty a sketch the name of Robert Wyer, (1542,) who was at once printer, bookseller, publisher and author. His satires are still read by the lovers of the quaint and antique. It would seem from one of his satires that his

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The early struggles and final success of William Hutton were somewhat similar to those of Robert Dodsley. None can read the story of the former as told by himself, without a deep feeling of sympathy. Many a young man, we trust, has profited, and will profit, by it. Such experiences are worth volumes of maxims and sermons.

No phrases are more common with publishers of the present day, and those critics (?) who do what they tell them, than "the finest book ever printed," "the most splendid illustrations hitherto attempted," &c., &c. Those who use such language are knaves or fools—most generally a mixture of both qualities. Laziness is, upon the whole, better than dishonesty, although the former is generally the forerunner of the latter. Be this as it may, there are a great many who undertake to give opinions about the relative merits of books of different periods, without having ever taken the trouble to examine old books, or try to ascertain what their value really was. When critics of this class tell us that such or such a new book casts all others into the shade, it is quite possible that they may mean what they say, and have no intention of deceiving the public. But this does not save the latter. The credulous, who are not capable of judging for themselves, are of course just as much imposed upon, as if the critic had intelligence enough to know that he was making false assertions. At all events, we will see at a glance, without digressing much from the main branch of our subject, whether the great improvements claimed are real; or whether books are got up in more elegant style at the present day than they were one, two, or even four centuries ago. As facts that cannot be denied prove more than assertions, we proceed to note a few of the former, only premising that we have no space for comment upon them, since to speak of fine specimens of bookmaking alone as their merits deserve would require a whole article.

In the first place, it must be admitted by all who are competent to judge, that no modern publisher has produced a more magnificent volume than the Nazarine Bible. Who that has seen the Florence edition of Dante, published in 1481, nearly

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better half was none of the most amiable. Its title runs as follows: "*Here begynneth a lyttle boke named the schole howse—wherein every man may rede a goodly prayer of the condycyons of women, &c.*" Among several curious passages in the "lyttle boke" is the following:

"Trewly some men there be
That lyve always in great horroure,
And say it goth by destyne;
To hang or wed, both hath one houre,
And whether it be, *I am well sure*
Hangyng is better of the twayne,
Sooner done, and shorter payne."

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four centuries ago, can pretend that it has since been excelled, taking it as a whole—that is, in connection with the illustrations by Botticelli and Baldini—illustrations still attributed by the best critics to the pencil of Raffaele, on the ground that he was the only artist of that era capable of producing such exquisite designs. Where is there an engraver of the present day, who has any occasion to apprehend that the best sketches he is capable of will be attributed to one of the best of the renowned old masters?

But still earlier than Dante's time much more magnificent works were published than the most superb holiday or presentation books of the present day. Of this we have evidence in the words of Dante himself, who has immortalized Franco di Bologno and Oderisi d'Agobbio in his *Divina Comedia.** And the proofs remain that they were worthy even of such undying honor, for they aided in illustrating the most elegant and valuable works of their day that are now extant. So early as the time of Charlemagne splendid works were published. The Cotex Aureus, purchased by Lord Treasurer Harley for five hundred pounds sterling (£500), belongs to this era. The Bible, supposed to have been written by Alcuin for the same monarch, and which cost £750, may now be seen in the British Museum; and not far from it, in the same library, if not in the same alcove, may be seen the identical copy of Guiar des Moulix's version of Pierre le Mangeur's Biblical History, which was found in the tent of King John of France, at the battle of Poictiers. Another volume, of surpassing magnificence, belonging to the same period, is the Psalter of St. Louis, in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, at Paris; and beside it, on the same shelf, stands the Psalter of René of Anjou, the father-in-law of Henry VI. of England. But we need not go to continental Europe in search of the makers of magnificent old books. The "Durham Book," or "Book of St. Guthbert," in the British Museum, is one of the finest specimens of ancient book-making to be seen anywhere. In its perfect state it had gold binding, and was inlaid with precious stones. It is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, written at the close of the seventh century, by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and illuminated by Ethelwald, his successor. It must not be supposed that all or even the majority of the magnificent books of the middle ages are scriptural or religious. The whole of the

* "O, diss' io lui, non sei tu Oderisi,
L'onor d'Agobbro, e l'onor di quell' arte
Che illuminare è chiamata in Parisi?
Fiato, diss' egli, piu rieton be carte
Che penelleggia Franco Bolognese:
L'onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte."—*Purg.*, xi.. 79.

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classics of antiquity were got up in a style similarly superb: in short, all works, whether ancient or modern, that were deemed valuable. Thus, for example, an unfinished genealogy of the Kings of Portugal, which only extends to twenty-two pages, is got up in such admirable style that six hundred pounds sterling had been paid for it by the British Museum; and it is considered cheap at that price.

It may be said that the ornaments which so much enhance the value of ancient books are superfluous; but may not the same be said of the finest paintings? If it is borne in mind that the greatest painters of the middle ages—the most renowned of the old masters—did not disdain to occupy their time in illustrating books, all the wonder as to the high prices will cease.

If it be said that works so costly as this are no longer got up, the statement cannot be sustained, for the reverse is the fact. We will note an example or two in passing. In speaking of *Peintures et Ornamens des Manuscrits*, we are aware that we shall seem to those unacquainted with the subject as if indulging in the wildest burlesque, although we will not exaggerate in the least. The work was commenced in 1840, under the editorship of Count Augustus de Bastard, brother of the late Count de Bastard, who was long a president of the Cour de Cassation, and vice-president of the chamber of peers, of France.

Its mode of publication and terms of subscription were announced as follows, in the literary journals of the day: "A partir du 1er Juillet, 1840, il paraîtra chacque année, de quatre à six livraisons, qui seront payées, argent comptant, à Paris, au domicile de l'éditeur, rue Saint Dominique, No. 93, Faubourg St. Germain. * * * Comme garantie du travail les planches portent tous ces mots. *Le Comte Auguste de Bastard direxit* et un timbre sec aux armes de l'éditeur." But what will it be supposed each of these numbers cost? Let us see. The work is divided into different sections, three of which constitute the "Partie Française," which is all it has been our privilege to see. Each of these sections consists of seventeen *livraisons*, or numbers, which sold at 1,800 francs apiece; at which rate the three first volumes in folio cost 30,600 francs, or more than $6,000.

This, be it observed, is the estimated price for only *one* section of the French Department; so that the three sections, if of equal size, would amount to the enormous sum of $180,000. Yet, no one capable of appreciating the value of the work think it dear at that amount, although if two more parts were

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added, as intended by the editor, at the same rate, the total for one copy would be $55,000.

It may well be said that no private individual could venture to undertake the publication of a work like this; nor had Count de Bastard to do so. Of the hundred copies printed, the French government, with characteristic liberality, took sixty, including a copy for the editor, and the four required by the Copyright Act of France. Only forty copies were left then for subscribers; and the sum subscribed for the "Partie Française" alone, up to the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848, amounted to over a million of dollars! Of the copies sold to foreigners, three were purchased by Englishmen, four by Germans, two by Russians, and two by Spaniards.

It is almost needless to say that no pains have been spared on this work; the best skill and talent that Europe could afford have been brought to bear upon it; yet even the Count de Bastard has never pretended that it is "the best ever published." On the contrary, he has admitted that it is not, since there are not such great artists at the present day as there were when the great Psalters and Missals to which we have alluded above were produced. This will be understood when it is borne in mind that Raffaele, Correggio, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci have each contributed more or less to the illustrations of the great books of their time, not to mention the noble work done by the monks, many of whom were great masters themselves, although such was their modesty that the best of them never permitted their fame to extend beyond the precincts of their cloisters.

We will add one example more of a recent work, perhaps as costly as any similar work of the middle ages—we mean the *Antiquities of Mexico*, by Viscount Kingsborough, an Irish nobleman of but limited fortune. Lord Kingsborough had no government patronage that he could depend on to the extent of one copy of the work when completed. His love of science, and the cheering good-will of scientific men, were his only inducements to embark in an undertaking of such magnitude, and one involving such a large amount of cost. When the last of the numerous colored plates with which the work is illustrated were put into the hands of the printer, he found that the expense had amounted to £30,000, or $150,000. Now, here are two works got up within a comparatively brief period, and we could add several of similar character; works on which fortunes have been spent, and upon which the best talent has been brought to bear; yet if our readers will only keep their eyes and ears open, they will find each of a half dozen of our publishers proclaiming before the approaching holidays are

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over, that his gift book—a volume bedaubed with tinsel, and containing, perhaps, a half dozen of second-hand engravings, coarse enough for a shilling almanac—as the most superb specimen of book-making ever issued on either side of the Atlantic!

Could we investigate the characters of all publishers, ancient and modern, from the time of Sesostris down to that of Abraham Lincoln, we should find that they were honest and truthful, liberal and courteous, just in proportion as they have been qualified by education for their business. That here and there an exception may be pointed out, does not alter the fact. Upon the other hand, it is equally true that publishers are found to be rude, mendacious, and dishonest, in proportion as they are illiterate and ignorant. To this, too, there are exceptions. Those possessed of a good natural disposition are not likely to be dishonest or rude in any circumstances; but even these are too apt to learn the habits of those with whom they associate; so that in the long run they can hardly be regarded as exceptions to the rule. We have already alluded to the conduct and character of author-publishers of the past. In nine cases out of ten they were good men; indeed, the majority may be regarded as benefactors of mankind. But how do we find the illiterate and thoughtless act? None could answer this question better than Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose misfortune it was to know too much about such characters. It was in vain the great lexicographer told them that those who are ignorant ought at least to be modest; it was in vain he endeavored to impress upon them the precept of Bacon—that "he who reads little has need of much cunning, that he may seem to know what he does not." Thanks to Boswell, we have not to depend on mere idle gossip for the truth of this. No fact is better attested than that Dr. Johnson was so much provoked by the coarseness of Tom Osborne, the bookseller, that he knocked him down with one of his own books. It seems that the lexicographer had been engaged by the publisher to translate an important work. For the benefit of his employer, as well as for his own credit's sake, the translator was anxious to do the work well. This caused the publisher to think him too slow; and in telling him so, he was in the habit of reminding him of his dependent situation. Naturally irritable, as the kind-hearted Doctor was, he continued to listen quietly to the taunts of Osborne. But even with a philosopher patience and resignation have their limits. One day the publisher came into the room where the author was sitting, and without any ceremony commenced to abuse him; telling him, among other things, that he had been much mistaken in his man; that he

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had been recommended to him as a good scholar and a ready hand, but he doubted both, for Tom Such-a-one would have turned out the work much sooner; and that being the case, the probability was that by this *here* time the first edition would have been sold." The Doctor listened for some time unmoved, with a feeling rather of pity than anger; but the fellow became so grossly abusive as he proceeded, that the lexicographer, losing all patience, seized a large folio which he had just been consulting, and dealt the bookseller such a blow that he left him sprawling on the ground. The very folio that did the work is known, and can be seen by the curious in the library of Cambridge (England) University—namely, the *Biblia Græca Septuaginta*, Frankfort, 1594. Nor was Johnson satisfied with merely knocking him down; for we are told that "he clapped his foot on his breast, would not let him stir until he had exposed him in that situation, and then left him with this triumphant expression: 'Lie there, thou son of dulness, ignorance, and obscurity!'" We think the reader will pause here to ask, Is it not because we have too many Tom Osbornes at the present day, and too few Robert Dodsleys, that the morality of the book trade has fallen to such a low ebb? Nor can we make any other than an affirmative reply. All Osborne cared for was the hard cash, and we must admit that it is the same at the present day with such "enterprising" publishers as Aischemon, Melonphone & Co., Conchleafacta & Co., Uiospetrou, Aischros & Co., Mikron, Fuscus & Co., Kleptes & Co., &c. Nine out of ten remind one of an anecdote related by the venerable bibliopole and biographer, M. Brunet, in his *Manuel du Libraire*. Referring, in his article on Strutt, to a certain dictionary by which the publishers expected to make a large sum of money, he says: "This mania for book-making reminds me of the reply of a capitalist to whom I showed a volume of considerable value. 'Wait,' said he, coolly, showing me a pocket-book filled with bank bills, 'here is a volume much more precious than yours,'" &c.* But to return, if only for a moment, to the good Doctor. In changing from Osborne, he experienced an improvement. Andrew Millar was a different man. He, too, was illiterate; one who read little more of a book than the title-page; but he knew enough to be aware of his own ignorance, which is always an important step in ad-

* "Cette manie de faire des livres précieux me rappelle la réponse que me fit un capitaliste à qui je montrais un volume d'une valeur considérable. 'Tenez!' me dit-il froidement, en me présentant un portefeuille rempli de billets de banque, 'voilà un volume encore plus précieux que le vôtre.' Ce mot me paraît sans réplique, et je ne crois pas qu'il y ait dans les trois royaumes de la Grande Bretagne un curieux qui pût montrer une *illustrated copie* plus précieuse qu'un pareil portefeuille. Au surplus, ne disputons pas des goûts, mais croyons que celui de l'amateur de billets de banque serait celui de bien des gens."

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vance. He employed educated men to read his manuscripts. These assured him that Johnson was fully competent to prepare even so great a work as a Dictionary of the English Language, and he employed him accordingly. But sooner or later inherent coarseness will show itself in one form or other. No amount of what Bacon calls "cunning" will supply the want of that refinement which education alone can produce; and, accordingly, Millar writes Johnson a letter, of which the following is a copy, after he had devoted nearly a quarter of a century of hard labor to a work destined to enrich the publisher:

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

Doubtless, when this was written, the writer had little idea of the pecuniary value of the Dictionary. At all events, the author does not seem to have been in the least surprised at the publisher's rudeness. His reply exhibits the same dignity of manner and independence of spirit, which characterize his celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, written about the same time:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does, by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

The conduct of Robinson & Walker affords another example, and a somewhat ludicrous one, of what illiterate publishers with but little if any sense of honor, will do for the sake of gain. In 1795, when the works of Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, became so popular that they were regarded by the trade in general as a good speculation, Robinson & Walker applied to the author, and offered him an annuity for those already published, and on certain conditions for those yet to be written. His biographer says that "while this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate; but at meetings of the parties his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and instead of a sum of money, an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did. 'Much better, thank you,' said Peter; 'I have taken measure of the asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master.' 'O,' said Walker, gravely, and turned into an adjoining room where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife,

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and heard the latter exclaim, 'There, now, didn't I tell you that he would not die? Fool that you have been! I knew he would not die.' Peter enjoyed the joke and outlived both the parties, receiving the annuity for twenty-four years, during which time various efforts were made to frustrate his claims."*

If we turn again to any of the educated publishers, we shall not find them capable of such boorishness to authors of much less eminence than Dr. Johnson. Dunton, who died in 1733, published six hundred works. He commenced to write himself at the age of nineteen, and never ceased to study, even while overwhelmed with business. He is the author of several productions, one at least of which is still read, namely, his "Life and Errors, including Notices of one Thousand Literary Characters." It is related of him, that no literary person in distress ever appealed to him in vain, or without his relieving him to the best of his ability. When the publications of John Buckley were attacked by the critics, he, too, invited the severest of them to his house, trying to conciliate them by kindness, if he thought they were actuated by resentment, or if otherwise, trying to profit by their opinions. "You," he would say, "have more time to study than I, and I shall be happy to avail myself of any suggestions you may offer; nor do I want them from you without doing what I can to compensate you for your time and trouble."† We may ask, parenthetically, how many publishers of the present day have the magnanimity to act in this way? Some would, no doubt, but very few. The majority would think anything of the kind beneath them; whereas, the truth is, that they are beneath it. After Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul, and was at the head of the Roman Empire, instead of crushing Catullus for lampooning him, as he might easily have done, he invited the satirist to supper, and treated him so kindly, that he was his warmest friend for ever after. The conduct of Cardinal Mazarine towards the learned Quillet, who had written a poem to ridicule him, was of a similar character. The great cardinal, too, sent for the author, and after expostulating with him as a kind father would with a froward child, he assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that became vacant. Both these incidents are recorded by several writers of the times in which they respectively occurred; but as they are attested by Addison in the Spectator,‡ we need

* Life of Wolcot, by Humphrey, No. 115.
† History of the Book Trade in England, from the Beginning of the Fifteenth Century to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. By Wm. J. Henderson. London, 1842, p. 125.
‡ No. 23.

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quote no further authorities as to their authenticity. It was natural enough that Buckley, who was a linguist and an author as well as a publisher, should emulate the conduct of the world's master-spirits. A similar remark will apply to John Bagford, author of the valuable *Collectanea* contained in the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum, and to several other educated publishers, or author-publishers, whom we could mention.

The publishers of those times were men of consideration, and they were proud of their position accordingly, as well they might; nor were their immediate descendants less conscious of the service they had done civilization. Of this we see evidence in all their biographies. Thus, for example, Jonathan Oldbuck says: "I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfrand Oldbuck, who in the month of December 1493, under the patronage, as the 'Colophon' tells us, of Sebastian Scheyter and Sebastian Hammermaister, accomplished the publishing of the 'Great Chronicle' of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great *restorer of learning* is more creditable to me as a man of letters, than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminacheyme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write his own name."

If we approach our own time we find the same causes producing the same effects. Men who are capable of writing themselves, or who have sufficient education to enable them to appreciate good writing, and at the same time know what they owe the public, are still considerate and liberal in their dealings with literary and scientific men. John Trusler was made a Doctor of Laws, while a bookseller and publisher, in London, and he showed that he was worthy of the distinction by writing an *Essay on the Rights of Literary Property*, which may be found in almost any respectable public library. He published a book for a Yorkshire parson, of which only a dozen copies were sold, when it was entirely forgotten. The author received the full price of the whole, together with what paid his expenses to and from London. "It is not your fault," the publisher said, "that a hundred times that number have not been sold; but wait a while." He invited the author to stay for dinner, and while it was getting ready he sent his clerk with a polite note for Dr. Dumley, who had made a violent attack on the book in the Morning Chronicle the very first day of its appearance. The Chronicle had then a large circulation and considerable influence among the educated classes. The result was that the book proved a failure. The Doctor was aston-

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ished at receiving so friendly an invitation from one whose publication he had so savagely attacked only a few days previously. He had the moral courage to accept, however. After dinner was over and some incidental conversation, the publisher addressed the critic as follows, in presence of the author: "Now, Doctor, I know that you are of a good disposition at heart, and yet you have done a great wrong to my friend and myself. You have seriously injured both, and, so far as I am aware, neither of us has ever deserved it from you." (The critic began to feel uncomfortable, and looked about for his hat.) "But hear me out," added the publisher, after a pause. "I do not mean that you were actuated by any bad motives. You felt in the humor of writing something brilliant, and this unfortunate book was the first you came across. Had you read it, all would have been right, but you merely glanced over a few pages. It so happens that the faults of the whole book were concentrated in these. You sat down and condemned all 'as not worth the paper on which it was written.' Am I right or wrong?" "I must confess you are right, both as to the amount read, and the conclusion I arrived at, but I shall now be most happy to read the whole work." He did so accordingly, openly admitted his error in the Morning Chronicle, gave extracts from the condemned work in proof of the injustice he had done; the whole edition was exhausted before the close of the month, and at the end of twelve months publisher and critic were doing a prosperous business together as members of the same publishing firm.*

If better known men are needed in support of our theory, we are at no loss for them. Who is better known to the student of the classics, or to any literary person worthy of the name, than A. J. Valpy, whose edition of the "Variorum Classics" in 161 octavo volumes is to be found in every library that can afford such a luxury? He is not alone the publisher of this magnificent collection—which embraces all that has come down to our time of the genius and wisdom of the ancient world—but his edition is annotated with his own pen, so as to present a lasting monument of his learning, taste, and judgment. If we investigate the business character of Valpy however closely—let us consider him in any relation we may—we can find nothing that is low in his conduct. All who had dealings with him bear unequivocal testimony to his strict integrity and high sense of honor. No shabby tricks can be laid to his charge. And will not the same remark apply with still greater force to our own Franklin? It would not be fair to

* Educated and Uneducated Publishers, &c., pp. 27, 28.

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ask, whom have we now like Franklin? because it takes ages to produce such as he; but he was a bookseller as well as an author and discoverer, and hence we may fairly claim him as an illustration of our theory. During a long and honorable life he was a close student; nor was he a whit the less cultivated or less refined because he had always to depend on his own resources, and was self-taught. But Franklin is not the only American bookseller of a past age who has successfully cultivated literature. It has been our pleasure to read a portion of a work by G. Drake, a Boston publisher and bookseller, entitled "Tragedies of the Wilderness," &c.; and the same gentleman is the author of a work entitled "Book of the Indians," which is well worthy of perusal. We have never seen Mr. Drake; we do not know whether he is dead or alive; but we do not the less cheerfully bear testimony to the good example he has set to the members of his profession; and be it remembered that our object in these remarks is to show that instead of the great improvements in the trade, which it is the fashion to boast of, there is a decided degeneracy. We do not mean that there are not men of education and culture in the trade. This would be an injustice to publishers like Ticknor & Fields; Harper & Brothers; Swan, Brewer & Tileston; Brown & Taggard; G. W. Childs; E. C. & J. Biddle, and perhaps to one or two more.* As for Mr. James T. Fields and Dr. Brewer, they are worthy of being ranked with the most respectable author-publishers we have mentioned in the whole course of our article.

But let us not digress too far, until we say another word on the comparative merits of present and past editions, glancing, as we proceed, at the origin of particular plans. There was scarcely a professor in Edinburgh who understood the classics better than Constable, the publisher; and he was the first to introduce the serial plan in the publication of large works. Lockhart tells us in his life of Scott, that in 1828 Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, proposed to Sir Walter a plan which he said would revolutionize the whole trade. "Literary genius," observed the publisher, "may, or may not, have done

* Even among the "religious publishers" there are persons who shrink from no sort of tricks practised by their unsanctified brethren of the trade. The former, too, are "good, bad and indifferent," according as they are intelligent or otherwise—that is, according as they are gentlemen properly so called, or illiterate boors, much better qualified to deal in oxen or mules than in books. We take the liberty to mention two of the former, partly as examples for the latter, and partly as additional illustrations of our theory. We mean Mr. E. M. Duncan, of the General Episcopal Sunday School Union in this City, and Mr. Nicholson Broughton, Jr., of the American Tract Society, Boston. These gentlemen understand their duties, and they perform them in such a manner, as not only to render them worthy of the position they hold, but really to be a credit to the societies which they represent.

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its best; but printing and bookselling as instruments of enlightening mankind, and of course, for making money, are as yet in mere infancy. Yes, the trade are in their cradle." Then, after a pause of a few minutes, he made the following suggestions: "A three-shilling or half-crown volume, every month, which must and shall sell, not by thousands, or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands—aye, by millions! Twelve volumes in the year, a half-penny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were, or will be hot-pressed! twelve volumes so good that millions must wish to have them; and so cheap that every butcher's callant may have them if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a week." The best works extant, and the largest, have since been published in this way. Even the Greek and Latin Classics were published in Constable's time in numbers—not only in England, but in France and Germany.

True, we have new editions now, too, of the Classics, but what kind of editions? If Mr. Darguros, or rather Mr. Chalkos, is asked this question, he will tell us that they are the best ever issued. But in reality they are catch-pennies—no regular, or complete series, but such works as the publisher or his "reader" happens to think are the most saleable. Even these are little more than fragments; they are rarely complete in themselves; still more rarely are they correctly printed. They are accompanied with interlinear translations of a certain kind; and this is thought to make amends for all other defects. That is, Mr. Chalkos thinks he has discovered a royal road to learning in the middle of the nineteenth century; so that all who desire it may learn Greek or Latin in a month or six weeks at furthest. No need of colleges, professors, or tutors, according to Mr. Chalkos. Nor does he require us to take simply his own word for this. He sends copies of his "Interlinear Translations" to a dozen or two of our village journals. The editors know no more about Greek or Latin than they do about Sanscrit or Syriac, but what of that? they pronounce the "Interlinears" the great desideratum of modern times, and pity the stupidity of all who had not availed themselves of the system hundreds of years ago, instead of having continued to grope in the dark until Mr. Chalkos' time. Fortunately, the "Interlinears" begin to be appreciated at their proper worth. They have been excluded from most of our schools; indeed, no competent teacher who has any regard for his reputation allows his pupils to use them any longer; and so may it always be with shams!

Another party announce a complete series of the British

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Poets, from Chaucer to Moore. A very good and respectable project, no doubt. But we are told that no such admirable edition ever appeared before in Europe or America, the reverse being much nearer the truth. Even this gross, fulsome exaggeration would perhaps be excusable, if the publishers did not insist that all editors, or literary persons, to whom they sent copies should join them in the same false representations, and write abusive letters to those who ventured to express a different opinion. We have ourselves been threatened—though not much frightened—on this ground by a Mr. Flacidus, who was in such a rage on meeting us as an animal affected with rabies is said to be at the sight of water. No woman even of the fish-market could scold better; but no blows are to be apprehended from such a source. This is one of the penalties of exposing false pretensions. The great provocation in the present case was, that the truth was told; and that the public appreciated it to an extent that seriously deranged the plans of the publishers. However, let us do no injustice, even by implication, to the Messrs. Mikron, Fuscus & Co.; but rather say all we can in their favor. The house had once a man of education and culture at its head—a gentleman who was as much distinguished for his urbanity of manners as for his enterprise and liberality. In his time there was no charlatanism, no abuse, in that quarter. Nay, even in his grave his name not only confers respectability, but covers a multitude of sins. A lion's skin may be worn decently enough by a meaner animal, if he only keeps quiet and exercises a little discretion; but if his conduct is such as to provoke criticism, he has only himself to blame if his ears are exposed.

We believe that nobody has ever suspected the Messrs. Aischemon, Melonphone & Co. of attempting the authorship of anything more elaborate or profound than a demand for the payment of a bill, or a "private and confidential" letter to his employers against some luckless scribe who had ventured to criticise one of their publications; or a letter to the scribe himself, desiring that he would inform his readers that they have just received a large order from Constantinople for certain of their books, intimating that if the thing is handsomely done he may calculate on receiving some copies of the works praised for his pains. Even if the same appellations were not used in both instances, it would not be difficult to divine that it is those who act in this way, who also want to bestow their own names on works got up in foreign countries, merely because they have chosen to seize on them in highwayman style. Publishers of this class may flourish for a time;

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they may succeed in making large fortunes; but sooner or later justice will vindicate itself; the day of retribution will come at last. May not this have something to do with the fact that some of our publishers have lately thought it advisable to turn their chief attention to manufacturing pictures instead of books?

It is hardly necessary to mention any names to show that properly qualified publishers need not deviate from their legitimate business, however anxious they may be to make money. This is equally true of publishers at home and abroad; and those who examine the circumstances will find that our theory is sustained as much on one side of the Atlantic as the other. Several London publishers have betaken themselves to the stereoscopic business; but there is no danger that the Longmans, Murray or Bohn will have to do so; each of whom is to a greater or less extent an author-publisher; at least a person of education and culture. There is scarcely one of the firm of the Longmans who has not made a valuable contribution to literature or science, in one form or other. William Longmans is one of the most learned entomologists of the day, and has written largely and successfully on the subject. William Wood, F.R.S., author of a work entitled "Topography, or the Beauties of Nature Displayed," which has been translated into French and German, is—at least, recently was—a member of the same firm. Mr. Wood is also the editor of the best English edition of Buffon—a work that extends to twenty volumes octavo. The "Hand-Books" of Murray would sufficiently attest what he is, in the absence of all other evidence of his education and talent. As for the works edited by Henry G. Bohn, they are as widely known as the English language. And the same remarks, but slightly modified, will apply to our own first-class houses. Not to mention the poetical effusions of Mr. James T. Fields, which have many admirers in Europe as well as America, we believe we violate no secret in speaking of that gentleman as the present editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. And if we are right in this, we think it will be admitted that we are also right in the opinion that no other editor the magazine has yet had has shown better taste or judgment in conducting it. If *Harper's Monthly* is not edited by one of the publishers whose name it bears, it is he who gives it its tone and character. But whether the Harpers have anything to do with authorship or not, it is well known that they have a gentleman of liberal education at the head of their literary department—we mean Mr. J. W. Harper, Jr., who has been educated at Columbia College, of which venerable institution he is, we believe, a graduate. At all events,

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we have not heard that either Ticknor & Fields or the Harpers, more than the Longmans or Murray, have had to turn their attention to the manufacture of cheap pictures. Thus we find that, almost without exception, the most intelligent publishers are the most successful; and they are also the most courteous to those who have any opinion to express in regard to their publications. For our own part, we have frequently criticised the publications of both the Harpers and Ticknor & Fields; but far from abusing us for doing so, neither have ever given us the least intimation of their displeasure. Some will think, perhaps, that we ought to include Mr. George P. Putnam among the author-publishers. We should, indeed, be glad to do so, could we regard his claims as fairly entitling him to the distinction. We know quite well what the latter are; we are aware that he has made several attempts at authorship; but we fear that they have all proved abortive. A friend has just shown us a book which he has compiled, entitled "The World's Progress." In order to form some opinion of its character, we turn to the chronological department, and the first piece of information our eyes rest upon is this: "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots—murdered by Queen Elizabeth, 1542–1587"—not a word, more or less. What will the young student say to this specimen of the world's progress? It will hardly occur to the reader of the common school library that "good Queen Bess" had accomplices who observed certain forms of law, or that she did not strike the fatal blow, or administer the fatal dose, with her own hand. "Oh, but there is a new edition," quoth our friend. We turn to that, too, and the first passage we meet is this: "Lola Montez, Maria, Countess of Landsfeldt, *adventurer*, 1824–1861." Verily, thought we, this is a still more curious specimen of the world's progress. Our friend being still anxious that Putnam should be immortalized, again suggested, "But he is the author of the 'Tourist in Europe.'" This may be, and doubtless is, an excellent work, but we had never heard of it before, and until we see a copy of it and find that its style is somewhat more lucid than that of the "World's Progress," we cannot compliment our friend Putnam much on his authorship.

We are well aware that it is impossible to tell the truth and please everybody. We admit, too, that we do not care to please those who, in our opinion, do not deserve it; but allow them to be just as much displeased as they think proper. But further than that, we do not shrink from exposing charlatanism, imposture and dishonesty, we trust it will be understood that we entertain no hostile feelings towards the publishers as a body. On the contrary, it is precisely because we regard the

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profession *per se* as a noble one, that we have devoted so much time and space to it in this article, and taken pains to show that men of the highest attainments, honor and integrity, have belonged to it. We raise our voice, not against the good, but the bad; to the former we wish every success; to the latter, such as they deserve; provided they do not either learn to be decent, honest and honorable, or turn their attention to some profession for which their instincts are suited.

ART. IX.—1. *The Danger of Indirect Taxation, in its Effects on the Industrial Interests of the Country.* Pamphlet. New York. 1862.

2. *The Difference between Direct and Indirect Taxation.* By JAMES W. HAZLETON, Barrister-at-Law. London. 1853.

3. *Histoire de l'Economie Politique en Europe depuis les Anciens jusqu'à nos jours.* Par ADOLPHE BLANQUI. 3d Edition. Paris. 1860.

WE know so little practically of taxes in this country, that when they assume the character of a burden at all, we are too apt to think it a heavy one. We are all the more likely to feel in this way when those whose experience cannot be questioned affect to deplore our condition. Such is our position at the present moment. War always increases taxation; the former cannot be carried on without the latter. This is an axiom in which all political economists concur; but there never was a political economist worthy of the name, or any other intelligent person, who would venture to maintain that because war causes an increase of taxation, the nation should not have recourse to it for self-protection. This would be practically the same as to maintain that if one's house were threatened by robbers, he should rather suffer all the damage that might be done, than incur the expense of employing a few of his neighbors to assist him. The present rebellion left no alternative but either to defend the Republic, or suffer it to be dismembered. It is precisely because there was some hesitation on this point that the rebels became so formidable as they now are. These are facts which need no proof; and, therefore, we pass on to an examination of those taxes which our European friends tell us are so terribly oppressive. Before doing so, however, we will relate an ancient fable, attributed to Vishnoo Sarma, better known as Pilpay. An old horse heavily laden with pots, pans, stools, &c., happened to meet a young and

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spirited charger, whose sole burden was a young lad, the son of his master, seated in the lightest and most elegant Persian saddle. "Alas!" exclaimed the cart-horse, "is that the way you are? From my heart I pity you! But why so stupid? I would not submit to such treatment for a day." "That may be," said the young charger, "but it seems to me that you are not in a very happy condition yourself. If that load is not even heavier than you can well bear, why do you make such painful exertions, and whence those stripes on your shoulders?" These remarks had scarcely been made, when the cartman came up with a fresh rod. "Good bye," said the charger, slipping off like a deer across the plain, with his young master. "If I am so much to be pitied because I bear a burden, the most hardened should weep for a fate like yours."

The application of this is obvious enough. It so happens that no two nations in the world are so heavily burdened as those which are so deeply concerned for us. England mourns oftener and longer for us than France, and has far less hope in the possibility of our surviving our calamities; but the former is more heavily taxed than the latter in proportion. British testimony alone will be sufficient to prove this to the full satisfaction of all who may doubt it. We have now before us a publication entitled the "Black Book," which contains a large amount of curious statistics and other miscellaneous facts, which are taken chiefly, if not wholly, from parliamentary returns. In coming to the subject of taxation, if we compare our system with that of England, the contrast in our favor that strikes one most forcibly is, that, while the poor have to bear the chief burden in Great Britain, the wealthy enjoy privileges and immunities in various forms—in the United States rich and poor have to share the burden according to their means. In England, the producer—the man who is daily contributing in one form or other to the comfort of society—is heavily taxed. It avails him nothing in this respect that what he produces has become almost a necessary of life; whereas his neighbor, who does nothing, except, perhaps, to wring all the rent he can out of his tenant, can hardly be said to be taxed at all. "Then see," says the work referred to, "how carefully the aristocratic classes have contrived to evade the payment of their due share of the taxation of the country. In all other states of Europe, even those considered 'despotic,' the chief portion of taxation is raised, as it ought to be, from the land. But in England the land contributes little or nothing to the general taxation. The landowners have taken care of that. Thus:

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In Great Britain—land tax	$ 5,915,000*	
Other taxes (1847)	247,160,000	
		$253,076,000
In France—land tax	116,250,000	
Other taxes (no income tax)	87,500,000	
		203,750,000
In Prussia—land tax	19,970,000	
Other taxes	18,335,000	
		38,305,000
In Austria—land tax	38,985,000	
Other taxes	38,500,000	
		77,485,000

"Thus, in France, Prussia and Austria, half of the entire revenues of the governments of those countries is derived from the land; whereas, in aristocratic Britain, only five dollars in every one hundred and sixty-five raised by taxation is derived from this source. The taxes are *mainly raised on articles in daily consumption among the working classes, who are not represented;* fully two-thirds of the whole revenue being extorted from those who are the least able to bear the imposition of taxes; while the rich *both exempt themselves and spend the taxes so raised in the most riotous recklessness and extravagance.*"

This is not very friendly to the aristocracy, but the facts it embodies are substantially correct. The writer goes on then to show that the necessaries which, if free from excise and custom duties, would cost the laboring man only 56 cents per week, are raised to $1.81, more than three times that amount. After some further calculation of a similar nature, the accuracy of which cannot be disputed, the censor tells us that "the taxation imposed on the British people *is the highest in the world.* Take for example," he says, "the following instances:

Taxation per head, for every man, woman and child in					England..	$13.00
"	"	"	"	"	U. States.	2.25
"	"	"	"	"	Russia ...	2.25
"	"	"	"	"	Austria...	2.75
"	"	"	"	"	Prussia ..	3.00
"	"	"	"	"	France...	6.00

These figures approximated as near the truth in 1848 as any of the kind can be expected to do, and with the exception of the cost of the present rebellion in the United States, if any change has taken place in the ratio, it is a comparative increase of the average taxation of England. This shows how ill it becomes the latter to predict our downfall from our increased taxation; at the same time, it teaches another lesson, which will be valuable to the timid at the present time, since it shows that, after all, high taxation does not necessarily bring bankruptcy, as we are told it is sure to do, at least in our case. We see, on the contrary, that it is the nations that are most heavily

* The sums are given here in dollars at the rate of $5 to the £1.

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taxed that are also the most wealthy and most powerful; and presently we shall find whether there is any reason why the United States should be rendered bankrupt by taxation more than England or France. We have at least this privilege—that we cannot be taxed against our will; no citizen of the republic can complain that he is taxed without being represented. Can the same be said of a British subject? Let the "Black Book" (understood to have been revised, if not to a considerable extent written, by the late David Hume,) answer the question. "The total number," it says, "of electors in Great Britain and Ireland does not average above *one million* for *twenty-eight million* of people. In England, the franchise is held by only *one* in every *nineteen* of the gross population; in Scotland, by *one* in *thirty;* and in Ireland, by *one* in *forty-three.* In England, only *one* male adult in *seven* is represented; in Scotland, only *one* in *eleven;* in Ireland, only *one* in *seventeen;* that is, more than *seven-eighths* of the adult population of Great Britain are altogether *unrepresented,* and are compelled to obey the laws, and to pay the taxes made and granted by the representatives of the remaining one-seventh." Now, if our people had grievances of this kind, they might well complain of being heavily taxed; they might also look to the future with gloomy forebodings, because they could not tell when the taxation would stop, or what would be its limit. As it is, they know that it is in their own power not only to prevent any further increase, but to diminish, if not altogether abolish, the existing rate. But let us take a fact or two more from the plain-spoken Black Book: "By statements before the public, it appears that three millions of inhabitants of the richest and most enterprising towns in Britain are represented by only thirty-two members; whereas, one hundred and thirty-two thousand inhabitants of twenty-four of the poorest and most decaying towns in the kingdom have no fewer than forty-eight representatives. These twenty-four small towns have a total population amounting to only *about one-half that of Manchester; and yet they have forty-eight representatives, while Manchester has only two!* These twenty-four dirty little nests of aristocratic corruption and monopoly have more voting power in the House of Commons than the vast towns and cities of London, Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Leeds, Edinburgh, Sheffield and Birmingham." It need hardly be asked which are taxed most in proportion—the large cities that have but few representatives, or the small towns that have many. The most cursory examination of the facts shows that a scientific man, or party of men, having sufficient capital and energy to produce on a large scale an article which is useful to the public, pays a larger amount of taxes

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than ten times as many lords, who, as we have said already, produce nothing, but squander the thousands which they derive from their broad domains. Yet the very writers who predict our downfall as inevitable, because we are willing to be taxed for the defence of our country and its institutions, boast that no country in the world gives more encouragement to the operations of science and the mechanic arts than England. Let us remark in passing, that had this course been pursued by the Athenians of old, or the Egyptians, the monuments of their genius, skill and industry would not have survived for thousands of years, to be still the wonder and admiration of the world. But far from taxing science and art, or whatever contributed largely to the comfort of society, no matter how great a source of profit they were in themselves, the great nations of antiquity afforded them privileges and immunities, while they taxed the wealthy idlers—a fact which it would be well for our modern legislators and political economists to bear in mind.*

If it be said that what applies to England in regard to taxation does not apply to this country, we will admit the fact; but the difference is in our favor; we can bear taxation without becoming bankrupt, not only as well as England, but better. In proof of this, too, we need not go beyond English authorities. Long before we had any civil war, the question was fully discussed by the ablest statesmen and political economists of England. Thus, for example, in an article on taxation, in the Edinburgh Review, for January, 1820, supposed to have been written by Macaulay, the following passage occurs:

"In countries such as the United States, where there is a boundless extent of fertile and unappropriated land, and where *no feudal privileges or impolitic restraints fetter the employment of industry*, or *retard the accumulation of capital*, the imposition of a tax on a commodity necessary for the subsistence of the laborer *would not be attended with any very injurious effects*. In such countries, both the profits of stock and the real wages of labor are high, and a considerable revenue might be collected without occasioning any great inconvenience, either to the workman or his employer. A little economy would enable the former to save the amount of the tax out of his wages; and these might be advanced, without the rate of profit and the power to accumulate capital being thereby materially impaired.

* Aristotle tells us that when the Spartans desired to assist the people of Samos, their allies, with a loan, they raised the necessary amount as follows: Without attempting to extort from any class of their fellow-citizens, they ordained a general fast for man and beast, and the sum realized was handed over to the needy borrowers. Nor was this the only occasion on which that frugal and industrious people exercised the same self-denial; they did so frequently in times of war. But we fear that it is not likely our people will follow their example in this respect. Fast-days, indeed, we have, but if the animals slaughtered and devoured and the liquors consumed by our people could speak, they would show that modern fasting is very different from the ancient.

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But in all old settled and fully peopled countries, *taxation is infinitely more injurious.* The supply of labor being in this case always greater than the demand, the real wages of labor are comparatively low; while, from the necessity of cultivating inferior soils, the profits of stock are also comparatively limited."*

This language needs no explanation or comment. The writer was acquainted with the subject; his opinions are based on facts attested by the experience of ages; and his object was more to tell the truth and warn the short-sighted and boastful, than to foster national prejudices. But has the United States government evinced a disposition to tax the people? Nothing of the kind can be alleged against it; and in making this assertion, we do not allude to any particular administration. But can the same be said of the British government? This, too, we will allow the Edinburgh Review to answer. "No source of revenue, however trifling," says the critic already quoted, "and no *necessary, however indispensable*, not to comfort merely, but *existence, has been able to elude the grasp of the tax-gatherer.* Mr. Pitt, and the subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer, whatever may be thought of their merits in other respects, must be admitted to have had no equals in the devising of means to divert the greatest possible portion of the wealth of the country into the coffers of government. *It is no exaggeration to affirm that, with the solitary exception of water, there is not a single necessary consumed in the Empire which is not directly or indirectly loaded* WITH A MOST OPPRESSIVE IMPOST."† This assertion is not made without full proof of its correctness. If this heavy taxation were only levied in war times, and in defence of the nation, then there would be a reasonable excuse for it, even though a much larger sum had been levied than the exigency required. But such is not the fact; the burden is often rather increased than diminished in time of peace. "Nor has the rapidity of the increase of taxation," continues the critic, "been less extraordinary, than the extent to which it has been carried."

"For example, the duty on tea, which, in 1793, was only 12 per cent., is now more than *eight* times as much, or 100 per cent. The duty on salt, which amounts (in England) to 15s. a bushel, or to about *thirty* times its natural cost, was *tripled* in 1805. The duty on leather, after being stationary for more than a century, was *doubled* in 1812. And the various duties on sugar, beer, spirits, soap, candles, tobacco, &c., besides the house tax, window tax, and stamp duty, *have all been increased in similar proportions.* But in order to show the *progress of taxation*, it is not necessary to engage in the endless and irk-

* Ed. Rev., vol. xxxiii., p. 160. † *Ib.*, p. 166.

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some task of enumerating the different articles on which new duties have been imposed, or the old increased. It is sufficient to mention that the total payments into the exchequer in 1793, on account of permanent and temporary duties, amounted to £17,674,395; in 1804 they had increased to £49,335,978, or to nearly *three* times their amount in 1793; in 1808 they exceeded the enormous sum of 66 millions; and in 1819, *in the fifth year of the peace*, they amounted to £47,990,814, or to very nearly their amount *in the eleventh year of the war.*"*

We are well aware that the laws have undergone various alterations since; that different bills have been passed, including one making "free trade" the law of the land, the avowed object of which has been to lighten the taxes. The latter, in particular, might seem, at first sight, to remove all cause of complaint on the part of the tax payers. For some time they thought so themselves; and they could not see how they could be mistaken. Now, however, they begin to see that what they have gained in one way they have lost in another. They find they have to pay quite as heavy a tax as ever, if, indeed, not a heavier one; the only difference being that the tax which was before direct is now indirect; and the best political economists are of opinion that the former is preferable to the latter, for reasons to which we will presently take occasion to allude more particularly.

So much, then, for the apprehensions and predictions of certain English journals in regard to the taxation rendered necessary in the United States by the present war, but which is not one-half as heavy in proportion as that which the English people have to pay. We have already alluded to the different resources of the people of the two countries, and in doing so have fortified our views with British testimony in favor of the greater power of endurance of the working classes in this country. Now we avail ourselves of the opinion of M. Ricardo, one of the most eminent political economists of modern times. "In those countries," he observes, "where the laboring classes have fewest wants, and are contented with the cheapest food, the people are exposed to the greatest vicissitudes and miseries. They have no place of refuge from calamity; *they cannot seek safety in a lower station;* they are already so *low that they can fall no lower.* On any deficiency of the chief articles of their subsistence, there are few substitutes of which they can avail themselves; *and dearth to them is attended with almost all the evils of famine.*" If there are any who doubt the truth of these emphatic words, they have only to compare the

* *Ib.*, p. 166.

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condition of the working classes in this country at the present moment to that of the corresponding classes in England. Here we have no bread riots; no organized attacks on stores in broad daylight; no assaults on the wealthy in the public streets, for no other reason than that they are wealthy. In England such occurrences are taking place, in one part or other of the United Kingdom, almost daily; the alleged cause being that not only thousands, but millions, of the people are threatened with starvation on account of the rebellion in this country.* If the working-men become riotous here, it is rather because they have such good wages that they become stiff and overbearing. The more indulgent their employers are—the more ready to comply with their wishes as far as seems at all reasonable—the more exacting they are. We know an instance that occurred within the last month, in which, after having had their wages raised three times during a brief period, until they had ten dollars and a half a week for common labor, they claimed the privilege of dismissing the superintendent, who had charge of them, and was in fact their best friend, and of appointing one whose ideas in regard to "the rights of labor" would be more in harmony with their own. But such as this occurs but seldom, and generally when it does occur it brings its own punishment, convincing the refractory, when it is perhaps too late, that whatever temporary inconvenience they have caused their employers, it is themselves they have injured most.

Now, if we turn to France, we shall find that a comparison between ourselves and the French will be equally in our favor.

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* Recent English journals furnish instances enough of this kind. We have one now before us (the Liverpool *Weekly Mercury*, of Oct. 25,) which devotes over a column to the Birkenhead riots, showing that they were of so serious a character, that the authorities were almost afraid to interfere. The editor, severely, and in our opinion justly, censures the magistrates, as follows:—"A day of hurried and reluctant preparations to meet a foreseen calamity was followed by a night of horrors and havoc which there was no defined or systematic effort made to suppress, and then the magistrates, in order to screen themselves from blame, deliberately diminish the proportions and misrepresent the character of the event. A daring and *gigantic outrage* on the civil rights, the property, and the persons of the inhabitants is dwarfed into a hole-and-corner row, which was quelled at the first effort of the police. *Three or four thousand armed ruffians keep a town in terror for five hours, smite down every respectable person they meet, smash windows, break into and pillage houses and shops, wound a dozen policemen, and very nearly kill three or four persons*, and then the authorized conservators of the peace try to snatch an undeserved compliment from the Home Office, by pooh-poohing the affair as insignificant. The magistrates are accused of having abandoned the people to a lawless and cruel mob, and they reply that they broke a few rioters' heads and captured a dozen persons. They are censured for not having employed the abundant force of special constables which a threatened and loyal town promptly placed at their disposal, and they reply that there was no need of the services of those men, as the eighty policemen at their disposal proved sufficient to 'quell the row.' They are charged with having for hours permitted violence and rapine to reign unrestricted in the *north*, and they reply that their mission was to protect the institute in the *south* from molestation, and that in this they perfectly succeeded."

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The French journalists do not, indeed, say much on the subject —the more intelligent class scarcely anything. That is, they make no effort to show that our present taxation must lead to bankruptcy. Statements like this are left to the thoughtless, but flippant of the craft; we need, therefore, have little to say on the subject. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, though not at all strange under existing circumstances, that no journal, either of Europe or America, is so ready with predictions of this kind as the French paper entitled the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, published in this city. Since the present rebellion broke out it has never ceased its efforts to disparage the national cause, and prejudice Europe against it. The air with which it continues to lecture us, as if we were children who had never heard of political economy, much less of the financial or revenue systems of any other nation, would have been amusing in any other circumstances. There was a time, indeed—some seven years ago—when the *Courrier* was too intelligent and thoughtful to stultify itself in this way. But at present the editor is either sadly ignorant of the history of his own country, or he thinks that his readers are.* At all events, he lectures us from time to time—almost daily, about our taxes —as if nothing of the kind had ever been known in his own country. None have greater respect for the undoubted intellectual and physical greatness of France than we have; but for this very reason we cannot but regard the conduct of the *Courrier* as a libel on her literary men—at least, on her journalists, who are confessedly the best-educated and most intelligent of their class; for be it remembered that Guizot, Thiers, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, &c.—in short, the greatest thinkers of modern France—have been, and some of them still are, journalists. But only think of the author of "Civilization in Europe," who has uprooted so many prejudices at home and abroad, predicting the downfall of a great nation like the United States, because it has recourse to taxation to save itself from dismemberment! Even if he were not, as he is, honestly disposed to tell the truth, he knows that any historian of France who is referred to will show that the highest taxes we have had to pay are but a mere bagatelle compared to those levied on his countrymen for hundreds of years.

The French have been regularly, or rather, irregularly taxed, from the time of Philip le Bel, to the present. There had, in-

* One of the most eminent political economists of the French school shows how superficial observers may be deceived by appearances as to the actual condition and prospects of a people. "Les gens," says M. Say, "qui ne sont pas habitués à voir les réalités au travers des *apparences* sont quelquefois seduits *pas l'attirail et le fracas d'un luxe* brillant. Ils croient à la prospérité où ils voient *l'ostentation*."—*Traité d'Economie Politique, p.* 230.

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deed, been heavy levies before his time, but he was the first to reduce taxation to a system. Even so early as his time the taxes were so oppressive that the cities of Paris, Orleans and Rouen rose in open revolt against him. In 1314 he induced the States-General to impose a tax of six derniers per livre on all kinds of provisions. The *fouage* which corresponds with the English hearth-tax was so oppressive, and exasperated the people to such an extent, that it was near costing Charles V. his crown. By turning to the pages either of Michelet or Sismondi, the editor of the *Courrier* might have learned that the *taille*, which, in the time of Charles VII., amounted to 1,800,000 livres, had become so odious as to endanger the existence of the monarchy. But be it remembered that what exasperated the people most was, not that they had to pay heavy taxes, but that they had to bear the whole burden; the noblesse and the clergy being exempt. True, it cannot be said of the great ministers of France, as it is of the British ministers in the above extract—that they "had no equals in the devising of means to divert the greatest possible portion of the wealth of the country into the coffers of government." On the contrary, both Sully and Richelieu did their best to shift at least a portion of the burden from the shoulders of the poor on those of the rich.

In this they were successful to a considerable extent, but the privileged classes soon managed to evade their part, and the people grew more discontented than ever, (1683,) and began to pave the way for the Revolution. Vauban, the famous engineer of Louis XIV., tried to remove the prevailing discontent by introducing a tax called the *dîme royale*, to be paid by all classes alike. Thus one tax was succeeded by another—the direct by the indirect—until the people were maddened to desperation. It is well to remember that those most frequently immured in the Bastile were persons who, having accumulated wealth by means of their talents and industry in the production of articles useful to the public, did not like to submit to be overburdened with taxes in order that the privileged classes might enjoy exemption directly or indirectly; and hence it was that that stronghold of despotism was the first attacked and destroyed.

The indirect taxes have always proved the most oppressive.*

* The author of the *Richesse de la Hollande* devotes a large portion of his valuable work (published in 1798) to a proof of the fact that indirect taxation (such as is levied at the present time in this country) had the effect of destroying a large part of the enterprise and industry which once made Holland the most flourishing commercial nation in the world. "L'augmentation successive des impôts," he says, "que les payments des intérêts, et les remboursements ont rendue indispensable, a détroit une grande partie de l'industrie, a diminué le commerce, &c."—*Tome ii., p.* 179.

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It was they that were farmed out to speculators, who were enabled to make large fortunes by oppressive exactions. Fortunately, nothing of this kind can yet be alleged against this country. However bad and scandalous it was in practice, if not in theory, it did not ruin France. But even at the present day, the *noblesse* enjoy exemptions as the great landed proprietors do in England. They are, indeed, nominally taxed, but it is the people who have to bear the chief burden in the end. So that whether we compare ourselves to England or France in regard to the taxes imposed upon us, the advantage is clearly on our side; and the more closely and carefully the comparison is made, the more obvious is this fact.

But we need not have referred to the system of either England or France to show that ours is the best. True, the majority of the writers of both countries claim that there was no such science as political economy anterior to their time. The French claim the discovery for Blanqui, author of *Traité d'Economie Politique*, and the English make the same claim for Adam Smith, author of the *Wealth of Nations*. True, both admit that some crude ideas had been entertained on the subject at an earlier period, but insist that it was their champions that reduced the chaos to a system. That each has written scientifically and well on the subject, and done incalculable good, is not to be questioned; but they merely revived what was well known to the ancients. Instead of exempting their wealthy men, the Athenians made them bear the chief burden of the taxes. In the time of Demosthenes, each of the ten tribes pointed out one hundred and twenty of the wealthiest citizens; the twelve hundred thus selected were divided into two classes; these, again, were subdivided into several classes; to each of which particular duties were assigned; three hundred of the wealthiest being required to furnish the republic the necessary supplies of money. But any that could show that they had made their wealth in the production of articles which contributed to the comfort and well-being of society were either exempted altogether, or required to pay only half or one-third as much as others of equal wealth. The ground of this exemption was, that to tax wealth made in serving the public by means of qualifications which in any state can be possessed only by the few, is virtually to discourage improvements.

Now, if we turn to the great thinkers of those times, we shall see whether they were ignorant of political economy. First, let us consult them in regard to the value of money; for we are told for the fiftieth time that the depreciation of our currency must inevitably ruin us, if we cannot provide a

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remedy. In other words, it is maintained that we are poor, and on the verge of bankruptcy, because money happens to be scarce with us. "By wealth," says Xenophon, "can only be understood that which is useful. Money itself is *no wealth*, except it is used." If it be urged that the author of the *Anabasis* is not a good authority on political economy, the same objection can hardly be made against the Stagirite, who asks: "How could that be the most substantial or only wealth, which, to him who should accumulate the greatest quantity, would only realize the fable of Midas, and thereby expose him to the danger of perishing of hunger?"* Elsewhere, he says: "In reality, value depends on the mutual wants of men, which form the great bond of society; for unless their wants were mutual, exchange could not be effected. * * Money, which represents the value of all other things, varies in its own; but its variations are less considerable than those of most other substances."

The same philosopher points out the different uses of capital, and the difference between productive and unproductive labor, quite as lucidly and scientifically as either Adam Smith or Blanqui. "Every piece of property," he observes, "may be employed for two distinct purposes; the purpose of *use*, and the purpose of exchange. A pair of shoes may be *worn*, or may be *sold*. This second purpose, though it is not the original or proper end for which shoes were made, is founded on a principle both natural and necessary, the disposition to truck and barter, by which men part with their superfluities, in order to supply their deficiencies."† "But," says the modern socialist or champion of equality, "why should I be without a sixpence, while my neighbor across the way has thousands and tens of thousands? If I cannot compel him to share with me, the government should take the case in its own hands, in one way or other, and afford me relief." In reply to logic like this, the Stagirite says, "that such a course would destroy the delightful pleasure which arises from saying, 'This field is mine.' This pleasure, indeed, proceeds from self-love; but a self-love that is natural and just, and as different from selfishness, as a virtuous and proper affection is *from a vicious and blameable excess*. Deprived of separate property, we should be deprived of a pleasure belonging to it still more delightful —the pleasure of bestowing it on our friends, or our companions, and even on deserving strangers."‡ Plato is equally explicit in showing the difference between different kinds of labor; and how each kind should be protected and encour-

* Aristotle's Politics, B. 1, ch. 7. † *Ib.*, B. 1, ch. 6. ‡ *Ib.*, B. 2, ch. 2.

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aged, according as it is more or less intellectual, and more or less useful to the public. When Socrates relates, in one of Plato's Dialogues, a conversation which he had with Adimantus, on the subject of forming a city, we receive the first definite idea of the division of labor. The whole passage would be too long for our space; we can only give a sentence or two; but even these will show that the sage, regarded as the wisest of mankind, was of opinion that the laborer should be rewarded according to the amount of knowledge or power he possesses, and the amount of good he does.

"'While you were speaking,' says Socrates, 'I was considering that we are born *not perfectly resembling one another;* does it not seem so to you?' 'It does. But what now?' 'Whether will a man do better, if being one, he works in many arts or in one?' 'When in one,' said he. 'But this I imagine is also plain: that *if one miss the season of any work, it is ruined.* That is plain. For I imagine the work will not wait upon the leisure of the workman. But of necessity, the *workman must attend* close upon the work, and not in the way of a by-job, Of necessity. And hence it appears that *more will be done and better,* and with greater ease, when every one does but one thing, according to his genius, and in proper season, and freed from other things.'"—*Plato's Republic,* Book vi.

These concluding remarks have reference to a disposition among the envious and avaricious to undertake business for which they were not qualified, because their neighbors, who were qualified, had made fortunes by it. The object of Plato was to show, through his spokesman, Socrates, that such a course was as injudicious as it was unjust.

In short, the whole question in which we are all so deeply interested at the present moment, was fully discussed by those master-minds; and there was no opinion in which they were more in harmony with each other, and we may add, with Solon and Pericles, than that the poor as well as the rich should know exactly what they are to pay to the state—that is, that their taxes should be direct, not indirect. If it be replied that Athens was too small a state to afford an example for us, the same argument will not hold against the Roman Empire. It is well known that the Romans borrowed their principal laws from the Greeks; and there was no law, or principle of law, to which they adhered more strictly, than that which makes the taxation direct, rather than indirect. It is the direct system that is chiefly, if not exclusively, in use at the present moment in Switzerland and San Marino; and a short time since, when the present Sir Robert Peel visited Berne, and observed to a member of the federal government, that while direct taxation might be preferable in a small state like Switzerland, it would not suit a large and populous empire like

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England, the Swiss minister replied in the words of Aristotle, that "The excellence of a commonwealth is not to be estimated by its populousness or extent, but for its fitness for performing its proper functions. *Hippocrates was a greater physician than many physicians twice his size.*"* To these various examples we might add those of the opposite character, derived from the experience of Mexico and other South American republics, in which the indirect system has been tested but too fully. The Mexicans, however turbulent and refractory in other respects, are willing enough to pay the necessary expenses of government; but they wish to do so in a straightforward manner.

We are willing to acknowledge ourselves that the time has come in the history of the United States when the industrial interests of the nation are to be taxed to their utmost capacity; or it is to become bankrupt and for ever disgraced in the eyes of the world. The immense expenditures of the war are to be met and paid by the industry of the people, and all classes are to be called upon to bear a heavy burden. Between the people and the government are to be interposed an army of tax-gatherers, who also must be maintained and compensated.

The prudent course for our rulers to adopt is to conceal as much as possible from the people the sums which they individually pay, by placing very large taxes on all manufactures, so that consumers shall pay them by an increase of the price of the articles which they buy. A paper currency has the effect of raising prices still higher; but, at the same time, it assists the government in meeting its payments. Let us now indicate briefly, before we close our remarks, how large these indirect taxes are, and how much more judicious it would be for Congress to tax property in proportion to its value. We may observe, incidentally, that direct taxes are calculated to make the people more careful in their scrutiny of the expenditures of government, so as to promote general economy. When a man knows the price which he pays for an article, especially if it be a large one, he is careful to get the worth of his money.

We will first make a comparison in approximate figures. The property of the nation is valued at fifteen thousand million of dollars; of New York city, at five hundred and eighty million. The latter, then, is called upon to pay one twenty-sixth part of the war-tax. A tax of two per cent. upon this valuation would raise for the government from New York city alone eleven million six hundred thousand dollars a year;

* Aristotle's Politics, B. 4, ch. 4.

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and from the nation, three hundred million a year. Our present tax-bill will not net any such sum for the government, and was not expected, by its most sanguine friends, to realize more than one hundred million.

The expenditures of the people of New York cannot be fairly estimated by any known data. It is safe to say that fifty cents a day is a low average estimate for our people; or, one hundred and eighty dollars each, taking rich and poor together. The depreciation of the currency alone is equal to thirty per cent. of these expenses; and this makes a loss to the people of this city of over fifty million dollars each year. This depreciation, then, costs the people four times as much as a direct tax, sufficient to raise three hundred million a year, would have cost them.

Again, take any single item of expenditure which is necessary and in common use. For instance, light; the people of this city do not pay this tax directly; but the government collects it indirectly on manufacture. The figures given below are but approximate, as we have not access to the data to insure entire accuracy, but they will be found, on examination, to be in the main correct. First, then, the coal of which light is made is taxed by the depreciation of money, say thirty per cent. That is to say, a ton of coal which cost before paper money was issued, say seven dollars a ton, cannot now be bought for less than nine dollars and ten cents a ton. This calculation is based on the idea that the producers of coal are to have the same compensation now as before the introduction of paper money. Thirty per cent. on the value of all the coal used for making light for this city, say one million three hundred thousand dollars. Next the tax of fifteen cents a thousand feet on, say one thousand million feet of gas consumed; one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; in all four hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The total value of this one thousand million feet at the selling price is two million five hundred thousand dollars. The tax which it pays, including the effect of the paper currency, is four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or eighteen per cent. per annum on its saleable value, while, as we have seen, a direct tax upon property of two per cent. on value would realize four times as much money. One example is as good as twenty. Let the reader take up the tax-bill, and investigate many other branches of manufacture on the plan indicated, and he will arrive at the same result. The figures may differ, as the tax-bill is very unequal in its assessments, but the same general truth will be manifest. The inference is plain: the true financial policy of the country is to go back to specie payments, and borrow at

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the market price, and tax property in whatever shape found, in proportion to its value. This is plain, straightforward, true financiering, and if there is not honesty enough in the nation to stand it, there certainly will not be enough to foot the bills which the other system must entail upon the country.

Art. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

A System of Logic, comprising a Discussion of the various Means of Acquiring and Retaining Knowledge and Avoiding Error. By P. McGregor, A. M. 12mo, pp. 469. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

We commence the few observations we have to make on this book by thanking the author for the good work he has performed; although we cannot give him credit for a single original remark. But let us not be misunderstood; the volume before us is nothing the worse, but a great deal the better, for being a compilation. Instead of his own thoughts, the author has collected from various sources the thoughts of others, and he has so arranged them and dovetailed them together that no chinks or chasms appear in the structure which he has built from them. We do not charge Mr. McGregor with plagiarism. He is no more a plagiarist for having used the thoughts of others according as he found they suited him, than Cicero, Plutarch, and many other writers whose works will endure for ever. We do not mean that the author has depended on himself for nothing; we give him full credit for the Introduction. But this is as different from the rest of the work as brass is from gold. Not that it contains any gross violations of the rules of grammar; nay, indeed, it is as respectable a piece of composition as we are in the habit of meeting in school-books of the present day. But the writer does not practise what he preaches. He undoubtedly presents us an excellent system of logic—one which we would recommend before any other we know; but his mode of commending it to the public is most illogical. At least such is our opinion. But we will condemn no one, even in regard to an Introduction, without allowing him to speak for himself.

In the first place, the title of the work is, *A System of Logic.* This is perfectly correct; it is a system, and, as we have already said, a very good one. But four-fifths of the Introduction is taken up with arguments designed to prove that knowledge is useful; a thing we have never known any one to dispute yet. Before we notice these any further, however, let us see how our author defines Logic, or rather, what

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it is calculated to do. In the very first sentence of the Introduction we are told that "Logic is the science which exhibits *the foundations and primary elements of knowledge, the proper means* of investigating truth, the *nature* and *sources* of erroneous opinions, the modes in which we must proceed in order to secure the former and avoid the latter, and the best methods of *retaining knowledge* after it has been acquired." Now, if logic accomplishes all this, who will deny that it is worth all the other sciences put together? First, it enables one to catch the hare; and then, when the animal is caught, it shows how we may prevent him from running away, as everybody knows he is very liable to do, if not closely watched.

One would naturally suppose that a science which accomplishes so much would be somewhat difficult to learn; it is nothing of the kind, however. According to our author, "Logic may be *mastered without any previous preparation*, or extraordinary abilities; and, *therefore, it may be studied* successfully by a person who will bestow upon it a little care and labor, while it requires much less of either than some other subjects of comparatively little importance."—(P. 15.) The truth is, that there is no logic in this, and but very little common sense; no two members of the sentence are consistent with each other. Be it remembered that "no previous preparation" is necessary to master logic; and let the following sentence or two, in the same Introduction, be compared with that statement:

"The degree of knowledge requisite for the purposes mentioned, is not attainable except by means of investigations conducted in accordance with the principles of Logic; *and these require to be studied in order to be known.* This, is proved by *the grave errors and mistakes committed by many investigators*, and *the ignorance, or erroneous opinions of a great majority of mankind*, on all the most important subjects, from the earliest times to this day."—(P. 25.)

We must no longer imagine that the grave errors and mistakes of investigators are to be attributed to their stupidity, or want of intellect. The whole secret is, that they had not studied logic; and it is nothing but the same inattention that has caused the great majority of mankind to be ignorant as they unhappily are! All this is sufficiently startling; but what is still worse is, that there is no hope for the ignorant. "Thus, ignorance *not only excludes knowledge, but substitutes in its place a spurious belief, much worse than none.*"—(P. 24.) Hitherto we should have supposed that even our author himself was once ignorant. But since ignorance excludes knowledge, this would have been a mistake. We have not come to the worst yet, however; for Mr. McGregor informs us that people have died of ignorance—(p. 24.) In other words, they have died for the want of not knowing logic. Our readers may remember that some months ago there was a great mortality among omnibus-drivers, cobblers, rag-pickers, and other illiterate fraternities, and our most skilful physicians were unable to refer their death to any known malady. Now the probability

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is, that not one of the victims had ever studied logic, or could tell a syllogism from an elephant. If it be proved on investigation that this was the case, the inference is plain that they died of ignorance.

Seriously, we are sorry to see such arguments gravely put forward in the Introduction to a work so truly excellent; but, as already observed, the latter is not affected by them. The student may easily pass over the Introduction, which is to the body of the work what a gaudy modern-built vestibule bedaubed with paint is to an ancient Grecian temple, whose chief characteristics are simplicity, harmony, and accuracy of outline.

1. *Eleventh Annual Catalogue and Circular of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary*, Montague Place. 1861–62.
2. *Proceedings of the Twenty-third Annual Commencement and Circular of the Rutgers Female Institute*, Fifth Avenue, New York. 1862.
3. *Mathematics in Female Education. Abstracts from the Archives of Rutgers Female Institute.* 1860.

The observations which we can make on education in this department of our journal must necessarily be brief. It is only in the body of the work we can discuss the subject fully; but our readers will bear us testimony that we do not neglect to do so, when we think our remarks may be productive of good, either by exposing grave errors, so that they may be remedied, or by pointing out and commending improvements, so that they may be adopted by others. The former is an ungracious task—one which we would much rather avoid, did our sense of duty permit us; we should prefer writing pages of what is agreeable, rather than one line of an opposite character. Not because those whom we censure are so ready to impugn our motives; but that the language of approbation, when it can be honestly applied, is much more pleasant than that of censure. From the latter, however, we will not shrink when we think it is deserved; but fortunately nothing of the kind is called for on the present occasion.

Until recently it so happened that the only good school for young ladies with which we were acquainted was the Van Norman Institute; and it will be remembered that we have endeavored to do justice to it accordingly. Nor has our opinion of its excellent and thorough system undergone any change in the lapse of time. We are only glad to have learned that there are other young ladies' schools also, in New York and its vicinity, which are characterized by excellence of a high order.

Of the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, as well as of the Van Norman Institute, we can speak from personal observation, having been invited to visit it by the principal, who politely conducted us through the different departments, explaining, as we passed from one to another, the peculiar features of his system. The institution was founded in 1851,

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by Prof. Alonzo Gray, LL.D., at whose death it passed into the hands of Dr. West, its present principal, who has devoted himself for twenty-five years to female education, and who has made the subject his study in the best seminaries of Europe as well as America.

The edifice, which is larger than many colleges we have seen, has six large and well-ventilated rooms devoted to school purposes, besides a laboratory, rooms for recitation, painting, drawing, and instrumental music. We are well aware that there are sometimes excellent accommodations—all necessary appliances for school purposes, including valuable apparatus, in institutions, where the teaching is very imperfect. But it is our habit to form an estimate of the fruit *per se*, rather than to infer its character from the tree that bears it, when such a course is agreeable to the principal, as it was in this instance. It is but a matter of simple justice to say that in no other female seminary except that of the Rev. Dr. Van Norman have we seen such accurate rendering of difficult passages in the Latin Classics as we had the gratification of witnessing at Dr. West's school. A young lady scarcely fourteen years old translated and parsed a passage in the *De Bello Gallico* of Cæsar with perfect ease, which we have known to puzzle more than one male graduate of a famous university. Nor were we less agreeably surprised at the proficiency exhibited in other departments—especially at the closing exercises, during which original compositions and selected pieces in prose and poetry were read by the students, who finally sang a hymn with very good effect, accompanied with the piano.

The essay entitled "Echoes of Rome," given in the circular at the head of our remarks, as a specimen composition, written by one of the young ladies, and as an incentive to future classes, reminds us that no private library in this country, which it has been our privilege to examine, contains so large a variety of rare and valuable books and manuscripts; including works in Sanscrit, Chinese, Coptic, Arabic, Icelandic, &c., &c. In short, such an institution does credit to Brooklyn. If Prof. West does not get adequate remuneration for his labors, notwithstanding the large number of his pupils, he, as well as our friend Van Norman, must at least have the consolation to feel that he is attaining success in every other respect, in one of the noblest works that can engage the human mind.

The Rutgers Institute we know only from reputation, except so far as we can judge of its character from the two pamphlets at the head of our article, of which it is the subject. The former, we need hardly say, is very good, and it is fully sustained by the latter, as far as they go. The composition entitled "The Three Friends," given in the circulars of the Institute, shows a high degree of culture on the part of the young lady who has the credit of its authorship. The committee who award the first honor for this are quite right in the opinion that

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"the originality of design, and true perception of life and character, which in this production are carefully exhibited, will vindicate their decision." With one or two exceptions, the several committees have acquitted themselves intelligently and fairly of the duties they had assumed; but the exceptions afford a somewhat amusing illustration of the danger of undertaking a task which one is not qualified to perform. Thus the committee on compositions of the Academic Department, first and second divisions, are Mr. Adolph Werner and Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, who deliver judgment as follows:

"The undersigned have read thirteen compositions, marked 'Academic Department, First Division,' Numbers 1 to 13 inclusive; *and while they have found in several individual excellencies, they consider No.* 10, *subject*, '*Music*,' *the best, written by Miss Ellen C. Williams.*

"This is a very good composition *in regard to regular development and progression of thought, from beginning to end;* has many good ideas, and much good feeling, and is well written *throughout.*"

The report concludes with the statement that, "In orthography and *grammatical correctness, all* the compositions were equally creditable to the young writers in the Institute." We have no doubt but the compositions of the "young writers" were good; but we cannot say the same of the old writers who so oracularly pass judgment upon them. The very first sentence of the report is bad English. Besides the anomaly of using the perfect and the present tenses of the verb in the same phrase, no one can tell, from the wording of the sentence, whether it is meant that the composition was the best of those written by all, or only the best written by Miss Ellen C. Williams, although the latter is the more natural inference. Then, in the second sentence, we are told, in the first member, about the regular development, &c., "from beginning to end;" and in the second we are told that it is "well written throughout." From beginning to end and throughout are, it will be admitted, pretty nearly alike; and if a composition is very good in regard to regular development, &c., it need hardly be added that it is well written.

In report No. 2, by the same committee, we are told that "the composition inculcates a great moral truth in a very agreeable way; and though quite lengthy when compared with the other essays, *the figures and style are well sustained throughout*," &c. What sort of figures they are which are thus "sustained throughout," with the style, we are left to conjecture as best we can. This report, as well as the other, closes with the statement: "In orthography and grammatical correctness, all the compositions," &c.

Surely the principal must have smiled while reading these learned decisions. He has been prudent enough to exclude one of them from the pamphlet. No doubt he thought it enough to print it in the broad sheet that contains the "Order of Exercises." If it be remembered that Mr. Randolph is the author of a work with some such title as "Aunt Susy's Six Birth-Days," Mr. Pierce will be excused for having

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mistaken him for a critic; but we hope that in future he will see that all his committee-men can write compositions nearly, if not quite, as well as those whose productions they are called upon to judge. All the other reports are what they ought to be, and the same remark, but slightly modified, will apply to the addresses.

Seventy-Fifth Annual Report of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. Transmitted to the Legislature, February 12, 1862. Octavo, pp. 422.

There is a large amount of information in this volume which is interesting to all who are friendly to the great cause of education; but it is very clumsily arranged, or rather, not arranged at all. Every work of the kind should be furnished with an index. This contains the reports of all the colleges in the State, with two or three exceptions, and also embraces more or less statistics, illustrative of the working of our principal seminaries, academies, institutes, &c.; but in searching for the facts relative to particular institutions, while time pressed heavily upon us, we have been reminded but too forcibly of the remark of the late Lord Campbell: "So essential," says his lordship, "did I consider an index to be to every book, that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author, who publishes a book without an index, of the privilege of copyright; and, moreover, to *submit him, for his offence, to a pecuniary penalty.*"

We have reports more or less complete of twenty-one colleges, including the University of the City of New York; but only two or three present any features that claim particular notice. The first of these that opens to us as we turn over the pages, is that of the University of the City of New York, from which we are glad to see that that excellent institution is in as flourishing a condition as could be expected under existing circumstances. The number of students on record for the past year is 650, including 109 in the preparatory department; 104 in the collegiate; 314 in the medical; 15 in art; 7 in civil engineering; 21 in analytic and practical chemistry, and 80 in law. Of this number, 157 graduated at the different commencements; 124 in the medical department; 20 in the law, and 13 in the collegiate. The total number of students in all the departments, when the present report was made, was 410. As for the course of study in an institution so well known as this, it is needless to describe it here; suffice it for the present to remark, that the reputation for thoroughness of the University has much improved under the chancellorship of the Rev. Dr. Ferris.

In our last we took occasion to make some observations on the progress made by Columbia College during the last four or five years, and which, we are pleased to add, it still continues to make. But we had then no statistics to guide us, and consequently were able to speak

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only in general terms. The number of graduates for the past year was 198. Of these, 36 belonged to the senior class; 46 to the junior; 64 to the sophomore, and 52 to the freshman. With regard to the course of study, it is sufficient to observe that it is as thorough as that of any other institution in this country. The system of discipline is exemplary; it is administered by the Board of the College, which meets weekly for that purpose. All charges against the student are made in his presence; and he has the privilege of defending himself as best he can. This done, he retires, but is recalled to hear the result, which is duly entered on the minutes, and communicated to his parents. There is no danger, however, that any undue punishment will be inflicted. It devolves on Chancellor King to carry out all punishments; and he is one of those who, if they err at all in such matters, will do so on the side of mercy and forgiveness.

The estimated value of the College buildings, grounds, &c., is $170,000; that of the College library proper, $28,000; that of the law library, $5,000, and that of the chemical and philosophical apparatus and cabinet, $14,000; making a total of $217,000, invested for purposes of instruction. Independently of this sum, the College owns an amount of property estimated at $1,650,665.94.

The College of St. Francis Xavier, under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers, ranks among the first in the country. It is situated in the Eighteenth Ward of this city, between the Fifth and Sixth Avenues and Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, and fronts on each of the latter. The college, so far as completed, consists of three large buildings, each four stories high, which are in every respect admirably adapted for the purposes for which they are designed. They have cost $70,000; additional buildings now being erected will cost about $60,000. The library consists of 7,000 volumes, valued at $10,000. The chemical and philosophical apparatus and mineralogical cabinet—the latter including fine crystals, agates, jaspers, topazes, &c.—are valued at $8,000. The total amount of the college property is estimated at $160,000.

The languages, ancient and modern, as well as the mathematics, are taught by competent professors at St. Xavier's College; and we believe that in no other collegiate institution of equal rank do the English branches receive more careful attention.

The Manhattan College, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, and situated in Manhattanville, on the east bank of the Hudson, about eight miles from this city, makes no report in the volume before us; but we take occasion to make an observation or two in regard to it, partly because it is similar to Xavier's College, and partly because such is its character that it deserves to be more widely known than we suppose it to be. Our readers are aware that we make no distinction as to the religious views of any educator, but that, re-

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garding the members of all Christian sects as brethren, we endeavor to treat them according to the service which we think they render the great cause of education. This being our criterion of merit, we should be inconsistent with ourselves, and with the promise of liberality made in our prospectus, did we omit to commend the efforts made by Brother Patrick, President and founder of Manhattan College, and his brother professors, to establish an educational institution of the first class so near our city, and in such a delightful location.

There is one other institution noticed in the "Annual Report," which we must not overlook, even in such brief and desultory remarks as these—we mean the Law School of the University of Albany. The University was incorporated in 1851, but not endowed. In the same year the Law School was organized by the appointment of three professors, namely: Hon. Ira Harris, LL.D., Hon. Amasa J. Parker, LL.D., and Amos Dean, LL.D.; gentlemen distinguished abroad as well as at home, as jurists of the first rank. We have never had an opportunity of visiting the institution; we have, therefore, no knowledge of it further than what we have derived from the views expressed in public and private on the subject, by men eminently qualified to judge of its merits, and of whose veracity there can be no question. In other words, the reputation of the Law School is such as to have impressed us deeply in its favor.

We now learn, for the first time, from the volume before us, that "*The professors have no other income than that which is derived from the sale of tickets to the students.*". This state of things is not creditable to our Legislature. In no profession is learning more absolutely necessary than in that of law—a fact which is practically recognized in every country in Europe; and hence it is that the lawyer is called by eminence "the learned gentleman." Why should he not be learned above all others, on whose knowledge, ability, and integrity, not only the property, but the life of his fellow-citizen so often depends? Were this the department of our journal in which the question could be discussed at any length, we could adduce the opinions of the world's greatest thinkers, warning governments to make ample provisions for the education of the legal profession.

But we must confine ourselves, on the present occasion, to a question or two: Ought the teachers of *boys*, who are not supposed to aspire to any of the learned professions, to be better compensated than the teachers of *men*, who aspire to be *advocates?* Take, for example, the Free Academy in this city. How magnificent are the salaries of its numerous professors! We will consider at another time—when we shall have investigated the question more fully—how those salaries are earned, or who are the scholars that can be pointed out by their recipients as having been educated by them.

Suffice it to say, now, that if three thousand dollars ($3,000) a

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year is a moderate salary for the services performed by Prof. Horace Webster, LL.D., "President of the Faculty," of the Free Academy, it seems to us that two thousand ($2,000) would not be too much for Prof. Amos Dean, LL.D., President of the Albany Law School; that is, we think he ought to be allowed as much as one of the nine professors at the Academy, each of whom has $2,000 per annum, and whose janitor has $700. But we will make no further comment for the present.

The "Report" informs us that "the building [of the Law School] has been erected by the Law Faculty for the University, *with the aid received by them from a few generous individuals.* There still remains (February, 1862,) a debt of $405, payable on the 10th of September, 1862." We trust the faculty has been enabled to pay this sum, for we know no better system of teaching than theirs. Its leading characteristics may be understood from the following extract from the "Report:"

"The course of study and methods of instruction have been adopted solely in reference to the duties and professional career of the practising lawyer. The young man is required to do that as a student which will afterwards be required of him as a lawyer. His first object is to acquire a knowledge of legal principles in connection with their applications to the facts to which they are related, and from which they are derived. With this view he is required to attend and take minutes of lectures and references to adjudged cases. By these means he acquires the legal principles, and the cases which sustain, carry out, and apply them to their appropriate facts. Two of the morning hours of each day of the week, except Saturdays, the student devotes to the hearing and taking down of lectures. These possess him with the most important legal principles which, by means of the cases referred to, and his own reflection, he is to master and apply during the day."

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Eagleswood Military Academy at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Marcus Spring, Proprietor. 1862.

We fear that this institution will not render very efficient aid to the government in putting down the present rebellion. Not but the "Faculty" are abundantly learned and eminently qualified for the responsible positions in which they have respectively been placed by Mr. Marcus Spring, the enterprising proprietor; at least we suppose that such is the case; for it is not likely that anything in the way of a Military Academy but a first-class establishment would be attempted in so enlightened a city as Perth Amboy. But judging from the pamphlet before us, the "cadets" are practised much more in eating, sleeping, and praying than in any other sort of drill. That these are very good and respectable branches to teach scientifically, far be it from us to deny; we merely take the liberty of thinking that other studies might receive more prominence in a Military Academy in war-times, without seriously endangering the health, or infringing too much on the personal comfort, even of boy-soldiers. But we are not of the military order, though not exactly non-combatants; so that we are quite liable to be mistaken in our views on the subject. In order, therefore, that our military and semi-military readers may be

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able to judge for themselves, we will extract a passage or two from the "Routine Book of the Eagleswood Military Academy," which is embodied in the present pamphlet. But let us first try to do justice to the distinguished merits of the faculty, or rather, of the officers, whose ranks and titles are duly set forth on the third page. At the top stands M. N. Wisewell, Principal; at the bottom, Mrs. Anna E. Stevenson, Matron. Col. F. N. Freeman, Military Superintendent, and teacher of topographical engineering and surveying, has doubtless distinguished himself in many battles, although we cannot tell where. If these three names are not sufficient to give *éclat* to a military academy, we can add those of John Lockwood, Academic Superintendent of English branches and Rhetoric; John Lowry, Professor of Latin, Greek, and Elocution; L. A. Wolf, Professor of French and German; George Platt, Professor of Book-keeping and Surveying; George W. King, Professor of Drawing and Painting; and George D. Cass, Adjutant. Nor is this all; for under the head of "Military Organization" we find such well-known names as the following: James A. Vose, Major; Clifford Mandeville, Quartermaster; Oliver M. Stiger, Captain; Charles Henry Schmidt, Second Lieutenant; Charles H. Cone, Fourth Sergeant, &c. With such a faculty as this to rival, even that of West Point may well look to its laurels. But let us return to the Routine Book.

Very properly, the first paragraph enjoins that respect which is due on the part of the cadets to the officers. "The attention of the cadet is called to the salute, which must be made *in a full and decided manner, when passing a member of the Faculty*, when addressing him, or when addressed by him."—(P. 14.)

This, of course, is perfectly right. We are in favor of showing every member of the faculty, from Mr. Wisewell down to Mrs. Stevenson, all the respect and consideration which the most exacting can desire. The salute affair, then, is a settled point. Now let us say a word as to the eating, sleeping, praying, &c.—the exercises which we have said seem to receive most attention at the Eagleswood Military Academy. Were we to copy all that is said on the subject of eating alone, it would occupy the space we have to devote to the whole subject. But a brief extract will give an idea of its character, and show whether we are peculiar in thinking that a little too much is made of that particular part of the routine. After duly explaining all the movements which it is necessary to make from the time the order "*March to breakfast*" is given, until the battalions reach the table and are ready to make an onslaught thereon, the faculty proceed with their instructions as follows:

"All will remain standing in rear of their respective chairs until the blessing has been asked, [by Mr. Wisewell, we presume,] and the officer in charge gives the order 'Seats;' at which word *the cadets will place their caps under their chairs*, and quietly take their seats. When the cadets at each table will have finished the

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meal, the captain will rise *and look at the adjutant*, who will acknowledge the *report* by raising his right hand; the captain will then resume his seat; when all shall have reported, the adjutant will make it known to the officer in charge, who, rising from his seat, will tap the table and give the order 'Rise;' at which order each cadet will rise, put on his cap, step to the rear of his chair, putting it in place, and facing towards the door; at the order 'March,' from the adjutant, the captain will advance," &c.—(P. 16.)

Of course similar evolutions must be performed at dinner and supper as regularly as prayers are said. As for the conduct of the cadets, it must be equal to that of nuns. Whether they are occasionally required to fast or live on "spare diet," or not, we cannot say; but they must do nothing which is forbidden by certain philosophers of the weaker sex. Thus, for example, under the very appropriate head of "Liberty," we have the following warning:

"No cadet who shall be known to use tobacco will be permitted to visit town until he shall give assurance to discontinue its use; and this assurance must be given in writing, in the following terms:

"'I hereby give assurance that I will discontinue the use of tobacco *while I remain attached to the Eagleswood Academy, and that I will strictly obey all regulations concerning it.*'"—(P. 24.)

That the members of the faculty use tobacco themselves, (but in moderation, not chewing more than a quarter of a pound each, daily, on an average,) is of course no reason why the cadets should meddle with the article, at least so long as they are inmates of so sanctified an institution as the Eagleswood Military Academy. We are certainly not advocates of either smoking or chewing the forbidden article; we have never used tobacco in any form, and we trust we never shall; but we think it will take stronger minds than that of Mr. Wisewell, or any other member of the Eagleswood faculty, to prevent those disposed to lead a military life from smoking a cigar, taking a pinch of snuff, &c. It might be inferred from the rules and regulations thus hurriedly glanced at that the duties, which are strictly military, are enforced with a severity worthy of Frederick the Great or Napoleon I. in his palmiest days; but even under the auspices of so learned and accomplished a principal as Mr. Wisewell, the penny wise and pound foolish policy may sometimes prevail. Thus, for example, while the utmost pains are taken to exclude tobacco, among the orders given to the "officer of the day" is this: "He will courteously *receive all visitors, giving such information as they may desire*," &c., (p. 23.) This would afford an excellent opportunity for the emissaries of Jefferson Davis; they would only have to apply to the guard in order to "receive such information as they might desire." But enough.

It seems to us that the present system should be reversed; that instead of giving most prominence to eating, marching, sleeping, saluting, &c., &c., it should be given to reading, writing, composition, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, &c., &c. It ought to be remembered that the world's greatest conquerors were those who set the highest value on mental training. In proof of this, we need only mention the names of Alexander and Julius Cæsar; the former of whom was edu-

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cated by Aristotle, and always kept Callisthenes and other learned men with him in his camp; the latter, the author of the famous *Commentaries* and several other learned works, now lost, and who was also an orator scarcely second to Cicero himself. The prevailing evil of the present day is, that so many undertake that for which they are utterly unqualified; although we do not apply this observation to any particular individual, party, or institution. We merely make the remark in a general way; and we do so in the full confidence that no intelligent person will deny the fact.

An Introduction to Mental Philosophy, on the Inductive Method. By J. D. Morell, A.M,, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1862.

There is much that is learned in this work, but little that is new. In other words, our author places before us a larger variety of opinions, or rather theories, collected from a thousand sources, ancient and modern; but adds nothing to our stock of knowledge. We do not mean that the work is uninteresting, or without value on this account. Whatever awakens discussion, does a certain kind of good; although it may occasionally do harm, in another sense. That is, discussion develops the reasoning faculties; but it may excite anger, and anger begets strife, or leads to quarrels.

The best modern writer on the mind is Locke; this is conceded on all hands, but even he has merely introduced a new set of terms. The inductive system, for which Bacon gets the credit, had existed long before the philosopher was born. The Indian, who lives by the chase, and who has never heard of either Aristotle or Bacon, practises the system every day. The process of thought is still the same, whether we call the faculties supposed to be engaged in it by one set of names, or another.

Mr. Morell tells us that "experiment" and "analogy" are the instruments of induction. This is true; but the peasant, who on finding a piece of gold or two, while digging in his field, digs faster and faster, and deeper and deeper, in the hope of finding more, while induction is to him a word without meaning. There is not one of the operations of the mind, concerning which Mr. Morell discourses so learnedly, though not always very intelligibly, to which similar remarks would not apply.

This is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote of the late Mrs. Siddons. When her fame as an actress was at its height, a committee of learned ladies, consisting of Mrs. Montague, Miss Hannah More, Mrs. Carter, and several others, waited on her, in order to ascertain from her own lips the secret of her wonderful acting. "Pray, madam," said the prolocutress, "give me leave to interrogate you, and to request you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon

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what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanor. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, *the result of certain studied principles of art?* Have you investigated with profound research the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by the ancients and moderns, and reduced them to practice? or do you suffer nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?" The reply of the modern Thalia was brief, but to the point. "Ladies," said she, "I do not know how to answer so learned a speech; all I know of the matter, and all I can tell you, is, that I always act *as well as I can.*" Now, it seems to us that if the public would make just such a reply as this to the learned theories of Mr. Morell, he would have as little reason to complain as the *bas bleux* had.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Poet's Journal. By BAYARD TAYLOR. 12mo, pp. 204. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

It is but seldom we have examined a book that has surprised us more than this. We do not, indeed, mean that our astonishment has been caused by the excellence of the poetry. We have received too much of the genuine article bearing the same imprint, to be easily excited in this way. If the quality of the article created any surprise in the present instance, inferiority, much rather than excellence, would be the cause, for the reason that we always expect something in these neat, blue volumes that has the ring of the precious metal.

Still, we do not say that the book is without merit. It contains many agreeable passages, and pretty things—so many of each, that we should not hesitate to recommend its perusal even if it did not possess a species of interest peculiar to itself. But we may as well admit, before proceeding any farther, that it was this very interest that surprised us; and that it did so before we had read a line of the "Journal." Had we previously known Mr. Taylor as a poet, this might have been different. Even then we should have wondered somewhat that he thought himself of so much importance to the world that it would interest itself in his private affairs, during his lifetime, to such an extent as would justify a performance like that before us.

It would have been quite right for our author to have addressed a few short pieces to his wife, calling them sonnets, or odes, as he thought proper; although there are some who think that even these should not be published to the world as such; that it would be the part of discretion, as well as modesty, either to withhold them altogether from the public eye, or represent the *dramatis personæ* as fictitious. Indiscreet as Dante and Tasso are said to have been, they never went so far as to attempt a history of their loves and sorrows in

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verse. It may be that they did not feel themselves possessed of an amount of poetical inspiration equal to that which has prompted Mr. Taylor to write his "Journal." At all events, they contented themselves with addressing an occasional poem to their mistress. All the world said that Tasso was insane when inditing his exquisite epistles to the Princess D'Este of Ferrara; but in his wildest paroxysms he had more method in his madness than deliberately to exhibit his "ladye-love" to vulgar gaze. He would rather say, even in writing to herself,

"Part of my tale—*I cannot tell the whole.*"

Petrarch wrote more to his mistress than any other poet; but he avoided the autobiographic style. His domestic affairs he left others to chronicle in plain prose. He has, indeed, immortalized the summer haunt of Laura in the well-known sonnet which commences thus:

Chiare, fresche, et dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra,
Pose colei che sola a me par dona,
Gentil ramo ove piacque.
(Con sospir mi rimembra),
A lei di far al bel fianco colonna,
Herba e fior che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse,
Con l'angelico seno,
Aer sacro sereno,
Ove amor co' belli occhi il cor m' aperse,
Date udientia insieme
A le dolente mie parole estreme.

Sweet fountain of Vaucluse!
The virgin freshness of whose crystal bed
The ladye, idol of my soul! hath led
Within thy wave her fairy bath to choose!
And thou, O favorite tree!
Whose branches she loved best
To shade her hour of rest—
Her own dear native land's green mulberry!
Roses whose earliest bud
To her sweet bosom lent
Fragrance ornament—
Zephyrs who fan the murmuring flood!
Cool grove! sequestered grot!
Here in this lovely spot—
I pour my last sad lay, where first her love I wooed.

The author of this might have bequeathed us an interesting "Journal;" but it may be doubted whether it would have immortalized Laura so much as what he did; or justified the fine compliment of a modern poet,* who tells us that after the lapse of five centuries the echo of the valley still remembers the sweet name of Petrarch's mistress.

Both Byron and Moore addressed verses to their wives under different circumstances; but whatever were their indiscretions in other respects, neither entered into a history of his private affairs for the entertainment of the public. We have ample evidence that no husband could have been more tenderly attached to his second wife than Shelley; but the author of "Queen Mab" made no parade of his joys, or sorrows. Sweetly and sadly does Robert Burns sing of his Highland Mary and other loves; but he has left us no diary of what passed between them.

It may well be said, then, that *The Poet's Journal* is "unique." All the poets mentioned condescended to say something in prose upon

* Delille.

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presenting the world their best poems; and the same remark would apply to Milton, Pope, Dryden—nay, to the great Shakespeare himself. But Mr. Taylor overflows so much with poetry, that even his preface is in verse. We presume he writes to his publishers—one of them a genuine poet himself—in hexameters. Of the preface it is sufficient to say that it concludes with the following stanza:

"The ripples of awakened song shall die,
Kissing her feet, and woo her not in vain
Until, as once, upon her breast I lie—
Pardoned and loved again!"

It were superfluous to make any comment on the taste or delicacy of this, especially on those of the third line, which we forbear to mark in italics.

The "Inscription to the Mistress of Cedarcroft" concludes in a manner somewhat similar; leaving no doubt of the identity of the lady addressed.

"The *poems ripened* in a heart at rest,
A life that first through you is free and strong,
Take them and warm them *in your partial breast*,
Before they try the common air of song!
Fame won at home is of all fame the best:
Crown me your poet, and the critic's wrong
Shall harmless strike where you in love have smiled,
Wife of my heart, and mother of my child!"—P. 8.

The "Journal" is divided into three parts, called "Evenings," in each of which there is a variety of poems, all of which have a bearing more or less direct on Cedarcroft. The first Evening is commenced thus:

"The day had come, the day of many years.
My bud of hope, *thorned round with guarding fears*,
And sealed with frosts of oft-renewed delay,
Burst into sudden bloom—it was the day!"

We shall say no more on the propriety or impropriety of writing such a "Journal," assuming the poetry to be real; but we think that, although Plato would exclude the poets from his model Republic, Mr. Taylor would have little to fear; for he would readily pass muster as being very nearly, if not entirely, innocent of "the sacred fire that leads astray."

To be frank, we cannot see that Mr. Taylor has any just claim to the title he assumes, let us apply what test we may to his efforts. "Celui-là seul est poète," says Laharpe, "*qui sait dire de belles et bonnes choses, non seulement sans que la mesure et la rime leur ôtent rien, mais même de manière que la mesure et la rime leur donnent plus d'effet et d'éclat.*" The chief object of poetry, according to the best authorities, ancient and modern, is to afford delight. Even in tragedy, a sort of pleasure is felt when we are most startled by the events that are passing before our eyes; upon the other hand, whatever offends against good taste is not poetry, though it may please a certain class of minds much better than the genuine article.

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We should not have taken these pains, however, on the present occasion, were it not that it has become so much the habit with all who happen to succeed with a novel, a book of travels, or a biography, to imagine that they may be equally successful in writing poetry; so that, at the present moment, there are not fewer than five hundred persons, male and female, in this country who fancy themselves poets. This sort of thing ought not to be encouraged; on the contrary, the interest of literature requires that it should be put a stop to. The number of true poets, not only in any particular country, but in the world, are very few—certainly not more than half a dozen in a century. Nature is more chary of her highest gifts than to bestow them at random. Were it otherwise, as Voltaire has well said, the beautiful would become too common to be estimated at its true value.

"Et sagement avare,
La Nature a prevu qu'en nos faibles esprits,
Le beaux s'il est commun, doit perdre de son prix."

But if Mr. Taylor is not, in our opinion, a poet—if he evinces more egotism than either delicacy or modesty—we are not the less willing to do justice to such merits as we find in the present volume. We have already said that it contains agreeable passages, and it is a much more pleasant task to us to point out beauties than defects. The former are so few, however, in the "Journal," that we cannot wait to search for them, but pass on to the "Various Poems" at the end of the book. There is nothing in this department of what is vulgarly called "billing and cooing." Although we cannot admire all, but think the classical part (in which Ulysses, Orpheus, and the Sirens are the *dramatis personæ*) is awkwardly managed, there are some pieces whice are very pleasing. This is particularly true of the stanzas entitled "Leaving California," which we cheerfully transcribe:

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast,—
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast,—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art, and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,—
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

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Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream,
Restored again in thee!—188–90.

Another happy effusion is the "Song of the Camp." This we should admire much more had it reference to our own camps. It is, however, a just tribute to the brave; indeed, there are few better specimens of a war-song. When we copy it we trust it will be seen that our strictures have been prompted by no wish to depreciate the merits of the author.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder;

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.—pp.146–8.

We might have added some curious passages from the "Journal," but we have refrained from doing so in deference to the feelings of the lady to whom they refer. At all events, the reader will prefer discovering them himself; for, if the volume before us is not exactly a *Poet's* Journal, notwithstanding the title, it is, perhaps, more interesting than if it were—indeed, more interesting than the best of the author's books of travel. Not but the latter are very good of their kind, but most people take a secret pleasure in prying into family secrets. We are only sorry that their morbid curiosity will be gratified but too much in the present instance.

Legends of the Sea.—Thirty-Nine Men for One Woman: an Episode of the Colonization of Canada. From the French of H. Emile Chevalier. New York: John Bradburn, successor to M. Doolady. 1862.

Chevalier's last novel is now so well known, that we need say little of it here. Although it is not exactly the sort of book we should se-

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lect for translation, there is nothing in it, notwithstanding the title, which the most rigid moralist could condemn, except, perhaps, an occasional profane or rude remark made by the convicts and sailors to each other. As to the lessons inculcated throughout the book, they are strictly moral; far from encouraging vice their obvious tendency is to promote virtue, and to teach obedience, gentleness, and resignation.

To some minds the title "Thirty-Nine Men for One Woman" can mean nothing that is good. This could have been easily altered; but the translator cannot always consult his own taste or judgment in such matters. The publisher very naturally thinks that he ought to have something to say on a question in which he is so much interested, especially when there is no real impropriety in what he desires to retain.

The secret of the whole affair is easily explained. The "one woman," a young girl, disguises herself in male apparel, in order to take the place of her brother, who is sentenced to transportation, and thereby save the life of her aged step-father, who is devotedly attached to his erring son. Precisely because she proves an exemplary person as well as a virtuous woman, while exposed to temptations and dangers during a long voyage—surrounded by the worst characters—the young nobleman who has charge of the colonists becomes enamored of her, and makes her his lawful wife; although he does not do the latter until he happens to discover that she, too, is of aristocratic birth. An extract from the work itself will show what the motives of the heroine were; and also what the hero thought in regard to them.

"At last he sat near our heroine, who yielding to the weight of her impressions, burst into tears, and hid her face in her hands. This incident served as a reaction to the equerry. He appeased the disordered palpitations of his heart, and questioned Guyonne gently:

"'Mademoiselle ——'

"'Oh, pardon, monseigneur! pardon, for having deceived you,' sobbed the young girl, falling at his feet.

"'Get up, get up,' said he, turning his head aside to conceal the tears that moistened his eyes.

"'No, monseigneur, it is the only posture that becomes a miserable sinner like me,' replied she with emotion. 'I have gravely offended our Father who is in heaven, and you, monseigneur. But believe my word: if my brother Yvon had gone, his father would have died with grief. As a penitence impose on me the hardest labors. * * Oh, I shall be too happy to be useful to you in any way ——'

"'Noble girl!' exclaimed the viscount, forcing her to sit; 'dry these tears. The deed you have accomplished is worthy of the highest praise on earth, and of an eternal recompense in the next world. Do not bow your head, Guyonne, for you are the honor of your sex. What! I to blame such devotion, or dare to treat it as a fault! No, no! Much rather would I proclaim before the world that you are the most virtuous, and the most heroic of women.'

"'Then, monseigneur, you will not repel me! You absolve me?' said Guyonne, seizing the hand of the viscount, and kissing it in spite of herself.

"'I admire you,' murmured he in an enthusiastic tone.

"It was not until then that she ventured to raise her tearful eyes towards John de Ganay, who, in turn, seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"By this act the viscount elevated to his own rank Guyonne, the fisher-girl. However, the latter was more charmed than surprised; for, with the penetration which women preserve in the most complicated positions, she knew that the young man loved her.

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"'Your name is Guyonne?' asked he, after a moment of silent reverie.
"'Yes, monseigneur.'
"'Where are you from?'
"'From the hamlet of De la Roche.'
"'From the hamlet of De la Roche! is it not that?' said the equerry thoughtfully.
"Guyonne did not understand, and the viscount added:
"'What occupation had your father?'
"'He was a fisherman, monseigneur.'
"'A fisherman! but did you not tell me formerly that he was a coaster?'
"'It is true.'
"'Was he engaged in both professions?'
"'No, monseigneur, my father—my own father—was a coaster; he was shipwrecked; he was supposed to be dead, and my mother married a fisherman of the manor of De la Roche for her second husband—that is old Perrin, who has thus become my step-father.'
"'Ah!' exclaimed the viscount with marked satisfaction. 'But you have a brother?'
"'Yvon, monseigneur. He is an issue of the second marriage, and he cost our mother her life.'
"'And your mother's name is—?'
"'Margaret, monseigneur.'
"'Margaret!' exclaimed the viscount, running to the table, opening a letter, reading it with avidity, and returning.
"'Was not your father's name Simeon?'
"'Simeon, yes, monseigneur,' replied she with profound astonishment.
"'His surname was Leroux, was it not?'
"'Yes, indeed.'
"'He was originally from Normandy—and had established himself in a little village near Nantes, at Chauteray, where he married your mother—'
"'Yes, yes,' replied Guyonne to these questions, asked with feverish rapidity. 'But how is it that you know, monseigneur?'—
"'He resided at this village at the time of your birth?'
"'Yes, monseigneur; for I was born in 1573.'
"'Oh, what a flood of light!' said the viscount, reading aloud the following words from a letter which he held in his hand."—(P. 280–3.)

There are, indeed, errors in the book. Among the large number of sea-phrases which pervade the narrative, there are many which are not correct, either in the original or in the translation; but more in the latter than in the former. This, however, will not seem a very serious affair if it is borne in mind that the most illiterate sailor can criticise defects of this kind better than the most accomplished linguist. For our own part, we are not ashamed to acknowledge that with the exception of the poop, stern, bulwark, deck and keel, we could not for the life of us tell one part of a ship from another, in English more than in any other language. Every intelligent critic is aware that the dialect of the sailors is a sort of *patois* which none, however learned, can understand except they spend sufficient time at sea to learn it. Neither Cooper, nor Smollett, nor Eugene Sue, nor any other writer who has written sea-stories, could have succeeded in doing so without having been to sea themselves long enough to learn the whole phraseology, any more than they could have written in Chinese without having first acquired some knowledge of the Celestial tongue. There are a great many people who know everything, or at least imagine they do; but we are not of these; for there are a great many things, alas, of which we are ignorant. We pretend to know enough, at all events, to be able to form an opinion of the volume before us; and that opinion is, that it is highly interesting and attractive, and that none need be afraid or ashamed to read it.

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Eyes and Ears. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

We confess that Mr. Beecher is the only one of our pulpit orators whose writings or sermons we have the patience to read, or which does not have an effect on us somewhat similar to that of a dose of morphine; although, on a moment's reflection, we may add Archbishop Hughes. No two differ more in their opinions than the Protestant parson and the Catholic archbishop; but it seems to us that their talents are remarkably similar. We cannot now indicate, however, the points of resemblance between them, further than to remark, in passing, that each possesses in an eminent degree the faculty of putting his thoughts in the clearest light, and giving them the most telling effect. Both, too, are men of liberal minds, whom no prejudices or conventionalities can restrain from giving expression to their honest and manly convictions.

But now we have to do only with Mr. Beecher. On another occasion we may take the liberty of giving our impressions of the intellectual qualities of the archbishop. In either case, we trust that if we err in our estimate, it will not be from prejudice, whether sectarian or political. Yet we must plead guilty to a prejudice of a certain kind, in regard to the present volume; we should have taken it up with much more satisfaction, had we not known that the greater part of the contents had originally been written for a weekly paper, for which, we confess, we have never had much respect. In our opinion, articles like the majority of those of Mr. Beecher are out of place, beside coarse and vulgar rhapsodies, whose most obvious effect is to gild vice, and make degradation respectable. To this objection, it may be replied, that the good should be as near as possible to the evil, so as to counteract its influence. We acknowledge the force of this, but it seems to us that the class of persons who read such "thrilling and wonderful stories" as "The Gun-Maker of Moscow," "The Brigand Chief," &c., &c., cannot comprehend the subtle humor, the quaint irony and the keen satire of which Mr. Beecher makes such frequent and dexterous use.

True, his contributions to the *Ledger* are remarkable for their plainness and simplicity. "Nothing," he tells us in his preface, "could be less studied or pretentious." They can, indeed, be easily understood by persons of ordinary intelligence; but not, we fear, by the servant-maids and sewing-girls, who constitute the large majority of such as read stories like those referred to. What, for example, do they know about "Outlandish Books," "Picture Gallery," "Consulting an Echo," "Moths, Winged and Legged," "Speaking Halls," &c.; although each of the papers in which these subjects are respectively treated, either inculcates a useful lesson, or presents agreeable images to any mind that is possessed of sufficient culture to appreciate them.

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But not to be understood, is by no means the only evil that arises from mixing in the company of the vulgar. One who does so, suffers from it himself; and those who take the trouble to examine Mr. Beecher's style, will easily discover that he forms no exception to this rule. He is rarely otherwise, indeed, than eloquent and forcible; in general, he is singularly felicitous in his illustrations; but his finest imagery and wittiest turns of expression are not unfrequently marred by a word or remark that is too suggestive of the Bowery dialect. So eloquent and powerful a speaker and writer as Mr. Beecher should leave such expressions as, "If he didn't, he ought *to*." "Do you own a cow? Every man ought *to*." (p. 118,) to the sewing-girls, who have not time to learn grammar. The same remark would apply to expressions like the following: "But, a man that does not believe in pumpkins, *must be a squash*," (p. 346.) This is decidedly vulgar, and ought to be avoided. We do not pretend, however, to lay much stress on occasional defects of this kind, and we cheerfully admit that we do not find any of a graver character.

The subjects of the papers in the present volume embrace a large variety. In general, the author's views will be assented to by most people, although there are occasional instances in which he seems to justify the charge of being too easily wedded to an *ism*. Thus, for example, his paper on Phrenology will doubtless prove a very good thing for the Messrs. Fowler & Wells; but it fails to prove such assertions as that the bump system "adds very largely to our stock of knowledge;" that "it very materially helps us even when it does not give us the whole," &c. If this is the case, how does it happen that phrenologists themselves—those who are most skilful in manipulating the bumps, are often the most helpless and wretched of mortals? Of none others may it be more truly said, "The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law." Still, let us not find fault with what is evidently done with a kind motive.

But we can hardly excuse Mr. Beecher on the same grounds for placing Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine above all others, (pp. 66–9.) Perhaps it was so when the article was written; but even in that case, it should never have been reprinted in book form, at least by the author. At all events, the best article at the present day is undoubtedly Singer & Co's Letter "A" Family Sewing Machine. We do not say this from our own personal knowledge, for we do not pretend to be critics in needle-work; neither have we ever been presented a specimen machine; nor do we expect, or want one; but we speak from the concurrent testimony of the best judges, male and female, when we assign it a rank far above the machine of Wheeler & Wilson in all that constitutes the highest excellence yet attained in the manufacture of the article. If the public at large have not yet caught up this idea, it is because some have the talent of making such a fuss

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about their affairs that they very often succeed in making their geese pass for swans, while the real swans may be overlooked because their owners are ashamed to make too much noise in proclaiming their merits.

Our strictures are now at an end—at least for the present; and the worst of them are not serious. If all the defects in the present volume were compared to its merits, they would be as the chaff is to the wheat, for there are several of the papers which, like charity, would cover a multitude of sins. One reminds us so agreeably of the admirable domestic essays of honest Dick Steele, that although we have already occupied much more space with the book than we had to spare, we cannot close without giving such of our readers as may not have seen it the benefit of the following extract:

"A pocket, if not a faculty of the human mind, or an organ of the human body, must be regarded as an indispensable adjunct to both. The pocket is the badge of civilization, and what it contains, the very element of discrimination between man and man. My pockets have been the occasion of great trouble to me, ever since I was married. It ought to be understood that I have a wife whose very life-pleasure consists in taking good care of her husband. I dare not say that she is perfect. Perhaps that might cause her death, for the scarcity of such persons living makes me sure people die as soon as they become perfect.

"But she is as nearly perfect as it was thought that such a poor sinner as I am could endure. Not only does she review my clothes, bring all buttons and button-holes every week to the general muster, return my stockings to the drawer without a hole, save the necessary one for foot-entrance, and give me immaculate linen, but she examines my pockets, and calls me to a strict account both for what she finds there, and yet oftener for what she does not find!

"All those obliging little notes, those pleasant letters of sentiment which it is so agreeable to receive and so awkward to explain, if by any negligence I leave them in my pocket, bring me into the most affectionate catechism. So, too, if I run up a little cosey bill for books or engravings—a mere private matter of my own, in no way chargeable to family expenses—unless I am on hand before the first of July and January, (those two J's are like executioners' spears to many a moneyless wretch!) the thoughtless shop-keeper sends them to me by post. Of course they come during my absence. They are accidentally opened! But, after all,—what a blessing they occasion. But for them, I should lose that laying on of the hand upon mine, that sad, earnest look, and those excellent counsels, which I might call golden were it not that they spring from the very absence of gold!

"Then, again, I am commissioned to deposit a letter in the office, and put it for carriage into my pocket, and wickedly continue carrying it there a whole week, without excuse or extenuation! And I do wonder that I am let off as easily as I am. And if I take a letter *from* the office, instead of bringing it directly home to its superscription, it goes circuiting about in routes not laid down in any mail contract. Of course such things bring a man into disgrace in any well-regulated family.

"But all these things are mere mishaps, compared with the regular, chronic, incurable fault of my pocket in *money matters*. It seems as if I were foreordained to lose money. Yet I am free from all vices; I do not gamble, drink, smoke, race, or bet. The worst that I know of myself is an addiction to book-stores, print-shops, and picture-dealers' haunts. No, I *lose* it. It must be the fault of my pocket. At first, I pleaded the shallowness of my vest pockets. My wife then transferred my wallet to my pantaloons, but with no change in my misfortunes. I had my pockets examined, but no hole was found. New ones were made, deeper ones, of better cloth, with the best of buttoning adjustments. Alas! the same thing continued! I tried my neighbor's tailor. My neighbor *never* lost money. A ten-dollar bill went through the week unbroken, as surely as a ship goes through a summer voyage. Nobody had ever been known to pick his pockets. Many people had tried to introduce a kind of burglarious instrument, called Benevolence, known to be very adroitly used in easing the pocket. But all failed here. These were the pockets for me! I got a pair of pantaloons of the same cloth which he wore, with the same pockets. Now was I proud and presumptuous. And soon was I abased to the

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very dust before my wife, having lost all my money, and being able to give no sort of satisfactory account of it."—Pp. 145–8.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. By WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK, J. P., Author of "The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry;" "Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal," &c. Two vols. octavo. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1862.

The perusal of these volumes has agreeably surprised us. The biographer makes no pretensions to brilliancy or elegance of style; but he has collected an immense mass of materials for history as well as biography, embracing every variety used in either kind of writing; and he has dovetailed all together in a manner at once systematic and simple. The social position of the author as a gentleman of property, and a justice of the peace, gave him access to peculiar sources of information, both official and private. There were few prominent men of his time with whom Dr. Doyle did not correspond more or less. O'Connell himself did not take a warmer interest in the cause of Ireland. Certainly no other man, lay or clerical, exerted himself more earnestly with tongue and pen for the repeal of the penal laws which still oppressed his countrymen; and it may be added, that few were better calculated to attain success. Apart from his eloquence as a writer and speaker, he was entirely free from bigotry, while his polished and agreeable manners conciliated the good-will of those whose religious and political views were most diametrically opposed to his own. It is easy to understand that the correspondence of a man of this character was very extensive. Many of the leading men of England and Scotland, as well as Ireland, including high dignitaries of the Established Church, have given him proofs of their esteem and regard, which do as much honor to themselves as to him.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, who is himself liberal and cosmopolitan in his views, has had influence enough to obtain information from these various sources, as well as from the relatives of his illustrious subject. It is scarcely necessary to say, therefore, that the volumes before us contain much that is new to the public. This, indeed, might have been inferred from the fact that the work has attracted attention among all sects and parties in the United Kidgdom. But it is not our habit to ask our readers to be satisfied with mere hearsay. Whenever we find what is interesting or instructive, we give such specimens as our space and time will allow; nor shall we omit to do so in the present instance. We wish to give at least sufficient to prove that we do not exaggerate the merits of the work. The difficulty is to make a suitable selection from volumes so well filled with facts, incidents, anecdotes, &c.; "so racy of the soil," and so characteristic of the men, women and times

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of Dr. Doyle. We include the women, expressly because there is no part of the Doctor's correspondence which does more credit to his head and heart, as we will take occasion to show before we conclude our notice, from his letters to the Misses Anderson.

Speaking of the tithes, in a public letter to a member of the government of the day, Dr. Doyle is thus eloquent and emphatic:

"But, my Lord, do these selfish men, who impute crimes to us, suppose that they can extinguish within us a sense of our wrongs? Do they imagine they can stifle the complaints of six millions of men? Do they flatter themselves that a vote of Parliament—a Parliament which is always deliberating, always receiving new lights, always growing in wisdom—cannot be revised, and that when our appeal is deferred, we are to think no more of the prosecution of our claims? Can they prevent the ebbing of the tide? Can they stay the winds, or stop the progress of the light? As well could they do so as prevent oppression from producing complaint, or injury from seeking redress. We will never cease, my Lord, whilst our tongues can move or our pens can write, to keep alive in the whole empire, as well as in our own people, a sense of the wrongs we suffer, and to exhibit to an indignant world all the privations we endure. Our fetters are too galling, our chains are too closely riveted, our keepers are too unfeeling, for us to remain silent, or permit them to enjoy repose.

"When we speak of tithes they may tell us we are the allies of Captain Rock; but we reject the imputation, and reply, that the savage and philosopher have the same sensibilities, and that the language of pain which they utter can scarcely be distinguished in its sound. Let only the grievances arising from tithe, like the thousand evils we suffer, be removed, and the savage will return to his rock, and the philosopher retire to his books. Let us not be told it is the law; we know it is, and it is of the law we complain. But are the laws of a Draco always to continue? Are they not only to be written in blood, but also, like those of the Medes and Persians, never to be repealed?"—Vol. i., pp. 285-6.

"Burning words" of this kind are to be found in all his writings, and there are none of his productions which are not more or less enriched with classical allusions, which so explain themselves that the most illiterate or thoughtless reader can scarcely fail to understand their meaning. Dr. Doyle was one of the first to support O'Connell in his efforts to obtain a repeal of the legislative Union; but that support was given in the language of moderation and good sense, in such a manner as to command the respect of all. The *Dublin Evening Post*, a Protestant, Whig journal, spoke of the course he pursued on the subject as follows: "As a man for whom we cannot find any form of words sufficiently emphatic to express our respect and veneration—as Bishop Doyle appears to have thought that the repeal of the Union was a subject open to discussion—we shall take the liberty of debating the matter with him, in the certainty that in differing as we do from this virtuous and really patriotic prelate, we may rest satisfied, if we be wrong, in the kindness of his disposition; if we be right, in the candor which is the constant attribute of a generous and noble nature."* In treating Dr. Doyle with this deference, the *Post* only gave expression to the feeling entertained by the gentry of the whole country, independently of religious or political creed. We find an interesting proof of this in his reply to the Duke of Leinster, who, being opposed to the repeal movement, wrote to the bishop for authority to put his

* Life and Times, vol. ii., p. 212.

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name to a declaration made by the leading men of the country. As this letter shows that he was a statesman as well as a churchman—perhaps a wiser statesman than O'Connell, and is brief withal, we transcribe it:

"My Lord Duke—Being unable, at present, to judge whether the Repeal of the Act of Union be practicable, I think it better, as yet, *to abstain from making any public declaration on the subject.* If the present movement in favor of the Repeal be not founded on the true interests of Ireland, it will shortly, and of itself, subside; *should the case be otherwise, it cannot be desirable that your Grace, and the noblemen and gentlemen who think with you, should be committed against the general will of the country.* The present excitement is not dangerous; it need not alarm any one; it should not embarrass or retard government in its efforts—should it be disposed to make them—to improve this country. But division—open and avowed division at home—will expose us to be left as we have been left for centuries; and what is greatly to be dreaded, it may have the effect of leaving the remnant of our aristocracy naked and defenceless before a hostile population, or oblige them to look to the power of England (a power less secure than heretofore) for protection. I am much obliged to your Grace, and I feel that, in reply to your communication, I should express myself with freedom and candor. I have, &c.,
—Vol. ii., p. 204. "† J. DOYLE."

He was regarded as having too much confidence in the people when he said, "The present excitement is not dangerous; it need not alarm any one," &c.; but time proved that he was right. It were easy to point out many passages in his writings that partake as much of the prophetic as any other productions of modern times. But let us regard Dr. Doyle in another point of view. Many well-meaning Protestants are of opinion that it is dangerous to place their children under Catholic tuition—especially under the tuition of Catholic priests. This, indeed, our own experience would go far to disprove. We received the best part of our secular education from a Catholic clergyman; but it has never made us a Catholic. If it has had any effect on our religious views, it is to impart to them that liberal tendency than which there is nothing we more highly prize. But Dr. Doyle was the guardian of the Misses Anderson, who were Catholics; he had charge of their spiritual as well as of their secular education; this did not prevent them from becoming converts to the Protestant religion. What we want to call attention to more particularly, however, for the sake of truth and justice, is the fact, that the good bishop had never treated the two sisters more kindly than he did after their conversion—had never taken a warmer interest in their welfare. Neither Fénélon, nor Berkeley, nor any other prelate, however distinguished for piety, learning, and sweetness of disposition, could have written a kinder letter than the following from Dr. Doyle to Miss Anderson, after she had abjured the doctrines to the teaching of which his life was devoted:

"My very dear Child—For you will allow me still to call you by that tender name. I feel greatly distressed at your continued illness, and not less so at the sentiments which appear to occupy your mind. . . . I regret that I did not repeat my visit to you, for your illness, under any circumstances, would not be to me a matter of indifference; but in the circumstances which induced and attended it, it really was to me a subject of anxious solicitude. Do, then, I pray you, give me the little credit I deserve, and be assured that while I feel it a duty to bless God in every dispensa-

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tion of His Providence, and especially in those which are most nearly allied to the glory of His name and our souls' good, *I have not ceased to be what I now most truly remain, your faithful and devoted servant in Christ.*"—Vol. ii., p. 159.

Still more affectionately, if possible, does he write on a future occasion, when he says: "The several letters which from time to time I have written to you cannot but satisfy you that my *esteem and friendship for you have not ceased with your departure from the communion of the Catholic Church.* I believe, with God's help, I could cheerfully lay down my life for your salvation; nor is there any good office in my power which I would not willingly discharge towards you."—*Ib.*

In a similar tone of affectionate kindness are his several letters to the nuns which are given in these volumes, and which will be read with interest. The nuns have shown, in turn, how much they appreciated their friend and adviser, for they have even invoked the muses in mourning his death.

But there is no more pleasant feature in the present volumes than their liberality. They afford abundant evidence that not only was Dr. Doyle liberal-minded himself; but all he had around him. As an example, we may mention the monk, Brother Syrenus, whom the bishop sent to England to collect money for the new cathedral he was building at Carlow. The monk kept a journal while travelling, from which we give an extract or two, all the more gladly from the credit it gives to some of the Protestant gentry, including clergymen of the Established Church, for the Christian kindness and generosity with which they treated him, and contributed towards the building of the cathedral. The following extract, in reference to his visit to the Bishop of Norwich, does great honor to the good prelate:

"I this day paid a visit to Dr. Bathurst, the good and liberal Bishop of Norwich, whom I had the honor of meeting six years ago, when he told me that he had long toiled late and early for us in the cause of Emancipation, so as to incur the displeasure of several of his dearest friends; for which, on the part of the Irish Catholics, I returned his Lordship a thousand thanks. 'The day of your liberation,' he said, 'is fast approaching. It is not likely that I shall live to see it, though you may.' I now wished to remind the Bishop of this remark, and to congratulate him. It was early, and although not dressed, he came from his study, and shook me by the hand warmly. His Lordship, in reply to my congratulations, said: 'I desired your Emancipation on the broad basis of Christian charity, and having obtained it, do thou, O Lord! dismiss thy servant in peace.' He kindly asked for Dr. Doyle, desired to be remembered to him, and declared that he commanded alike his respect and esteem. When I showed his Lordship Dr. Doyle's address to the English for aid to build his Church, he said: 'I am in Orders sixty years, and I have not sixty pounds to the good by the duties of my ministry.' 'My Lord,' I said, 'it is more to your honor to be poor.' 'I am glad you think so,' he replied, 'as that is my own opinion. I should be sorry to be as rich as other Bishops are; but if one guinea be of any service to you, I shall give it with pleasure.' 'My Lord,' said I, 'it is a pride and a pleasure to me to have your venerable name in my subscription list.' He wrote it in a fine hand, observing, 'You may tell Dr. Doyle I write without glasses, although I am eighty-seven years of age.' He shook hands with me again, and prayed God to bless me, while I departed, praying God to bless him.'*—Vol. ii., p. 207.

Brother Syrenus gives a still more interesting account of a visit he

* Dr. Bathurst, in a conversation with the Rev. Dr. Husenbeth, at the period of Dr. Doyle's first examination before Parliament, said: "Sir, that man's mind is as clear as rock-water."—W. J. F.

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paid to a Protestant hermit, named Fisthew. Although rather long for our space, (and it is incapable of being much shortened, without being spoiled,) its character is such, that we know our readers will thank us for transferring it to our pages. We only wish that the members, lay and clerical, of all Christian sects, would speak of each other in such friendly language.

"Hearing of a Protestant hermit named Fisthew, who lived by himself, and neither ate flesh nor lay on a bed, I ventured to approach his lonely abode. Although he slept on the boards, and merely took bread and coffee, he looked well. The hermit did much to imitate his Divine Master, and had his coffin ready by him. I was told that he had a great abhorrence of *black;* yet, still I had courage to invade his retreat, which stood at the bottom of a little garden. His door, which possessed neither latch, handle, knocker, or bell, was shut. I tossed it with my hand, but, thinking he did not hear, I knocked again with my knuckles. On this, a venerable man, with long white hair hanging down his shoulders, and a snow-white beard descending to his stomach, made his appearance and awed me a little. He said, 'Had you not holy patience to wait five minutes for the door to be opened unto you?' I replied, 'Peace be to you and to this house.' This being a favorite expression of his, he allowed me to enter. I said I was an Irish Monk, who came to pay him a visit. 'Are you?' said the venerable old man. 'But, sir,' he added sternly, 'why are you clothed in the enemy's colors, and why do you wear trowsers?' 'Having come out of my monastery,' I replied, 'on particular business, I am reluctantly obliged to conform to public usage, otherwise I should not be allowed into the houses of gentlemen to whom I want to speak.' 'But,' said he, 'it is wrong for Religious to wear trowsers.' I assured the hermit I did not wear them in the cloister, and I showed him my long white stockings, at which he seemed pleased. After a moment's thought, he said, 'I would wish to be a monk.' I told him I would admit him into my monastery. He asked me all about it, and how we lived, and inquired whether I knew the meaning of the flowing hair and beard. The hair, he went on to say, was an emblem of strength; and the beard, of wisdom; and he seemed disappointed that I should not have worn both, as he did. He quoted Scripture freely, but gave it a perverse explanation; for instance, he said that the Trinity consisted of one person, and not three. Knowing that this hermit had some money, and as he had not made a vow of holy poverty, I asked him for a donation towards building Dr. Doyle's Chapel. He said, 'Disturb me not; allow me to rest in peace.' I said no more on this delicate point, but after half an hour's conversation he handed me sixpence. He asked me had we any maid-servants, and upon hearing that we had not, he said, 'Good!' Next day I called to have some further conversation with him. On opening the door for me he clasped his hand to his lips, which he closed fast, and pointed to heaven, by which I understood he was in meditation. I withdrew, wishing peace be to him. I took an inside seat in the coach, having a bad cough. A lady, and the Rev. Mr. Selwyn, a parson belonging to Gloucester Cathedral, were the passengers. I showed him Dr. Doyle's appeal, and he gave me ten shillings for the Chapel."—Vol. ii., p. 208-9.

Although some of the Protestant clergy belonging to the Irish Church contributed also, they were by no means so willing to do so as their English brethren. This, however, is not strange. The Establishment in Ireland is such a monstrous anomaly—forcing the poor millions who have no faith in its teachings to support it in splendor for the benefit of the wealthy hundreds—that it has caused bad feeling between all classes of Protestants and Catholics; and we may add, that it will ever continue to do so as long as it exists. True, it is not so bad now as it was in Dr. Doyle's time; but it is still a heavy burden on the poor who have to maintain their own church besides, though only by voluntary contributions. In short, it has contributed more than all other means put together, to keep alive the discord that commenced at the Boyne, and over which the poet has mourned in some of his most pathetic lines:

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"As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord in the tide
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver:
'Lie hid,' she cried, 'ye venom'd darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you:
Lie hid; the stain of manly hearts
That bled for me is on you.'"*

This is but too well illustrated in different parts of these volumes. We will extract one passage more as an example of this kind; but without vouching for its accuracy. Even assuming that the picture is overdrawn, however bad was the reality, still it shows how different were the feelings with which the Catholics and the Protestants of Ireland, and the Protestants and the Catholics of England, regarded each other; in other words, it shows that while the highest dignitaries of the English Church were contributing freely towards the building of Catholic churches, the dignitaries of the Irish Church were engaged in persecuting their poor tenants and others, in order to force them to become Protestants:

"In 1827, a certain Archdeacon of the Established Church, the member of a powerful family, with an Earl and an Archbishop at its head, which had zealously devoted itself to the proselytism of the Irish peasantry, published a notice that none of the tenants over whom he had control had any favor to expect, who did not send their children to his school, and procure certificates from two evangelical ladies mentioned in the notice. The tenants who obeyed this mandate were liberally rewarded, while those who disregarded it underwent retribution at his hands; laborers were dismissed, and the houses of others thrown down. Catharine Heney swore that having, in obedience to the Catholic Pastor, refused to send her five children to the Archdeacon's school, she was ejected from her cabin, and when razed to the ground, was obliged to seek refuge in a pig-stye, where she lay upon heaps of filth in a fever, surrounded by the wretched offspring for whom she was no longer able to procure the necessaries of life. This affidavit was sustained by a vast number of similar depositions. The struggle between might and right continued for some time—the Parson menacing all who manifested a conscientious contumacy with the terrors of this world, while the Priest, on the other hand, threatened retribution in the next. The gentry took part in the contest, and a meeting was held at Loughrea with a view to put a check as far as possible on the Archdeacon's terrible zeal. The Bible Society convened another meeting at Ballinasloe; Mr. M'Donnell, a Catholic barrister, attended it, and in the course of the proceedings moved an amendment, which the chairman, Lord Dunlo, put from the chair. The meeting lasted for three days, during the first two of which the Archdeacon did not actively interfere; but on the third morning the aspect of affairs underwent a material change. 'The moment the doors were opened,' observes Sheil, 'the Archdeacon placed himself at the entrance, and under his direction a number of Protestants of the lowest class, with, as it is alleged, arms under their great-coats, were specially admitted, and stationed by the Doctor's orders in the assembly. He felt the importance of carrying the day, and an effort was deemed advisable to put Mr. M'Donnell down. For this purpose the room was filled with police, and the Archdeacon stood with an attitude, looked with an air, and spoke with an intonation of command.' Mr. M'Donnell was informed that he had no right to open his lips. The chairman proposed a series of resolutions favorable to the objects of the society, and left the chair. Mr. M'Donnell moved that the Hon. Gonville Ffrench, a magistrate, and the son of a Peer, should take it. Mr. Ffrench advanced, but the Archdeacon, turning to the police, exclaimed, 'Do your duty.' The police rushed upon the people; another body, which had been stationed outside as a reserve corps, charged up stairs with swords drawn and bayonets fixed. 'They drove the Catholics before them,' remarks Sheil, 'and mingled invectives against their religion with their ferocious exclamations.' The people fled; the open windows afforded shelter to many of them, and women precipitated themselves upon the adjoining roofs. It was not the Archdeacon's fault that a general carnage did not ensue. The Roman Catholics assembled four days afterwards, and at that meeting Mr. M'Donnell pronounced a withering invective upon

* Moore.

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the Archdeacon. He reminded his hearers that the Doctor had been a soldier, and in the barrack-yard of Cork had presided over the torturing of a woman named Winifred Hynes; that although a divine, he was not the best qualified person to superintend the morals of the district in which he professed to have the cure of souls; that he was by nature cruel and ruthless; and that, in the absence of the common executioner, when the sentence of whipping was to be executed in the town of Loughrea upon two culprits, the Archdeacon proposed that he should take the lash into those hands which had so often distributed the sacramental bread, and whip the malefactors through the principal streets of the town! The Archdeacon, smarting in turn under the torture of Mr. M'Donnell's scourge, sought to file a criminal information against his castigator, who now made the Archdeacon's case, if possible, worse, by causing to be read in court innumerable affidavits, the first of which detailed how Winifred Hynes, having stolen a brass candlestick, was ordered by the Archdeacon, then adjutant of the Galway militia, to be brought out, and in presence of the regiment she was tied up hands and feet to the triangle, preparatory to receiving fifty lashes. The woman vehemently resisted the effort to remove her clothing. 'The said adjutant,' records the affidavit, 'went up to the drum-major, cursed and damned him for not tearing off her clothes, and in a great passion, giving him a blow with a stick, ordered him to tear and cut them off, which was done.' Her quivering flesh was then scourged mercilessly. 'That during the said horrible exhibition,' proceeds the affidavit, 'Mr. Davis went up to the said adjutant, and told him, in the hearing of deponent, that Peter Hynes, the husband, was absolutely fainting in the ranks, *at seeing his wife exposed in such a manner, and begged of said adjutant to allow Hynes to retire to his room; upon which he replied that he might go where he pleased, and he did not care if the devil had him.*'—Vol. ii., pp. 57–9.

Whether the archdeacon alluded to has been guilty of the vandalism thus attributed to him, certain it is that those proselyting meetings have often led to the commission of great excesses. We had marked several passages descriptive of massacres caused by the tithe system; but for these and many others that possess a melancholy interest, we must refer to the work itself. The American edition is got up in tasteful style—well printed on good paper, and neatly and substantially bound.

The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 8vo, pp. 626. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

The subject of this biography was undoubtedly a remarkable man. No clergyman of his time attracted more attention; and it may be added, that perhaps no clergyman had ever more enemies. At least, no one was disliked more by a larger number of his brethren. Not that he was unkind, or ill-natured, or prone to give offence. So far as we can judge from the testimony before us, he was the reverse of all this. What, then, was he disliked for? Simply because he formed ideas of his own, and had the courage to give expression to them, let who would frown or grumble.

His fate was not peculiar in this respect. There never was a man yet that had opinions of his own, and expressed them fearlessly, who escaped obloquy. Dr. Irving hated shams, and denounced them accordingly, both with pen and tongue; and this is a sin never to be forgiven. Nor did he escape unscathed, for he was assailed in every form; in pamphlets, tracts, newspapers, reviews; in short, in all vehicles

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of public opinion. But a man like him was not to be disconcerted by attacks of this kind. Had he been afraid of criticism, he would not have criticised as he did; he would rather have bespattered all with whom he was brought in contact with praise, in the hope that he would get praise in return; for this was the habit of his time, although not to the same extent as it is at the present day.

In this respect he was somewhat like Dean Swift, who was not deterred from expressing his opinion by the fear of losing a bishopric; nay, by the fear of losing his life. The former he did lose—at least, he could have had it had he been more cautious of giving offence to those in authority; while, upon the other hand, his life was threatened—that is, a large reward was offered for the discovery and prosecution to conviction of the author of the "Drapier's Letters," at a time when the penalty for the crime charged against the writer was death.

The charges against Dr. Irving were of a different nature; but they were not less perplexing than those against the author of the Battle of the Books and the Tale of a Tub. He was not only accused of heresy, but openly tried for it—tried by a jury of Scotch Puritans—as stiff-necked a tribunal as ever anybody appeared before on a similar charge. But a brief extract here and there from the volume before us will give a much fairer idea of the man, than we could pretend to do in these hurried remarks; and it will be more interesting, at the same time, for the fair biographer has managed to compress into her book an incredible amount of matter which all classes will like to read.

It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into details in regard to Irving's Life, or his genealogy, in a notice of this kind; for such we can only refer to the book itself. Suffice it for us to say, that he was born in the peaceful little Scotch town of Annan, some seventy years ago; and that, after having undergone the usual preparations, and changed his residence two or three times, he became a minister of the Gospel, travelled considerably, and finally took up his residence in London. In taking this stride, we pass over many incidents in his early life, which would aid the reader not a little in forming an estimate of his character, and which are not a little interesting in themselves; but we must regard the exigencies of time and space.

Mr. Irving was not long in London when he formed the acquaintance of several of the leading celebrities of the day: including Canning, Mackintosh, Coleridge, Chalmers, Basil Montagu, &c., &c. He was little more than one year in the British capital, when he published his first book—that containing the "Orations," and the "Argument for Judgment to Come." We confess that neither is such as we should select for perusal; both are rather heavy, although vigorously and thoughtfully written. They were, however, greatly praised, and severely censured; the censure far outweighing the praise. But it was as a preacher he attracted most attention. All classes went to hear

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him, and all agreed that he possessed the power of eloquence in a high degree. But the majority thought his doctrines rather queer; while others laughed at both his style and his broad Scotch accent. It was not, however, until a sort of *jeu d'esprit* was written on his preaching that he attracted general attention. Such was the effect of this, that he was accused of having caused it to be written himself, although it contains many happy hits, not only at the peculiarities of his style, but also at his peculiar dogmas. At all events, it was more read than any of the productions at which it was levelled. It is in the form of a trial, and is entitled, "The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A., a Cento of Criticism." Some idea may be formed of the avidity with which it was read, from the fact that five editions of it had been exhausted before the book which it purported to review had issued from the press. The trial takes place in the Court of Common Sense, Jacob Oldstyle, Clerk, acting as public prosecutor. All the leading editors of the day were called upon as witnesses, and subjected to so severe a cross-examination that they became not a little bewildered—a state of things which was very agreeable to the common people. Even the editor of the *Times* was put upon the stand. First he was obliged to read one of his own articles on the subject. This done, the following question was proposed and answered, with several others of a kindred character:

"'Did you find that your exposure of the defendant's pretensions had the effect of putting an end to the public delusion?'"

"'Quite the reverse. The crowds which thronged to the Caledonian chapel instantly doubled. The scene which Cross Street, Hatton Garden, presented on the following Sunday beggared all description. It was quite a Vanity Fair. Not one half of the assembled multitude could force their way into the *sanctum sanctorum*. Even we ourselves were shut out among the vulgar herd. For the entertainment of the excluded, however, there was Mr. Basil Montagu preaching peace and resignation from a window; and the once celebrated Romeo Coates acting the part of trumpeter from the steps of the church, extolling Mr. Irving as the prodigy of prodigies, and abusing the *Times* for declaring that Mr. Irving was not the god of their idolatry.'"—(P. 128.)

The bill of indictment on which he was tried contained seven counts, in which were recounted the charges against him, as follows:

"*First.* For being ugly.
"*Second.* For being a Merry-Andrew.
"*Third.* For being a common quack.
"*Fourth.* For being a common brawler.
"*Fifth.* For being a common swearer.
"*Sixth.* For being of very common understanding.
"And, *Seventh.* For following divisive courses, subversive of the discipline of the order to which he belongs, and contrary to the principles of Christian fellowship and charity."—(P. 129.)

This would seem to acquit the accused of all collusion in regard to his arraignment; for it is not likely that he would have had himself called a common brawler—much less a common swearer and quack. We find another passage in the volume before us, which is much more likely to have come from a friendly hand, if, indeed, the subject had nothing to do with it himself. It is taken from a pamphlet entitled, *An Examination and Defence of the Writings and Preaching of the Rev.*

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Edward Irving, A.M., and consists of a description of the preacher and his church, which runs thus:

"His mere appearance is such as to excite a high opinion of his intellectual powers. He is, indeed, one of whom the casual observer would say, as he passed him in the street, 'There goes an extraordinary man!' He is in height not less than six feet, and is proportionably strongly built. His every feature seems to be impressed with the characters of unconquerable courage and overpowering intellect. He has a head cast in the best Scottish mould, and ornamented with a profusion of long black curly hair. His forehead is broad, deep, and expansive. His thick, black, projecting eyebrows overhang a very dark, small, and rather deep-set, penetrating eye. He has the nose of his nation," (whatever that may happen to be, the essayist does not inform us); "his mouth is beautifully formed, and exceedingly expressive of eloquence. In a word, his countenance is exceedingly picturesque. . . . . Having cleared the way, let us request such of our readers as have not attended the Caledonian church to repair, at a quarter past ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, to Cross Street, Hatton Garden, the door of the church of which, if he be a humble pedestrian, he will find it difficult to reach, and when he gets to it, he cannot enter without a ticket. If he occupies a carriage, he takes his turn behind other carriages, and is subject to the same routine. Having surmounted these difficulties, should his ticket be numbered, he enters the pew so numbered; if not, he waits till after the prayer, or possibly all the time, which is, however, unavoidable. All this adjusted, exactly at eleven o'clock he beholds a tall man, apparently aged about thirty-seven or thirty-eight, with rather handsome but certainly striking features, mount the pulpit stairs. The service commences with a psalm, which he reads; and then a prayer follows in a deep, touching voice. His prayer is impressive and eloquent. The reading of a portion of Scripture then follows, in advertence to which we will only say that he *can* read. We haste to the oration, for there the peculiar powers of the preacher are called into play. Having pronounced his text, he commences his subject in a low but very audible voice. The character of his style will immediately catch the ear of all. Until warmed by his subject, we shall only be struck with a full and scriptural phraseology, in which much modern elision is rejected, some additional conjunction introduced, and the auxiliary verbs kept in most active service. As he goes on, his countenance, which is surrounded by a dark apostolic head of hair waving towards his shoulders, becomes strongly expressive and lighted up, and his gesture marked and vehement."—(P. 130.)

But we must pass over all the rest until we come to the trial of Mr. Irving before the Presbytery, of which a report is given at the end of the volume. This is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the whole work. It shows that the accused entertained views somewhat similar to those entertained by Spurgeon at the present day. Thus, for example, he was a believer, at least to some extent, in modern prophets and modern miracles. Several of the latter are recounted in the volume before us. It seems he was also a believer in the occasional inspiration of his hearers, and allowed those, whether male or female, who felt themselves inspired, to stand up and speak at any period of the service. But it is proper to say that this he denies partly or wholly in his defence, as may be seen from the following extract:

"3rdly. I am charged with allowing females to speak in the Church: I have not allowed females to speak in the Church; but, believing that it was the Holy Ghost speaking in them, I have permitted it; but I never allowed any one, male or female, to speak of themselves, as the evidence bears; but, on the other hand, when others spoke, I caused them to be silenced, and even sent for aid to the police-office when I found by milder means they would not be restrained.

"4thly. It is charged that other individuals, members of the congregation, were suffered by me to interrupt the public service on Sabbath and other days. I have not done so, as the evidence on the table will show, and that evidence adduced by the complainants themselves.

"5thly. It is charged that I appointed set times for the suspension of the worship, in order to encourage and allow these interruptions. This needs a little explanation."—(P. 556.)

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But no matter what he did or said in his church, he refused to recognize the right of the Presbytery to dictate to him, or pass judgment upon him:

"With all reverence, therefore—and you must hear it with patience, for what I am going to say is not pleasing to flesh and blood; but I must exonerate my conscience—with all reverence, therefore, I say, I do not submit this case to the Presbytery as a Presbytery of the Church of Scotland, having any jurisdiction over me; and ye will not ask it of me, because I have no right of appeal from this Presbytery to the Church of Scotland. I do not, therefore, submit it to this Presbytery as a Presbytery having any right of superintendence over me; for, though I was once a member of your Presbytery, I went out from you of my own free-will; and when I had so gone forth from you, *because I saw you not acting as I judged according to the commandments of the Lord, ye did judge me, in my absence, a heretic on great points of faith.*"—(P. 592-3.)

More we have not room for. Those who would understand the nature of the charges against Dr. Irving, must not only read his speeches in his own defence, but also a considerable part of his correspondence. Whether he was right or not in believing that the Holy Ghost inspires women and boys, as well as clergymen, to rise from their seats at a particular moment, and interrupt the clergyman while praying or preaching, certain it is, that his letters are eminently thoughtful and suggestive. It is equally true, that Mrs. Oliphant has done her part quite well. More eloquent and stately writers might easily have been found to prepare a biography of a man like Irving; but none that would have taken more pains to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Her narrative is simple and lucid; she makes no effort at being solemn or pompous; but with the exception of a tinge of superstition here and there, every chapter of her work bears internal evidence of its truthfulness. She has, however, made one grave omission—she has furnished us no alphabetical index.

The Student's France.—A History of France, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Present Empire in 1852. Large 12mo, pp. 730. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862.

We have examined this volume with a good deal of pleasure. We do not know who the compiler is; but if he were our mortal enemy, we should admit that he has succeeded for once in producing an excellent school-book. It is divided into seven parts: the first treating of Ancient Gaul; the second of German Gaul; the third of France under the Feudal System; the fourth of the Fall of the Feudal System; the fifth of the Renaissance and Wars of Religion; the sixth of the Absolute Monarchy; and the seventh of Revolutionary France, from the meeting of the States-General to the accession of Napoleon III.

The events of each period are clearly and graphically stated. There are no superfluous words, yet all the intelligent student requires is said; and when incidents are related, concerning which there are differences of opinion, the best authorities are either quoted directly

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in the text, or referred to in foot-notes. The topics treated in each chapter are given at the head, and so numbered as to correspond with the numbers of the different paragraphs. We have, besides, an alphabetical index, which extends to twenty-two pages of three columns each, in small type.

That this is of great value by itself, no intelligent person need be informed. It is no easy task to prepare so copious an index; indeed, it occupies more time than the composition of a large proportion of the body of the work to which it belongs; but when done, it saves time a thousand-fold more. Thus, what would occupy an hour, if one had to hunt for it from page to page, as is too often the case even in text-books, may be referred to here at a glance. "The notes and illustrations," in small type, given at the ends of such chapters as seem to require explanation, form a valuable feature in the work.

In our opinion, these are much better than the "questions for examination," which are so common in our modern school-books. The latter may do very well for small children, when not so numerous as to bewilder them. But even children should be taught to depend somewhat on their own resources. Those in the habit of seeing questions at the end of each chapter, are too apt to be disconcerted when a book falls into their hands in which there are none. Nay, we know grown boys and girls who are so much used to the baby system of turning to the end for the questions, before reading a word of the text, that it puzzles them even to read a letter without such.

The pictorial illustrations include portraits of distinguished personages, as well as views of memorable scenes, famous buildings, &c. Yet another advantage possessed by "The Student's France," is the completeness and accurary of the genealogical tables of the different dynasties, and of different claimants to the throne of France. In short, the work is as nearly perfect, as far as it goes, as any similar one with which we are acquainted.

Essai Sur la Situation Russe. Par N. ORGAREFF. London: Trubner & Co. 1862.

All who take any interest in the serf system of Russia, will find the whole question fully and ably discussed in this volume. The author is one of those who think and investigate before they write; and who show the relations between the present and the past. Very few know the origin of Russian serfdom. Scarcely any two foreign writers have agreed on the subject; but M. Orgareff places the question beyond dispute. He tells us that those who are now serfs were originally nomadic tribes. They were first formed into communities and forced to remain stationary, for the purpose of repelling the incursions of the Tartars; and the military chiefs placed over them by the Czar ob-

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tained grants of the lands on which they settled. They had been so much in the habit of enjoying everything in common, that when the war was over, it was deemed judicious to let them till the soil without charging them any rent.

In time, they regarded the land as their own, but acknowledged that they owed service to the chiefs for it; and thus it has continued with little change to the present day. The Czar is now desirous of giving them their freedom; but they do not want it on the terms offered. They prefer working for the chiefs, rather than become liable to be ejected from the lands they have cultivated for ages.

This is the chief obstacle now in the way of emancipation; but is it not sufficient? The best proof that their slavery or bondage is merely nominal, may be found in the fact that each community divide the land once in three years, giving an equal share to each family by an unanimous consent. If one happens to have a bad share now, he is sure to exchange it for a good one three years hence; and accordingly he waits patiently, the same as our political parties do, when defeated at an election. If they were "emancipated," all this would be over; they would have to pay rent for the land of which they have now the full use gratis; or be forced to betake themselves to the wandering life of their ancestors. It is easy to see from this, that the serfs regard the efforts of the Czar to secure them their "freedom" in a very different light from those of a benefactor. The author shows very clearly, first, that the serfs have just claims on the land; and secondly, that they are fully determined to maintain those claims, even to the extent of rising in open rebellion, if sought to be coerced. But this is not the only subject treated in the volume before us; the account which it gives of the different races of which the Russian nation is composed, and the manner in which they have become amalgamated with each other, to a greater or less extent in different provinces, is full of interest.

The Life of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta. By the Rev. JOHN N. NORTON, D.D., Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Ky., Author of "Rockford Parish," "Short Sermons," "Life of General Washington," &c., 16mo, pp. 334. New York: General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society. 1862.

On a former occasion we reviewed in this journal the Life of Bishop Wilson, by his son-in-law, Rev. Josiah Bateman, and endeavored to give our readers a correct idea of the subject, as a minister of the Gospel, an author and a man; feeling then as we do now, that there is nothing from which more valuable lessons are to be learned than from a well-spent life. If our memory does not fail us, we expressed a wish at the time that some competent person would so abridge and simplify the work as to place it within the reach, and adapt it to the capacity, of all classes.

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We are glad that this is no longer a desideratum, but an accomplished fact; Mr. Norton has performed the task, and done so creditably. Independently of his own assurance in his preface, we have evidence at every page that to him the work has emphatically been a labor of love. Nor does he conceal the source from which he derives his chief materials. "The Life of Bishop Wilson," he modestly observes, "by his son-in-law, the Rev. Josiah Bateman, is a treasure-house of facts, and this unpretending volume could hardly have been prepared without it. But while the clergy will never complain of that work as being too long, there are thousands of the laity who would never find time to read it."

For the latter the present volume is intended; and we trust they will appreciate it as it deserves. Indeed, no fact of any importance in the life of the author of "Evidences of Christianity" has been omitted. The narrative throughout is graphic and lucid; no attempt is made by Mr. Norton at what is miscalled fine writing, but his style is not the less agreeable and attractive on this account. The volume is neatly printed and tastefully bound, and has the further attraction of a good portrait of the Bishop, so that we take pleasure in recommending it as an appropriate work for the approaching holidays.

La Misère au Temps de la Fronde. Par A. Feillet. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1862.

It is impossible to read this book without emotion. The sufferings of the French population in the time of the Fronde, as described by M. Feillet, have scarcely a parallel in history. But there is not a picture he draws, however sad or revolting, which he does not fully authenticate by contemporary evidence, the truth of which cannot be doubted. The most ruthless foreign enemy whose chief object in invading the country was to lay it waste, could hardly have produced such widespread desolation. And all was the result of civil war—war of one political party with another. This is not the place to enter into details in regard to the internecine strife of the Fronde. Suffice it to say, that the provinces of France have never risen in insurrection since to any extent; nay, all Europe has been able to profit by the terrible warning of these wars. Even the Italians who have suffered most oppression in our time have still before their eyes the fate of the French people in the time of the Fronde. The rebels of the South would do well to profit by the same warning, even at the eleventh hour.

De l'Esclavage dans les Rapports avec l'Union Américaine. Par August Carlier. Paris: Levy Frères. 1862.

The author of this work has spent several years in the United States, and travelled extensively in the South as well as the North. He thinks, therefore, that he understands all about our difficulties, and that we

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have only to read his book on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line to see our mutual errors and return to each other's arms at once, only wondering and regretting that we should ever have gone to war about such trifles. The question of slavery is disposed of by M. Carlier with as much ease as if it were a wooden building that could be removed from one location to another, according to the wish or the caprice of its owner. But the book possesses one good feature; if the author proposes terms of compromise which would be equally rejected by North and South, he warns the European powers at the same time that they have no business to interfere, and that if they do so they may repent it when it is too late. France, especially, is warned against such a proceeding, but we are assured at the same time that we need apprehend no trouble from her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sketch of the Progress of Music in England for the last Fifty Years. By JAMES HENRY REMSEN. 16mo, pp. 250. London: West & Baker. 1862.

The anecdotes of distinguished musicians and musical composers contained in this volume are much more interesting than the narrative of "Progress;" although the latter embraces many facts which will be new to the public. Were it only a little more liberal and cosmopolitan; did it also note what has taken place in other countries during the same period, if only so far as to glance at leading results; it would be a valuable contribution to the musical literature of the day. As it is, few persons of taste into whose hands it may fall will think it unworthy of a place in the family library.

What is remarkable in regard to its exclusiveness is, that while it confines itself mainly to what has been done in England, nearly all the musical notabilities in relation to whom it gives anecdotes are foreigners. If it does occasionally refer to other countries, it is seldom to compliment them; but rather to point out some defects in their tastes and habits. Thus, for example, it informs its readers that "Not only has America produced no good musicians, either vocal or instrumental; but there seems no probability that it will do anything better in the future. This," adds the critic, "is all the more strange from the fact that all nationalities are represented in America; and none more fully than the Germans—a people who rival even the Italians in their musical talents." This is followed by an elaborate argument designed to prove that the best races degenerate, both intellectually and physically, on this continent. But by way of reconciling us to this, the author admits that if we cannot boast good musical performers of our own, we know how to appreciate those of more favored countries. "But," he adds, "we must render the Americans still greater credit; we must admit that if they do not furnish the world great performers,

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they furnish instruments upon which the best performances can be made." This is followed by a description of the pianos of Steinway & Sons, of this city, which won the gold medal prize at the recent International Exhibition in London, as the best and most elegant specimens of piano manufacture exhibited. But, as if sorry for doing us this tardy justice, the critic then proceeds to say that, after all, the successful competitors are not Americans, but Germans. "They are," he says, "citizens of the United States, it is true; but they are not only natives of Germany, but it was in that country they learned the trade; it was there they attained the superior skill and taste, for which America now gets the credit."

We should have heard nothing of this kind, had the Messrs. Steinway made a choice of London, or Manchester, instead of New York, as the city of their adoption. Then they would have been claimed as Englishmen, like all who attain distinction by their talents or genius, and who find it desirable to reside for any lengthened period in England. For example, what Englishman of the calibre of Mr. Remsen ever admits Swift, or Burke, or Goldsmith, or Barry, or Maclise to be Irish? All are English because they have rendered themselves illustrious by their genius; whereas had they been really English, but destitute of talent; and had made themselves infamous instead of famous, then, indeed, the "sister kingdom," or any other kingdom, on which they might easily be palmed off, would have got the credit of their birth and training. We should be sorry, however, to hold the great thinkers of England responsible for such narrow prejudices as those of Mr. Remsen.

The Canon of the Holy Scriptures Examined in the Light of History. By Prof. L. GAUSSEN, of Geneva, Switzerland, author of "Theopneusty," "Birth-Day of Creation," &c., &c. Translated from the French, and Abridged by EDWARD N. KIRK, D.D. 12mo, pp. 463. Boston: American Tract Society.

We believe the original idea of the Society that publishes this book was to confine itself exclusively to tracts; but for some two or three years past, scarcely any of the lay publishing houses have issued more substantial works. That now before us is one of this character. The original is in two octavo volumes, but the translator tells us that, "for the purpose of bringing it within a more moderate price, and thus gaining for it a wider circulation among all classes of readers, he has preferred to make some abridgment of it, and condense the two volumes into one." All that is valuable in the original is retained, including most of the foot-notes and nearly all of the references to authorities. Considering it only in its present form, we have seen no recent work on ecclesiastical history that exhibits such extensive and profound research. We do not remember one of the fathers of the Church who has written anything on the subject which is now extant

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that is not quoted in the text to a greater or less extent. But what is the object sought? Simply to examine what books or documents belong to the Scriptures; or what constitutes the Bible. And we are glad to find that the examination is conducted with great liberality. If it be marred with the least tinge of sectarian bigotry, it has escaped our notice; whereas, we see evidence of the opposite feeling at every page. An extract will illustrate this better than any remarks we could make on the subject. Thus, for example, no work with which we are acquainted gives a more appreciative description, as far as it goes, of the celebrated Council of Nice, than is contained in the following extract:

"The œcumenical Council of Nice is unquestionably one of the most august assemblies which the pageantry of human history presents to us. The world itself had never witnessed anything comparable to it. The three hundred and eighteen bishops out of every country who composed it, and the elders and deacons assembled with them, were among the most learned and holy in the church of God. *Hosius*, bishop of Cordova, an old man venerated by all, who had already presided over other synods, and whose name was the first enrolled in this; *Eustathius*, bishop of Antioch, who opened the council with an address; *Alexander*, that pious bishop of Alexandria, who first combated Arius, and who took with him to Nice the famous Athanasius, then a young deacon of Alexandria, twenty-nine years old; *James*, bishop of Nisibis in Mesopotamia. *Alexander*, bishop of Byzantium; *Marcellus*, bishop of Ancyra; *Macarius*, bishop of Jerusalem; *Cecilian*, bishop of Carthage. There were seen there even bishops from Persia, from Scythia, and the country of the Goths, as well as a great number of the glorious confessors of Jesus Christ who had suffered imprisonment and torture in the previous persecutions; three bishops named *Nicholas: Spyridion*, bishop of Cyprus, an aged man honored of all; *Paphnutius*, whose right eye had been taken out, and his left leg mutilated with a hot iron; *Paul*, of Neocesarea on the Euphrates, who was maimed in both hands, Licinius having ordered them to be burned. And besides these and so many other faithful men, the council contained a great many attached to the party of Arius, yet illustrious by their talents and their science, such as the two *Eusebiuses*, *Maris* of Chalcedon, *Paulinus* of Tyre, *Menophantus* of Ephesus, *Lucius*, a Sarmatian bishop, and many others. The assembly was opened in the imperial palace, on the 22d day of May, A. D. 325, and continued to the 25th of August."—(Pp. 52-3.)

Although the table of contents is extensive and copious, it is to be regretted that the translator did not furnish his version with an alphabetical index. No good book should be without the latter, especially if it be intended for reference, as in the present case. But the matter is worth seeking for. No student of ecclesiastical history will grudge the time occupied in finding quotations from such writers as Augustine, Jerome, Rufinus, Eusebius, Justin Martyr, Athanasius, &c.; nor will he think it trouble to examine, for example, the pages which relate to the Council of Carthage and the Council of Laodicea. We must say, however, that the translator might have used simpler appellations than *theopneusty*, (inspiration,) *apostilicity*, *homologomens*, (uncontested books,) *anagnosis*, (public reading of the Scriptures,) *Paulinity*, &c., &c. No doubt technicalities have their use; but they need not be at variance with the genius of the language in which they are used. It should have been remembered that the Greek is more generally understood in continental Europe than it is in this country. A Greek scholar need not be told that Θεόπνευστος means *divinely inspired;* although even he might not so readily understand that "homologomens" means uncontested books. But these are slight

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blemishes; they do not in the least affect the intrinsic merits of the work. In short, we know no book better worthy of a place in the family library; no more suitable present for the holidays.

Thebes, its Tombs and their Tenants, Ancient and Present, including a Record of Excavations in the Necropolis. By A. H. RHIND, F. A. S., &c. London: Longmans. 1862.

The title of this portly volume is abundantly suggestive of the character of its contents. We mean that the former is very pompous; and so is the latter. The object of the author was to ascertain whether the ancient Egyptians were believers in the resurrection of the body. He thinks, too, that he has proved the affirmative, but we cannot see the slightest evidence of the fact; and we imagine that those of our readers into whose hands the book may fall will be no more successful than we in that respect. Still, the volume contains some curious information; but it is very clumsily given.

It is necessary to read most of our author's periods, at least twice, before one can be sure of his meaning. And several of his ancient Egyptians—those of the time of the Pharaohs—prove, on examination, to be no older than the Christian era. He takes up the greater part of his whole book with an account of one tomb at Thebes. All he found, that is worth mentioning, is a canopy of wood richly painted in imitation of an Egyptian temple, and a garland of gold and copper representing an olive wreath. But this is more likely to be Greek or Roman than Egyptian, since there is conclusive evidence that the same tomb had been desecrated in the time of Augustus. As if fully sensible that he did not succeed in his antiquarian researches, when he gets thus far he proceeds to describe the condition of the existing population of Egypt. This is decidedly the best part of the book; although it is embellished with an excellent map and a goodly number of pictorial illustrations.

Dick Wortley; or, Choosing a Profession. By Mrs. J. M. PARKER. 16mo, pp. 149. New York: General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church-Book Society. 1862.

Mrs. Parker is no stranger to our readers, for we have felt it incumbent on us in more than one instance to award the due meed of praise to her excellent stories for the young. We are not so old ourselves yet, but we can remember how delighted our childhood used to be with tales vastly inferior to "Dick Wortley." If every boy and girl who can read were furnished with a copy of the latter on or before New Year's Day, we should not hesitate to predict that a considerable improvement would take place in the morals and dispositions of the rising generation during the ensuing year.

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Infanticide: its Law, Prevalence, Prevention, and History. By W. B. Ryan, M.D. London: J. Churchill. 1862.

Some startling disclosures are made in this volume, although we do not think that the author has by any means exaggerated the facts. Within the last twenty years, the habit of destroying children in order to avoid their support, has fearfully increased in England. The most revolting feature of it is, that it is not alone unmarried persons who destroy their children either before or after birth; it seems those lawfully married do the same to an incredible extent, and often when they are abundantly able to support them.

There have been several trials within the last two years, of persons proved to be in comparatively comfortable circumstances, on the charge of having destroyed their infant children; their only apparent motive for the unnatural deed being, that they thought they had children enough already. In one case, tried at Birmingham, it was testified on the part of the crown, that the mother had often said that she thought four children a nice family—upon the whole, perhaps, rather large; three would be sufficient, she thought; although she would make no serious objection to the fourth. More than this, however, she thought no person of ordinary means should keep. This was no mere idle remark on her part; it was proved by her own servant-maid that she had destroyed two; one before, the other after birth. When married women thus deliberately destroy their offspring simply because they have enough besides them, and think they might find better use for the money necessary to support them, if allowed to live, what may be expected from the unmarried, who are naturally anxious to save themselves from infamy? If anything could palliate this deed, it is this.

Yet Dr. Ryan is by no means sure that the married women destroy fewer children than the unmarried. Nor is he peculiar in this opinion; other physicians who have investigated the subject entertain the same views. But it is safe to conclude that the married woman capable of destroying her child under any circumstances, no matter how much poverty she endures, would not have hesitated to commit the same crime before her marriage. Hence it was that the late Lord Abinger declared that the killing of her child on the part of any woman, except in a fit of insanity, is altogether incompatible with her being virtuous. In other words, he thought that, if a woman kills her child when married, the natural inference is, that it was not her first time to commit the crime of infanticide.

But, unfortunately, it is beyond question that there are instances enough of the kind to be referred to in our own country—quite as many, perhaps, in proportion to the population, and to the means of earning a livelihood, as in England. And the worst of it is, that the habit is largely on the increase. This is a sad commentary on our

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civilization, but it is not only idle, but pernicious, to close our eyes to facts of so grave a character. It is much more our duty to examine into the causes of such a state of things. In the most virtuous communities of any extent, all are not virtuous; there must always be a mixture of vice; and vice begets vice; and need we say that it increases according as it is encouraged?

Then, let us remember that nowhere on earth are there so many quack doctors among an equal population, as there are in England and in this country. There is so little restriction on the practice of the healing art, or rather of the killing art, that all who choose may call themselves doctors. And it is well known that a large proportion of the quacks make a specialty of producing abortions; while there are scarcely any of them but are ready to try their hand, for a consideration, on all who require their services. There are cases of the kind pending at the present moment before our courts; more than one in which the mother as well as the child has lost her life in the hands of the quack. Nor can there be any effectual remedy to such a state of things, as long as all who choose to call themselves doctors are permitted to practise with their "instruments" and their pills, as they do, on the credulity and the fears of the people.

Uncle Paul's Stories for Boys and Girls. Small quarto, pp. 144. Boston: American Tract Society.

The little ones will be well pleased with this handsome volume. It inculcates many a useful lesson in simple, attractive language. Indeed, the stories it contains are just the kind to create a taste in the youthful mind for reading, and at the same time show "the luxury of doing good." The value of the letter-press is not a little enhanced by the pictorial illustrations, which are numerous and appropriate.

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Ueber die Erscheinung der Verjüngung in der Natur. Von Alexander Bann. Leipzig. 1851.

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The Priesthood and the People. By Frederick J. Foxton, A.B., Author of "Popular Christianity," &c. London: Trübener. 1862.

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Memoir of Charles Gordon Lennox, Fifth Duke of Richmond. With a Portrait. London: Chapman. 1862.

Garabaldi at Caprera. By Colonel Vecchi. Translated from the Italian, with Preface, by Mrs. Gaskell. Cambridge and London: Macmillian & Co. 1862.

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History of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain and Ireland: from the Earliest Date to the Present Time, &c. By Samuel Cowling, Author of the Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks, &c. London: William Tweedie. 1862.

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2. *Elements of Elocution, &c., &c.* By JOHN WALKER, Author of the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, &c.

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THE

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MARCH, 1863.

ART. I.—1. *Schiller's Leben Geistesenturikelung und Werke in Zusammenhang. (Schiller's Life, Mental Development and Works in Connection.)* By Dr. KARL HOFFMEISTER. 8vo. Stuttgart. 1859.

2. *The Life of Fredrich Schiller.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. 12mo. New York. 1862.

3. *Wallenstein traduite de l'Allemand,* par M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT DE REBECQUE. 8vo. Paris. 1840.

4. *Briefwechsel Zwischen Schiller und Göthe, in den jahren* 1794 *bis* 1805. *(Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe in the Years* 1794–1805.*)* Stuttgart and Tubingen.

OF all productions, those of the intellect are the most difficult to be estimated at their proper value. When most popular, scarcely two agree as to their worth. Hence the anomaly that the author regarded by one as a benefactor of his race is denounced by another as its enemy. This often occurs when there has been little or no difference in the education of those who differ so widely in their opinions. Yet both may be perfectly honest and conscientious in their estimates. In proportion as an author is original and bold will he be thus differently judged by his contemporaries. One class will eulogize his inspiration as divine; another will detest it as diabolical. But if he succeeds in pleasing the masses, those who think ill of him had better keep their opinions to themselves. For example, the boldest would hardly venture to assail Shakespeare at the present day, although the great dramatist is not quite so popular as he was some years ago, or rather he is not so much in fashion now as he was then. He has still so strong a hold, however, on the public mind, that an attack on the Bible would hardly give more offence to the English and

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American reading public at large, than an attack on his works. The person guilty of it would be regarded, if not as impious, at least as influenced by depravity of some kind. We will not pause on the present occasion to ask whether this is right or wrong; we have to do only with the fact; although we may observe in passing, that if any modern thinker and author deserves to be ranked among the gods, it is Shakespeare.

What Shakespeare is in this country and in England, Schiller is in Germany. He is undoubtedly more popular among his countrymen than Goethe. Indeed, he is more read, if not more prized, everywhere. There is more human sympathy in his writings than in those of his illustrious fellow-countryman and friend; although the latter are more artistic and more beautiful as creations than the former. Not that the works of Schiller are deficient in those qualities—especially his later and more finished productions; but Goethe excels all other modern writers in artistic culture and taste. At all events, Schiller has succeeded in establishing a reputation with which it is not safe to meddle. In this country as well as in Germany, his name is invested with a certain degree of sacredness. Here, indeed, it would not seem so profane to criticise him as to criticise Shakespeare. In any case we should not shrink from giving our impressions of him. But there are few if any who admire him more than we do ourselves. Scarcely a passage in any of his works in which we do not find beauties. None value these more highly; at the same time we are not blind to the blemishes by which they are often marred. If we speak of the latter, however, it is not for the purpose of depreciating the merits of Schiller; we rather do so to show that since the greatest geniuses have faults, often grave ones, how absurd it is for those who, in fact, have no genius at all, to feel offended because their performances are criticised, although they are not so much to blame as those who vitiate public taste by praising what is worthless, as the best.

It is not our intention to attempt a biography of Schiller within the limits of this article; all the space we can devote to the whole would be too little for that alone. Besides, it is not necessary. There are biographies enough of the author of *Wallenstein* and the *Robbers;* and were it otherwise, the lives of such men are best known from their works. Let it suffice for us, therefore, to note such events or incidents in his life as seem to have exercised more or less influence on his writings. All know how much depends on early teachings—that no lessons make deeper impressions, or give a stronger bias to the mind, than those received in childhood. And much more depends on the lessons of a mother than those of a father, especially if

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the former is possessed of more intellect than the latter. Generally, indeed, the mother's influence is good; it is so in nine cases out of ten. There are few great men who cannot trace the bent of their genius either to her precepts or example. If she is morose or misanthropic, he whom she trains is apt to be the same. In illustration of this, we need only mention Byron; for to his latest breath the author of "Childe Harold" attributed his chief misfortunes to the unkind and selfish disposition of his mother. But the reverse was true of the subject of these pages. Schiller was peculiarly blessed in having so excellent a woman for his mother. It is agreed by all his contemporaries, and it was always gratefully admitted by himself, that she was his guiding star; that it was she who taught him to form opinions of his own, and to admire, study, and imitate nature. Dr. Hoffmeister, who may be called his Boswell as well as his biographer, tells us that he had scarcely any resemblance, physical or intellectual, to his father, but that he was remarkably like his mother in both respects. She was earnest and enthusiastic; so was he; she was of a mild and affectionate disposition; so was he. In form, she was tall and slender; she had light hair, and weak but large eyes, and broad forehead; her countenance was marked by a tinge of melancholy, which, however, only served to render her more interesting; and who that is familiar with any faithful portrait of the author of *William Tell*, will not admit how nearly the description of the mother is applicable to her illustrious son? She was a woman of considerable culture, and poetry was her favorite study. Some say that she wrote some pieces herself that possessed considerable merit. Be this as it may, it was she who first gave him a taste for poetry.

But we must not pass over the time and place of his birth, for it is generally believed that both had a considerable influence on his destiny. This will be explained as we proceed, but not now; for we are not yet done with the influence of the poet's mother. He was born at Marbach, a small town in Wurtemberg, on the 10th of November, 1759. Naturally pious herself, his mother was anxious that her son should be the same. With this view, she placed him under the tuition of a clergyman when he was only six years old; and in one year afterwards, he resolved to become a preacher. It is usual to tell strange things of the childhood of great men; such is often done without any foundation to rest upon; but it is beyond question, that Schiller had not reached his eighth summer when he began to deliver extemporary harangues on religious subjects. Several of his biographers tell us that at this early age he was in the habit of mounting a chair to preach a sermon

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even when he had no other audience than his mother and sister; and they add, that if any inattention was shown by either, he did not hesitate to remind them of the punishment which awaited all who refused to listen to the voice of the Church.

This, we are aware, is of but little importance in itself. It might be passed over as merely a boyish prank, were it not that it shows the tendency of his thoughts and feelings not only at this time, but for many years afterwards—nay, until he was forced to abandon both. For nearly seven years, he had been studying for the Church; his father as well as his mother having consented to his becoming a clergyman. But neither was independent. The father having become nurseryman to the Duke of Wurtemberg—although he had previously been a surgeon in the ducal army—had to be guided by the wishes of his master. The latter had just founded a public school at Stuttgart, to which institution he ordered young Schiller to be sent. It was in vain that every possible excuse was made to evade the order. The duke cared nothing for the plans or intentions of his nurseryman, or his son. He said the latter had talent, and was remarkably intelligent for his age, and, consequently, that he might be expected to do credit to the new institution.

No one was more opposed to the change than young Schiller himself; but the command of the duke must be obeyed. Although compulsion is always unpleasant to those who have to submit to it, Schiller was fortunate in having been compelled to go to Stuttgart. A greater service could not have been rendered to literature; for had the young student been permitted to enter the church after the nine years' study then required, the probability is that his greatest works would never have been written, if indeed he would have attempted any literary effort more elaborate or more worldly than a sermon, or a commentary on some obscure passage in the Bible. Not but he had become acquainted with the theatre and written some verses before his removal to Stuttgart. While his parents were residing at Ludwigsburg he managed to attend the theatre pretty regularly twice or three times a week, and at the same time was unremitting in his studies for the ministry. In the morning he would read the Bible for an hour, then a commentary on a particular passage by some learned and pious divine for another hour; then compare the sermons of clergymen representing different sects, &c. He would take recreation late in the afternoon; after dinner he would steal to the theatre, if he could only get a few kreutzers to pay for admission.

The performances were not of a very high order; generally the reverse. At best, they were melodramatic; and the actors

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were no better than those of small provincial towns generally are. All was sufficient, however, to make a deep impression on the future poet. At night, after his return, he would shut himself up in his room and rehearse long scenes in which paper-puppets were the performers. This would seem a bad way to prepare for the church; but it must be remembered that the theatre is regarded in a very different light in Germany from what it is in this country and in England; and this was particularly true of it in Schiller's time. Clergymen themselves used to attend the theatre frequently, and were thought nothing the less pious for doing so. There is no doubt but Schiller's clerical tutor was in the habit of accompanying his pupil, though only when comparatively good pieces were announced; and it is he who, be it remembered, is immortalized in the *Robbers* as a model clergyman, as Goldsmith has immortalized his brother Henry in the *Deserted Village*. It was also while at Ludwigsburg that Schiller wrote those school-boy satires to which most of his biographers refer, but of which none seem to have been preserved. Dr. Hoffmeister informs us that he proposed one day to one of his play-fellows to invest four kreutzers, the total amount possessed by both, in the purchase of a dish of curds and cream, at the village of Harteneck, but that after a tiresome walk they were unable to procure the coveted luxury. Determined to have it, happen what would, they extended their search to Neckarweihingen. Here they were successful; they not only got a fine dish of curds and cream for the four kreutzers, but also a large bunch of grapes into the bargain. This delighted and inspired young Schiller so much that he composed a poem on the spot, which was partly a malediction on the hapless town that had no curds to spare, and partly a eulogy on the favored village that not only had the good things required, but was liberal and generous in disposing of them to those who had but scanty funds.

Nothing was more distasteful to Schiller than the despotism of the ducal school, which required every duty to be performed *à la militaire;* and which inflicted severe punishments on all who attempted to resist its mandates. It was quite a change to the young poet, who had hitherto been allowed his own way in most things—especially in his studies. Instead of reading such passages in ecclesiastical history as interested him most, composing an occasional pasquinade on those who annoyed him, going to the theatre when there was an attractive play, and getting up puppet performances in his own room, he was now required to get regular lessons in Greek, Latin, jurisprudence, medicine, &c., on pain of being condemned to solitary confinement on bread and water, or per-

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haps whipped if this did not do. It is worthy of remark that he does not seem to have ever liked either Greek or Latin; at least he was not disposed to bestow upon them the large amount of study without which they cannot be mastered; although he regretted in after life the opportunities he had lost in this way. We have the best proof of this in the fact that he devoted more time and attention to Latin from the thirty-second to the thirty-fourth year of his age than he ever had before. During this time he learned to read the language with tolerable facility. He tried to make similar amends for his neglect of the Greek. Most of his contemporaries agree in the opinion that he never made much progress in the language of Homer; but they add, that however imperfect his knowledge was of both languages, that to his careful study of them at the period mentioned, more than to all his other studies put together, is to be referred the vast improvement in the taste and beauty exhibited by his later productions. Hoffmeister does not like to admit this; although he does so virtually when he tells us that Schiller scarcely wrote a page of his Essays on Æsthetic Culture without reading more or less in some classic author—generally Cicero, Quintilian, or Aristotle. But had none of his biographers mentioned the fact, the Essays themselves would have made it sufficiently evident. At all events, young Schiller made but slight progress in the regular studies of the school. His biographers tell us that he would invent all sorts of excuses in order to avoid getting his lessons in Greek, Latin, law and medicine. But it must not be inferred from this that he was indolent, or indifferent to the acquisition of knowledge. No one of his age read more than he; and but few read as much. He divided his time between poetry, belles-lettres, and criticism; giving, however, by far the larger part to the first. His favorite authors at this time were Klopstock, Herder, Lessing, Ossian, Dante, Tasso, Plutarch, and Goethe. He relates himself, in one of his letters to Herder, that he learned to read Shakespeare in the original, while he was punished almost daily for neglecting the regular lessons of the school; but he adds, that he did so from the high praise he had been in the habit of hearing of the great English dramatist—not from his own admiration.

This, we may remark in passing, is one of the strange features in the character of Schiller; at least such is the light in which it is regarded by the admirers of the author of Hamlet, who, however, ought to remember that Milton and several other English authors of eminence were equally wanting in appreciation of the merits of Shakespeare. At all events, certain it is that the boy-poet disliked the great dramatist. He

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thought that his transitions from comic to tragic and from tragic to comic betrayed a strange want of feeling. Besides, he regarded each as too dull. Neither, he said, contained sufficient life and earnestness for him. No doubt he changed his views in these respects in after life, but Hoffmeister admits that he never had that reverence for his genius which Englishmen, or Americans—all whose language is the Anglo-Saxon—would naturally expect. This will account for the alterations and omissions he has made in his version of Macbeth. He did not like the witches of Shakespeare; he thought them too monstrous, and accordingly he attempted to improve them both in manners and morals. That he did not succeed in this, we need hardly say; in no other effort has he failed so much; although it is proper to add, that many of his French as well as German admirers think differently.

But Schiller did not confine himself to reading, even at this early period. Strict as the rules were at the military school, he frequently managed to pay stolen visits to the theatre. The impressions thus gained, combined with those derived from the study of the poets, sought to find expression in a thousand forms. Verses in all metres, all sorts of fragments of composition, were found about him wherever he stayed.* In time he began to link these fragments together; and finally decided on constructing a plot, the result of which was *The Robbers*.

Considering that this tragedy was written when he had not yet attained his nineteenth year, while he had to get certain lessons daily, or be punished for neglect, it may well be ranked among the most wonderful productions that any country can boast of. It has, indeed, grave faults—such as are common to youth even when most highly gifted. The language is often strained, not to say bombastic; the characters sometimes verge into caricatures; the sentiment, also, is not unfrequently misplaced. But it is replete with impetuous and noble feeling; now wild, daring, and impulsive, and anon tender, sad, and pathetic. The attachment of Amelia, the heroine, to Karl Von Moor, the Robber chief, will ever be admired by all lovers; although the unimpassioned reader, who regards each delineation as a work of art—one which is more or less perfect, or otherwise, according as it is more or less true to nature—cannot help thinking that sometimes the devotion of Amelia goes beyond even that of woman. At all events, those who read it will understand how it was that Schiller did not like what Schlegel, his countryman, called the "irony" of Shake-

* It was at this time he composed the dialogue between the shades of Brutus and Cæsar, which Charles Moor used to sing afterwards in *The Robbers*.

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speare—that is, his tranquil, easy humor, which disdained to be boisterous, and had a horror of tearing a passion to tatters.

The morality of *The Robbers* was by no means satisfactory to the more grave and sedate portion of the public; although this is denied by some of his biographers, including Mr. Carlyle. "One charge brought against him," says the latter, "must have damped the joy of literary glory and stung Schiller's pure and virtuous mind more deeply than any other. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work." This view of the case is by no means borne out by the author's own countrymen. "If I had the power of creating a world," said one of the most cultivated of the German princes of the day to Goethe, "and had foreseen that Schiller's *Robbers* would appear in it, I would not have created it."* But Goethe gives us his own views on the same subject, without attributing them to prince or peasant. In speaking of *The Robbers*, he says: "*Its character was utterly offensive to me.* A powerful, though an immature genius, had here laid hold of the very paradoxes, *moral* and dramatic, from which I was struggling to get liberated, and poured them, in a boundless, rushing flood, all over the country. * * I now thought all my labor was to prove in vain; the objects and the way of handling them, to which I had been exercising all my powers, appeared as if *defaced* and set aside."

Some, indeed, have attributed these views on the part of Goethe to a feeling of jealousy towards his great rival; but they are amply sustained by those of persons who, while eminently competent to judge, could not have been influenced by any such motive. Even his favorite biographer Hoffmeister admits all. "Schiller's love at that time," he says, "was a sensual glow, raised to its greatest height by a boundless imagination." This, be it remembered, is the manner in which the honest biographer accounts for the equivocal conduct of Amelia; especially for the delight she expresses for the "paradisiacal feeling" of Karl Moor's kisses. But without any such conclusive testimony, the author's own words would show that the morality of the piece, or what might be said of it, had given him little uneasiness. His remark to his friend Scharffenstein, shortly before *The Robbers* was printed, was: "We will make a book that must be absolutely burned by the hangman." And when published, it had all the appearance of a book of questionable morality. A rampant lion glared on the title-page, over the motto, "*In Tyrannos.*" This, how-

* Echerman's Conversations with Goethe, Part i., p. 296.

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ever, was not deemed sufficient, for two lions were given on the second edition—one engaged in tearing the other to pieces. The paper on which it was printed was in keeping with the motto. "The first edition," says Scharffenstein, "the paper of which was scarcely better than blotting-paper, looked like the ballads and accounts of murders which are hawked about the streets." The author made the further admission that such was the morality of *The Robbers*, "it would not make the highways any more secure;" and he subsequently stigmatized the whole piece as "a monster, born of the unnatural union of genius and thraldom."

But we have more than mere words to show what the general feeling was in regard to the piece in its original form; for it had to be altered materially, and important omissions had to be made in it, in order to satisfy public opinion. This was sorely annoying to the author; but he had no alternative but to comply, or give countenance to the charge previously made against him. "Thus," says Schiller, "the time was altered, while the plot and characters remained; a many-colored patchwork was the result, like the dress of a harlequin; all the personages talk in too studied a way, and allusions are found to things which only took place two centuries after." But whatever may be the faults of *The Robbers*, none but a genius of a high order could have produced it. To it Byron owes the conception of his *Corsair*. But it has been well said that the *Corsair* and *Giaour* are milk-and-water idyls compared with it. And the same remark applies even to the "Sorrows of Werther." Each of these has been referred to the "Satanic school," as well as *The Robbers;* but the latter stands pre-eminent among all works of its kind. The best critics of different countries regard it as "the voice of muttered uneasiness and impatience of existing institutions which marked the epoch preceding the French Revolution; declaring that in strong and terrible accents it spoke the hoarded wrath of long centuries of misrule and oppression. It was an angry scream, which pierced every soul from the Rhine to the Baltic, and startled the eagles of dominion on their ancient sceptres—a prophecy of that tempest which soon after burst upon the world, and changed the fate of empires." In painting Karl de Moor, the Robber Chief, Schiller has drawn from himself, as Byron has from his pirate chief. We see the generous emotions and rebellious and restless energies of the original, plainly reproduced in the copy. The Robber is a true type; there are, indeed, few such; scarcely any in real life evince such recklessness combined with nobler qualities; but all his passions are true to nature; his impatience of control; his hatred of oppression;

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his strong resentments; his love for "the wild justice of revenge"—all strike us as the workings of humanity—wild, indeed, and wayward, often depraved, but still human.

Shortly before the publication of *The Robbers*, Schiller was permitted to leave the military school; not, however, without having had many narrow escapes. Frau Von Wollzogen, a whole-hearted lady, who had given him an asylum in her house when, as we shall presently see, he needed it most, tells us that he used often to feign illness in order that he might be allowed light in his room, so that he could proceed at night with the composition of his work. It seems that during one of the usual domiciliary visits of the duke, while going his rounds at night he entered Schiller's room with so little ceremony that the poet had barely time to throw the manuscript of *The Robbers* under the table, and take up a medical work in its place. This, though necessarily done in a confused way, proved a lucky incident; for the duke was so much pleased at finding young Schiller so deeply absorbed, as he thought, in the study of medicine, that he soon after (at the close of the year 1780) gave him the appointment of regimental surgeon in Stuttgart, with a salary of eighteen florins a month.* The position was by no means what the young poet would have selected; but he was glad to get anything that would relieve him from the despotism of the military school; although he was still under military rule, and had to parade in regimentals like other officers. His friend Scharfenstein gives a description of him as he appeared on one of these parades, which shows that all the drill he had received at the ducal school had utterly failed to give him a soldierly appearance. "How comic was his look!" says his biographer. "Swaddled in regimentals, made after the old Prussian cut, which was particularly awkward and tasteless in the case of the surgeon's uniform; with three stiff, pomatumed rolls of curls on each side of his head, a little military hat perched upon his crown, from which a long, thick queue dangled behind; his long neck imprisoned in a tight horse-hair stock; his legs and thighs like cylinders of a uniform periphery; close-fitting pantaloons, *sorely bespotted with shoe-blacking, and in which he moved, being unable to bend his knees, like a stork.*"

It was after his being placed in this position that his play

* We are told that one day, as he was declaiming with great energy the scene (now omitted in most editions of his works) in which Francis Moor, tortured by suspicion, says to Moses, "Ha! what—knowest thou none?—reflect—death, heaven, eternity, perdition, hang on the words of thy mouth," the inspector opened the door, inquiring, in an angry tone, what boy was in such a passion, and swearing so dreadfully. The youthful audience all laughed; and when the inspector departed, Schiller bawled out the next words of the part with double emphasis, "*Ein confiscerter Karl!*"—"a confiscated fellow!"

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was put upon the stage. No wonder that he, who had been in the habit of going to see the plays of others, contrary to the express orders of the authorities of the school, should now make an effort to be present at the first representation of his own first piece. He did so accordingly; this was in January, 1782. The first acts were coldly received; some passages in the second act were even hissed. The author, who occupied a retired box, had nearly given up all for lost, when the most enthusiastic applause burst from all parts of the house. Iffland as Robert Moor, and Beck as Charles—the two best German actors of their day—were encored several times; and finally the author was called for, and made the object of a complete ovation.

But his triumph, brilliant as it was—rendering him famous at once throughout Germany—availed him nothing with the duke, but rather the contrary. The play was in every way disagreeable to his highness; he had no taste for that "whirlwind force of passion and will, which catches our hearts, and puts the scruples of criticism to silence;" those indignant and eloquent protests against the conventional institutions of the day seemed high treason to him—in his mind the piece had not a redeeming feature. Even that beautiful sunset by the hills of the Danube, which has elicited the admiration of the most fastidious critics of all nations, is nothing to him but patch-work—we mean the exquisite passage where the Robber chief, stung by remorse, remembers the innocent, happy days of his childhood; the green valleys and stately castles of his fathers; and the gloomy dungeon in the forest, from which, in the still beauty of the night, issues

"That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry."

Instead of encouraging the author, the duke gave him a peremptory order to confine himself to medicine, at the same time issuing an interdict against the representation of the play. He found an excuse for this, if any was needed, in the complaints against the morality of the piece already alluded to.* But there was little use in trying to prevent Schiller from writing poetry. The more he was opposed the more he

* True the play was complained of on various other grounds. In the third scene of the second act Sprigelley, while discoursing with Raymann, observes: "An honest man you may form of windle straws; but to make a rascal you must have grist; besides, there is a national genius in it—*a certain rascal climate, so to speak. Go to the Grisons, for instance, that is what I call the thief's Athens.*" This gave such offence to the people of the Grisons that their magistrates wrote a formal letter on the subject to the *Hamburg Correspondent*, which was then the most widely-circulated paper in Germany. Nor was this all. A person named Walter—half lawyer, half publisher—whose book Schiller had ridiculed, volunteered to plead the cause of the offended Grisons before the duke. The latter was easily convinced that the poet had been actuated by "malice prepense," and he punished him accordingly.

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wrote. It was while he was under arrest at Stuttgart for having gone to Manheim without permission, that the "Conspiracy of Fiesco" occurred to him as a suitable subject for a tragedy. But no sooner was he released than he stole away again at the earliest opportunity; and again he was punished on his return. This occurred three times in the course of one month; but after the third time he resolved not to submit to such despotism any longer, and accordingly, while a great *fête* was being celebrated in the city in honor of one of the Grand Dukes of Russia, he abandoned Stuttgart for ever.

This, however, was no reckless step; he had first done all in his power either to cause a relaxation in the edict of the duke against poetry, or to secure his transfer to Manheim. Instead of his wish being complied with in either case, he was reminded of the fate of Schubart, who had suffered eight years' solitary confinement in the fortress of Hohenasperg, for having displeased his highness in a somewhat similar manner. The poet's father knew nothing of his intended flight; he had confided the secret only to three persons, his mother and sister, and Streicher, a student of music, who had long been his companion and an admirer of his genius. After having sold everything he could spare, including clothes and books, and collected whatever he could from friends, the whole amount of his finances was only twenty florins. Thus it was that he made his escape, as he tells us himself, a trembling fugitive, "empty in purse and hope," from a city whose greatest glory at the present day is to have possession of his monument, while the petty duke who persecuted him is remembered for nothing else.

On reaching Manheim he lost no time in presenting himself to Meier, the stage director, who was not a little alarmed at the step he had taken. After some hesitation, however, he promised to do all in his power for the poet. So anxious was Schiller to be near his mother and sister, and so deep was his regret on parting with them, that he begged the director to intercede in his behalf with the duke. His request was complied with thus far; but the reply of his highness was ambiguous, and the poet resolved never to return.

The next proceeding was to test his new play, for "Fiesco" was now finished. It was agreed that the author would read it in the presence of the principal actors, and such friends as they thought proper to invite. All had witnessed the representation of the *Robbers*, and had the highest admiration for it. It is easy to understand, therefore, that they had a strong predilection in favor of the new piece. This was particularly true of Iffland, Beck, and Beil, each of whom had distinguished

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himself in the personation of the *Robbers*. But all were disappointed. During the whole of the first act not a movement was made, except it was one of uneasiness or impatience; as for approbation, there was nothing of the kind. Worse than this, Beil walked away without ceremony. The rest waited until the end of the second act; but then all left except Iffland, and even he stayed merely as a matter of courtesy, because he would not wound the feelings of the author of the *Robbers*. There does not seem to have been the least difference of opinion among the audience. Streicher, indeed, had still faith in the genius of his friend; two or three times during the reading of the two acts he had endeavored to excite approbation; but no use. It need hardly be said that the author was terribly mortified, especially when he learned from his friend that the director had gravely inquired whether he was really the author of the "Robbers." The reader has doubtless anticipated the cause of all this. It was always a foible of Schiller's to think that he was an admirable declaimer; while at the military school in Stuttgart he was very fond of reciting tragic pieces for the entertainment of his fellow-students; but he generally found that instead of moving them to tears, he excited their laughter. This, however, he did not think much about; he rather pitied than blamed them, feeling certain that nature had denied them sensibility, giving them only a penchant for buffoonery in its stead. Nor did it occur to him even now that his reading had anything to do with the very unfavorable impression made by "Fiesco;" on the contrary, he felt surer than ever that his elocution was excellent. To this his friend Streicher bears testimony; he tells us that when they reached their own apartment Schiller informed him that if through the ignorance or ill-will of the actors his play should not be accepted, he was determined to personate the principal character himself, for "*I am confident*," he added, "*that no person can declaim as well as myself*." Nor was this any mere casual remark; he was firmly resolved to do what he said. With this intention, he sent his friend to Meier early next morning for the manuscript, which he had forgotten in his confusion, after the dispersion of his audience. But to the delight of Streicher, he had scarcely entered the director's room, when the latter exclaimed, "Fiesco is a master-piece, and better adapted to the stage than the 'Robbers.' But do you know whose blame it was that we all took it for such a miserable failure? *It was owing to Schiller's Swabian accent, and the cursed way in which he declaims*—chanting out everything in precisely the same pompous tone, whether it be 'shut the door,' or some crack speech of his hero."

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The author was pleased to have his genius recognized, although at the expense of an accomplishment in which he thought he had attained high perfection. In the mean time, he had been reduced to great extremities, often wanting the most ordinary necessaries of life. Such was his condition when he met with Frau Von Wollzogen, a noble-hearted lady who invited him to reside on her estate at Baurbach, allowing him the use of her own carriage, giving him a horse to ride upon, and treating him with every other mark of consideration which the most sanguine could expect, even for a man of genius. This munificent and generous hospitality the poet never forgot. Nor did she get offended when she learned not only that he had fallen in love with her daughter, but also that his passion was reciprocated. True, the latter fact is denied by most of his biographers; but the only reason they can assign for doing so is, that no result followed the attachment on his part further than whatever influence it may have exercised on his poetry.

The manager, Meier, was true to his word. "Fiesco" was put upon the stage. Although its success was not equal to that of *The Robbers*, all capable of forming an opinion of its merits pronounced it a great work. The people of Manheim were but ill-calculated to appreciate the merits of a conspiracy, the scene of which was laid at Genoa, of whose manners and customs they understood little. Hence the justness of their critique upon it—that "the piece was too learned for them." Sensible of this disadvantage, the author tried to remedy it by taking an active part himself in putting the piece on the stage. He even went so far in his efforts to teach the public how to appreciate the play, as to write a notice of it himself, which was duly printed with the bills, but which, as far as we are aware, is now to be found only in one edition of his works. It is quite a long document, but a brief passage or two will give a sufficient idea of its character. He begins his appeal ingeniously enough. "Properly," he says, "the picture should speak for the artist, and *he ought to wait* behind the curtain for the decision. It is not now my purpose to bribe the judgment of the audience for my style, *nor is the thread of my tragedy much obscured.* Nevertheless, I value too highly the attention of my spectators, *not to save them the few moments which it would cost them to find it.*" He then proceeds to analyze the piece and show its tendency. Having given a sufficient insight of the plot and indicated the relations of the principal characters towards each other, he goes on to remark that "The moral tendency of this piece no one will doubt. If, unfortunately for mankind, it is of such frequent occurrence that

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our most divine impulses, that our best germs for the great and good, are *buried under the oppression of ordinary life;* if little-mindedness and fashion were the bold outlines of nature; if a thousand ridiculous conventions impair the great stamp of divinity; surely a play cannot be purposeless, which holds before our eyes the mirror of our entire strength, which kindles anew the dying spark of heroism, which calls us from the narrow, dull circle of every-day life into a higher sphere. Such a play, I hope, is the Conspiracy of Fiesco." He is not thus modest throughout. Language like the following would be considered somewhat odd, even at the present day, as applied by an author to his own performance: "When I hold the reign of my spectator's soul, *and can fling it like a ball to heaven or hell;* and it is high treason against genius, high treason against man, to miss this happy moment, *in which so much can be won or lost for the heart.*" The fairest, and indeed the justest view to take of this appeal is, that the author was poor when he wrote it—in absolute distress; and what will not stern necessity force even genius to do? Had Schiller addressed the people of Manheim in simple language, the probability was, that they would have paid little attention to him; for there is a certain stage, even of enlightenment, at which what is pompous, if not bombastic, has more effect than what is chaste and terse.

But we are not left in doubt as to the circumstances of Schiller at this particular time. His "Cabal and Love" was much better received at Manheim than "Fiesco." The former was a domestic story, much better adapted to the capacities and tastes of the inhabitants of a provincial town than an historical drama, the whole frame-work of which was foreign to them. The former had the additional recommendation of advocating the superiority of humble city life, as compared to the pomp, pageantry, and corruption of the court. In short, the "Cabal and Love" made all the poor people good, and all the rich people bad. This, by itself, would have been a source of delight to those to whom it was addressed; yet it did not bring sufficient money to the author's purse. Upon the other hand, it seemed likely to be the cause of having him sent back into captivity; at all events, he feared so; and he determined once more on flight. The place to which he now turned his attention as an asylum was Frankfort; but he had not money enough to pay his fare on the cheapest vehicle; and so he must walk. Streicher clung to him with more devotion than ever, in proportion as he was in need of his aid. He, too, was poor, but whatever he got from his friends, he freely shared with the poet. The latter might have got money from his

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father; but he was afraid of compromising him with the duke by writing. Rather than be the cause of doing any injury to his parents, he preferred to suffer every privation, until finally the good and generous Streicher succeeded in getting thirty florins from his mother; and with this sum, the two friends started on their wearisome journey. After a hurried walk of twelve hours, the wanderers reached Darmstadt. Here they had intended to remain for at least a few days, but the drums of the fortress reminded Schiller so forcibly of his former captivity, that he found he could have no rest within reach of them, and so he resolved to leave at once. In Hoffmeister's very interesting account of the flight from Manheim, the following passage occurs: "It was a bright, cheerful morning, when the travellers, wearied with their yesterday's walk, resumed their journey. They moved forward slowly, stopping, after a league, to refresh themselves with a little kirschenwasser in a draught of water. At noon they entered a small inn, less for the sake of food than to allow Schiller, who had been ill before starting, and was very tired, the refreshment of a little repose; but the inn was so noisy, and the people so rude, that they left it in a quarter of an hour. Again they started for Frankfort, Schiller walking more feebly, and the paleness of his countenance visibly increasing. When they reached a little wood by the roadside, he declared he was unable to proceed further, but would try if, by means of a few hours' rest, he could still reach Frankfort that night. He lay down to sleep on the grass under a shadowy thicket, Streicher sitting near him on the trunk of a felled tree, and watching with anxiety his unfortunate friend. There lay one of the noblest of poets, who was soon to be the glory of his country, poor, helpless, exhausted, without home, without prospects. Sleep took pity on him—his rest was undisturbed for two hours—his strength partially recruited, and, with nightfall, the wanderers reached Frankfort."

Much as Dante and Tasso suffered under similar circumstances, it may be doubted whether either had to undergo more disagreeable privations than the author of the "Robbers." But, fortunately, the sufferings of the latter were of comparatively brief duration. On reaching Frankfort, he soon found friends, who, if they could not render him any important service, could at least furnish him the necessaries of life. He had great faith in Baron Dalberg, under whose auspices the "Robbers" had first been represented at Manheim. He wrote him a touching letter, imploring that he would save his credit by enabling him to discharge a debt of two hundred florins which he had contracted in Stuttgart, but

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was unable to pay. The baron could have given his check for ten thousand, as easily as for two hundred; neither would have put him to the least inconvenience. Schiller was sick at heart from "hope deferred," before he received any reply to his appeal. Finally, when a reply came, it was not directly from Dalberg, but from Meier he received a letter addressed to "Doctor Ritter," the name he assumed on leaving Manheim, in which he was informed that "Fiesco must be completely recast and prepared for the stage, *before the baron could venture to give any further answer.*" This was sad news; but it was worse than useless—it might be ruin—to rebel against the wealthy director. Meier advised the poet to submit, and undertake the remodelling, as suggested. Before they parted, he consented; but the same day, he heard that the duke had resolved to have him brought back to Stuttgart at any cost. The manager, as well as the poet, was somewhat alarmed at the news. After some discussion, however, it was agreed that Schiller should change his name again, call himself Doctor Schmidt, take up his abode for the present in the small town of Oggersheim, and recast "Fiesco" as quickly as possible. This cost him nearly as much time and labor as the original composition of the play. But in the mean time he had greatly improved in taste, and had added not a little to his stock of general knowledge. Of these advantages he fully availed himself in remodelling "Fiesco," which, in its new form, was readily accepted by Dalberg. The latter was all the more willing to enter into a regular arrangement with him now, because he learned that the duke had forgotten or forgiven the poet. Hence it was that in September, 1783, Schiller found himself in the position of dramatic poet at Manheim, at a salary of 300 florins a year, he undertaking to furnish three pieces, viz: "Fiesco," "Court Intrigue and Love," and "Don Carlos," for each of which he was to receive one night's receipts, in addition to his regular stipend.

The two latter, as well as the former, were highly successful. "Court Intrigue and Love" is marked by the general characteristics of the *Robbers*, so far as design and tendency are concerned. Rank and artificial civilization are attacked as fiercely in the one as in the other; while humility of station and simplicity of manners are made the nurses of every virtue. There are no baser villains in any rank of life than Bök, Kalb, and Wurm; indeed, only those who entertain a very low opinion of human nature, would be willing to admit that any such exist at all in civilized life. But assuming that they are caricatures, as many respectable critics maintain, there is still sufficient in the piece to indicate the genius of the author.

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The scenes between Ferdinand and Louisa would do so by themselves, replete as they are with a tenderness and pathos rarely if ever surpassed. We are told that the author was present, as usual, at the first representation; that his eyes were riveted on the stage—the compression of his lips and the knitting of his brows being plainly observed by all, when anything in the acting was amiss; while his eyes sparkled with delight when some favorite passage elicited the approbation which he justly thought it deserved. "Not a word escaped him during the whole of the first act," says his biographer; and only at its close did he seem to relieve himself with the words, "That goes well." The second part, particularly towards its close, was played with such captivating warmth and truth, that when the curtain fell, the audience rose and broke forth into a general shout of approbation and applause. Schiller was so overpowered that he rose in return and bowed to the public, his face and bearing expressive at once of self-estimation, gratitude, and satisfaction.

This piece gained the author more respect and esteem than all he had previously written. Hitherto he was regarded much more in the light of an outlaw by the upper classes of society than that of a benefactor of his kind, or one whose faults ought to be looked lightly upon. The Duke of Weimer, who has immortalized himself by his noble and generous patronage of the great thinkers of his time, was the first to break the spell, by conferring on the poet the honorary title of Counsellor; although more than one of Schiller's biographers assert that "Don Carlos" was the first piece that attracted the attention of his highness. This reminds us of the periodical entitled the *Rheinische Thalia*, which he established soon after his engagement as dramatic poet at Manheim, and the greater part of which was written by himself. To prepare himself for the work, he had zealously studied the French, English, and Italian classics, especially in the department of criticism and belles-lettres, and the result was soon obvious in his style. It was in commencing his "Thalia" that he first devoted himself wholly and exclusively to the literary profession; never before, he tells us, had he regarded himself as a literary man. "All my connections," he says in his first number, "are now dissolved. The public is now all to me; *my study, my sovereign, my confident.* To the public alone I from this time belong; before this *and no other tribunal will I place myself;* this alone *do I reverence and fear.* Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear *no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man.*" What is most generally believed in ref-

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erence to his first introduction to the Duke of Weimer is, that his highness met the "Don Carlos" casually in the "Thalia" —the three first acts having appeared in three consecutive numbers of that periodical—and that on reading them he immediately sent the honorary title mentioned as a mark of admiration for the author. Be this as it may, all were not equally pleased with the *Rheinische Thalia;* but on the contrary, the freedom of the editor's discussions soon gained him many enemies among authors, publishers, actors, and artists. Dr. Hoffmeister tells us that, "conscious of his own position and powers, he ventured to take a higher tone in his criticisms than any other journal of the day, and to express some opinions in regard to authors, actors, &c., *in language more just than complimentary.*" As is generally the case in such circumstances, the criticised parties did not like this. The usual cry of malice, vindictive feeling, and other bad motives, was set up against the critic; he was attacked in every form, as if he had been a tiger that happened to escape from his cage. Now all who were criticised could easily see what a righteous judgment had been passed upon Schiller by the Duke of Wurtemberg; and they felt sure that if every other sovereign in whose dominions the outlaw sought shelter would keep him under similar restraint, the cause of literature, morality, and religion would be greatly benefited.

All this would have done the critic little harm had he retained the actors in his favor; but he criticised them as freely as the rest. His mistake was, that he thought they would not object to fair criticism. It seems they had told him so often enough; but it was as the Archbishop of Grenada told Gil Blas to be sure to let him know whenever he began to fail in his sermons—nay, pressed him to give his opinions freely, and then dismissed him the very first time he ventured to do what he was bid. Poor Gil Blas saw his error when it was too late; and so did Schiller. The author of the "Robbers" was just as much dependent on the actors, as long as he stayed at Manheim, as Gil Blas was on the archbishop. The former as well as the latter might have exclaimed, "Mais le moyen d'apaiser un auteur irrité et de plus, un auteur accoutumé a s'entendre louer!" Of course there was no use in his trying to put a piece on the stage while the performers regarded him as an enemy, and were eager for an opportunity to be revenged. He had no alternative, therefore, but to leave; hence his removal to Leipzig in March, 1785. His enemies congratulated themselves on what they regarded as a decided triumph; they had no doubt but they had crushed his "Thalia" for ever—that it could never appear again. But they soon found that

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after all the triumph was on his side; for the Quarterly appeared in due time at Leipzig, was bolder and more scathing than ever; and, what was worse, addressed itself to a larger audience. For ten years he made this periodical the vehicle of his speculations on literature, the drama, æsthetics, &c., and however much fault was found at the time with the manner in which he conducted it, it is now universally conceded that it exercised a powerful influence on public taste. Even when he dropped his "Thalia" in 1793, he did not lose his taste for periodical literature, for he established the *Horen* in its stead, securing contributors to the new work among the most distinguished writers in Germany, including Goethe, who, as the author of *Faust* tells us himself, "engaged to go hand in hand with Schiller in the undertaking."

Here we are reminded of a very great difference between Schiller and Goethe, and we may as well make an observation or two upon it now as another time. The author of the *Robbers* is generally regarded as warm-hearted and impulsive, while the author of *Faust* is as generally regarded as cold-hearted and selfish. In some respects the distinction is perhaps just. But if we take the relations of each to the ladies as a criterion, Goethe must certainly be admitted to be more warm-hearted than Schiller. There is scarcely a pretty girl, the former saw, from the fifteenth to the fiftieth year of his age, which he did not love. It is admitted by those of his biographers who are not reticent on this point, that he had conceived a passion for at least a dozen ladies—violent passions for more than half that number. Several of these he has immortalized in his writings, though not always in a legitimate or blameless manner. In the present instance we have to do only with the fact; and this is so well known that it would be superfluous to give particulars here, especially as we have done so recently in our article on Goethe. In short, neither Burns, nor Byron, nor any other poet, ancient or modern—not even Ovid, or Catullus—was possessed of a more inexhaustible fund of affection for the ladies than Goethe. M. Menzel and other critics have said that his love was nothing better than lust; and it must be admitted that they adduce some plausible arguments in support of their theory. But they have failed to convince any unprejudiced, intelligent reader, who is thoroughly acquainted with Goethe's writings. It is too often forgotten that however many he loved, and however sincere was his affection for each, that as a member of a Christian community he could only have married one at a time; and that his conduct to Fredrica, however reprehensible in itself, is not at all inconsistent with the fact of his hav-

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ing tenderly loved her. Without pursuing the subject at any length, it may be said in a word, that if Goethe did not love woman—he who formed so many ardent attachments, and whose highest ideal of æsthetic beauty assumed woman's form —no man ever did.

But there is no evidence that Schiller has ever felt even once the passion of love in its full development. That he was kind and affectionate, and had many friends among the gentle sex, none deny. We have already alluded to his amiable conduct as a son and brother. No mother and sister could be more attached to another than were his to him; and they tell us themselves that they could not have been otherwise without evincing insensibility and ingratitude, since no one could have been kinder to them than he. But of what is called falling in love, he seems to have known nothing. What Hoffmeister tells us on this point is, that "as his prospects brightened and his health and hopes improved, the wish to share the joys and sorrows of life with a wife took a stronger hold of his mind."

That is, when he felt in a position to marry, he thought he had better do so. In writing, in 1784, to his friend and benefactress, Madame Wollzogen, who, as we have already seen, had afforded him an asylum on her estate when he was most in need of aid, he mentions that he had long been thinking of marriage; that his heart longed for the *sympathy of a companion;* that the comforts of domestic life could alone bestow upon him that *tranquillity* which was requisite to the free working of his imagination, and that he is convinced he could make a wife happy. But by far the most important part of the letter is its conclusion. "Could I," he says, "but take you at your word, and be, indeed, *your son!* Your Charlotte would not, indeed, be rich, but assuredly she would be happy." This was plain enough; it was a direct proposal for the hand of one of the richest heiresses in Germany. That he meant it in this light himself, is evident from a postscript, added two days later, after he had had full time for reflection. "I read over," he says, "what I have written, and tremble at my foolish *hope;* but my friend, who has borne with so many of my follies, will pardon this also."

Madame Wollzogen seems to have taken no notice of the hint one way or other, nor is there any evidence that Schiller suffered much at heart in consequence. If he had any love for the young lady, it survived this disappointment but a short time. Soon after, he made similar proposals to his friend Schwan, the bookseller; but it seems the latter regarded him too much in the light of an outlaw against "the trade." He did not think it safe to form so close an alliance with a man

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whose principal productions had failed to find any publisher, (for he had to publish the "Robbers" and the "Cabal and Love" himself,) and who still continued to render himself so obnoxious in his "Thalia." Upon the other hand, if Schiller ever really conceived any passion for a lady, it was for the accomplished and beautiful daughter of the bookseller. She is the "Laura" who is addressed so affectionately in several of his lyrics; but the effusions she inspires are by no means his best. It is said that the lady herself did not regard them as the outpourings of genuine passion. Be this as it may, the courtship, if such it could be called, produced no result. Schiller had to turn his attention to another lady whose name was Lengefeld, and whose intellectual and domestic qualities were regarded by his friends as well as by himself as well calculated to add to his happiness. If there was any love on either side in the romantic sense of the term, it was by no means a profound passion; but that they had an esteem and friendly affection for each other is beyond doubt. It was not, however, until Schiller had obtained his highest honors and was sure of a comfortable and permanent livelihood that he decided to marry. This was some three months after he had been appointed to the professorship of history in the University of Jena. From all appearances, the marriage proved a happy one. Schiller himself bears unequivocal testimony to this. Writing to a friend a short time after the event, he speaks thus enthusiastically of his new position: "Life," he writes shortly afterwards, "is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than when forsaken and alone. . . . I look with a glad mind around me. My heart feels a perennial contentment; my existence is settled in harmonious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and serene. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now, when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself how all has happened so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. A few years, and I shall live in the full enjoyment of my spirit—nay, I think my very youth will be renewed; an inward poetic life will restore it to me again."

Whether he continued to feel in this way is not known; but some allege the contrary. He was not fond of talking on the subject himself after the first year of their marriage; his biographers are in general equally reticent. This has led many to suspect that there was no great happiness between them after a certain period, but those who are of this opinion lay the blame rather on the poet than on his wife. Not that they charge Schiller with unkindness to those depending on him; all acquit

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him of this feeling, but it is very possible for a husband to render his wife unhappy without any intention or disposition to do so. There is no evidence that this was the case with Schiller further than that Charlotte von Lengefeld was celebrated for her amiability of character. She is described as having "a graceful form and mould of features; eyes animated with the expression of gentleness and affection; a lively sensibility to the beautiful and true, both in life and in art; a talent both for drawing and poetry; and a certain harmonious composure in her whole nature." This would show that she was well calculated to be the wife of a poet. Nor was there any undue disparity in their ages. Schiller was thirty-one and Charlotte twenty-one when they were married. At all events, as there is no evidence that they ever had any serious disagreement, we are bound to believe that they lived happily together. This, however, does not alter the fact that Schiller did not love woman-kind with a love as impassioned or as intense as that of Goethe. In this respect, at least, the heart of the former was cold as compared with that of the latter. Yet the author of the "Robbers" is a much greater favorite with the ladies of Germany than the author of "Faust."

But we must return to Schiller's works. On this subject we can say but little in the present article. This, however, is in accordance with our intention in commencing it. By far the most important part of the poet's life may be said to close at his marriage and his appointment to the professorship of history at Jena. A complete change was now effected in his sentiments and feelings. The change had, indeed, commenced with the composition of "Don Carlos." The distinction made by Hoffmeister is, that while the first three pieces are of a tendency purely *destructive*, "Don Carlos" is on a *constructive* principle. That is, the heroes of his early dramas would destroy all existing institutions—they would spare nothing; but the heroes of his later dramas, although they too are rather radical in their views—are disposed to build rather than destroy.

This is true to a considerable extent of "Don Carlos," which, with all its faults, is undoubtedly a beautiful play. We cannot, indeed, prove the fact in this article, for to do so would require extracts for which we have not room. Let it suffice, therefore, to make a few observations on its general characteristics. The first impression it gives one after reading the "Robbers" and "Cabal and Love," is one of comparative serenity. We find in it that temperance in sentiment and expression which experience of life, extensive reading and culture, are sure to beget sooner or later. In other words, we do

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not meet with those exaggerated descriptions which occur so frequently in the "Robbers." Instead of the bombastic prose of his former plays, we have chaste and vigorous iambics. His love of freedom is still prominent, but it is tempered by gentleness and humanity.

The general effect of the vivid pictures which he draws is to soothe and elevate the mind, while that of his former pictures was to excite horror—to make us suspicious of all around us, save of those whom we ought to respect most—in other words, to agitate and oppress us. The tempest, indeed, still lingers in "Don Carlos," and we only hear it in the distance. We feel that we are beyond its reach; while in its stead we are warmed with bursts of sunshine which impart a cheerful air even to what is sad and desolate in itself. The despotism of the Spanish court is drawn in glowing colors. The principal characters stand forth in bold relief; none ever fail to distinguish them; but except in one or two instances, they are rather distorted. Carlos, who was evidently intended to be the hero, is overshadowed by Posa. Philip is a tyrant, but one of no vulgar type; perhaps one of the truest portraitures Schiller has drawn. However, he makes all exhibit the loves, jealousies, and intrigues of the Court of Madrid. But in doing so, he shows that he has not yet overcome his virulent hatred of the Catholic religion and the monastic orders. Not that he likes the Protestantism with which he contrasts Catholicism, but that he hates the former less than the latter. The characteristics which he gives to Philip are a superstitious devotion, a cold heart, a saturnine and melancholy temperament, a narrow, obtuse intellect, and a disposition to shrink from nothing that may advance his own power and the ascendency of the Inquisition. All this is illustrated in many fine passages. The character of Posa is not so well drawn; it is not so true either to history or to human nature. The same remark will apply to the character of Carlos; yet no drama of its time, with perhaps the sole exception of the author's own "Wallenstein," contains so many beauties as "Don Carlos." It were easy to point out particular passages in illustration of this fact; but suffice it to refer to the celebrated interview between Philip and Posa in the third act, and that between Philip and the Grand Inquisitor in the fifth act.

Another of the productions of this time is the *Geister Seher, (Spirit Seer.)* In this, the author engrafts his philosophical tendencies on the frame-work of an agreeable fiction; but the piece was never finished. The plot turns mainly on an alleged deep-laid scheme on the part of agents of the Catholic Church to convert certain Protestants, including an Armenian Prince.

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The idea is carried out on the part of the poet with admirable skill, but the piece is pervaded by a tone of undisguised skepticism and by sneers at the dogmas of all religions. The Catholic Church is painted in the darkest colors, and represented as adopting the most unscrupulous means to draw the credulous, but well-meaning Prince, within its pale; and yet Catholics have not more reason to complain of the powerful and magnificent effort here made to bring their religion into contempt than the Protestants have of his "Gods of Greece," in which he openly regrets the loss of heathenism, as well as the progress of science. The latter piece is a beautiful poem—undoubtedly one of his happiest efforts, so far as the poetry is concerned, but the sentiments are, of course, odious to every Christian mind. It is proper to say, that although the "Gods of Greece" is now given in most editions of the author's works, it is so much altered—the more offensive passages being omitted altogether—that one could scarcely identify it with the original form in which it was written.

This is another point in which Goethe differed radically from Schiller. The former was too philosophical a reasoner, and had studied human life too much, to seek to destroy anything which he could not again build up. Some think that he is not to be thanked for this, because, in their opinion, he was a believer in no religion. But were this true, would he not be all the more worthy of credit for so far respecting the views of those around him, as not to treat their religion with disrespect, although he had no faith in it himself? Whether Goethe was a believer in Christianity or not, Hoffmeister admits that Schiller belonged to no sect whatever. "It is useless," he says, "to hold a veil over the truth; the author of the 'Robbers' had nothing in common with the doctrines of Protestantism more than those of Catholicism." But who will condemn him on this account? Certainly we have no right to do so. If he was wrong, he was responsible for his conduct to a higher tribunal than any church—responsible to the great source from which his sublime genius was derived. Besides, it is pleasant to know that he changed his views towards the close of life, according as he acquired more knowledge, and became better acquainted with the world. The change he underwent in this way is forcibly illustrated by himself, in the following passage from his *Schaubuhne:* "The happiness of society is as much disturbed by folly, as by vice and crime. It is an experience, old as the world, that the greatest weights, in the net of human things, are often suspended by the smallest and finest threads; and when we trace actions back to their sources, *we must laugh ten times before we feel one sensation of*

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horror. My catalogue of villains *grows shorter as I advance in years*, and my register of *fools becomes longer*. I know but one secret which will preserve men from deterioration, and that is—*to keep the heart free from infirmity*." It is literally true, that those whom he regarded as villains the first half of his life, he regarded only as fools in the last half. He lived long enough to learn that it was folly, at best, to attack religion; and since, according to his own words, the happiness of society is as much disturbed by folly as by vice and crime, it is to be hoped that he must have felt sorry for his scoffs at morality and religion.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than allude to Schiller's intercourse with Goethe, Wieland, and Herder, after his removal to Wiener. At the beginning, no great pleasure seems to have been derived from it on either side. The two great poets were rather shy of each other. Each thought he could never like the other. Schiller felt disappointed on his first introduction to Goethe; not that he formed a low estimate of the author of "Faust;" but he thought there was something repulsive in his mode of thinking. For this he gives his reasons frankly. "Many things," he writes, "which interest me have ceased to interest him. His intellectual constitution has from the first been differently constructed from mine—his world is not mine—our modes of conceiving things seem to be essentially at variance."

The feelings of Goethe were quite as strong in the opposite direction—so strong, indeed, that he thought his views could never be otherwise than antagonistic to those of the author of the "Robbers." The close intimacy that subsisted between them afterwards was all the more valued by each, on account of their mutual repugnance at the outset; although those best acquainted with both insist that notwithstanding their working in conjunction, no real friendship ever existed between them. It was otherwise, however, between Schiller and Wieland, who became intimate at once. Both had periodicals in which they expressed their opinions freely; both had rendered themselves obnoxious, and had sustained not a little injury by doing so. Whether this created a sympathy between them or not, certain it is, that no two of the great luminaries of their time had a warmer friendship for each other. Herder preferred Goethe to Schiller; he regarded the former as superior to the latter, if not in original genius, at least in culture. This, however, did not prevent him from entertaining a high regard for the author of the "Robbers." The latter derived profit from his intercourse with each. He improved daily in their society, as if he had again entered college and devoted two or

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three hours a day, under the tuition of the best instructors, to those studies which he had comparatively neglected in his youth. We have already alluded to the effect thus produced on his future writings; especially on "Wallenstein," "The Maid of Orleans," and "William Tell;" to which, however, we can do little more than refer on the present occasion.

Schiller himself always regarded "Wallenstein" as his greatest work. Artistically considered, it is certainly his *chef d'œuvre;* but it is equally certain that the production which exhibits most genius is the "Robbers." It seems that he was for years engaged at "Wallenstein." The first idea of it occurred to him while on a visit to Carlsbad for the benefit of his health; but he changed the plan of it several times. First he wrote the whole in prose. This did not please his friends; then he altered it to blank verse; and while doing so, interpolated some of the finest passages in the play, and omitted other passages which Goethe thought too much in the style of his earlier pieces. The best part, indeed most of the work, was composed in a little house which he erected in his garden at Jena, with only one small room. Here he could be heard from a neighboring house declaiming favorite passages, while he walked rapidly up and down his narrow chamber. Then he would hurriedly throw himself into his chair and write. Beside him were two flasks—one containing Rhenish, the other Champagne; he would occasionally take a draught out of these in turn; not that he had any love for stimulants as such; but that he found these particular wines recruited his strength. The house, or rather hut, in which he gave expression to so many noble thoughts—in which, in addition to the greater part of Wallenstein, he wrote "The Walk," "The Song of the Bell," and "The Ideal," was long held in veneration by his friends and admirers, in accordance with a well-known sentiment in one of his own poems:

> "The place which once a good man's foot hath trod,
> Remains a consecrated spot for ever."*

When Goethe was shown the rough draft of "Wallenstein,' he suggested that it contained far too much for one play. The author did not hesitate to take the hint, and hence it is that we have three plays instead of one—"The Camp," "Piccolomini," and "The Death of Wallenstein." True, the first is regarded by most critics only as a prologue or overture. "The three pieces," says M. de Rebecque, "appear incapable of being represented separately: they are, however, in Ger-

* "Die stelle die ein guter mensch betrat,
Sie bleibt geweiht für alle zeiten."

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many. The Germans thus tolerate a piece without action, as The Camp; an action without development, (*dénoûment*), as The Piccolomini; and a development without previous exposition, as The Death of Wallenstein." In speaking of his translation of the play into French, the same author observes: "There is not a single scene in the three tragedies of Schiller which I have retained entire: there are some in my piece the idea of which is not found in Schiller. He has *forty-eight dramatis personæ*, while I have only *twelve*. The unities have obliged me to recast the whole." This, however, does not prevent the translator from doing justice to the genius of his author. His views are peculiar, but characteristic. They exhibit the points in which French dramatic criticism differs most from English and German dramatic criticism; and, accordingly, we quote them in preference to others. Speaking of the play as a whole, he says:

"The scenes follow one another without being linked together. But this incoherence is natural: it is a moving picture, where there is no past nor future. The genius of Wallenstein presides over this apparent confusion. The minds of all are full of him—all celebrate his praise, agitate themselves with the rumors of the count's dissatisfaction, and vow never to forsake the general who protects them. We distinguish the symptoms of an insurrection ready to break out of Wallenstein; but give the word; and, at the same moment we unravel the secret motives that modify the attachment of each individual—the fears, the mistrusts, and the private interests that swell the general impulse. We behold an armed people a prey to every popular fermentation; impelled by their enthusiasm, and retarded by their misgivings; *striving to reason, and not succeeding from want of practice;* spurning allegiance, yet making it a point of honor to obey their chief; trampling upon religion, yet hearkening eagerly to every superstitious tradition; but still a people inveterately proud of their strength, and full of contempt for every profession but that of arms; who know no virtue but courage; and no aim but the pleasures of the day."

"It would be impossible to produce upon our (the French) stage this singular production of the genius, accuracy, and, I shall add, erudition of the Germans; for it required no little erudition *to collect into one body all the points that distinguished the armies of the seventeenth century*, and *which appertain no longer to any modern army.* In our days, everything in the camp, as in the city, is fixed, regular, and subordinate. Discipline has superseded commotion. If partial disorders occur, they are mere exceptions, which are provided for; but in the thirty years' war, disorder was the permanent state, and the enjoyment of gross licentiousness the amends for dangers and fatigues."

This is just enough as far as it goes. Now let us glance, in passing, at the three parts of "Wallenstein," as compared to each other. The object of "The Camp" is evidently to exhibit a picture of an army that had devoted fifteen years to warfare and plunder, at a time when discipline, in any proper

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sense of the term, was out of the question.* It gives an insight, at the same time, into the equivocal position in which "Wallenstein" himself, surrounded as he was by those who, under the guise of friendship, were intriguing against his life. Still his army, as a whole, regarded him as more than human. Probably no other general, of ancient or modern times, not excepting Alexander the Great or Napoleon the Great, was held in greater awe and admiration by his troops. It was absolutely necessary for the poet to prepare the reader or auditor by thus presenting the hero at the outset in the plenitude of his greatness, especially as he had to represent him in Piccolomini and "The Death of Wallenstein" as undecided and vacillating. There is a grotesque humor in "The Camp," which convinced Iffland that the author could succeed in comedy as well as in tragedy, did he only make a serious effort in the former direction. Few comic writers have contrasted national characteristics with each other more amusingly than Schiller has done in those scenes in "The Camp" in which he places the Austrian, the Croat, the Uhland, the Lombard, the Venetian, and the Irishman side by side, and makes each exhibit his own character. In turning to "Piccolomini" all is different. Here all is gravity; we are soon led to see that a serious business is contemplated; but scarcely anything is done. We become acquainted with the characters and the positions they occupy; but nothing more. Hence the force of the observation of Madame de Staël, that it is like a solemn, excited conversation, interrupted in the middle; but the scenes between Max and Thekla have seldom, if ever, been surpassed in tenderness and pathos. The character of Thekla alone would redeem the dullest play. It has been disputed from one end of Europe to the other whether Shakespeare or any other dramatist has delineated a nobler heroine. "Thekla,"

* The wars on which the tragedy of Wallenstein are founded exhibit barbarities too horrible to contemplate. The worst scenes that have been enacted by either of the contending parties in the present rebellion in this country display gentleness and humanity compared to those in which the hero of the piece was engaged. An instance or two will illustrate the fact for those who are not acquainted with the history of that bloody period. Thus, in speaking of the siege of Magdeburg, the historian says: "The Croats amused themselves by *flinging children into the flames* —the Walloons of Peppenheim by *hurling their spears at infants in their mothers' arms.* Some of the officers of the League besought Tilly to check this bath of blood. 'Come again in an hour,' was the reply, 'and I will see what can be done. The soldier must have something for his danger and labor. . .' In less than two hours this large, populous and fortified city (Magdeburg) lay a heap of ashes, two churches and some small buildings alone excepted. On the thirteenth of May, Tilly himself entered it. Fearful and revolting was the scene. The living, who crept from the scattered corpses—children who with heart-rending cries sought their parents, and infants who still hung upon the lifeless bosoms of their mothers. More than six thousand bodies were flung into the Elbe in order to clear the streets for his passage, *and the whole number of the murdered amounted to thirty thousand.*" —*Schiller's Thirty Years' War*, vol. i., p. 280.

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says M. Constant, "is a being raised above our common nature. She is calm, because her determination is irrevocable; confiding, because her attachment is all solemn; undisguised, because her love is not a part, but the whole of her existence. She is an aerial spirit, that hovers over this crowd of ambitious fiends, traitors, and ruthless warriors, whom strong positive interests excite against each other. We feel that this is not her sphere; that she is destined back again to the heavens whence she came. Her voice is so soft; her form so delicate; the purity of her soul, opposed to their greedy calculations; her angelic calmness, contrasted with their fiend-like agitation, fill us with an unceasing, melancholy emotion, such as no modern tragedy has produced."* In short, there is scarcely a feeling of which the human heart is capable—scarcely a generous or base emotion—which does not find expression in one form or other in this wonderful production; but the worst passions of our nature predominate throughout. Nowhere else do we find such an extraordinary variety of the aspects of life. In the scenes of one we see grandeur alternating with desolation, hope with fear, love with hate, joy with sorrow, and gratitude with revenge. The women vie with the men in the stormy arena of the camp, in the desperate struggle for self-agrandizement, and for the ruin of all opposed to their ambitious projects. And no other murderers appal so much as those of "Wallenstein." We think we see the conspirators pass the long corridor that leads to the chamber of the doomed hero; we think we hear his faithful page tell them that his master was asleep, so that they might not disturb him, supposing, from being always about his person, that they came to consult him, as usual, or pay him a friendly visit—still more vividly do we see Wallenstein rise from his bed, and behold from his window the houses of those who were his friends in flames, and the heroic manner in which he died—in short, the whole scene is one of the most startling in the whole range of modern tragedy.

Of the remaining works of Schiller we cannot now speak; and there are several which we have not even mentioned. This is true, for example, of his "Bride of Messina," a tragedy constructed on the best classic model, and with a chorus reminding the Greek student of that of Sophocles, or Euripides. Even if we had room to spare, it would be hardly necessary to speak of his "Mary Stuart" and "William Tell" in an article whose object is merely to give a general view of the author's principal characteristics. The character of William Tell, especially, is known to every intelligent reader; since there is

* Wallenstein traduite de l'Allemand par M. Constant de Rebecque, p. 189.

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scarcely a single English or American periodical that pretends to pay any attention to general literature which has not discussed to a greater or less extent the merits and demerits of a production which, apart from its intrinsic value as a work of art, will ever attract attention as the last effort of one of the greatest geniuses that any age or country has produced. But as all our readers cannot be supposed to be equally familiar with the opinions of French critics on the same subject, we will quote a brief passage from M. de Rebecque; not so much, however, for the superior force, profundity, or justice that characterizes it, as for its representative character. In other words, we give it as the fairest specimen we have seen of the general tone of French criticism on "William Tell."

"Let us only compare what Schiller has done in his 'William Tell' with what a Grecian would have done in like circumstances. Tell, escaped from the pursuit of Gesseler, has scaled a wild rock, commanding the road along which the tyrant must pass. There the Swiss peasant awaits his enemy, holding the bow and arrow that must serve his vengeance, after having so well served his paternal love. He retraces, in a soliloquy, the ease and innocence of his past life, and gives way to wonder at finding himself so suddenly thrust by tyranny out of the peaceable and obscure condition to which fate seemed to have ordained him. He recoils from the act that he is about to commit. His yet unsullied hands shrink to dye themselves in the blood even of the guilty. It must be done, however, if he would save his own life, that of his son, that of all the objects of his love. Doubtless, in a Grecian tragedy, the chorus would here have lifted up its voice, to reduce into *general maxims* the feelings that crowd upon the soul of the spectator. Schiller, *not having this resource*, supplies the defect by the introduction of a rustic wedding, that winds along the base of the rock to the sound of instruments. The contrast between the gaiety of this laughing troop and the sadness of Tell suggests at once to the spectator all the reflections which the chorus could have expressed. Tell is of the same class as these careless villagers; like them, he is poor, unknown, bred to labor; his obscurity ought to have shielded him from a power so much above him, yet it has proved no defence. The Grecian chorus would have expanded these truths in smooth, sententious phrases. German tragedy has displayed them with no less force, by the introduction of a number of persons unnecessary to the action, and having no ulterior connection with it."

The author had several other plays in preparation, but he "had made progress in none, when he was seized, while witnessing the representation of William Tell at Berlin, with a violent attack of a malady to which he had long been subject, and which was now destined to prove fatal. On the morning of May 9 he was delirious; but towards evening he fell into a sound sleep. From this he awoke in the full possession of his senses. But he felt that his end was approaching. Under this impression, which proved but too correct, he called all

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the members of his family around him and bid them an affectionate farewell, at the same time giving directions for his funeral. His last request was, that he should be buried without pomp or ostentation, in a manner strictly private. A few minutes afterwards he remarked, with considerable animation, "Many things are now growing plain to me." He then sank into a quiet slumber, without exhibiting the least pain or uneasiness. The slumber gradually deepened, until it merged in death. Thus died FREDRICH SCHILLER, at the early age of forty-five years, while his fame filled all Europe, and while his numerous admirers of all nations were discussing the question as to whether, after all, he had yet produced his greatest work, and asking each other how many more contributions would he make to the delight and instruction of mankind. Nothing does more honor to his great rival, Goethe, than the profound emotion he evinced at his death. We extract a passage from his own description of his feelings after the sad event had taken place:

"Now was Schiller indeed torn from me—now had I first lost his society. My artistical imagination was forbidden to busy itself with the catafalk which I thought to build him, which should outlast his obsequies longer than that of Messina; now it was turned to nothing, and followed the body into that grave which, without pomp or circumstance, had closed upon him. Now first began its decay for me; *intolerable grief seized me;* and, as bodily suffering cut me off from all society, I was secluded in most melancholy solitude. *My journal bears no record of that time; the blank leaves tell of the void in my existence;* and what there is of information shows only that I went on with the current of business without interest in it, and suffered myself to be guided by it instead of guiding it. How often must I inwardly smile in after times, when sympathizing friends looked in vain for Schiller's monument in Weimar; then and ever I bethought me that I could have founded the noblest, the most satisfactory to him and to our companionship."—*Tagund-Jahres Hefte*, 1805.

We have not merely his own words for his having felt thus grieved at the death of his friend. All his biographers bear testimony to the fact. Hoffmeister describes his emotions as follows:

"Meyer was with Goethe on the night of Schiller's death. He was called out, when the news was brought, but he did not return to the chamber, and left without taking his leave. Nor had any one else greater courage to bring the intelligence to Goethe, who, when the members of his household appeared confused and anxiously avoided him, could in his solitude only expect the worst. 'I see how it is,' said he at last, 'Schiller must be very ill;' but he did not press for an explanation, which, indeed, he did not feel strong enough to bear, and during the rest of the evening he was particularly reserved. *In the night he was heard weeping.* On the next morning he asked a friend (a female): 'Is it not true,' he said, 'that Schiller was *very* ill yester-

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day?' Much overcome by the earnestness of his words, she was unable to answer him, but began to weep aloud. 'Is he dead?' asked Goethe, with firmness. 'You have said it,' replied the friend. 'He is dead!' repeated Goethe, and he covered his face with his hands. On the following day no one ventured to speak to him of Schiller, and he avoided a subject for which he had neither calmness nor power of endurance."

No two authors have been more frequently compared with each other than Goethe and Schiller; yet no two of equal genius are more dissimilar. Nothing could be more unjust than to judge either by the other. They are both great, but in a different way; and each is awarded the palm of superiority according to the predilections and tastes of his admirers. If the latter prefer the objective to the subjective in art and nature, Goethe is their favorite; if the reverse, their favorite is Schiller. But these distinctions apply only to the stronger sex; for Schiller is beyond all comparison the favorite poet of his countrywomen—indeed, of all whose hearts are unstained, and whose affections retain their natural warmth.

ART. II.—1. *An Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients.* By the Right Honorable Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS. London. 1862.

2. *The Plurality of Worlds.* Boston. 1854.

3. *Neues Welt-System. Dargestellt wie es ist,* von AND. WEINBACH, in Erbach im Rheingan. Mainz. 1850.

POETS and men of letters have usually shown little fondness for science proper. The more largely they have shared the gift of genius, the more earnest has been their antipathy, often, to the processes of analysis and logic, as applied to external nature and its operations. Even the tranquil and philosophic mind of Wordsworth grew impatient with the physicist, and he acrimoniously denounced, as a symbol of all, the imaginary one who could "botanize on his mother's grave." In the one class of thinkers we infer a preponderance of the intuitive, as in the other of the inductive, reason, resulting in mutual discordance. Coleridge, whose mind was more equally poised upon both these Psyche-wings, first clearly announced the true correlative of poetry to be, not prose, as in common talk, but science, an essential no less than a formal opposite. Goethe's comprehensive mind went out towards both poetry and science, yet even he pursued the methods of intuition rather than of ratiocination, and was a poet in his physics.

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The Thracian servant-girl, jesting at Thales for being so intent upon observing the stars that he fell into a well—absorbed in the motions of the heavenly bodies and ignorant of those of his own feet—was probably cited by Socrates as truly illustrating his own contempt for such studies; and its counterpart is found, for modern times, in the incident related by Emerson in his "English Traits" as having occurred while he was passing through the British Museum with his Diogenes, whose sarcasms upon "high art" had already been noted: "For the science he had, if possible, even less tolerance, and compared the savans of Somerset House to the boy who asked Confucius 'how many stars in the sky?' Confucius replied, 'he minded things near him;' 'then,' said the boy, 'how many hairs are there in your eyebrows?' Confucius said, 'he didn't know and didn't care.'"

The votaries of astronomy, on the other hand, are enthusiastic lovers of their chosen science. To them it is beautiful and sublime in its ideas, ennobling in its influence, beneficent in its practical results, beyond all other themes for human contemplation. Mitchel, the lamented scholar-patriot, whose fervent words were wont to enchain the attention of myriad auditors, not less than his flashing sword waved on enthusiastic hosts to daring deeds, has thus recorded, in his latest publication, his devotion to his favorite study:

"The great dome of the heavens, filled with a countless multitude of stars, is beyond a doubt the most amazing spectacle revealed by the sense of sight. It has excited the admiration and curiosity of mankind in all ages of the world. The study of the stars is therefore coeval with our race, and hence we find many discoveries in the heavens of whose origin neither history nor tradition can give any account. The science of astronomy, embracing, as it does, all the phenomena of the celestial orbs, has furnished in all ages the grandest problems for the exercise of human genius. In the primitive ages its advances were slow, but by patient watching, and by diligent and faithful records, transmitted to posterity from generation to generation, the mysteries which fill the heavens were one by one mastered, until at length, in our own age, there remains no phenomenon of motion unexplained, while the distances, magnitudes, masses, reciprocal influences, and physical constitution of the celestial orbs have been approximately revealed."—(*Mitchel's Popular Astronomy*, p. ix.)

In this antagonism, the man of science, if with a less numerous train of admirers, has some how carried the world with him. Nor will the profoundest or wisest thinker—even the most gifted poet or man of genius—deny the strong yearning manifested in the human soul, from the earliest historic period until to-day, towards a more certain and intimate knowledge of the universe above and about us, however removed such inquiries may be from any connection with human interests. Utility, as

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manifest on every side, has gathered incalculable results from these studies. But this is by no means all that can be said in commendation of astronomy. The aspiration, assuredly, is not ignoble, nor can we pronounce intuition alone to be akin to the divine. Have not logic and analysis truly their grandeur, as well as their practical triumphs? And can it be a mere vulgar appreciation which finds something to admire in Lord Rosse's telescope and its discoveries, no less than in the noblest product of human genius?

The earliest astronomical speculations belong rather to invention than to discovery or deduction. They approximate poetic intuition rather than scientific ratiocination. On the differences of old and new methods of science, however, or on the triumphs of Baconian investigation, as popularly accredited, it is not our purpose to dwell. In both periods the authority of a great name has sufficed to convey theories sometimes but poorly sustained by proof, really originating in the "spontaneous reason," and appealing thereto, in the minds of their adherents. Of course, but little of astronomical science rests, in the mind of the general student, upon other than tradition or dictation. The bare statements of text-books are committed to memory merely, and implicitly received by the mass of disciples. Nor has the actual investigator always been sufficiently careful as to the certainty and correctness of his premises. Intuition has often appeared where induction alone belongs, and the two have met on common ground, actively contending for mastery.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis, in a work of rare learning, yet popular in its style and treatment, has set forth in detail the history and progress of early opinions in regard to the heavenly bodies and their relations to the world we inhabit. This survey is one of deep interest, whether to the man of science or to the man of letters. The ancient knowledge of the stars was by no means so limited as would seem to be currently believed; and ere its culmination in the Ptolemaic system, it had embraced, as we shall presently see, nearly every positive result of practical value now recognized, while its students had run through almost the entire round of conceivable speculations.

Until the invention of the telescope, near the beginning of the seventeenth century, the modern observer had no advantage over the ancient, except in the cumulation of discoveries and ideas. The same heavens were open to the gaze of each. The same means existed for collecting the facts from which principles were to be deduced, and on which systems were to be based. The acutest of philosophic minds, that of the Greek, had been earnestly directed for many generations to this kind

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of investigation. The greatest of all geometers, who left little to be added to his science in later days—Euclid—had also, availing himself of the results of his predecessors, applied his exact demonstration to astronomy, and announced fundamental laws which received long and general acquiescence. Astronomical science, as such, first attained to anything like perfection, so far as any definite information has reached us, in Greece. From Eudoxus, of Cnidus, onward to Hipparchus, there was a succession of physical philosophers who profoundly studied the phenomena of the heavens with nearly every advantage or opportunity possessed in the days Copernicus, who died more than half a century before the great optical discovery of Galileo.

Of the disciples of Eudoxus and Hipparchus was Ptolemy the Alexandrine, who, in the second century of the Christian era, as the result of their labors and his own, established a well-matured system, which was almost universally current for the next fifteen centuries, and still commanded the assent of Lord Bacon and others of the greatest minds of Europe, for nearly a hundred years after the system which has since then gained the ascendency had been first elaborated.

The realm of astronomical theory, assuredly, is not yet so securely established, but that it may be in danger of new revolutions, more sweeping even than any that are past. A lurking skepticism, or diffidence at least, is occasionally traceable in the minds of votaries of astronomy, a conscious apprehension that the launching of new ideas among the facts of the upper universe will effect a radical change in the old traditions and demonstrated doctrines. The general student, not an expert in the science, can easily point out certain questions that the astronomer has not yet fairly grappled with, though they directly confront him in his way. Some of these questions menace the displacement of opinions established, indeed, but which have endured, as yet, for a far shorter period than others which they have supplanted.

The system which bears the name of Copernicus is now so universally taken for granted, that, to suggest any remaining difficulties in relation to it—and much more, to hint the possibility that the older theory to which it succeeded has any longer a right, in any respect, to be seriously mentioned as a rival—is likely to meet with no flattering reception in any quarter. To many it would be but a manifestation of "phillistery," or mere stolidity. Others might, but little more charitably, rate it as an affectation of one in pursuit of novelty. And yet there are undoubtedly many readers who are willing candidly

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to consider whatever may be candidly said on even so unpromising a theme.

Plainly, if we discuss the merits in any manner of the Copernican system, we must have in mind certain cardinal inquiries which that theory assumes to answer. These primarily turn upon the adoption or rejection of its heliocentric principle. Does the earth revolve around the sun, or the converse? Which of these bodies is the superior in attraction and dignity, and which the inferior? Which is the primary, and which the satellite? Incidental to this grand inquiry, are those which relate to the distances, magnitudes, and substances of the planets and fixed stars, and to the existence of numberless other habitable worlds and systems.

Next to the Scriptural obstacles, which were harder to surmount by the later astronomers than the like difficulties have proved to ingenious geologists, we can readily believe that the most serious resistance to be overcome by Galileo and his successors, in the minds of thinking men, was founded on the palpable degradation which the Copernican theory at first seemed to fix upon our mother earth—the infinite abasement in relative position and grandeur—when made an inferior appendage among many appendages, an humble follower among submissive followers, of what had hitherto been, for the sake of the world's inhabitants and of its animal and vegetable life, a mere generator of light and heat. Gradually, the grander theory of numerous systems of habitable worlds, if it did not remove this sense of humiliation, at least gave a higher glory to the divine attributes, proportionally exalting man and his destiny, as a favored denizen of a boundless creation, which all the elect of Providence should inherit. But was not the sting, nevertheless, still left in the wound of human vanity? And may not the thoughtful man have constantly felt that, to awaken the race from an illusion so long indulged, to a reality so carefully disguised under a contrary seeming, as if by creative design, were neither pious nor humane?

At length, the high authority of one of the chief of modern astronomers, and his apparently unanswerable demonstrations, demand that we abandon the consolatory faith in a plurality of habitable worlds. There is but one. Is that a simple plaything of an uninhabitable sun? Is it a mere make-weight in the gravitation which spins a system of empty and desolate orbs around a lifeless centre? Is the earth but one of a string of shreds that poise and steady a magnificent but meaningless toy in its flight through infinite space? How insignificant, then, is man in the midst of these masses of inanimate

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matter! Have we indeed sadly mistaken the dignity of the race, the divine estimate of the human soul?

These questions still lurk beneath all plausible theories invented to smother them. The scientific world is at least divided on the new doctrine of Whewell. Himself an unhesitating believer in the heliocentric hypothesis, and arguing from that position, he has certainly, though unconsciously, afforded just grounds of alarm for the stability of that scheme. Admitting that he has reasoned and spoken truly, it is hard to resist the conclusion that Copernicanism itself involves a degree of absurdity.

Neither the Greek sages, nor Ptolemy, nor Tycho Brahé, nor Lord Bacon, all of whom had similar means with those of Copernicus for observing the phenomena of the heavens, and the great English physicist even the advantage of the telescope and its revelations, can have failed to give due consideration to the chief elements of the theory which bears the name of the Prussian astronomer. The heliocentric notion had been suggested in the lifetime of each and all of them, yet by all it was deliberately rejected. Brahé was a whole generation later than Copernicus, and Bacon wrote nearly a century after the latter astronomer's death. Eudoxus, if we may believe what is related of him, availed himself, to the fullest extent, of all the patient and long-continued observations, theorizings, and calculations of both the Egyptians and the Babylonians. But the heliocentric scheme found no place among his speculations. Aristotle, while apparently taking certain steps in this direction, yet stoutly maintained the geocentric belief. Archimedes, the great mathematician, and Hipparchus, who discovered the precession of the equinoxes, and was one of the acutest observers and profoundest thinkers ever conversant with astronomy, both deliberately rejected even the incidental steps tending towards Copernicanism partially taken by the Stagirite.

Euclid, the geometer, no light authority surely, for he made astronomy also his study, mathematically demonstrated the truth of the geocentric doctrine. After giving, at too great length to quote here, the substance of Euclid's exposition of his astronomical doctrines, Sir G. C. Lewis remarks:

"These propositions imply a completely geocentric system, in which the earth is at rest, and the starry sphere revolves around it every twenty-four hours. Accordingly, Euclid's first theorem is, that 'the earth is in the middle of the universe, and stands to it in the relation of centre.' Galen remarks that Euclid, in his Treatise on Phænomena, demonstrates in a few sentences, that the earth is at the centre of the universe, and that its relation to the universe is that of a central point; he adds, that learners are as much convinced of the conclusiveness of the demonstration, as that twice two make four."—(*Astronomy of the Ancients*, pp. 188–9.)

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Aristarchus of Samos, in the third century before the Christian era, "proposed a theory of the world exactly similar to the Copernican." Our author, last quoted, says of this:

"We are informed by Plutarch that Cleanthes (who probably at the time was head of the Stoical School at Athens, the most religious of the Greek philosophical sects,) declared his opinion that Aristarchus of Samos ought to be prosecuted for impiety, because he taught that the hearth of the universe was movable. By 'the hearth of the universe' he meant the earth; and he employed this mystical appellation as alluding to the central and sacred character. His indignation at the heretical doctrine of Aristarchus implies that he conceived it not merely as making the earth revolve round its axis, (which Heraclides and Hicetas had done,) but as uprooting it from the tranquil and dignified seat which it had occupied at the centre of the heavenly sphere, and as sending it a wanderer through space."—(Pp. 192–3.)

This philosopher, who was an astronomer of distinction in his day, preceded Hipparchus by more than a hundred years. Between the time of the latter and Ptolemy was a period of not far from three centuries. We are told that, "at some period during this interval, a doctrine was promulgated which to a certain extent anticipated the Copernican system."

It was therefore no accident that the geocentric doctrine prevailed until so recent a day. The opposing theory was again and again proposed, and, during nearly two thousand years of industrious and acute scientific investigation, was deliberately rejected.

Although propounded by Copernicus a century before the invention of the telescope, being really founded upon no better data, or another kind of observations, than those which upheld the Ptolemaic theory, the now current system made little or no progress until the time of Galileo. Its fortunes were apparently linked with those of his discovery. Its promulgation was not accomplished by any intrinsic weight of the arguments advanced by the reviver of the heliocentric hypothesis. Until after 1609, Copernicus of Thorn had no better fortune than Aristarchus of Samos.

Admitting to the utmost the ancillary service of optics to astronomy, candor and good faith require us to make application of all its results, adverse as well as friendly. Whatever, in the laws of light, concerns refraction and the media of transmission, must likewise affect the whole science of astronomy, and particularly all that relates to the magnitudes and distances of the planets and fixed stars. Yet one fundamental premise of all these measurements has been assumed. All understand how very different is the apparent size of the sun or the moon, how they are exhibited out of their true position, and how even their shape is varied, just at their rising or their

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setting. These phenomena science attributes chiefly to refraction. To the same principle, at least in part, may be attributed irregular effects, reduced to no law, seen in multiform manifestations on land and water—such as the phenomena of looming, *fata morgana*, or mirage. Within the limited atmosphere which surrounds the earth, normal variations can be understood and approximately estimated; and the irregular or uncertain can be so guarded against as never viciously to enter into permanent calculations. But beyond the bounds of our atmosphere, what assurance have we as to the media through which the light of the heavenly bodies is transmitted?

Between the few miles from the surface of the earth to the outer limit of its atmosphere, and the estimated distance thence even to the moon, how vast is the disproportion in space! We can hardly assert with confidence that the principles of refraction, as ascertained from observations made by one who is in the densest portion of our atmosphere, on which rests the whole superincumbent mass, have any validity for the unknown region beyond the limit at which the tenuous upper air touches the space beyond. Be that space void and dark, or be it otherwise, the problem is still one that we lack the means to solve. When we extend this space one hundred millions of miles, the currently estimated distance of the sun, the problem becomes greatly magnified, with no additional data for its solution. When we have the supposed peculiar atmospheres of sun, moon, and other (often intervening) heavenly bodies, with laws of their own, who can know aught of their actual character?

These mere intimations suffice to show what a universe of possibilities—and of probabilities, even—expands yonder above us, for refractions, distortions, and the quenching altogether, at the distances supposed, of light bound earthward from the celestial spheres. What reliance, then, can be placed upon the received optical data of measurement? It will not do to say that we have daily proof of the correctness of the assumption that none of these distortions and refractions exist, (except those of our own atmosphere, duly accounted for,) in the exact calculations of motions and phases which have been made and constantly verified by experience. To assert this, is to assume everything. The fact just stated proves but appearance at best; and if we are to take appearance and seeming experience for our measure of reality, then assuredly the sun moves annually through the zodiac, no less than the moon revolves about the earth, and the latter, as proved by its unchanged relation to the fixed stars, has only a motion on its own axis. As well, too, let it be said, that the calculated

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risings and settings of the sun, being constantly correct, prove the scientific accuracy of the popular statement of these motions.

Let it be remembered that the fixed stars and the nebulæ, the later fields of astonishing telescopic discovery, have properly little relation to the geocentric question. The heavenly bodies beyond the solar system are but incidentally connected with the hypothesis of Copernicus. The opposite theory is sufficient for all these, and for the comets also. Be the earth or the sun the centre and chief object of this system which now bears its name, the phenomena of all beyond might appear substantially the same—provided always that the Copernican assumptions as to their distances be conceded in conjunction with the heliocentric theory.

What discovery of the telescope within the solar system, then, has tended to popularize the hypothesis in question, and to commend it to scientific faith? Galileo discovered certain satellites of Jupiter. He was able to perceive planetary discs before invisible through all past time. The marvellous rings of Saturn were brought into view; also, the belts of Jupiter. The man who brought about such marvels gained himself great renown and authority in astronomic matters, but what further? Long afterwards, passing in vision beyond the orbit of Saturn, the outer limit, hitherto, of the solar system, another observer added Uranus to the brief catalogue of planets, to which Neptune has still later been joined. Three or four score of asteroids have also been enrolled as revolving about the sun. But these, and the other telescopic discoveries summarily alluded to, add little to the difficulties in the way of the more ancient hypotheses, and no strong arguments for the modern one.

Before, the phenomena of the seasons, all the real or apparent motions related to the ecliptic, the calculation of eclipses, the ephemeris of solar, lunar, and planetary positions, the precession of the equinoxes, the difference of the solar and sidereal years—these, and other astronomical results and observations, were understood in accordance with harmonious principles, as now. Democritus, in the fourth or fifth century before Christ, explained the milky-way as "a congeries of small stars, close to one another;" not less truly, though less poetically than did Milton, two thousand years later:

"—— a circling zone, powdered with stars."

The practical utilities of the science, and much that was merely curious, had thus been developed to nearly their fullest extent, before the days of Copernicus. But a boundless field

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of speculation was opened by the acceptance of the heliocentric dogma. It came into collision with the previously current ideas of nature, ennobling the remote and the distant, at the expense of man and his little planet. How slightly the new doctrine has aided any of the material, positive, or practical results of the science, has been well stated by Sir George Cornewall Lewis, (who, be it said, once for all, lest the contrary might be inferred from the tenor of our comments, appears to be a most undoubting Copernican:)

"The Copernican system of the universe and its subsequent completion by the Newtonian theory of universal gravitation have had a purely scientific value, and have exercised scarcely any practical influence upon the affairs of mankind. The solar year was fixed with a close approach to accuracy by the Julian calendar, in the year 46 B. C. The reform of the Julian calendar, under the auspices of Pope Gregory, in the year 1581, was only a short time subsequent to the publication of the hypothesis of Copernicus, and was promoted by astronomers who held the Ptolemaic system. This reform of an error amounted only to 11' 12" in a year, brought the calendar to perfection; the annual measure of time has received no improvement since the modern astronomical revolution. With regard to the determination of a ship's place at sea by astronomical methods, the invention of chronometers has been far more important than any improvement in astronomical theory. If the ancients had known the telescope and the clock, their scientific methods would have sufficed for nearly all practical purposes, although they might have held to the geocentric hypothesis.

"Astronomy, as it has been developed by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, and their modern successors, has been treated by mathematical methods, requiring the highest stretch of the reasoning faculty, and has furnished materials for sublime contemplation. But it is a science of pure curiosity; it is directed exclusively to the extension of knowledge in a field which human interests can never enter. An attempt has been made by some astronomers to distinguish between the solar system and sidereal astronomy; but the distinction rests on no solid foundation. The periodic time of Uranus, the nature of Saturn's ring, and the occultations of Jupiter's satellites, are as far removed from the concerns of mankind as the heliacal rising of Sirius, or the northern position of the Great Bear.

"Science ought, indeed, to be pursued for its own sake; and the human mind can be worthily occupied in the acquisition of knowledge which can never lead to any practical result. But if the astronomical science of the ancients was less exact and comprehensive than that of the moderns, it had a closer bearing upon human affairs, and it nearly exhausted those departments which are useful to mankind."—*Ast. of the Ancients*, pp. 254–5.

We very well know how absurd our suggestion of optical difficulties will appear to conservatives, whose scientific faith was, three hundred years ago, the extreme of radicalism. What has been so long overlooked will be regarded as necessarily non-existent. The dogmatist will dispose of all this in

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a sarcastic sentence or a contemptuous word; and the plausible theorist will cheaply explain how the uninitiated have fallen into, and may be relieved from, so innocent an error. But the inquiring mind, anxious to accept whatever is true, and to set aside whatever is false, will more and more see how prominent a power assumption has been, both in this and other matters, in the construction of premises on which astronomical tenets have been founded. This single optical consideration of course affects all current theories as to the substances, magnitudes, and distances of the heavenly bodies, and their relations to our world. On the wide expanse for contemplation thus opened to the *idealist*, we forbear to cast even a glance.

The author of "The Plurality of Worlds," in demonstrating —apparently, beyond cavil, conceding the modern astronomical theories, of which he is an orthodox adherent—that the earth alone, of all the heavenly bodies, whether sun, moon, planets, comets, fixed stars, or nebulæ, contains any inhabitant like man, has brought back the recipient of his doctrines to the primal starting-point of all these speculations. Man and his planet return to their former station as the central figures of the universe. The sun exists to give them light and heat. A thousand-fold more serviceable to the earth than is the moon, might it not really, as well as apparently, be equally subordinate in its motions to our planet? Admitting, on the other hand, that the sun exacts from the earth such homage as Copernicus and Galileo maintained, the latter world seemingly becomes (physically speaking) one of the least significant among all the bodies of their planetary system. Were the given phenomena equally well accounted for on some other hypothesis, demanding no such relative abasement of the earth and man, may not a devout believer in divine wisdom and power still, with universal Christendom for more than fifteen hundred years, literally understand and accept, in its plain meaning, the doctrine of the grand Hebrew hymn of creation:

"And God said:
Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven,
To divide the day from the night;
And let them be for signs,
And for seasons, and for days, and years.
And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven
To give light upon the earth:
And it was so.

"And God made two great lights;
The greater light to rule the day,
And the lesser light to rule the night:
The stars also.
And God set them in the firmament of the heaven
To give light upon the earth,
And to rule over the day, and over the night,
And to divide the light from the darkness:
And God saw that it was good."

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It is needless to say that, in what precedes, we have not aimed at anything like scientific treatment. We have spoken from the common level of human feeling and contemplation, without having imagined ourselves on any philosophic heights. We grant that the heliocentric system has fairly won its way to popular credence, against immense odds. We confess our own inability to overturn the mathematical demonstrations on which it depends; but may not this yet be done, as even the Euclidean demonstration of the geocentric system was overturned and set aside? Meantime, we do not rashly pronounce the heliocentric theory false. We do not unqualifiedly maintain that any other hypothesis will as well suffice for all observed facts in astronomy, though, for so many centuries, the want of any other than the Ptolemaic theory was not seriously felt even by the most profound astronomers; while they, at the same time, embraced within the scope of their science substantially all the phenomena, with all the practical results known to it at this day.

We have neither space nor inclination to refer to the series of protests against the now dominant system which have been made from time to time, from the days of Galileo to the present. Uttered sentiments of opposition, however, have never fully died out among thinking men. We will here only subjoin the scanty outline of a new theory published a few years since in Germany, sustained by mathematical demonstrations, based upon observations of an original character. The scheme is summed up in the following propositions, as we translate them:

"The Universe comprises seven grand divisions:

"1. The Earth is the centre of the universal system, and turns on its own axis, from west to east, every twenty-four hours.

"2. Next in order is the Moon, which revolves around the Earth, on its ecliptic course, in 29 days, 12 hours, and 44 minutes.

"3. Then comes the Sun, which makes a half-yearly oscillation of 47°, from the sign of Capricornus to the sign of Cancer, and back. Its diameter is equal to one-eighth the diameter of the Earth, or 1,218⅓ geographic miles. Its distance from the Earth is 77,400 geographic miles.

"4. Next to the Sun is Mercury. This body revolves about and accompanies the Sun on its course to and fro. The period of its revolution around the Sun is 87 days and 23 hours.

"5. At a little greater distance from the Sun than Mercury, is Venus. Its motion is the same as that of Mercury. Its period of revolution around the Sun is 224 days and 16 hours.

"6. More remote are the superior planets, whose movements are all from east to west. They have no returning [*ruckgangige*] motion, as hitherto represented.

"7. Then we have the upper heaven—the fixed stars. This sphere revolves on its own axis regularly, from east to west, in 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes."

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This differs from any previous system in many important particulars, yet maintains the fundamental principle of a geocentric universe. It has the sanction of no great name. It rests, ostensibly, on positive demonstration: in other words, it is plausibly shown to account for the phenomena to be reduced to law and order, more satisfactorily than any preceding hypothesis. From the very nature of compound and combined motions, more than one supposed centre can be assumed, and still the system, though widely different in detail, remains consistent throughout. Were other things merely equal, the argument in this case, despite scientific authority and a modern habit in believing, must preponderate on the side of a geocentric scheme. If to assert this opinion, after all the later career of astronomic discovery, be pronounced an act of folly, let him who is inclined so to decide remember that time works great changes in popular belief, however deeply seated; and that even precedent and prescription at length give way, however obstinate their opposition, before the advancing dawn of new truths. Assuredly, the Copernican system cannot become prevalent, but must be modified, or else disappear, if science continues to advance.

If the new geocentric system we have cited be pronounced mere visionary hypothesis, as not improbably it is, then let other like attempts share the reproach. All former astronomical systems, save one, have ceased to command the confidence of men, or to be respected as anything else than dreams. The Chaldeans were the most assiduous (and perhaps, also, the most exact) of astronomers known to history, and yet were they the founders, or at least the zealous propagators, of the most stupendous of all delusions—a complicated system directly connecting the heavenly spheres with the inmost nature and destiny of man, and with the whole current of earthly events. Of one of the chief champions of the current heliocentric doctrines, whose famous "third" planetary law was at best but an approximation, and by later discoveries is found to be untrue, Sir William Hamilton remarks, that "*astrology* was the least visionary of Kepler's beliefs."

Let us welcome, then, the aid of every earnest star-gazer, and pardon whatever may be discovered of his proverbially imputed foible. We need be startled at no suggestion of change, in the onward course of science, and least of all in one that has now become chiefly speculative, (its positive field being exhausted,) and one that was always variant like the tides and the moon, or like the relative positions of remoter luminaries.

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ART. III.—1. *Quinctilian's Institutes of Eloquence; or, the Art of Speaking in Public, in every Character and Capacity.* Translated into English, after the best Latin Editions, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By W. GUTHRIE, Esq. In two volumes. London. 1805.

2. *Elements of Elocution, &c., &c.* By JOHN WALKER, Author of the Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. London. 1805.

3. *The Philosophy of the Human Voice: Embracing its Physiological History, &c.* By JAMES RUSH, M.D. Philadelphia. 1859.

GOOD reading and good speaking always give pleasure to the hearer, whether he be learned or ignorant, refined or vulgar. But alas, how few there are who are able to furnish such a pleasure! The supply in this particular falls far below the demand. These facts have always attracted much attention. Various methods of increasing the number of good readers and good speakers have been suggested, some of which have contained a modicum of truth, while others have been either inefficient, or productive of error. This has been caused by the assumption that no analysis of the functions of the voice can be made. Such an idea not only shuts vocal delivery out of the class of sciences, but it also refuses it a place among the arts. Reading has been taught by imitation mainly. And there have been those of high reputation as literary men who have declared that all attempts to teach the principles of correct expression by the voice will end only in producing an artificial and constrained delivery, more repulsive even than what were at first the natural faults of the reader. Hence we find the direction "Read naturally" repeated again and again. One writer tells us that "Every man has a just and natural key, and the moment he abandons that, he loses all control of his voice."

The chief, as regards influence among such theorists, is Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin, who, in his "Elements of Rhetoric," brings forward objections against any scientific training in vocal delivery. As these objections are precisely the same as those brought against logic, which the same author so successfully combats in the first note to Book I. of his "Elements of Logic," wherein he does not hesitate to attempt to controvert no less eminent a philosopher than John Locke, we might almost leave Whately to neutralize Whately. But we fear that a careful comparison of these two treatises will not be made by many. It is much to be regretted that the fame of the writer should cause the fallacies in his Rhetoric to exert so wide an influence as they do in our colleges and schools. Were he but an ordinary bookmaker, he would merit

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only the contempt which my Uncle Toby showed to the fly that annoyed him. But his wide-spread reputation demands a severer mention of some of his writings. His vagaries, not only in his Rhetoric, but in some of his other productions, ought to go far to lessen the confidence of the reader in his dictum. The rank of any author, whether it be civil or ecclesiastical, cannot shield him from just criticism, for in the Republic of Letters there are no grades of distinction other than those of literary merit. The name of the slave Æsop has been preserved for twenty-four centuries by his writings; while we know not and care not who or what was the master that owned him.

Dogmatists are not aware of the confusion of ideas existing in their own minds. With a different sense of the rule which they lay down, we would also say, "Read naturally." But what is the true meaning of this canon?

In answer to this question, we shall state in the first place, that vocal delivery is one of the fine arts as much as music, painting and sculpture. The human voice, it is true, utters at one time the highest devotional sentiments, or the grandest and noblest thoughts, and at another, the most trifling, or even ludicrous language. So, also, the same hand, the same palette, and the same pencil which were employed in producing a *chef d'œuvre* of painting, may, on its completion, be engaged in ornamenting with tawdry embellishments the toys of a favorite child. But this latter circumstance by no means degrades painting from its position as one of the fine arts. Nor can the great range within which vocal delivery may be exercised deprive it of a sisterhood with the others.

The skill which makes the marble breathe, and that which carves the common ornaments of domestic furniture, differ not in kind, but only in degree. Music also enters into the sublime anthem, the negro melody and the licentious song. Painting, sculpture, and music are confessedly among the fine arts. And so is vocal delivery, and for the same reasons that the three others are classed as they are. They are arts that are to a greater or less extent founded upon scientific principles. They are successful just in proportion as they successfully imitate, not bare nature, but ideal nature.

The Venus de Medicis, for instance, is the representation of a female faultless in limbs, position, and expression. But does any one suppose that in all Greece, celebrated as it was for female beauty, any one woman could be found who would serve as a model for the sculptor when he was executing his matchless work? Did he not rather copy one feature from one female, another from a second, an arm from a third, a foot from a fourth,

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and so on till the beauties of twenty Grecian damsels were united in that celebrated and almost living marble? Yet the great charm of the Venus de Medicis is its wonderful fidelity to nature. We can well suppose that our great mother, Eve, stood before Adam in a like beauty to that which marks this Grecian statue, and that no female since her time has rivalled her in attractiveness.

In the second place, vocal delivery, if it be one of the fine arts, must, like the others, strive to reach an ideal excellence; and in this way, like them, really imitate Nature in the higher and more perfect types of her existence. This, one would suppose, might long since have been inferred, from the saying which is attributed to Demosthenes, that "eloquence is acting, acting, acting." We are aware that the last words of this declaration have been generally written "action, action, action." If this be the true version, then the religious fanatic is more eloquent than the polished and quiet preacher, and the pantomimist is the greatest orator of all! This just and proper *reductio ad absurdum* must satisfy us that the sentiment of the great Grecian orator has generally been misrepresented.

The positions which we have laid down can hardly have escaped the attention of the ancients. As eloquence was so powerful in its influence in Greece and Rome, the methods of acquiring the most effective exercise of it must have engaged the thoughts of many persons.

The work whose title we have placed first at the head of this article is the most comprehensive treatise on eloquence bequeathed to us by antiquity. It is full in some portions to excess. Hence some things have an undue prominence given to them, while others are either slightly touched upon, or are entirely omitted. Discussions are introduced which, in a strictly scientific view of the subject, would be referred to books having a different object. And terms now carefully distinguished from each other are confounded. Thus, in the syllabus of his work he says, "The four next chapters treat of elocution, under which head is comprised memory and pronunciation." Nor is this strange. If, in the course of eighteen centuries, the art of speaking has not been measurably systematized and improved, then surely we may abate somewhat of our confidence in the progress of the human race. Quinctilian, however, deserves to be read and studied, since there is so much that is valuable in his book, and his deficiencies can be supplied from other sources. A very important deficiency is indicated in the following extract: "The nature of the voice is known by quantity and quality; as to the first, it is enough to say it is either strong or weak." This is the more remarkable,

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from the concluding sentence of his "Observations on the Greek and Latin Accent." It is in the following: "But between these two extremes there are many intermediate degrees, from the highest to the lowest, and from the lowest to the highest. Quality is more various. For a voice may be either clear or hoarse, full or slender, smooth or sharp, stammering or flowing, hard or flexible, shrill or austere. The breath, too, may be longer or shorter. It is foreign to my present purpose for me to show the reasons of all this; whether it lies in the difference of the organs which receive the air, that forms the voice, or," &c., &c.—Vol. ii., p. 343.

Now it must be allowed that if we can with any degree of certainty ascertain the reasons of the varieties of the human voice, it is surely desirable. Every public speaker knows that different passages require not only a different rate of utterance, but a difference in pitch and inflexion. If he can at will take any pitch, as the accomplished vocalist can; if he knows precisely what kind of inflexion is the true one for emphatic words, and can give that inflexion with certainty; if he can also tell why the breath is longer or shorter, and can thus have a perfect command over his vocal organs, he certainly has attained to some certainty in the exercise of his art which cannot fail to be of service to him.

The second work which we propose to notice is the production of a writer whose dictionary of the English language had for a long time a deserved celebrity. Mr. Walker made some discoveries in inflexion, but for any accurate measure of this movement we may look in vain in his work. This is the more remarkable, from the sentiments he expresses in the concluding sentence of his "Observations on the Greek and Latin Accent." It is in these words: "But till the human voice, which is the same in all ages and nations, is more studied and better understood, and till a notation of speaking sounds is adopted, I despair of conveying my ideas of this subject with sufficient clearness upon paper. I have, however, marked such an outline as may be easily filled up by those who study speaking with half the attention they must do music. From an entire conviction that the ancients had a notation of speaking sounds, and from the actual experience of having formed one myself, I think I can foresee that some future philosophical inquirer, with more learning, more leisure, and more credit with the world than I have, will be able to unravel this mystery in letters, which has so long been the *opprobrium et crux grammaticorum*, the reproach and torment of grammarians."

The work whose title we have placed third at the head of this article is a record of an attempt to discover the philosophy

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of the human voice, and of the results of that effort. Music had for ages been subject to a critical analysis, and mathematics had been called in to define many of its parts. Practice, according to well-ascertained rules, had long been rigidly insisted upon. Music for centuries had in fact been reduced to a science, and the art had been firmly and correctly based upon the principles of that science. But reading and oratory, which are only other forms of vocal expression, had been left mainly to the caprice of those who practised them. Such an anomaly would, one would suppose, have long since excited attention, and have called forth strenuous efforts to remove it.

A few isolated attempts, indeed, were made in this direction, while the great majority seemed content to leave the whole matter mainly to chance, supposing that while the singer must be carefully trained in his profession, the reader or the orator should be left to the untutored exercise of those powers with which he was naturally gifted. Dr. Rush, in the work under notice, has made an intelligent examination of the functions of the voice, and has thus deduced certain principles for its management. The work is difficult of mastery, because of the novelty of the analysis, the labor necessary to test in practice the rules laid down, and also in some degree on account of the peculiarity of its style. Some readers will be repelled from it by what will appear to them to be the passionate contempt of the writer for those who adhere to the stereotyped errors in the common plans of teaching delivery. We believe, however, that just in proportion as the student masters the system of Dr. Rush, will he pardon this display of feeling; and that finally he will sympathize very strongly with the writer.

If they who are called upon to speak in public are dismayed at the amount of time and labor necessary in order to master Dr. Rush's system, we ask them to think of the hours and days, and even years, devoted by females to practising on the pianoforte, and then to ask themselves whether the proper control of the spoken voice may not be worth a tithe at least of the effort which is given to the acquisition of a mere accomplishment.

But any system of vocal delivery will be in a great degree inefficient, if the speaker or reader does not understand *how to breathe correctly*. Many persons, we doubt not, will consider this as a very unimportant matter, and suppose that mere animal instinct is a sufficient guide as to the inhaling and exhaling of the breath. Physicians can inform such that some of our common diseases, if not caused by improper breathing, are at least greatly aggravated by it. For mere ordinary conversation, the lungs and some of the muscles are called only

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into partial action, and a healthy man, who is not a public speaker, may go on from youth to extreme old age without once taxing the breathing apparatus to the extent of which it is capable. But when a person is called upon to speak in large rooms, whether they be churches or halls, he subjects various muscles to a severe action, and, in his ignorance, frequently inflicts upon them a serious, and perhaps protracted damage. One of the most essential things, then, for a public speaker to learn is, how to breathe correctly. In order to qualify him for this, certain gymnastic exercises are necessary, that tend to develop the muscles which raise and lower the ribs, which move the diaphragm, and that enable him to give out his breath in large or small quantities at pleasure. Connected with these are practices which develop the size of the vocal organs, and the strength and tone of the muscles of the throat; practices which are rigidly followed every day by members of some of the most accomplished opera troupes of the present time. The exercises which have been referred to, when judiciously followed, are beneficial to health. Gymnastics are no new thing. But they have hitherto been practised in such a way as to give increased strength to some of the muscles and limbs, while others have been neglected. Men have become fitted by them to box, to wrestle, and to lift heavy weights. But the new system will benefit both sexes and all ages, and it tends to a general development of the upper part of the human body, which in this country is so often weak, and even diseased.

For laying the foundation of successful vocal culture, it is probably unequalled. If we had the training of a person who expected to become a public speaker, we should require his attendance one hour each day. We should at first devote one-half of the time to the gymnastic exercises before spoken of, including those which benefit the throat. The remainder should be given to breathing exercises. A few days' practice would enable the student to abbreviate these exercises, that he might find time to practise upon the inflexions, the various kinds of stress, the waves or circumflex movements, and attempts to fill a large space with the least tax of the organs. In this last particular most public speakers fail. In their efforts to make themselves heard by the more remote portions of their audience, they increase very largely the force of the sound they utter, and they elevate the key. Now both of these are wearisome to the speaker and unpleasant to the hearer. That they are entirely unnecessary is evident from the fact that an accomplished elocutionist will make his whispered tones heard by a vast assembly. Our student should then be drilled in the utterance of a few sounds,

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by which, starting from above the natural key of his voice, he should be enabled to descend an octave below his initial note. This practice would show him the difference between "pure tone" and "orotund," the former of which is the voice which is used in the greater part of public exercises, while the latter is indispensable in reading some portions of the poets and of the Bible, and in conducting public devotions.

In the course of these practices, the student would discover the cause of the "nasal twang heard at conventicle," and be enabled to avoid a sound so offensive to true taste.

While the exercises spoken of will teach the student to breathe correctly, they will also improve the *quality* of the voice. Those who have not been accustomed to observe carefully public speakers, are not aware how essential quality of voice is to their success. It is almost like charity, "which," as we are assured, "covereth a multitude of sins." It conceals to a large extent poverty of thought and faults of style, and this, too, in no small degree, from the notice even of intelligent persons. There is in this respect a striking analogy between the spoken voice and the musical voice. A favorite tune will even reconcile us to much bad poetry which may be sung to it. Perhaps the most noticeable illustration of our remarks may be found in the chants performed in some of our churches. Successive verses are sung to an alternate musical score; but besides this alternation, there is but little change from the beginning to the end. The canticle entitled "Benedicite, Omnia Opera," and commencing, "O, all ye works of the Lord," &c., contains over thirty verses. But two scores are given to this, and thus in singing this canticle, the two chords are heard some fifteen times in alternate succession. This repetition, which would be wearisome were the words read with no more variety, is attractive when the same words are sung.

What is it that makes the difference in attractiveness of this composition when sung, but the more pleasing quality of the musical rendering compared with that of the mere vocal delivery of the same sentiment? It is the quality of the voice almost alone that gives reputation to those who are termed "natural orators." (It should not be forgotten, however, that Demosthenes was *not* of this class.)

The present writer, in the earlier years of his life, attended upon the ministrations of the rector of an Episcopal Church, who was celebrated for his good reading. Now, it is our opinion that the clergyman in question never spent half an hour at any one time in analyzing the portions he was to read. This is inferred from the fact that his emphases were as often wrong as they were right. But there was a musical-glass quality to

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his voice; its drift was partly semitonic, and the ear satisfied with such melody asked for nothing besides.

Of course the clergyman referred to failed in the delivery of impassioned or sublime sentiments. And a very highly esteemed public speaker of the present day, whose addresses are familiar to the people both of the North and South, fails in denunciatory and very grave passages for the reason that he has never cultivated the "orotund" quality of his voice.

We now propose to make some remarks on one kind of delivery, viz., that proper for religious assemblies. In thus limiting the discussion, we are by no means forgetful of the importance of forensic eloquence. But it is necessary, if we would avoid an undue lengthening of this paper, to select some one kind of vocal delivery, and to restrict our observations to that. We have chosen what is often called sacred eloquence, because it is more universally listened to than any other. The efforts of members of the legal profession are oftentimes of the greatest value. On their exertions depend not only the rights of property, but not unfrequently the character, nay, the very life of their client. Bearing this in mind, and knowing the private worth of many at the bar and on the bench, we have always regarded those concerned with the practice or the determination of the law with much respect. Comparatively few, however, excepting those immediately interested, witness their efforts, while the preachers of the different sects are listened to every week by thousands. Pulpit eloquence is thus by far the most popular form of vocal delivery which prevails in this country. They who have not observed with attention are not aware how powerfully the different styles of American preachers affect the conversation of those who usually listen to them, and even their delivery as public speakers. Yet it is easy from the mere "drift of the voice" of most persons to decide with much accuracy what is the doctrinal belief of the preacher whose ministrations they have usually attended.

We have spoken of the ministers of one denomination particularly, not only from considerations of brevity, but also because they are restricted to a form of devotion in the English language, the larger part of which is read Sunday after Sunday, and thus they have some advantages for vocal delivery which are not enjoyed by others of the same profession. But the remarks which we shall make can be modified in their application so as to be available to public speakers of every profession.

As a preliminary, however, to what follows, we would observe, that every one who speaks in public, especially one who leads the devotions of a congregation, is instinctively con-

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scious that he occupies AN ABNORMAL POSITION. The high key and rapid rate heard in common conversation are of course out of place; the intense slides of the voice used in the exchange and the forum are equally improper in religious exercises; the low and oftentimes aspirated tones natural by the sick-bed are unfit for the occasion, and he who officiates feels obliged to use much volume of voice, and to adopt a rate of utterance or drift essentially different from that employed in any of the places just spoken of. The fact that every public speaker is conscious that he occupies an abnormal position, is of *much more importance than has been generally perceived*. It disposes of the assumption that because children speak naturally, therefore the public speaker should speak in an uncultivated manner.

It shows the fallacy of a direction like the following: "The public reader must, by patient, private discipline, train himself to pronounce the words of others as if they were his own; he must speak or read them exactly in his own natural tones as he would utter them in conversation. And when he has accomplished this, he will in fact, and to the extent of the language practised upon, have learned to read well." Now let us test this by proposing as an exercise the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal, as recorded in the 18th chapter of the 1st book of Kings. "And they . . . called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them." Will it be in accordance with the solemn character of a religious assembly to give the sarcastic words of Elijah in the current rate of ordinary conversation? Shall the reader take the high key, and the intense slides and circumflexes heard in our common talk? If he were relating such an occurrence to a circle of friends, his natural and uncultivated tones might be proper. But are they so in a church?

No actor who ever trod the English stage was supposed to be less artificial than the elder Kean. Yet there were certain passages in his great parts which he always uttered in the same way; and so uniform was his practice in this respect, that his audiences would begin to applaud him even before he had reached those passages. Every public speaker, on commencing his career, forms for himself a kind of delivery that he supposes will be proper for the places and the occasions that will witness

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his efforts. This is, in the great majority of cases, but an undiscriminating imitation of other speakers.

In the New England States, the preachers of the two principal divisions, doctrinally considered, of the religious bodies prevailing there, can be recognized by the peculiarity of their delivery. The speakers of one of these divisions seem to affect a silvery tone, and what musicians term the "*sotto voce*," and an emphasis as intense as such a delivery will permit, on every pronoun that refers to the Almighty. The use of the orotund quality in such a delivery is of course out of the question. Energetic and impassioned sentiments lose nearly all their force when uttered by this class.

The other division, with "a nasal twang heard at conventicle," have certain peculiarities of vocal movement, of which a marked instance appears in the pronunciation of the word *great*. This word, whether emphatic or not, is uniformly pronounced with a semitonic movement, and a median stress, accompanied with more or less tremor of the voice. Intense downward slides, combined with the faults just named, give to the delivery of most of these speakers a roughness very unpleasing to the cultivated ear. It is a noticeable fact that many of the ministers of the Episcopal Church in that region have within the last ten years adopted a style composed in a great degree of the faults of the two classes of which we have spoken. All these speakers have formed for themselves a bad voice; they do not "read naturally" in any sense, when a little care and practice would have kept them from the most glaring of their errors.

Some years since we heard a dignitary of the American Episcopal Church read divine service and preach a sermon. The whole drift of his voice was semitonic, and, when emphasis was required, he used a succession of minor intervals, producing what is commonly called a "whine." This representative man in his profession must have made this style for himself. Nature rarely means that human lungs shall speak in semitones. The male part of our race are intended to use a more manly kind of utterance. Connected as the person spoken of was for many years with an educational establishment of a comparatively high grade, he infected, to our knowledge, some of his pupils with his vicious style of delivery, and there are now public speakers among them who utter the words of joy and thanksgiving, or of indignant remonstrance, in the same tones in which the child laments the destruction of his toys, or pleads that a threatened punishment may be averted from him. If such persons would study the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, they would discover their

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faults of delivery, and be furnished with the means of correction.

Recurring to the course of training of a student, of which we have already given a partial plan, we would say that, when he was fitted to read properly, we would not restrict him to any one author; but would endeavor to choose those the reading of whom would mutually illustrate each other. Let us take for example the first two verses of the sixth chapter of Micah. "Hear ye now what the Lord saith: Arise, contend thou before the mountains, and let the hills hear thy voice. Hear ye, O mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth: for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel." Now this is usually read as if the mountains and the strong foundations of the earth were all compressed into a church that would seat three hundred people. In practising our student upon passages like these, we would require him as a preliminary to read or recite from the play of William Tell, where the hero says:

> "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
> I hold to you the hands you first beheld—
> To show they still are free."

We would also have him recite from King John, Act II., Scene II., the demand of the French Herald:

> "You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
> And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in."

At first it would be well to practise the student in the open air, and in a place where he might vociferate in the loudest tone possible. In a short time the loudness of this tone might be diminished, till he would know himself that much noise and what may be termed breadth of tone are by no means one and the same thing. And then, if he were required to read the sixth chapter of Micah in public, he would satisfy himself and please his audience.

Among the many varieties of vocal delivery is that used upon the stage. And with proper allowance, this department can be employed to guide us in other forms of delivery. The question has frequently been mooted whether an actor really feels at the time the sentiments which he utters, or whether the personation of his character is more or less a finished piece of art. We quote in answer the words of an acute French critic of the last century: "Reflect, I entreat you, on what we call upon the stage, acting with truth. Is it representing things such as they really are in nature? By no means. An unfortunate creature from the street would then appear poor, mean, paltry; truth would in that case be nothing else but vulgarity.

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What, then, is truth? It is the conformity of the exterior signs of the voice, the countenance, the emotions, the actions, the speech; in a word, of every part of the acting with the ideal model given by the poet, or conceived in the head of the actor. * * * Real passion has almost always certain grimaces and contortions peculiar to itself; and these an artist without taste copies servilely, while the artist of real genius carefully avoids them. We wish to see a man, even under the greatest agony of mind, preserve the dignity of his character; we would have a woman fall with decency and meekness; we would have a hero die, as the gladiator of old died in the arena, amid the applauses of the ampitheatre, with a noble air, with grace, and in an elegant and picturesque attitude. Who is it that will fulfil these expectations? Is it the athlete who is discomposed by his sensibility, 'who is overpowered by his grief; or the athlete who by intense study has learned his part, and who practises the severe lessons of the gymnasium, even to the last sigh?' Quinault du Fresne played the character of Severus in Polycuctes; he was sent by the Emperor Decius to persecute the Christians; he confides to his friend his secret sentiments upon this calumniated sect. This confidence, which might cost him his life, could not be given in too low a voice: the pit judged otherwise, and cried 'Louder! louder!' to which the actor coolly replied, 'And you, gentlemen, not so loud.' Had he been really Severus, could he so easily in a moment have become Du Fresne? No, I tell you; it is only the man who is as collected as he no doubt was, the great actor, the actor *par excellence*, who can thus at his pleasure quit and resume his mask." Such opinions, and from such a source, confirm our statement that vocal delivery is one of the fine arts, and that those who wish to excel in it must strive to attain to an ideal standard of excellence. They who are familiar with Hood's poem of "The Lost Heir" will allow that the distress of the mother on missing her child is admirably true to nature. Yet this poem when read in public, as it sometimes is at lyceums, rarely fails to cause much mirth, and even loud laughter.

An ideal must then be before the reader or speaker, as there was before the sculptor when he executed the statue that enchants the world. The former will obviously have in himself materials on which to work, which is not the case with the latter. He may and will also copy good models, and, informed of the true principles of his art, he will not, as uninformed persons do, copy only faults. As to copying others, we may say that as each public speaker will imitate more or less those whom he frequently hears, it is of importance that he should

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imitate understandingly. By imitation the bad schools of readers of which we have spoken were formed, and by imitation are these schools continued, for no persons, by the mere following of nature, could ever possibly have formed such styles.

And when we say that he should imitate understandingly, we mean that he should be so familiar with the science of vocal delivery that he can choose the good qualities of speakers and reject those that are bad. When the marble that finally became the Venus de Medicis was under the hands of the sculptor, he doubtless had before him some of the most beautiful women of Greece. His exquisite taste, and perhaps his deep study and observation, enabled him at a glance to see what feature in any female deserved to be reproduced in the wondrous work which his hands were shaping. The swan-like neck of one female might support a very inferior head, or rise from deformed shoulders. The sculptor copied the neck only. So with the student of vocal delivery. He can copy vocal beauties and omit faults.

Dr. Rush mentions in his work, that Mrs. Siddons excelled in the "Diatonic Melody," but that it was not until many years after his hearing this celebrated actress that he was able to analyze her style, and refer it to its proper class. In our preceding remarks we have not merely theorized. On the contrary, the suggestions we have made are the result not only of much study, but of much practice. If the student will follow the course recommended faithfully and perseveringly, he will be astonished at his own success.

ART. IV.—1. *Luciana Opera.* Ed. Lehman. Berlin. 1817.

2. *Lucian, of Samosata, from the Greek; with the Comments and Illustrations of Wieland and others.* By WILLIAM TOOKE, F.R.S., Member of the Imperial Academy, &c. 2 vols. 4to. London. 1580.

NONE but those who have investigated the subject can form any adequate idea of how much that is valuable is lost in the lapse of time. This is the principal reason why it is so generally thought that the world, or at least the part of it in which we live ourselves, is constantly improving in knowledge and civilization. It is only the few who devote themselves to the obscure records of the past that are aware of how many great authors, artists, discoverers and inventors have passed away without leaving behind them as much as their name. We are

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not even told that they were born one day and died another. Thus it is that some of the noblest efforts of human intellect are associated with no name; while others are associated with names to which at best they have but an equivocal relation.

The most learned can only indulge in conjectures as to the authorship of the greatest works of antiquity that have reached our time. Of the several great epics which are the glory of Sanscrit literature, the author of one is not known, although each has been attributed to several. Scores of volumes have been written to prove that no such individual as Homer ever lived. Even the sacred writers can only be spoken of by inference. The most that can be said in reference to any book of the Old Testament not attributed to Moses is, that it is supposed to have been written by this or that holy man. Instance the book of Job, which, considered as an intellectual production, is the finest of all. None can pretend to tell whose was the truly inspired mind that conceived its sublime beauties. To many of the most renowned works of art the same observations will apply, but on the present occasion we can only allude to the facts.

Doubtless, in many cases, the great thinkers themselves are to blame for this vagueness and uncertainty in regard to their productions. It is not fame the greatest of them value, so much as the consciousness of doing good. It is evident even from the sonnets of Shakespeare that he was fully aware of the transcendent power of his genius; and it is equally evident that he concerned himself but little in regard to what his contemporaries might say in his favor. Had the fact been otherwise, Ben Jonson would not have been the only contemporary author of any celebrity whose approbation he elicited; while almost all others who spoke of him at all, did so in disparaging, if not in abusive language. Nor was Milton much more careful of his fame. But the author of "Paradise Lost" had no rivals. No other author of his time ventured to treat a subject so sublime as his, or one that required such varied powers and such profound erudition; and those who treated humbler subjects did not see that they had any cause to envy the blind poet, whose poem, great as it was, had scarcely had a hundred readers in all England. Passing over Swift and several other first-class authors who were disposed rather to conceal their powers than to proclaim them to the world, or employ others to do so, as our modern authors do, we come to "Junius," whose conduct would have fully illustrated our views on the subject by itself. While making the greatest men in England writhe under his sarcastic strictures—while those whom he assailed most bitterly, and exposed most openly to public scorn, could not deny

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that he was an elegant and powerful writer, as well as a masterly critic, he was never so vain as to tell friend or foe that his was the pen which more than that of all others had proved mightier than the sword; so that to this day his identity is sought in vain by the most industrious and most ingenious investigators.

But if some of the world's greatest thinkers have thus not only evinced indifference to fame, but have often done their best to avoid it, others have been cast in the background, or abused and calumniated, for being too free and honest in the expression of their opinions. To this class belongs Lucian, of Samosata, whom we have selected as the subject of the present paper; for it is he who says in the most polished and classical Greek: "*I am the declared enemy of all false pretences, all quackery, all lies, and all false puffing;* and hate from the bottom of my heart all and every one who belongs to that *infamous tribe*, including a mighty host, as you know full well.* When it is remembered that this is no idle boast, that the author has fully carried out his declaration, it will not seem strange that he was not much admired by contemporary writers; nay, will it not sufficiently account for the fact that only one ancient writer—that is, Suidas—mentions him at all? and he does so only to overwhelm him with execration and disgrace as far as it is in his power to do so. He concludes what is evidently a coarse caricature, by telling us that Lucian was "torn to pieces by dogs as a fit punishment for his impiety and malevolent disposition." Owing to the hatred thus excited by his satires, we should scarcely have known that such a man had ever existed had his works perished with all that was mortal of himself. And it was only by chance they escaped. The most persevering efforts had been made to destroy them.† Finally, it was thought that not a copy remained; but his admirers were determined that

*"Μισαλαζών εἰμι, καὶ μισογόης, καὶ μισοψευδής, καὶ μισότυφος, καὶ μισῶ πᾶν τὸ τοιουτῶδες εἶδος τῶν μιαρῶν ἀνθρώων· πάνυ δὲ πολλοί εἰσιν, ὡς οἶσθα."—ΛΑΕΙΥΣ, ΗΑΝΑΒΙΟΥΝΤΕΣ. Luciani Opera, Ed. Lehman, tom. iii., § 20.

† Philostratus was the principal puffer of this period. He was a person without learning or taste, but it seems he was deemed all the more competent on this account to compile a work like some of our modern "Biographical Dictionaries," or "Cyclopædias." It is entitled "Lives of the Sophists," (*Βίοι Σοφιστῶν*,) but it does not as much as mention Lucian, the greatest of his time. True, Philostratus has immortalized himself by the exclusion; but his immortality is that of the would-be executioner. Himself or his book is never mentioned except in connection with Lucian. With the exception of two or three, his great men are just like those dark lanterns of literature, puffed in a similar manner in our own day—after the fashion so humorously hit off by the poet in the following lines:

"Oh fond attempt to give the deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot.
Thus when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news;
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire;
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;
There goes the parson—oh, illustrious spark!—
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk."

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posterity should have an opportunity of judging between the satirist who wrote to cure the vices of his time, and the puffers who formed themselves into a society of mutual admiration, as shallow and vain pretenders have done in all ages.

By this means at least one copy of his works was saved, until his enemies could no longer destroy them. This was sufficient; his character from youth to age is fully described in his works. The author relates his own history with the utmost *naïveté*, without any affectation or pretence. It is impossible to read what he says of himself without being impressed with its truthfulness. His remarks on the subject would be worthy of credit, if for no other reason than that they are addressed to friends and acquaintances, who were so familiar with the principal incidents in his life, that were he even disposed to impose upon them, he could not have hoped to do so with any chance of success.

But before we enter into any particulars as to his life and character, we must make a remark or two on the disadvantages under which he has labored, after all opposition to him had ceased for nearly sixteen hundred years. Even to the present day, we have no translation in the English language that does justice to Lucian. Not but English versions of him were attempted early enough. So early as the beginning of the fifteenth century, there were several versions of select portions of his works. That by the learned Joseph Mayne, published in 1664, is still extant; and were it not for its quaint style, it would be the best we have at the present day. Soon after (1684) Spence published his version; but it is nothing better than a crude paraphrase. Nothing is more unlike that of Lucian than his dull, monotonous style; nowhere in his translation do we find the least trace of the genuine humor and sparkling wit which possess such a fascination in the original. Nor can we speak in much better terms of the version in which four learned men were engaged, including Dryden—we mean that by Blount, Shear, and Moyle, to which the poet prefixed a preface. In this, indeed, there are some good passages—better than the corresponding passages in any previous version; but the remainder are distinguished in an equal degree for their inferiority. The next was that of Dr. Franklin, which was published in 1780, and which is, upon the whole, an excellent performance; although it does but little justice to the original. Yet it is by no means a settled point that any subsequent version has surpassed it. Some claim the palm of superiority for Tooke's version; but this, like the rest, is second-hand. It is in fact not from the Greek, but from the German of Wieland, the same as the others were in turn from the Latin, the French, &c.

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It is to be presumed that had Mr. Tooke been sufficiently acquainted with the original he would have rendered it directly, rather than have recourse to the German, especially as it is very evident that his knowledge of the latter is very imperfect. But however little justice has been done to the genius of Lucian in the English language, certain it is, as we will presently see, that to no other writer of his time is our literature so much indebted.

The exact period of our author's birth is not known; but the general belief is that he was born at Samosata, a small town on the west bank of the Euphrates, about 120 A. D.—that is, more than seventeen hundred years ago. That he was of humble birth he does not conceal himself; but on the contrary, places the fact in bold relief. After having travelled a good part of the world and established an honorable reputation for himself as a writer and speaker, he returned to his native town and related to his former friends, in the form of a public address, how early in life he commenced to take care of himself. It seems that there had been considerable debate between his parents as to the occupation for which he was best suited. Finally, it was agreed that he should be apprenticed to his uncle, who was a statuary. His father addresses the latter as follows:

"Take the young man home with you, and make of him a dexterous stone-cutter and statuary; he is not deficient in abilities, as you know. This he said in allusion to certain toys, with the making of which while a boy I had amused myself. For after school hours I used to scrape together pieces of wax wherever they fell in my way, and make cows, horses, aye, God forgive me, even men! and very fine likenesses, as my father thought. This childish amusement, for which I had got many a box on the ear from my schoolmaster, was now brought as a proof of my natural turn, and the best hopes were conceived that by this plastic disposition I should in a short time become a great proficient in the art. As soon, therefore, as a lucky day had been pitched upon for entering on my apprenticeship, I was transferred to my uncle, and, to say the truth, not much against my will. On the contrary, I thought it would be very diverting, and procure me no small consideration among my comrades, to carve gods and other little images, for myself and those lads whom I liked best.

"It fell out with me, however, as is usual with young beginners; for my uncle giving into my hands a chisel, ordered me to ply it gently to and fro on a smooth slab of marble which lay upon the ground, adding withal the old saying: 'Well begun is half done,' and then left me to my own direction; but for want of knowing better, and striking too roughly, the marble broke in two. Upon which he fell into a passion, laid hold on a whip that was lying near him, and ushered me into a new trade, with so unfriendly a welcome as deprived me at once of all inclination to the art. I ran home, crying and roaring, related the story of the whip—showed the marks of the lash, and made vehement complaints of the cruelty of my uncle. 'I am sure he did it out of pure jealousy,' said I, 'he being afraid that I should in the end prove a better workman than himself.' My

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mother at this was very angry, and vented bitter reproaches on her brother. Night coming on, however, I went to bed, where I passed many tedious hours of grief and vexation, till at length, with tearful eyes, I fell asleep."

He states that during this sleep he had a remarkable dream, which induced him to decide at once on turning his attention to literature; although he had hardly thought yet of becoming an author. His first idea was to devote himself at least for a time to the legal profession. With this view he studied hard for three or four years, and was then admitted to the bar; but when the admission took place none can tell. Suidas, the prejudiced authority already alluded to, says that Antioch was the place; but Wieland and others think it more probable that Athens was the scene of his exertions. Be this as it may, it seems pretty certain that he did not succeed as an advocate. His enemies tell us that he was too stupid for the bar, and that had he been even possessed of talent, his character was so unreliable that few would trust him with any important case. This is no more than might be expected from those who represent him as having been torn to pieces by dogs, as a warning from the Almighty to all future infidels and blasphemers. But the truth peers out in spite of vindictive feeling and bigotry.

There was ample reason why he should not succeed as a lawyer, for, although his Greek is marked by the classic stamp —the best of any writer of his time, notwithstanding his having been born in an obscure provincial town, not in Greece, but in Syria—his Latin was defective. This, it will be understood, was a great disadvantage at the time when Rome was still mistress of the world, and consequently the Roman language that of the statute-book, as well as of the court. But whether his want of familiarity with the niceties of the Latin was the cause of his failure; or whether any other reason of a kindred character can be assigned for it, there is no evidence that he was either expelled from the bar, or that he was wanting in ability as a speaker. The reverse of the latter fact is proved; for we find that he taught rhetoric in Gaul, Italy, Spain, Asia Minor, and even in Greece, and was eminently successful in each country. It seems that when leaving Gaul at the age of thirty-five or forty, he brought with him a considerable fortune, all of which he had made in teaching oratory and rhetoric. In short, there is no doubt but he had acquired considerable wealth at this time; so much, indeed, that he could have well afforded to abandon a profession which, whatever were its advantages, was evidently not congenial to his tastes. We can therefore readily believe his own version of the story. "I had not long carried on the profession of a pleader," he says, in the preface to one

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of his Dialogues,* "when experience convinced me that deceit, lies, unblushing impudence, clamor, chicanery, and a thousand more such odious qualities, are inseparable from that mode of life." Nor does he content himself with merely making an assertion of this kind in regard to the degraded state of the legal profession in his time; he illustrates the same in his "Double Indictment." For example, he makes Drunkenness sue the Academy in the celestial courts for having seduced Polemon from his allegiance. When the case is called, Drunkenness finds his tongue so thick that he can hardly mention the defendant's name. He gets a few minutes' time to recover his speech if he can, and then, as he is about to resume, he is seized with a violent fit of hiccup. The justice seeing his dilemma, and being influenced by a "fellow feeling," says, "Then let her employ a proper attorney; there are advocates enough at hand, who are ready to split their lungs for three oboli."

True, all this is adduced by persons like Suidas, to prove not that both the bar and bench were corrupt in Lucian's time, but that he was actuated by malice against both. This, however, is not strange. Who has ever yet written a satire or criticism without being charged with vindictive motives? But the truth is, in this case, that if there was any malice on the part of the satirist, it was against the prevailing mythology, not against the lawyers. The latter he uses merely as actors or spokesmen. Undoubtedly he did not like the state of morality he found amongst them; but he had a nobler object in view than the reformation of the bar; although it is clear that he wished to accomplish that, too, as far as possible. Had he done nothing else but to turn the existing mythology into ridicule, so as to hasten the downfall of the whole system, he would have been entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of mankind.

Nor would he have been considered in any other light in our day, notwithstanding the calumnies already alluded to, were it not that he is also accused of having attacked Christianity. But there is no proof that he did any such thing. The play in which the Christian saints are attacked as well as the Pagan gods, is that *φιλόπατρις, ἢ διδασκόμενος*, ("The Lover of his Country, or the Student.") In this, indeed, the Christians are roughly handled; they are represented as base, wicked men, who malign and calumniate each other, and at the same time join in prayers in secret, out-of-the-way places, for the ruin of the State and its rulers. A writer capable of making representations of this kind in regard to the early Christians, who, even those of their enemies that make any pretensions to generosity

* *Double Indictment*, vol. ii., p. 606.

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admit to have led a blameless life in everything else but their persistent attachment to the new religion—would be entitled to little sympathy, further than that we ought all to remember that to err is human. But, fortunately, we are not called upon to overlook the faults of Lucian in this instance; for it is the opinion of the best critics* that he never wrote a line of the dialogue in question, and the main ground of their belief is that many of the incidents occurred subsequent to his time. We have, however, the additional negative evidence that the style of the "Lover of his Country and Student" is vastly inferior to that of any of the pieces known to be Lucian's; and what is more, it is admitted by the most exacting Christian writers that he does ample justice in his account of Peregrinus, to the simple and innocent manners of the new sect, as the followers of Christ were then called. It has been justly urged, besides, in vindication of Lucian, that had he entertained the violent hatred against the Christians which is laid to his charge, he would at least have devoted a separate piece to an attack upon them, for whatever he really disliked or regarded as vicious or demoralizing, he did not shrink from assailing. It seems to us, therefore, that the justest conclusion, and the one nearest to the truth, is that arrived at by Dr. Mayne, one of the best and most learned of his translators, namely, that "upon the whole, it may be doubted whether Christianity owes more to the grave confutations of Clemens Alexandrinus, Arnobius, and Justin Martyr, or to the facetious wit of Lucian."

Yet another point in favor of Lucian is, that his patrons were the best men of his time—men who were scarcely surpassed by those of any time. It is beyond question that he was intrusted with an important office by the imperial government. Authorities differ as to the precise character of the appointment thus conferred upon him; but the general opinion is, that he was Prætor in Egypt,† and that the appointment was given him by Marcus Aurelius, the Louis XIV. of his time. The latter fact is vehemently disputed by the bigots, or those

* Marcilius, Huet, Gesner, &c.

† Whatever his office was called, we learn enough both of its duties and emoluments from Lucian himself. "For if you please to inquire into it," he writes to one of his friends, "you will find that not the least considerable part of the government of Egypt is in my hands, as I am appointed to preside over and regulate the several courts of judicature, and to provide that all the legal proceedings are conducted in due order; to register whatever is said or transacted; to arrange the speeches of the lawyers; and, above all, to preserve the rescripts of the emperor in their utmost exactitude and perspicuity, with the most sacred and inviolable fidelity, and deposit them in the public archives, for posterity to the end of time. Moreover, I receive my salary, not from a private individual, but from the emperor himself; neither does it consist in such and such a number of oboli and drachmæ by the year, but amounts to several talents. Besides, I have no small hope, if things go on in a regular channel, as they ought, to be elected governor-general of the province, or to obtain some other post of equal promise." This would be decisive on the subject; but some think it is rather a piece of raillery than a serious statement.

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who have inherited the hatred of the charlatans and pretenders whose performances he had exposed. They say that Aurelius was too good a man to patronize a scoffer like Lucian, not to call the satirist a worse name. They bring forward two arguments to prove that such a thing could not have happened. Marcus Aurelius, they say, was a devout stoic, and as such it was impossible for him to befriend one who had so violently attacked all stoics, exposing the best of them to public derision and scorn. The other argument is, that Lucian had composed two elaborate panegyrics on Panthea, (the *all-divine*,) the Grecian consort of his imperial patron. It could not have been Marcus, then, they triumphantly maintain, since he had no consort but the frail Faustina, who, according to all contemporary authorities, was the reverse of "divine."

The Abbé Massieu, who has investigated the subject more fully than any other modern author, not excepting Wieland, disposes of both arguments in a manner at once simple and satisfactory. In regard to the first, he reminds the cavillers that the satirist himself used to say that one might laugh at Zenothemis, and yet have all manner of respect for Zeno. But assuming the contrary to have been the fact—that all were ridiculed alike by Lucian—still the question would arise, Was the great Marcus Aurelius so narrow-minded a bigot that he would exclude a man of letters from office and patronage merely because he was heterodox in his theological views? No statement of the kind is worthy of a moment's attention; for we have the concurrent testimony of the greatest historians that literary men of all persuasions were liberally patronized under this reign—so liberally, that the highest compliment that can be conferred on any modern sovereign in this respect is to compare him to Aurelius.

Then as to the second argument, it must be remembered that in the time of Lucian, and for centuries afterwards, concubines were regarded as "wives of the left hand." This was particularly true of concubines from the eastern provinces of the empire. At all events, a poet may be excused for calling either the wife or concubine of his patron "the Divine," even though she be a little frail. Supposing he applied the term to Faustina, it was nothing more than many of our poets do at the present day without possessing a tithe of the wit or humor of Lucian to conceal their fulsomeness by its brilliancy.

If Lucian has bestowed the highest praise on his patron, he has not been the less scathing and merciless in exhibiting Roman vice to the scorn of mankind. No other satirist dared to portray Imperial Rome as he has done; for the satires of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius are simple railleries compared

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to his. A wanderer as he was, depending for his daily bread on his talents, and well aware that the Roman sway was universal, he did not shrink from showing his contempt for Roman manners, and his deep-rooted hatred for Roman domination. It was in vain the Romans made themselves as Hellenic as possible in manners, costume, and even in language—in all things save in culture and taste. The satirist only laughed at them all the more heartily.

Nor was Lucian peculiar in this respect. It was the habit of the wealthier Roman aristocracy to surround their persons, wherever they moved, with secretaries, parasites, and paramours of the favorite race; and we are told that the very parties thus chosen "hated on as cordially as ever;" although, as a matter of course, they "gazed, listened, and applauded." Lucian scourges the Romans to their face; but in doing so, he puts the scourge, as it were, into Roman hands. In other words, he puts all the sneers and sarcasms, all expressions of contempt, both against the aristocracy and the Roman people, into Roman mouths.

Those who wish to see how he treats the patricians, may turn to his *Nigrinus*. It will be seen that it is not merely their luxury and debauchery he assails, as the Roman satirists have done. With him these were but secondary matters. The description which he gives, for example, of the simple dwelling of Nigrinus, the unassuming Platonist, presents a most striking contrast with that of the prospect which he sees from his window. On entering, the satirist finds the old man reading a book surrounded with the busts of sages. Beside him stands a small, plain table, or rather rude board, leaning against the wall, covered with geometrical figures, and a sphere of reeds to represent, as it seemed, the universe. The philosopher, who had studied at Athens, greets Lucian with something like the warmth of an old class-mate, and, as Wieland expresses it, proceeded "to lighten himself of his long-hoarded gall upon the frivolities and vices of his countrymen." It is sufficient for the purpose of the satirist that the sage is a native of Rome, one entitled to all the rights of citizenship. None can take offence at a Roman philosopher, rendered venerable by age, knowledge, and exemplary reputation, giving his opinion of his fellow-citizens. "The Romans," he says, "dare to speak the truth once in their lives—when they make their wills; and what use do they make of this liberty? Why, to command some favorite robe to be burnt with them, some particular slave to keep watch by the sepulchre, some particular garland o be hung about the urn! And this is the end of a life spent in being carried on soft litters to luxurious baths, slaves strut-

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ting before and crying to the bearers to beware of the puddles, and gorging at banquets, and being visited at noon-day by physicians, and all the bustle and tumult of the hippodrome, all the noise about statutes to charioteers and the naming of horses.* These are the people whom one must approach ες το περσικον. Kissing their vest, their hand, their bosom—never, oh never, thank heaven! their lips; these are the gentry whose fingers are so overbundened with rings; whose hair is so fantastically curled out; who answer one's humblest salute by proxy, and who are accustomed, nevertheless, to see beggars become viceroys, and viceroys beggars!"

This, however, gives but a faint idea of the severity of the satirist towards the Romans. Nay, it can hardly be regarded as a fair specimen; for we have selected it more on account of its comparative brevity as a "scene," than for the sarcasms which it embodies, just and trenchant as the latter are. At the same time it is impossible to read the strictures of Lucian on Roman manners, habits, and religion, without perceiving that whatever else may be said of imperial Rome, under the Antonines, there was but little restraint, if any, on the liberty of speech. There was nothing too sacred at Rome or elsewhere for the mockery of the satirist. If he thought any institution, belief, or theory, however ancient or popular, partook in any way of the character of a sham or delusion, he attacked it without ceremony. Hence it is that he is called the Voltaire of his age; but all admit that there is this distinction between the author of the "Philosophical Dictionary" and the author of "Jupiter Convicted." The former was vindictive, and often made his attacks more for the love of contradiction than for the love of truth; whereas the latter made his attacks because, as he tells us himself, he was the enemy of all imposture. But there is a still greater difference between these two satirists. One attacked a system of religion whose gods and goddesses were guilty of excesses that would have disgraced the commonest of the people who had faith in the divine character attributed to them by those who had an interest in doing so; whereas the other attacked the religion of the Creator and Ruler of the universe.

But whatever Lucian did or wrote on religion or politics, it does not appear that he was ever imprisoned or banished by the imperial government. It is beyond question that he was allowed full liberty to address all who would listen in any form he thought proper, whether with pen or tongue. Need we say

* Spon has published an inscription which gives, among other names for horses, Dædalus, Ajax, Romulus, Roman, Gætulian, Victor, Memnon, Wolf, Pard, Pegasus, Argo, Æther, Arrow, Bolt, Dart, Sparrow, Spider, and Flea; of which the majority were Africans.

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that this is more than could be said of Voltaire, who was imprisoned twice, and not for his attacks on the Christian religion, but for his lampoons. And how many other modern writers are there who have been deprived of their liberty in a similar manner, without having made any attack on either religion or morals, but simply for the exercise of legitimate satire or freedom of speech. This shows that there is some truth in the passage in Gibbon's History, in which he declares the condition of Rome, under the Antonines, to be superior to that of any other country, and for which he has been so often censured on the ground that his eulogy on the gentle sway of the emperors of that time is but a covert attack on Christianity. "If a man," he says, "were called upon to fix the period in the history of the world during which the *condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous*, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose character and authority commanded involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves the accountable ministers of the laws."*

The feelings of the Greeks were no more spared by Lucian than those of the Romans. His dialogue on the Sacrifices sufficiently proves this. It shows that the Greek gods are just as ridiculous and absurd in his mind as the Roman gods. He knew both were false, and he attacked them as such. If there is an obvious difference in his mode of attack, it is because he knew he had different classes of minds to deal with—the difference between the Greeks and Romans being as broadly marked in the time of Lucian as that between the French and Germans of the present day. But a few extracts, however brief, will give a better idea of what the satirist did towards uprooting a false and demoralizing mythology than any remarks that we can make on the subject. We regret that we cannot give the best specimens, having no copy within our reach of "Alexander, of Abonoiteichos," which the best judges of all nations agree in pronouncing one of the most extraordinary productions in ancient or modern literature. It is not too much to say that this one comparatively brief tract contains more of that wit and wisdom which at once instruct, amuse and reform, than scores of octavo volumes, by authors of the present day, who regard themselves as occupying a high rank in the world of letters.

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. i., p. 126.

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This Alexander is well known in history as one of the most adroit impostors of any age. Lucian tells us that when his fame began to resound through Italy, "all was bustle and hurry, the only strife being who should be first served with an oracle. Some went themselves, others sent their servants; but of all classes, the most elevated were they that manifested the greatest earnestness in the pursuit." It seems that a senator named Rutulius, who had filled some of the most important offices under the imperial government, now sent embassy after embassy from Rome to Paphlagonia, until at last he consulted the oracle touching the choice of a second wife. The prophet did not keep him long in suspense in regard to a matter so important, but told him in a suitable hexameter, "*Marry the daughter of Alexander and Salene*,"* (that is, of the impostor himself and the moon.) Nor was the advice given in vain. The marriage was solemnized with due pomp, and Rututius was delighted to be the husband of no less a personage than the daughter of the glory of the earth and the queen of heaven.

But independently of this altogether, we have abundance of materials which give an idea of the satirist's peculiar mode of attack in dealing with a question of such magnitude as the faith of a people for generations without number. He attacks every form of superstition in turn, varying the mode on every succeeding occasion. Thus, in one tract, he attacks the oracle at Delphi; in another, that at Heliopolis; in another, that at Bombyce, &c. In his "Dialogue of the Gods," he makes the Olympian dynasty quake, literally. Again, in his "Convicted Jupiter," he introduces "the father of gods and men" in a debate with Cyniscus on the omnipotency of the former. Jupiter is so skilfully questioned by the satirist that he is obliged to admit that "nothing happens which the Parcæ (or Fates) had not previously ordained." From this, he is easily brought to make the further admission, that all the gods, himself included, are to a certain extent subject to the Parcæ. "If matters really go thus," says Cyniscus; "if all be subject to the Parcæ, and nothing can be altered which they have once been pleased to decree, to what purpose do we offer hecatombs to you, and pray you to be kind to us?" The father of the gods does not relish this sort of logic, and is rather disposed to get angry. But his interlocutor makes a few agreeable remarks, which satisfies him that no offence was intended. Then he condescends to resume the debate. "But we are not sacrificed to," he says, "from interested motives, but to do us honor, who have superior and more perfect natures." "Wherein," asks Cynis-

* *Γημον Αλεξανδρου τε Σελεναιης τε Θυγατρα.*

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cus, "are you superior, since, like us, you are but instruments, fellow-servants, and subject to the same distresses?" "Because we live an endless life, in the fruition of all conceivable goods." "Not all of you," says Cyniscus: "Vulcan is lame, and a dirty blacksmith; Prometheus was crucified; to say nothing of your father, who to this day lies shackled in Tartarus. Accidents befall you; many of you who were of gold and silver have even been melted down, because it was their fate."

Brief as these extracts are, they are sufficient, in connection with the observations which precede them, to show how eminently suggestive is Lucian's mode of thinking. But we have much stronger proof than this of the fact. In no other instance does the adage apply so well, that "the tree is known by its fruit;" for, as already intimated, no writer of ancient or modern times has been more imitated than Lucian. Those who confine their reading to modern literature have little idea of the amount that has been borrowed from this author; and could its value be estimated by any words we could use in these pages, we should incur the charge of exaggeration in making such an estimate. Sometimes, indeed, the form alone has been borrowed; that is, Lucian has but furnished the idea for a performance entirely different from his own in its object as well as in its language. But those who imitate him in this way pay a still higher compliment to his genius than those who do so directly; although the former show more originality than the latter. Much as the *Spectator* has been read by every student of English literature, there are very few who are aware how much the finest essays of Addison are indebted to Lucian. Thus, for example, if the ideas of the satirist of Samosata were taken from the admirable Visions or Allegories of the famous English essayist, all that would be left would be little indeed. This remark will apply even to the vision of Stirza. No intelligent person who is acquainted with both authors has the least doubt that Addison's visions have been suggested by those of Lucian; such, for instance, as that in which Icaro Menippus visits Jupiter on some private business, and is afforded an opportunity of witnessing the order in which the colonial affairs of his department are conducted:

"We arrived," says Menippus, "at the place where he was to sit down and give audience to mankind. There were apertures, resembling the mouths of wells, at regular intervals, provided with covers, and by every one of them stood a golden chair of state. On the first chair Jupiter now seated himself, lifted up the cover, and gave ear to the supplicants. Many and diverse were the prayers that came up to him from every region upon earth, some of them impossible to be granted at the same time. I also stooping down, on the side con-

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tiguous to the opening, could distinctly hear, 'O Jupiter, let me be a king!' 'O Jupiter, send my onions and garlic to thrive this year!' 'O Jupiter, let my father speedily depart hence!' Another cried out, 'Oh, that I could soon be rid of my wife!' Another, again, 'Oh, that I might succeed in my plot against my brother!' A third prayed for a happy issue to his law-suit; a fourth wanted to be crowned at Olympia. One seaman prayed for a north wind, another for a south wind; a husbandman for rain, a fuller for sunshine. Father Jupiter hearkened to them all. . . . The equitable requests were admitted through the aperture, and deposited on the right hand: the iniquitous and futile he puffed back ere they had reached the skies. With respect to one alone, I perceived him very much puzzled. Two parties preferred petitions for favors in direct opposition to one another; at the same time both promising equal sacrifices. For want, therefore, of a decisive reason why he should favor either the one or the other, he was in the predicament of the academies, not knowing to which he should say 'Aye,' but was forced to say, with honest Pyrrho, 'We shall see!'

"Having done with hearing prayers, he rose up, and seated himself in the second chair, adjoining the second aperture, to lend his attention to oaths, protestations, and vows. When this was over, and after having on this occasion smashed the Epicurean Hermodorus's head with a thunder-bolt, he went on to the third chair, where he gave audience to presages, prognostications, divinations, and auguries. This done, he proceeded to the fourth, through which the fume of the victims ascended, wafting to him severally the names of the sacrificers. This business being dispatched, the winds and storms were admitted, and orders given to each what it was to do; as—'To-day let it rain in Scythia, thunder and lighten in Africa, and snow in Greece. You, Boreas, blow towards Lydia. You, South Wind, shall have a day of rest. The West Wind will raise a tempest in the Adriatic! Let a thousand bushels of hail, or thereabouts, be scattered on Cappadocia,'—and the like."

If the reader will compare this with No. 159 of the Spectator, he will see for himself whether we are right or wrong, although no allusion is made by Addison in this instance to Lucian. The essayist speaks of his having translated the piece word for word from an Oriental manuscript, a course which he pursues in several essays which he means to be considered as original. In another piece, in which the imitation is scarcely so obvious, he refers to Lucian, as follows: "I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavored to *imitate his way of thinking;* but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable without any further inquiries after the author."* But if all who have borrowed from Lucian were even to mention his name, as Addison has done, then it would not have been necessary to make any remarks, to show how much our

* Spectator, No. 391.

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literature is indebted to the Greek satirist. Everybody has heard of the famous Milesian Tale; but very few are aware of its extraordinary influence on modern literature. If the fact is otherwise, will it be believed that this wonderful Tale is the original of all modern novels and romances, not excepting "Don Quixote?" Whether it is believed or not, such is really the fact.

It must be remembered that Swift too has been inspired by the genius of Lucian, and in more than one instance. Who, for example, has not read and admired the great Dean's "Directions to Servants?" It can hardly be said that he has written anything better than this; but it is not so generally known, even among the literary profession, that the author owes the idea to that admirable passage in Lucian's "School for Orators," in which he hits off the dark-lanterns of literature of the day with such trenchant and irresistible force. We will extract this, for the two-fold purpose of showing the resemblance between it and the "Directions to Servants," and explaining more satisfactorily than we have hitherto done, how it was that the puffers of his day were so careful to exclude Lucian from their "Biographical Dictionaries" and "Cyclopædias." "What, therefore," says the satirist, "you must in the first place bring with you are, ignorance and audacity, with a good proportion of presumption and impudence; but you will do well to leave decency, modesty, and bashfulness at home, as they are not only perfectly useless, but would even prove prejudicial. Get, however, a good stentorian pair of lungs, and a confident declamatory tone, and a gait and gesture like mine: these properties are indispensably necessary; but these alone are not sufficient. You must strike the eye by the elegance of your dress. Provide yourself, therefore, a habit of the finest *Tarentine stuff*, white, and gaily embroidered, and have handsome Attic slippers, such as the ladies wear, or Sicyonian shoes, which suit admirably with white stockings. Next, you must get by rote fifteen or at most twenty Attic phrases of all descriptions, and render them so fluent to you, that they shall regularly slip off your tongue of themselves. With these, bestrew all your speeches as with sugar, and never mind if the rest of your words suit well or ill with them, or what effect they have upon the sentence in which you introduce them. If the purple gown be extremely fine and a fine color, the rest may be of ever so coarse a cloth. In the next place, you must take especial care to employ a great profusion of unintelligible, unprecedented words, seldom appearing in the ancients; for that gives you consequence with the great mass—causes them to regard you as a man of immense study, and learned above their com-

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prehension. You may, perhaps, occasionally venture to surprise them with strange and quite new words of your own invention; and should it happen to you from time to time to commit solecisms and barbarisms, you have an infallible resource in impudence, and may name some poet or prose writer for your authority, though he never existed, who was a profound scholar and an excellent judge of language, and approved of this mode of expression. Should a case occur in which you are to speak on a given subject upon the spur of the occasion, put aside the difficult propositions with disdain as too easy and school-boyish, and then begin without premeditation, and run with your discourse, speaking whatever comes into your head, careless whether you proceed from first to second, as the pedants do, and so on to the third, severally in their order; but what comes up is with you the first, though the boot light on the head and the helmet on the leg. Do you always rush on, make one word strike upon another; so that none of them stick in the middle, all goes well. Suppose you are to speak at Athens about some robber or adulterer, do you speak of what is done in India or Ecbaterna; but above all, forget not the battle of Marathon and Cynægirus, without which nothing at all is to be effected. Sail likewise round about Mount Athos, and cross the Hellespont on foot. Let the sun be darkened by the arrows of the Persians. Let Xerxes be put to flight, and Leonidas be the hero. Let the letter be read which Ottryrades wrote with his blood, and Salamis, Artemisium, and Platæa, be bravely blazoned forth; the thicker these come upon each other the better."

It is necessary to bear in mind that when this advice was given there were no newspapers. The "puffers" had to go about and blow their horns in person. They also delivered "lectures" to all who would listen to them, as the same class of persons do in our own time. Nor did they fail to give their fellow-citizens the benefit of their enlarged and statesmanlike views on the politics of the day; so that it will be seen that our own politicians too have their prototypes in the characters of Lucian. Nor is it alone the idea of his "Advice to Servants" which Swift is believed to have borrowed from the satirist of Samosata. M. La Harpe, with others, thinks that it was Lucian who suggested even "Gulliver's Travels." "He had," he says, "however, imagination, and even that which invents; for authors of merit have profited by his invention in satiric allegory. It is from a very ingenious work, entitled 'A True History,' that Swift has borrowed the plan of his 'Gulliver.'"*

* Il avait pourtant de l'imagination, et même de celle qui invente; car dans le genre de l'allégory satyrique, des auteurs de mérite ont profité de ses inventions.

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It is hardly necessary to say that it is not meant, however, that the author of Gulliver's Travels has been guilty of plagiarism; he is far less so than Virgil, or Dante, or Shakespeare, each of whom has borrowed the idea of his *chef d'œuvre*.

To many, it will seem still more incredible that it is Lucian who has peopled the modern world with those aerial beings which have exercised so powerful an influence for good and for evil for sixteen hundred years on the minds of the imaginative and superstitious of all nations.

This is attributing a great deal to one mind, but we have the strongest testimony in support of it. "The ingenious illustrator of the popular superstitions of Ireland," says Wieland, "will find here (in 'Lie Lovers') the prototypes of all his Phocas, Banchees, and Chiracaunes stories told with the most consummate gravity by personages of the highest condition and accomplishment—nay, attested in many instances with the most solemn appeals to personal character and trustworthiness—of ghosts, witches, Hyperboreans and Lydian charms, brooms animated at the touch of a wand, assuming the likeness of clever lacqueys, and abigails performing their becoming functions during any space of time required, and on its termination forthwith rebroomed; bloody skeletons drawing men's curtains at the dead of night, and pointing the way to cellars in which their bones lay unblest and restless; a serpent-bit vine-dresser cured by the spell of a Babylonian, who tied around the wounded toe a bandage inclosing a chip of the tombstone of a recently buried *virgin;* a small bit of clay formed into a Cupid, told to fly to a distant damsel and deliver a tender message, and obeying; of astonishing results from the wearing of a ring made out of the iron-work of a gibbet; of a statue of Pelichus that used to come down every night from its pedestal in the mansion where the conversation is held, and walk about the house, and which appeared crowned with wreaths newly gilt in honor of a cure it had recently effected on the person of the proprietor; of an African groom in the narrator's service who stole some oboli that had been deposited as offerings at the feet of this Pelichus, and who, after remaining, as he supposed, all night away from the scene of his felony, found himself at daybreak within a few yards thereof, re-entered the house, confessed his guilt, restored the oboli, was whipped regularly every night afterwards by an invisible scourge wielded by an invisible hand, and at last died of terror; of a bronze Hippocrates who spans high in the possession of another of the company, the family physician of the great man, who, whenever the oil in the lamp before him was

C'est d'un écrit fort ingénieux intitulé *Histoire Véritable*, que Swift a emprunté le plan de son Gulliver, &c.—*Cours de Littérature.* Tome iii., seconde partie, p. 361.

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burnt out, was sure to slip down from the shelf, jump all over the house, make a sad clatter among the dishes, and jumble the contents of the doctor's gallipots; of a tall female spectre, who came sailing out of a wood with her cap on a level with the highest trees; of another lady who appeared to her husband some weeks after her death to tell him that she felt uncomfortable in the other world in consequence of his having omitted one slipper when he was burning her wearing apparel, and pointed out the place in which her wearing apparel could be found, namely: behind her clothes-press; of a pestle which, after the mumbling of three syllables, being desired to fetch water, immediately seized a pitcher and set to work too diligently, for the person who used the spell was unacquainted with the counter-charm, and could not make the pestle stop again—and how his taking an axe and cleaving the pestle in two only made matters worse, for then there were two pestles and two pitchers all employed with the like persistence of zeal," &c.

At first sight it may seem that there is little to instruct in all this—that the object of the satirist is merely to raise the laugh at the expense of some sophists who had incurred his displeasure. This he did undoubtedly—even those ridiculed could not help sometimes in joining in the laugh. But the design of Lucian was to bring superstition into contempt—to expose the false religion of his time to public derision—having learned from experience gained in various countries during his professional travels, that satire was the most effective weapon wherewith to banish the false gods and put their priests to shame. He gives instances enough himself to show what elaborate efforts were made to impose on the ignorant and unthinking. As an instance we will refer in passing to his description of the famous Hieropolitan Temple. In this he tells us that the most ferocious animals were to be seen day and night, walking about and feeding quietly in the outer court of the goddess, side by side with horses, oxen, sheep, and all kinds of tame birds, the object of the keepers being to convince the populace that such was the wonderful power of the Loretto they were called upon to worship and to conciliate with sacrifices, that universal nature was subdued into the gentleness of the lamb in her presence. Those ready to judge everything by what they have seen, or learned themselves, sneer at this as a mere invention of the poet, or at best as a gross exaggeration. But Lucian mentions it as gravely as he does any other fact of the truth of which there can be no dispute; and those who have investigated ancient history most do not hesitate to believe him. Wieland does not question his veracity, but he seeks to explain the apparent anomaly by supposing that the cunning Galli disguised sheep

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and cows in the skins of wild beasts, and took care to arrange matters so that the uninitiated should not approach them too closely. But travellers in India tell us that the Hindoo princes of the present day have packs of tigers that are as tame as dogs, and that there are jugglers whose business it has been for a long succession of ages to tame wild beasts of all kinds. Scholl, another eminent German critic, in referring to the same subject, reminds the reader that while Rubens was painting his "Daniel," he had a lion that lived four weeks in his chamber. Gilbert White, also the author of an excellent work on "Natural History," gives his opinion in favor of Lucian, and concludes a long and interesting argument in proof of the skill and success of the ancients in taming wild beasts, by referring the skeptics to that passage in the New Testament where we are told that "Every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, *is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind.*"*

It is objected against Lucian, that he was one of those who would destroy everything, but build up nothing; as if any single individual who makes no pretension to a divine mission could do both. Human life is too short for such undertakings as objectors of this class would have performed. Is it not more natural that he should devote himself to the removal of what is bad and vicious, leaving it for somebody else to plant what is good and healthy in its stead? This would be acting in accordance with that principle of political economy which is universally regarded as most sound—namely, the division of labor. This is what Victor Hugo means when he says, "There are men for the green fruits, and other men for the ripe fruits."† A better authority than Hugo tells us in other words that all cannot do all things. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* Wieland enters more into particulars. "Some," he says, "are ordained to attack, others to defend; some to pull down, others to build up. * * We should scarcely blame those who employ gifts such as Lucian's for the mere purposes of entertainment; he *avenged truth and nature on their most dangerous enemies; he tore up by their roots the weeds that prevented the growth of wholesome plants;* he protected the docile understanding of the rising generation against the errors of their fathers; he warned them of the snares, pitfalls, and dens of ambuscade that had proved fatal to those that went before them; he directed them to the even paths of nature, whereon it is impossible to miss the universal object of sound common sense—and we require of him still more!" This presents the case fairly and justly for the

* James iii., 7.

† Il y a des hommes pour les fruits verts, et d'autres hommes pour les fruits muirs. —*Le Rhin*, p. 127.

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satirist; and now let us inquire, how did he succeed, or why did he do so. We have already spoken of his frank and honest disposition; his manliness and indomitable courage. He scorned those who abused him for telling the truth; he told them they might murder him, if they had the courage to assume the consequences of doing so, but that so long as he had life and health, he would continue to assail falsehood, imposture, and delusion, in whatever form they presented themselves. And fortunately he was master of that which, above all others, the cheats, impostors, quacks, and dark-lanterns dreaded most, and that against which their enchanted armor could afford them no protection, namely: *the witty derision of cool common sense;* a weapon that has seldom failed in any age, when earnestly and resolutely used. But our rapidly diminishing space reminds us that we must take our leave for the present of Lucian; not, however, we trust, without having accomplished our object, since all we had intended in the present article was simply to indicate the most salient point in his character as an author and a man. Let us ask now, Would not such a man be useful at the present day? After sufficient time has been allowed to discuss this question as its merits deserve, we will take up the satirist's principal works, and give such specimens of them as will do justice to his genius and fame, and at the same time interest and instruct our readers.

ART. V.—1. *Contributions to Terrestrial Magnetism.* By M. SABINE. London. 1834.

2. *Traité de Electr. et de Magnet.* Par M. BEQUEREL. Paris.

3. *Théorie des Phénomènes Electro-Dynamiques.* Paris. 1826.

As a matter of history, for the actual starting-point of the employment of electricity for any purpose among the concomitant wants or necessities of the human race, it will be necessary to revert to the days of Thales, who flourished at Miletus, above two thousand years ago, or five hundred years before the Christian era. This great philosopher ranked among the "seven wise men of Greece," and was the founder of the Ionic school of sages. He was the first to look upon electricity as a remedial agent in a certain class of human maladies, while he also taught his pupils that electrized amber possessed a *soul!*

After the era of the Miletian philosopher, we find little or nothing said of electricity either as an imponderable substance

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of itself, or as an agent for any physical or medical purpose of man, until about a century ago, when certain phenomena developed from rubbing smooth pieces of glass and wax became the theme of universal wonder and scientific investigation. As a matter of course, the astonishing powers, laws, and works of galvanism were entirely unsuspected. In fact, the relations of magnetism to electricity, and *vice versâ*, were unknown till after the middle of the last century. At this time, even the laws of heat had not been discovered, while water was supposed, by all the learned world, to be a simple substance only.

Scarcely more than a century ago, the "Leyden jar" was a new discovery. At that time, Benjamin Franklin had not demonstrated the identity between the lightning of the clouds and the electricity produced by friction. One hundred years before this, Newton was a school-boy! Gravitation, or a code of laws for the universe, had not been considered or established. "*The Principia*" and the "*Optics*" of Sir Isaac Newton were then unwritten, while electricity and magnetism were unrecognized as sciences. A hundred years anterior to this, again, we find ourselves plunged into the very abyss of the dark ages, where, not only medicine, but all the physical sciences were sleeping, as they had slept for a thousand years.

In these dread days of darkness, dogmatic theories only prevailed, and free discussion on any subject whatever was at the peril of life or the dungeon. Anatomy was undeveloped into a special science; there were no "subjects" for dissection; the structure and functions of the lungs were unknown; nor had the microscope, the barometer, and the thermometer been invented and made available for practical scientific purposes. Who now can fail to recognize—without recounting the untold inheritance of religious and social treasures—the rich legacies of chemistry, botany, geology, geography, mathematics, mechanics, physiology, electricity, and electro-magnetism, that were lying in store beneath the gloom of the "dark epoch" for generations then unborn?

To return more immediately to our present subject, it may be fairly stated, that even the philosophers of 1760 did not know that electricity was the very *key* to physiology; to molecular physics, and hence to metaphysics; for penetrating and revealing the intimate structure, relation and nature of bodies; that chemistry would be indebted to its subtle power for nice analysis and synthesis; for elucidating theories, and for forming entirely new compounds; and that the physiologist would have deduced by its aid a most intimate knowledge of, and familiarity with, those innate and imponderable forces that, hand

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in hand with vitality, rule over all living organisms, and, by consequence, are next to the very main-spring of life itself.

Although we have already stated that electricity and magnetism are physical forces that were known to Thales and others of remote ages from our times, yet, it will not be denied, notwithstanding the astonishing progress of the physical sciences, such force or forces still produce many inexplicable and mysterious phenomena. Indeed, scarcely a day passes without the discovery of some new property of electricity or magnetism. The extraordinary utility of the electro-magnetic telegraph is known to everybody, and demonstrates in the most incontrovertible manner the marvellous forces of these too imponderable substances.

While it is not our purpose, at the present time, to enter particularly upon the history or merits of electro-physiology and electro-therapeutics, it will be necessary to present some few facts in this regard, in order to a fair and complete elucidation of the pantologic themes involved in the great, interesting and instructive subject of electro-magnetism.

Without further preliminary, then, we may definitely state, that the first accumulation of electricity on glass was achieved by M. Cuncres, a native of Leyden, about the year 1745. From his experiments arose the Leyden vial or jar. The first discoverer of the phenomenon, however, was Von Kleet, the Dean of Cammin, who is reported to have received the first electric shock.

A Mr. Muschenbroek tried the experiment with a very thin glass bowl, and was so violently struck in his arms, shoulders, and breast, that he lost his breath, and it was two days before he recovered from the effects of the blow and terror. In a letter to M. Reaumer, he says, "he would not take a second shock for the kingdom of France!"

Various accounts are given of similar effects of electric shocks on different persons, in different places, about those times, but none were more extraordinary than those produced in the persons of a Mr. Winckle of Leipsic, and his wife. He says, "that the Leyden experiment produced great convulsions in his body; that it put his blood into such a state of great agitation, that he was for a time afraid of an ardent fever, and was obliged to use refrigerant medicines; that he felt a heaviness in his head, as if great stones lay upon it." Twice it gave him epistaxis, or bleeding from the nose.

His wife was the first woman who had the courage to try a shock, and from this she found herself so weak that she could hardly walk! Such were the first rude and rash experiments made with *dynamic* electricity on the human body by *shock;*

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but sparks had been employed before this, not only for medical, but other purposes. M. Kratzenstein, a German physician, was the first to record, in 1744, a methodical treatment and cure, which was a case of paralysis of the fingers, cured by *sparks* drawn from the then common electrical machine.

In 1748, "A Treatise on the Effects of Electricity upon the Living Human Body," by M. Jallabert, was published. He sums up the most general phenomena observed from the application of electricity, as follows: First, an acceleration of pulse; second, an increase in the warmth of the part; and third, involuntary contraction, actually produced in palsied muscles. This was probably the first work on electro-therapeutics.

The Abbé Sans, in 1772, wrote on "Medical Electricity," and detailed eight cases of paralysis that he had cured and benefited by the sparks and shocks—such experiments being all that had been achieved at that time. In 1778, a paper was read before the *Société Royale de Médicine*, at Paris, by Dr. Manduit, on the employment of electricity for various diseases. According to Dr. Manduit, electricity is an exciting remedy; it increases the vital powers; it swells or plumps those diseased parts of the body which are touched by it; excites perspiration, and even salivation, (if not other secretions,) which become very profuse sometimes, if the electricity be strong. A prudent use of electricity relieves patients of obstinate pains; increases the normal heat in parts which have been cold for years; produces abundant evacuations in patients suffering from constipation; cures muscular wasting and paralysis, as well as œdema; quiets the nerves and induces sleep, &c.

A few years after, M. Cavallo published all that was known on the subject, in his "Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity." He recommends a frequent resort to the electrical machine, in cases of paralysis, partial amaurosis, deafness, chorea, and epilepsy, and for resuscitating persons after being nearly drowned or suffocated.

In 1802, M. Sigaud de la Fond published a work called "Medical Electricity," in which is given seven different methods of applying the electricity of the electrical machine, namely, by an electrical air-bath, by drawing sparks, by giving sparks, by friction, by insufflation, by exhaustion, and by commotion.

In the latter part of the last century, Signor Pinati, of Venice, introduced Peruvian balsams and a variety of other medical substances into the glass cylinders of the different electrical machines he employed for the different classes of disease.

A Dr. Giuseppi Brani employed in the cylinder of the frictional machine, with which he operated, certain purgative

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medicines, and the patient, after having been thus electrified, (*sic*,) is said to have experienced the same effects as if he had swallowed the medicine!

The frictional machine still holds a place in the armamentarium of therapeutics, although very much less since Farraday discovered the induction current, in 1831. Static electricity has been much employed, and made to perform some very wonderful cures at Guy's Hospital, London, through the skill of Drs. Gull and Golding Bird. We have now seen that the electrical machine and the Leyden battery were the first instruments of this kind employed in the treatment of diseases. Their cumbrous construction, however, and their violent effects upon the organism, soon drove them out of the materia medica, and caused them to be abandoned almost entirely for nearly half a century, after the invention of the Leyden jar. Galvanism, as is now well known, was discovered and demonstrated by Professor Luigi Galvani of Bologna, in 1786, although he did not publish his discovery and commentary, "De Viribus Electricitatus in Motu Musculari," until 1791. In that work he laid down the proposition that there is a peculiar form or kind of electricity in all living animals, which he designated as animal electricity. He arrived at this conclusion from having his attention first drawn to an accidental and strange phenomenon. It would appear that some frogs had been dressed for a soup for Madame Galvani, who was an invalid, and hung alone suspended by copper hooks connected to an iron railing. It was observed that as these frogs' legs were moved by the wind, or other cause, so as to touch a lower part of the iron grating, they would at the same instant become "convulsed," and exhibit a peculior twitching movement, which was repeated at every fresh contact, as if still alive.

Dr. Galvani immediately commenced a series of experiments, to which he devoted himself almost exclusively for a number of years, producing the same phenomenon in a more and more marked degree, by employing the legs of recently killed frogs, and the application of certain metals, both to the nerve and the muscles of the mutilated animals.

He believed that he merely excited and rendered sensible the native electricity of the frog's leg, by thus covering a nerve and muscle with metallic conductors, but did not regard the latter as the real source of the electricity. In fact, he based the explanation of the phenomena of muscle contractions on his *neuro-electric* theory. He assumed that all animals are endowed with an inherent electricity, exactly appropriate to their economy, while nerve-electricity, being secreted by the brain, resides mostly in the nerves, by which it is communicated

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to every part of the body. The principal reservoirs of this (so-called *animal*) electricity he considered to be in the fibres of the muscles, each of which he regarded as having two sides, *i. e.*, opposite electric conditions. He believed, therefore, that when a muscle was willed to move, the nerves, aided by the brain, drew from the interior of the muscles some electricity; then, by discharging this upon their surface, which he believed to be negative, they were made to contract or draw together, and thus produce the required change of position. Thus, then, Galvani was the first not only to stumble upon the manifestations of a new form of electricity by the frog's twitchings, but to blindly demonstrate the existence of animal electricity; for he verily thought it was that only which produced the phenomena.

Galvani's discovery and investigations did not advance the knowledge of these phenomena, until Volta, a professor at Pavia, repeated Galvani's experiments with particular care, and became convinced that the convulsions were more particularly excited when the conducting medium between the nerves and muscles consisted of two metals, the surfaces of which in those places where they were in contact with each other and with the legs of the frog, were metallic throughout. Volta taught that the heterogeneous metals, during their contact, become charged with opposite electricities, and that, after completing the circuit by means of the muscles and nerves, an electric current, as in the case of the Leyden battery, arises, which convulses the legs of the frog. Electricity obtained in this way is called electricity by contact, galvanism, or Volta's electricity.

A sharp and protracted discussion arose between Galvani and Volta in respect to the first and sole cause of the contractions produced by given means, in the legs of the frog; but public opinion finally settled down upon Volta's views.

Among those who took a deep interest in this all-absorbing discussion of those times, was Alexander Von Humboldt. By numerous experiments, he finally succeeded in showing that Galvani and Volta were both right in the main, though wrong in some respects—hence the cause of their difference.

Baron Humboldt's conclusions were concurred in by Hufeland, Pfaaf, and other distinguished German philosophers and physicians of those times. Humboldt's researches were published in 1797. In this work he explains and maintains the original views of Galvani, and gives him all praise for his patience and indomitable perseverance that so conclusively demonstrated the law of nature, viz., *animal electricity;* at the same time offering such reasonable explanations, and yielding

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such praise for the discovery of the Voltaic pile, as should have entirely reconciled those two Italian philosophers and their respective partisans. However, having left Europe in 1799, in his American travels, Humboldt left the sway of creed to prevail with the Voltaic theory for thirty years afterwards.

The novelty and favor that attended the vast discoveries which were so constantly being made on the constitution of *inorganic* matter by the truly magic pile of Volta, which was every day being modified, and in time greatly improved, so that a power was made available, that in the hands of Sir Humphrey Davy resolved many bodies previously considered simple into their constituent elements; and this quite changed both the nomenclature and denominations of chemistry, creating, as it were, a new era in that department of science. Not only has it these effects, but in the hands of Professor Farraday of England it has led to the actual discovery of new sciences, and of properties of matter not dreamed of before. It is not deemed necessary to recount them any experiments made by different philosophers and physicians in consequence of the curious phenomena observed in the frog. A few of the more important will suffice for the present.

Signor Valli, an Italian physician of great learning and celebrity, as early as 1792, only one year after Galvani published his discovery, the neuro-electric theory, contended that the neuro-electric fluid was secreted by the capillary arteries which supply the nerves, and that by the nerves this fluid or ether was conveyed to the muscles, which were always in an electric condition, the interior being negative, and the exterior positive. He also put forward the fact, that in experimenting on frogs, the nerves lose their irritability to the stimulus of electricity, first at their origin or trunk, but retain it longer at their periphery or extremities. He thus hazarded the opinion that "the distal extremities of nerves are the true origin of their structures." It is said of him that he was the first to form a battery or pile of some fourteen prepared frogs' thighs, and obtained thereby evidences of a true galvanic current. He made other experiments which seemed fully to sustain Galvani's side of the question; nevertheless, such results were doubtfully received by the learned world of the times.

In 1804, a work called *Essai Théorique et Expérimental sur la Galvanisme*, was published by Professor Aldini, of Bologna, in which he stoutly defended the theory of his illustrious uncle, Galvani. He states that he applied a very powerful current from a Voltaic pile of some hundreds of pairs through his own head, just above his ears, which so excited him that he continued sleepless for several days. He conceived that this treat-

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ment would be of service to that class of the insane who are melancholic, and relates two cases that were actually cured by this means. He speaks, however, of the great inconvenience of the Voltaic pile, from its inconstant current, as well as expense and trouble.

The Italian naturalist, Matteucci, is another distinguished individual who demonstrated the existence of electricity in the living organism by numerous experiments. According to his doctrine, however, it is not the nerves, but the muscles, that are the vehicles of the electric action. He asserts that the nervous principle is still enveloped in much mystery, and is entirely distinct from electricity.

Dubois Raymond, however, by his experiments, which are described in his work on Animal Electricity, has refuted Matteucci in the most conclusive manner. He proves that electricity is contained in every part of the nervous system, and shows that the nerves are capable of producing all the known phenomena of electricity, even the deviation of the magnetic needle, by means of a multiplicator. He further shows that this electrical action is not simply an indifferent adjunct, but an essential cause, of the internal movements of the animal organism—the electrical action being, in fact, identical with the hypothetical nervous fluid.

Professor Hassenstein has likewise shown that during life a portion of the natural electricity of the animal body is constantly excited into polar action. According to him, the central organs of the nerves are the immediate causes of this action, and the nerves are its carriers and vehicles throughout the whole organism. The electric action which we see in the muscles is a consequence of that nervous action, and, therefore, depending upon the latter.

We infer from this incontestable fact that this electrical action of the nerves must have a definite polar direction. This point has likewise been demonstrated by Hassenstein experimentally, and likewise that the polarity of this action is unchangeable, whereas formerly it was supposed that it was changeable. This electrical action differs in different individuals, but it remains nearly the same during health in the same person, and within a period of time of about the same length.

M. Nobili, of Riggio, having taken up the subject from first principles, where Galvani and Humboldt had left them, by many new facilities found that there does actually exist in the leg of the frog, naturally, an electric current, or, in other words, a nervo-electric current peculiar to the living animal. These discoveries were made in 1827.

It were useless now to follow the fascinating progress of No-

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bili; for we are already arrived at the very portico of electro-physiology, that leads into a new and spacious wing of the temple of science. Here we not only find the cabinet of Nature's laws by Nobili, but on the one hand we find Matteucci and Marianini, and Volta and Farraday; while on the other are Baron Humboldt, Dubois Raymond, Todd, Copeland, Becqueral, Remak, Duchenne, Brown-Séquard, and others.

In a summary, then, of the history of electro-physiologic and electro-therapeutic researches, we find that the whole surface of the body is negatively electric; this electricity being most feeble in those parts which are the nearest to the central organs, and most intense in parts which are remote from them. This fact explains the character of the polarity of the nervous electricity, and shows that the negative pole is directed towards the external, and the positive towards the internal surfaces. In this respect the animal body has to be looked upon as a Voltaic pile, the surface (serous) of the body (secreting an acid substance) constituting the negative; and the internal (mucous) or central (secreting an alkaline fluid) the positive pole of the pile. In the same manner as the action of these electricities which now attract and then again repel each other, is kept up in the pile in a definite polar direction, is the electrical action maintained as long as life lasts. This action ceases after death; the electricities then unite, and the central organs are no longer able to separate them.

It is inferred that only a portion of the natural electricity of the organic body is in polar action; another portion remaining latent. Some of this latent electricity may, however, be excited into polar action by external stimuli, and this polarity may be altered *ad libitum*, according as the negative pole is applied to the peripheral nerves and the positive pole to the central organs, or *vice versâ*, the negative pole to the central organs. and the positive pole to the peripheral nerves.

It is well known that at every contact of heterogeneous substances, or while different parts are exposed to different degrees of temperature, or during all chemical processes, the electricity of the body by which these various processes take place is excited into polar action; hence it is undeniable that electricity plays an important part in the living organism. During the oxydation or carbonization of the blood—during the process of digestion, &c., electricity exercises the most important part.

By applying the negative pole to the hand and the positive pole to the spine, the ensuing electrical induction causes a repulsion of the homogeneous and an attraction of the opposite electricities, and the polar direction of these attractions and repulsions is the opposite of what it is in the original bodies.

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On the contrary, if the positive pole be applied to the hand, and the negative pole to the back or the forehead, the electricity thus set free will have the same polarity as the natural electricity. In the former case, the electrical action originally existing in the nerves is diminished; in the latter case, increased. It is readily perceived that in whatever body a certain amount of electricity is excited into polar action, its natural electrical action is increased when, by some adequate stimulus, a larger amount of its electricity is excited into a corresponding polar action. On the contrary, if a portion of the previous latent electricity is excited into a polar action opposite to the polarity of the electricity which is already active in the part, a larger or less portion of the latter is necessarily neutralized, and the natural electricity of the body is weakened.

It is certain that many diseases, such as rheumatism, gout, &c., arise simply from the fact that the electrical condition of the part has been rendered abnormal by the local depression of the temperature of the affected part. Hence the object which we seek to attain by acting upon the human body by means of electricity, can only be:

1. *To exalt the action of the electricity, which is already active in the nerves;* or,

2. *To diminish this action.*

According to Hassenstein, either of these ends may be attained, by—

a. An increase of electric action, by applying electricity of the same polarity as that which is originally active in the part.

b. A decrease of electric action, by applying electricity of an opposite polarity to that which is originally active in the nerves. A physician is frequently called upon either to exalt or to diminish the vital action, or to reduce it to its normal condition. In every disease, no matter what its cause, the normal vital action, and of course the electric nervous action, are disturbed; there is an abnormal condition, more or less.

In many diseases, the metamorphosis of the tissues takes place much more rapidly than in a state of health. We know that, during every chemical process, and hence during the metamorphosis of the tissues, electricity is set free the more copiously the more energetically these chemical processes are carried on; for it is probable that they are determined by electrical action. If the metamorphosis be arrested, and the chemical action consequently diminished, there is of course a corresponding decrease of electric action in the nerves. This shows how intimately the condition of the body in the various diseases is connected with the electric action of the nerves, and

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what an important agent electricity is in the treatment of disease.

The curative action of both electricity and magnetism is increased by uniting both forces in one apparatus, as is done in electro-magnetic batteries. A local action of both electricities is required when the nervous action is neither to be increased nor decreased, and it is simply designed to excite chemical electric action in certain localities of the organism. From all these gleanings and researches, no one will pretend to deny that electricity and magnetism are very important available agents in the remedial treatment of many forms of nervo-muscular disease.

1. As we have the fact of a constant electric current in the muscles of all animals, the conditions likely to diminish this current must be—a low position in the scale of being; in perfect development of the muscular structure; in the depressed vital powers.

2. The conditions which increase the currents, are: high vital powers, full development of the muscular structure; everything that promotes the free action between arterial blood and the muscular fibres; everything that is essential to powerful muscular contraction.

Muscular contractility and electricity, it will be thus seen, stand together in the relation of cause and effect. Men of science tell us, that since the creation of the world and its launch into space, nothing has been added to, or taken from, its elementary constituents. It was just as heavy then as now, and contained the same amount of carbon, oxygen, iron, gold, and each of the simple elements. These elements may have undergone many changes, or many transformations, but the material bulk is still the same, whatever form or shape creation has assumed, or is still destined to assume. It is hence palpably evident that nothing can be created by human means in the physical world. Man may mix, add, and deduct, and thus produce new combinations, but he cannot create matter. Accordingly, in philosophical theories of the origin of the universe, all stumble at the word "*create.*"

If we look throughout creation, we shall see certain principles—negative and positive, or a male and female force—to be innate in every kind of matter, without possessing any character in common with it, whether it be ponderable or imponderable.

These two principles may be called magnetism, as engendered from the earth's elements, and electricity as evolved from atmospheric or celestial conditions or phenomena. When these two principles meet, or come in collision, there is a union, or rather a connection of the two, which is called magneto-elec

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tricity, or electro-magnetism, just as these two forces agree or assimilate in their relative antagonistic essentials of attraction and repulsion. Either may so overcome or neutralize the other, temporarily, or for the time being, as to produce an equilibrium of the two forces, which condition may be called innate, latent, passive, or static electricity. In their organized or magnetized state, they are the foundations on which all matter is laid, whether we speak of the formation of the solar system, or of the mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms. Repulsions, expansions, attractions, contractions, sensations, inclinations, sympathetic action, motion and form, we may say, are in the order we have named, the attributes of the two forces—the negative and the positive, the attractive and the repulsive—which, for want of better terms, may be designated as magnetism and electricity, whatever semblance or identity either principle may have with the other.

Looking at man from head to foot, we find that he is a dualism throughout. He is composed of spirit and matter as an aggregate whole; yet we find a beautiful duplexity throughout his whole organism, corresponding with the negative and positive forces of magnetism and electricity—an attractive and repulsive force. All the various organs of man's interior are in twos, or joinings of two. The brain is two—the lungs are two—the heart is double—the liver is duplex, or was two in the embryo, a duplicate organ; the kidneys are two; every tissue in the body is or was two. The blood itself is two—arterial and venous. Even the membranes are double, or, at least, are capable of performing double functions. With the exception of the stomach, the whole extent of the mucous membrane secretes and is bathed with an alkaline mucous fluid; while the extent of the serous or outer membrane, including the skin, except in the auxiliary and pubic regions, is constantly exhaling an acid fluid. The mass of the animal frame is thus placed between two great envelopes—the one alkaline and the other acid. Accordingly, the external (acid) and the internal (alkaline) membranes of the body actually represent the two poles of a galvanic pile, whose effects are appreciable by a galvanometer. The mucous or alkaline membrane indicates a negative electricity, and the cutaneous or acid membrane, a positive electricity. Hence the body has come to be regarded as a voltaic pile. It may be proper here to affirm, that magnetism is but electricity in a different form, and *vice versâ*, combination and arrangement modifying the result, or making a new compound.

From these general propositions it will be inferred that the *main-spring* of life consists in that everywhere present vitality unknown, and yet seen in all parts of living bodies; but who

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shall dare attempt to explain what that vitality is? We may only say that electricity in the animal frame is the force by which all nervous action is exerted—the means by which LIFE is manifested and sustained.

It will be apparent, then, that life and health must consist in the harmonious relation between the electrical or vital forces, and the material structure and fluids of the organism. These elements must be relatively proportioned. The atmosphere we breathe contains a certain amount of oxygen, combined with a relative amount of nitrogen and hydrogen. We cannot add one particle to either of these elements without disorganizing the atmosphere and creating a new element or a new compound element. If we add a particle more of oxygen to the oxygen of the air, that ingredient is no longer oxygen, but *aquafortis*. Thus full *life* is but another term for perfect health. So, on the other hand, if there be any circumstances or conditions which induce or bring about inharmonious relations between the nervous forces, (which are equivalent to the oxygen and the air,) and the other elements which make up the general perfected organism, there must necessarily follow decay and death. The severity of disease, then, as a matter of course, will correspond with the derangements, or the inharmonious relations of the several constituents of vitality, or life, with each other.

Suppose 100 degrees of temperature to represent life, or full health. Now suppose there was some exciting cause to depress the measure of this normal standard. If the depression amounted to ten per cent., there would be a ten per cent. loss of health; *i. e.*, health would be depreciated ten degrees below par, or normal life. Were the depression equal to 25 or 50 per cent., health would be 25 or 50 per cent. below par life. In other words, a man might be said to be quarter dead, or half dead, as these reductions from vitality would relatively indicate. Were the standard of life reduced below fifty per cent. it would scarcely be possible for the *vis medicatrix naturæ* to be maintained. Life would then die out, for the recuperative efforts of nature would be too much weakened to arrest the further, more rapid, dissolution of the organism, and the sundering of the chemical changes of its original elements.

There is also such a thing as life in excess. Such plethora is virtually disease—the same thing, in reality, as converting oxygen into aquafortis. There would then be an excess of the vital, or electric or nervous power, incompatible with the harmonious agglomeration of the other elements of the organism; hence antagonism and disruption of the whole. Fever and inflammation, then, are life in excess, and cold and chills.

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life depressed—and either is a departure from the standard of normal health, and induce the phenomena or symptoms we call disease, whether locally or generally manifested, or nosologically considered. In this view of life it might be rationally asserted, with Hippocrates, that there is really but one disease—the phenomena or symptoms manifested being merely modifications, or different forms, of a departure from the standard of health, according as the electric action of the economy is exalted or depressed.

Those who are at all familiar with the peculiarities of the nervous system will not fail to perceive the reasonableness of this proposition; for they will comprehend that, according to the latest experiments, that electrical action is identical, or nearly so, with the hypothetical "nervous influence."

In considering the magneto-electrical relations of the organism, a most remarkable point, to which every reflecting mind must turn, is the duality of the body; that is, its division into symmetrical halves, and the wonderful halves, and the wonderful harmony existing between the cerebro-spinal or voluntary portion of the nervous system, and the sympathetic or involuntary series of nervous arrangements. We find a series of nervous centres (which might properly be termed magneto-electric batteries) in each of the two great nervous divisions, connected together by a number of nerves, (or, so to speak, conducting or *telegraphic* wires,) and sending forth branches which minutely subdivide and interlace in every, even the smallest, point of the body. The cerebro-spinal set of nerves preside over motion and special sensation; the sympathetic or ganglionic over general sensation; the intuitive and formative functions linked together in one most intimate yet harmonious whole, forming continuous magneto-electric currents. There are the *afferent* and *efferent* nervous systems, mutually operating somewhat like the ordinary telegraph—the one conveying sensations (or messages) from the outward surfaces and the various organs *to* the battery in the brain, and the other system conveying them *from* that source to all other parts of the economy. Thus, if a man should cut his toe, the fact is instantly telegraphed to the brain, which as promptly takes cognizance of the circumstance, and sends back a sympathetic response to the injury received. In this way, a regular communication is kept up between all the organs and parts of the body, so that no injury can be done to any portion of the system without the rest having notice of the same, and suffering relatively with the injured part.

Scanning the organism through the medium of the nervous system, we are thus enabled to comprehend somewhat of the

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electrical forces and polar conditions of the organism. Thus, we know that man is a galvanic pile—that the brain and other nervous centres are the batteries where the vital force or nervous influence is generated and accumulated.

The next consideration is, by what power is such nervous or electric forces generated. We have shown the elements essential to life, and those conditions calculated to destroy it. Suppose we compare the organism of man to an ordinary steam-engine. There is all the machinery in perfect order—the cogs, the wheels, the piston, the boiler, and other paraphernalia. What next is required? The wood or fuel for the furnace, the fire to light the wood before steam can be generated. Having steam, we have now the motive power, to propel the machinery, but it will not move until some other power or agent is employed to direct the force of the steam to those points of the complicated machinery which will start their action and keep them all working in harmonious relationship with each other. This machinery will continue to move so long as the fuel is supplied to the furnace and the proper amount of steam is generated. The moment, however, we allow the fire to die out, of course, the engine will cease working. Again, if too much steam be generated, and care is not observed to regulate its force, it will cause an explosion of the entire apparatus into fragments.

The elements of life are relatively similar. Everything is there except the vital or moving, or progressing, or developing principle. Fire or heat, or something else, must be placed in the furnace before the machinery of the organism can begin to work. In other words, although there is a latent force in the ingredients necessary to constitute life, some other power or principle must be directed to call such latent force into generative or working action. We may see this idea beautifully exemplified in a grain of corn or wheat. So long as the inherent vitality of the grain is sustained, it will germinate, providing conditions for germination exist. A grain may be preserved in its fructifying principle for many thousand years. Grains of wheat exhumed from the Egyptian tombs, after being inclosed in solid masonry for two thousand years, have germinated and yielded their natural product under the ordinary conditions favorable to the growth of this plant.

To deal with this subject agreeably to the latest developments of medical and general science, those who will take the trouble to examine closely the law of Nature, will find that "vital force," "vitality," "*vis vitæ*," terms frequently employed, readily admit of *two* significations.

Let us see. Life, in its highest sense, is an emanation (in-

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comprehensible to ourselves, because beyond our finite thoughts,) from the Omnipotent Creator of the Universe, pervading every organized body in varied but definite proportions, and preserving the harmony of the natural laws to which we are subjected. This controlling power, this emanation from the Deity, keeps all in order, from the simple developing cell (the commencing point of all organization) to the body as a whole; it regulates the movements of all that delicate, beautifully-adapted, and complicated machinery upon the exact mutual co-operation of each and every part of which organic existence depends. From man, the highest and most perfect of God's works through the animal kingdom down to the zoophyte class, linking animal and vegetable life through the higher classes of vegetable organization down to the lowest orders, where the doubt arises whether we are still dealing with life, or whether we have entered the mineral kingdom—everywhere throughout Nature, we see depicted higher or lower grades of intrinsic "vital" power, which, with undeviating accuracy, organize matter and preserve organization by certain currents of force or arrangements given to the otherwise inorganic atoms. Thus we find that life, in the different classes of organized existence, has its fixed or determined period. Man, *cæteris paribus*, lives from 70 to 100 years; rarely beyond; the horse, between 20 and 30 years; some insects, from birth to death, but 24 hours. The oak has *vis vitæ*, for several hundred years, but at length must decay and die; many of our favorite garden flowers enjoy but a few months' existence. As it prevails throughout Nature, so does it obtain with man. A minute germ—a cell—by this intrinsic "*vis vitæ*," is developed into the fœtus, the fœtus into the infant, the infant into the youth, the youth into mature age; then comes the descent into the vital scale until the decay of old age is reached. The machinery is then worn out, and must give place to others. The duration of life is fixed by irrevocable decrees; unchangeable except by a special permission of Providence.

ART. VI.—1. *Orators of the American Revolution.* By E. L. MAGOON. New York 1848.

2. *The Principles of Eloquence*, by the ABBÉ MAURY, with an Introduction, etc. By A. POTTER, D.D. New York. 1855.

3. *The Beauties of Daniel Webster, Selected and Arranged.* By JAMES REES. New York. 1839.

MANY are the definitions given of eloquence. One is, that it is the "expression of strong emotion so as to produce like

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emotion in others." It is, indeed, difficult to define that strangely mystic influence which pervades, commands, and controls an impressible soul. We may say, however, that eloquence is an art which is kindred to poetry. Both are the language of exalted passion; and that which characterizes the one constitutes much of the charm of the other. While poetry garlands her beauteous form with verse, and moves to the sweet cadence and measure of numbers, eloquence assumes nobler and more majestic proportions, and commands a freer and more sublime expression. Hers is an energy still more comprehensive; a power or force wider and deeper; an influence untrammelled; and whilst she displays a beauty less adorned than the poetic art, it is neither less expansive nor less expressive. Eloquence and poetry, therefore, differ, if they differ at all, chiefly in their apparel. The costume or dress changes with the mode or style of the sentiment pronounced, or the thought embodied.

If this be so, then in every great oration we should look for a poem, not necessarily embodied in verse, nor pronounced in melodious numbers, but awaiting only the rhythm and harmonious flow that shall make it sparkle and glow with its wonted inspiration.

Take up any great oration of ancient or modern times, and you shall find much the same fervor, a like exalted passion. equal pictured thought, a similar felicitous and harmonious diction, together with the sparkle of fancy and the glow of imagination found in the true poem. We do not mean to affirm that there is no difference between the two arts in question; that the art of the orator and that of the poet are the same; but that they have much in common, and that the characteristics of the one may, for the most part, be discovered in the other. We are aware that the form and structure of poetry differ quite materially from the mould into which prose is thrown; or poetry and prose would be undistinguishable. Still the general truth remains intact, namely, that great orations and great poems embody and manifest much the same characteristics. The two realms touch each other; and eloquence is the pictured speech of poetry and prose.

An orator, therefore, in the most exalted sense of that term, is, perforce, a poet also. He is unconsciously this, if you please, yet, nevertheless, he wears the poet's crown. He may not have written a single line nor uttered a sentiment with such a view or desire; melodious verse or rhythmic numbers may be strangers to his ears; yet he unconsciously paints pictures which flash from the walls of imagination, and which hang in the galleries of art as glorious ideals of grace and beauty. Perhaps the principal difference and distinction as between

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the oration and the poem are, that while the first style of composition is pervaded with sublimity, the last is filled with beauty. Poetry and poetic art rather represent grace and beauty than grandeur and sublimity. So we say that poetry is the beautiful, while oratory or eloquence is the sublime in composition and expression. To so great an extent does the beautiful enter into the form, structure, and spirit of a poem, that if it be devoid of this perpetual presence, it can no longer be said to be a poem, whatever else it may claim to be.

An oration is not necessarily characterized by beauty. Indeed, it may, in form, structure, tone, and spirit, be undistinguished by the beautiful or the graceful; but if it represent power, force, or whatever enters into and makes up the idea of sublimity of thought or diction, then it completely answers its purpose and attains its end. Not so a poem. That must appeal to the sense of the beautiful; that must respond to the demands of taste; that must breathe a subdued strain of unmistakable harmony and song. Painting may best represent poetry or the poetic art; whilst sculpture, with its bold outline and rugged front, with its coldly classic face and form, may stand the embodied ideal of the orator's art. Each is admirable in its sphere; each fulfils its mission in behalf of humanity; each stands sentinel to guard and defend the race from barbarism and corruption. It is true that a like perfection of genius, of the faculty of the orator's and of the poet's art, is seldom found in one and the same person. Orators and poets stand forth to the world as distinct classes among men; and yet there have been those who have strangely united these gifts. We instance the names of Cicero, Sheridan, Curran, and Burke. Even the grave and philosophic Webster, though laying no claim to the honors of the poetic muse, amused his lonesome hours with verse. The capacity to enjoy, however, does not confer the capacity to produce. But whatever may be the decision upon this point, we conceive that no truly eloquent man can be indifferent to those graceful and beauteous images which float before the vision in the form of harmonious and rhythmic numbers. Such persons must intensely enjoy those celestial fruits which hang in ripened clusters from the prolific tree of human genius. Fluent and ready speakers may not always enjoy poetry, nor perceive the beauties and charms of poetic art; but fluency and readiness of utterance constitute no claim to the position of the orator. For eloquence is an art which cannot be acquired in the schools. All mere human institutes are powerless to teach it —to confer this divine degree. They are without the genius and inspiration that give it soaring force and lend it wings.

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It will not obey the behest of rules. If it come at all, it must come as the lightning that flashes along the southern sky, making a track for the hoarse notes of the muffled thunder.*

Eloquence is not mechanical nor artificial, but spontaneous and natural. Of course we are speaking of that highest and sublimest form of speech which fills the heart with emotion and impassioned feeling, and which trembles on the tongue as the thrilling notes of inspiring and uplifting song. In the orator and in the great oration, we have the composite order of architecture; in himself and his productions are united the granite basis with the Doric form; yea, the Doric with its sturdy strength stands as a pillared symbol of his power; its base is the solid rock; its capital the graceful Corinthian; and about this wind the Ionic and the Gothic, lending the charms of beauty and grace to all primitive forms. Eloquence thus is found alone and apart from all other modes of human speech. Eloquence is not elocution. The professed elocutionist may do something towards it; he may impart the graces of manner and the accomplishments of speech; he may make the utterance finished and complete so far as rules and institutes may go; but the shape which comes from his hand is, after all, cold, dead marble; no heart beats beneath the ribs, no light sparkles in the eye, no color glows upon the cheek. The elocutionist cannot inspire the soul with that impassioned feeling and consummate fervor which impress and sway the multitude, and without which all declamation is vain—a show, an empty dream! The masses bow to no energy not greater than their own, and when the power of a speaker is less than theirs, he not only fails to move them, and to excite any deeper emotion

* "When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action—noble, sublime, god-like action."—*Beauties of Webster*, p. 56.

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than his own, but sinks himself to the low level of an exhibitor of practised attitudes and premeditated graces. To be a great orator, a man must be possessed by his subject, as well as possess it. He must find his inspiration in his theme. His passion must be real, and not simulated; and his feelings must burn with an intense and quenchless flame. Nature, not art, must be the school in which he is trained, and his education must result from severe intuitions. His, too, must be a natural grandeur of soul.

Eloquence is the gift of nature, and not the endowment of art; so that in the last analysis of orators, as of poets, it may be said that the orator, like the poet, "is born, not made." The eloquent orator is a creation, not a manufacture. He must be a child of nature, not a son of art. There must be the first requisite, the indispensable endowment—the oratoric soul, or the nameless and mystic grace and power of expression will be wanting. By this, of course, we do not mean to affirm that the natural gifts may not be improved and perfected. Art must supplement nature. She must take the rough materials which lie in the quarry of genius, and by her magic touch, and with her plastic hand, cause them to assume shapes of grandeur and forms of beauty; and thus the orator shall stand forth arrayed in royal apparel and crowned with kingly crown—in speech and action a god, in temper and passion, yet a man! The natural capacity can be fostered and cultivated, but the capacity or faculty must exist. Demosthenes is an illustrious example of what may be achieved by labor and perseverance; but the great Athenian had the gift and faculty divine; his was authoritative speech; the presence dwelt within him; the fire lay kindled on the altar; the spirit needed but to be evoked, and the forms of utterance were made "flesh-color," and throbbed with life and animation. His defects were chiefly physical; and he was an orator, and a great orator, too, in spite of them; for he was pre-eminently the orator of Nature. It was a consciousness of his wonderful powers which gave him the assurance of final success.

Again, we remark that eloquence is the voice of the heart, and is an outburst of emotion. It springs from deep feeling, and the occasion must bring it forth; as Webster says, "It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion." It is the sum-total of all the faculties and powers; the whole man is needed to give it force and expression. It is something born of the energy, which the looks, tones, gestures, eye, hand, arm —all supply. Earnestness is the indispensable condition of eloquence. To be eloquent, a man must be in earnest. True, he may not be eloquent, though he be in earnest; but he

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cannot be an orator in any true sense of the term unless he is in earnest. All eloquence, therefore, is the fruit of earnestness. The orator's soul must be in his accents, must modulate his tones, control his speech, and inspire his utterance. It must speak with all its tongues and voices—as Cæsar's wounds were orators neither dumb nor mute in the senate-house of Rome. It must be read in the eye, heard on the tongue, and legible in every feature. In deep and earnest feeling alone is the magic that shall touch the heart. The intellect alone in vain essays this strange power; she may, indeed, strike the chords of the mystic lyre, but no music will respond; no song be sung; no anthem of grandeur roll its rich measures along; no choral strains bring down an answering gift from heaven. The heart must speak; and then not even Memnon's lips shall murmur such sweet music, though more than an earthly sun send his royal beams of light and warmth upon him.

Simulated feeling will not do; the tears must be real; they must not only fill the eyes, but flow from the heart. Curran, intellectually, was quite inferior to Burke, but he was the greater orator, for he sooner reached the sympathies of the masses; swayed them as forest trees are swayed by resistless tempests and storms; and that power which he in so remarkable a degree possessed and exercised, gave him a decided advantage over that wonderful statesman, philosopher, and orator —that man whose name is but another for genius and learning.

The main thing in oratoric power is the impression made by a speech at the time of its delivery. Not how it reads, but how it sounds, is the test of its worth as an eloquent effort. Indeed, many of the most eminent orators fail to leave a distinct impression on the minds of their hearers. While they speak, we are all eye and ear, and have neither time nor inclination to criticise beauties or defects. We are carried away as by a whirlwind of emotion and feeling, nor do we recover ourselves till the orator's voice and words are perished. Great orators are magicians; we cannot resist their incantations; we are controlled by their power; we are under their magic spell. They are neither to be resisted nor overcome. Patrick Henry was one of these great masters of the human heart. He fascinated by his glance all who were brought within the circle of its charmed influence. The gravest and most thoughtful minds went down before his presence and submitted to his power. Yet his mental operations were too transient and evanescent to be caught and detained. Men of this class may announce no new and striking truths, but they are masters of deep emotion and strong feeling; they are men of large and active sym-

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pathies; and when they speak, their words are winged with the fire and flame of an inspired enthusiasm.

The first style or highest type of an orator is one who is such by nature — the natural orator possessing gifts that cannot be attained by the mere artist, or rather by the orator who is a manufacture instead of a creation. William Wirt, the accomplished jurist, and one of the most eloquent of the forensic orators of America, gives an account of an old colored preacher out in the backwoods, who, holding forth in his rude way in a log-cabin, and preaching upon the death of Christ, thrilled and stirred Wirt as he had never been before. Wirt pronounced him one of the most eloquent men he had ever heard—a most accomplished orator—for his eloquence was heartfelt, and exceedingly effective. We can readily see how this may be; since an ignorant as well as a lettered man may be of such a temperament that he may easily catch fire, and flame into impassioned speech. The noblest and most sublime kind of eloquence burns from below, and not from above; setting the heart aflame, and that, in turn, makes the brain sparkle and glow.

As to the manner of an orator: here we wish to do away with erroneous views and conceptions; but it is still more difficult to give hints upon a correct and successful mode of delivery. The master of Grecian eloquence, when asked for the first requirement of an orator, pronounced "*delivery*" or "*action*" as the first and the last. And here unfortunate mistakes may be made, especially by beginners and aspirants of the art. Demosthenes did not mean by delivery mere perfection in the knowledge of gesticulation—of the use of the organs of the body. He was not thinking of a rigid adherence to forms; but of that assured and palpable evidence in every word, tone, accent, look and gesture—the whole man, indeed—the soul of the orator being wholly absorbed in his part, entirely intent on what he is doing, intensely conscious of the force and meaning of each word. The orator, therefore, must enter thoroughly into the spirit of what he says, to deliver an oration well; and no mere declamation or grace of speech or action will be sufficient. Artificial action is not what is wanted; art here must be supplemented by nature; an actor is by no means an orator.

There are some speakers who possess a gracefulness and expressiveness of manner which add an indescribable charm to their utterances, and which go far to make their very conceptions speak; but this is not so much an acquisition as a natural endowment. Individuality is a concomitant of oratorical power and success. The orator is to be himself, and not to

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strive to be another. He is to improve his own manner; to cultivate his own genius; to bring to growth and fruitage his own faculties and powers. He should have his style, a style peculiar to himself, and not study to imitate the action, nor to acquire the gifts and endowments, of another. No reason can be assigned why the natural manner should not be the best and the most effective. Indeed, we know that it is both graceful and expressive. In the unstudied and untaught grace of the child, in the innocence of infancy entirely unconscious and unrestrained, and in the wild freedom and untutored movements of the savage, we behold the truth of our declaration. And were men not cramped by artificial rules, we should see natural, and hence expressive, grace of action in all.

In the instances already named is found some share of that grace and ease discovered only among the cultivated and the polished. But every man who rises to eminence as an orator learns by experience to solve this problem for himself, and discards all institutes and mechanical formulas as unnatural restraints upon the freedom of nature, destructive alike to grace, beauty, and power of expression, and adopts from choice what nature, wisest mother of us all, suggests and teaches. Every great orator, therefore, has a manner of his own; he paints his own great picture, having found his own pigments and mixed his colors, and laid them on the canvas of his own genius and inspiration. He copies no one; or if he copies, he still retains his individuality; the work is his, and not another's; the beauties and glories of the composition attest his claim to their authorship. His oratory is as peculiar to him as the cast of his countenance. His manner is the result of the emotion he feels, and is peculiar to the color and tone of his thought and expression. Nor is he troubled by the theory of action; he thinks not of his hands nor his feet; he has no solicitude about his gestures; he is oblivious to everything mechanical and constrained; he trusts to himself and nature; he is received into her family; he becomes her child; he is crowned her son and rightful heir! A happy manner is a great accomplishment; but if the orator have it not, he thinks not of it, but gives himself up to his theme and to the inspiration it enjoins, nor wastes his time in grasping shadows. He cannot afford to waste the thunder of reason, nor the lightning of conviction, nor the penetrating fires of argument, for the sake of obtaining the outward graces of the schools. Think, if you can, of Chalmers, the great Scotch orator and divine, troubling himself with the mere outward graces of eloquence! What did he know of action in the sense of which the schoolmen speak? He knew nothing and cared less. He had no action; was

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hardly conscious that he had hands or feet; but you could not hear that great master of oratorical presence and power, without being inspired and carried away by the resistless tides of his eloquence. We know that it has been said, and that too by a close observer, that

> "Action is eloquence; and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than their ears;"

but it was not artificial, but natural action that was meant; it was not the outward trappings and tinsel show of a gaudy declamation; but the noblest expression of real and unaffected eloquence. Earnestness has no need of the flourish of insincerity; and a man in earnest upon a mighty and pressing theme, will have neither time nor inclination to indulge in any mere flights of fancy or blind attempts at castle-rearing upon cloudy foundations. The true orator, therefore, will let nature speak in language of her own choosing, nor will he try to impede her progress in the outer courts of her temple. If his action is not such as the books prescribe or the rhetoricians demand, he will console himself with the reflection that following nature he cannot go astray. We question much whether Chalmers would have been more effective, had he followed the advice given by mere elocutionists or rhetorical declaimers, instead of trusting himself to the fervor of his thought and to the glowing inspiration of his theme. Had he done otherwise than he did, he might have been another, but he would not have been Chalmers. As to the tones of an orator: they materially modulate themselves to the feelings they would convey, if these be present. In private life, or in extemporaneous efforts, the tones take care of themselves. They respond, and without fail, and completely, too, to the sentiments and emotions, if these be natural and not simulated. If simulated, it is not difficult to penetrate the thin disguise. We can distinguish the actor of a part from a man who not only feels, but is it. We cannot always analyze the philosophy of such knowledge; we cannot tell precisely why it is that we recognize the real and the affected; but the fact cannot be disputed that we know that an orator means what he says or does not mean it; that he is in earnest and sincere, or he is not these. This is the disguise that veils hypocrisy from sight; there are a thousand nameless things which speak in a man's praise, or which turn accusing voices against him; and the vision of a dagger, though made of air, will strike more terror to a guilty conscience than one of steel, when poised for the descending blow above the head of the innocent. As we have said before, so here we repeat: an actor and an orator, in the sense we attach to elo-

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quence, are very different personages. They cannot well be mistaken the one for the other; for the one simulates, while the other feels; the one plays a part, while the other is the part which he plays; the one stands apart from his theme, and surveys it from afar; the other suffers or enjoys as his emotions, his feelings, and his experiences move him.

Returning, we affirm that the tone belonging to any particular feeling may be considered as a particular quality of the voice existing in it for the time being, or during the duration of the feeling. But the voice has also a general quality, such as clearness, sharpness, dullness, and the like. These are supposed to represent the characteristics of the mind; and a clear voice is supposed to indicate a clear mind or clearness of thought; a sharp voice, excitability of temper; a harsh voice, harshness of disposition. Every man's voice, therefore, is, to some extent, a reflex of his mental nature. We cannot so change the voice as to disguise that, or to simulate feelings not actually possessed. The character alone can control or cure defects such as we may lament or desire to destroy. In short, the acquisition of a desirable voice can be effected only by the cultivation of the mind and of the higher and nobler faculties of our nature; and those who aspire to it will find their only course to lie through this. Simulation of thought or speech is not eloquence; nor is it to be accepted as such by any who would master that high art. The loftiest achievements and grandest attainments in oratorical action are possible only to such as have received, fresh from heaven, the divine afflatus and inspiration. We need scarcely insist upon the voice, and upon the proper modulation of its tones, in this discussion, as it will readily appear, to any conversant with the subject, that these, more than any other gifts of the orator, are of supreme importance. A first-class voice, and perfect mastery and control over its intonations, are essentials in the composition of a great orator; so much so, that, however distinguished a public speaker may be without them, he cannot hope to attain to the most exalted position as an orator of presence and power, if not possessed of such natural gifts.

The ancients insisted upon the voice; upon a voice of great compass and depth as well as sweetness, as among those choice endowments which lend their aid in the formation of a distinguished orator. We do not affirm that a man cannot be an orator without a good voice and mastery over it, but that he cannot be such an orator as we are in quest of—a man who shall fill our ears with sweet and pleasant sounds as of players upon instruments, while, at the same time, his periods are turned to sublimity by the grandeur of his thought and the

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splendor of his diction. We are not speaking of "*well-spoken*" men, nor of what are called fine speakers, but we call for orators; and for orators, too, of the first class; and we assert that such as they are not found on every platform, in every market-place; on every rostrum, or in every pulpit. It is not, therefore, the principles of good speaking, nor of well-spoken men, nor of fine speaking, nor of declamation; none of these belong to our theme, and these we care not now to discuss; but the principles of eloquence, and that too is the art of arts, the oratorical art. Since this is so, and our range is thus prescribed, we contend for all the accomplishments which go to make up the eloquent speaker, or rather the great orator. "In my opinion," says Cicero, "no man can deserve the praise of an accomplished orator without the knowledge of all the arts, and of everything that is great: it is from this acquaintance with the world that eloquence must receive its flow and its embellishments. Without it, let a subject be ever so well considered and understood by an orator, there will be still something poor and almost childish in his expression." Well might he also say, considering the character he gives of the master of eloquence, "Let us therefore be no longer surprised that there are so few orators, since eloquence consists in a variety of accomplishments, any one of which it were a difficult task to attain; and rather let us advise our children, and those whom we wish to see make a figure in the public stations of life, to reflect maturely upon the importance of the thing, and not to imagine it can be attained by those precepts and masters, or that kind of exercise which they all practise, but by other means."

In respect to the difference between a *well-spoken man* and an *orator*, Cicero is not the only authority that may be quoted. Quintilian has also explained the distinction in the following passage: "Do not even the bees extract that fragrant taste which honey alone can impart to human sense, from very different flowers and juices? Is there any wonder that eloquence (which is the greatest gift Heaven has given to man) requires many arts to perfect it? And though they do not all appear in an oration, or seem to be of any use, they, nevertheless, afford an inward supply of strength, and are silently felt in the mind; *without these a man may be eloquent, but I want to form an orator;* and none can be said to have all the requisites, while the smallest thing is wanting."*

We have spoken of the desirableness of a good voice as being one of those things which enter into the idea of action in an

* *Inst. Orat.*, Lib. i., Cap. 7.

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orator; but we do not wish our testimony to stand unsupported by great names. Cicero, in his work on the character of an orator, refers to this point, and presses it upon the attention. Thus, having spoken of the arm and of other parts of the body, the entireness of which helps to constitute an orator, the master of Roman eloquence declares that, "As to the advantages and excellency of action, the chief and most desirable lies in a good voice. If you have not a good voice, whatever nature has given ought to be cherished. I shall not pretend here to point out in what manner the voice is improved. . . . . I know not how this happens, but it is certain that, in speaking, nothing tends more to acquire an agreeable voice than frequently to relieve it, by passing from one strain to another; and nothing tends more to destroy it than a continual violent straining. What gives greater pleasure to our ears, and more delight to action, than a well-judged vicissitude, variety, and changing? . . . In every modulation of voice there is a mean peculiar to itself."

Extemporaneous efforts must frequently possess many and great advantages in point of effectiveness, over those which are specially prepared. Let us here speak of another advantage—that of adaptability to the precise circumstances of the hour and occasion. This cannot be said always of what are called prepared speeches. A thousand things occur, and are constantly happening, which make the occasion far different from what could have been anticipated; so that speeches which have been elaborately and laboriously prepared are useless, and unsuitable to the occasion and circumstances at the moment of delivery. Prepared speeches, too, may be above or below the occasion; as, for instance, where the audience is unexpectedly small, and insignificant for intelligence and numbers; or where, on the contrary, there is a vast audience, and the speeches were prepared for a small one. Many such instances occur in the experience of orators; and extemporaneous speakers only can meet and answer the exigencies of all such seasons. Every one knows how often a few happy and pertinent remarks are hailed with plaudits, which are denied the speech which is the labor of days and months of preparation. But while we wish to point out some of the innumerable chances a prepared speech has to meet, and to show that such a speech, written and committed and thus recited, word for word, can seldom, if ever, have an equal effect with an extemporaneous one of no greater intrinsic merit, we by no means wish to divert any one from laboriously elaborating or preparing his speeches. Many are the occasions, indeed, when it is necessary, and expected, that the

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speaker shall prepare himself; and then it were a shame and disgrace to the orator did he not prepare—even though his efforts, like those of Demosthenes, "smell of the oil."

The great masters of eloquence, in all ages, have prepared themselves for their more important efforts; but they have done this not so much, perhaps, to shape the precise language used, (which is the common acceptation of the term prepare,) as to collect and arrange their materials, and have the subject grow into and upon the mind till it was permeated with it; thus exciting the mind to deeper interest than before. They, doubtless, left a wide margin to the subject, to be filled up in the heat of the moment or the exigencies of the hour and occasion, by conceptions inspired by the theme itself or its particular circumstances. Nor is it to be supposed that an extemporaneous speech must necessarily be altogether unpremeditated in anything save in the language in which it is clothed. We do not mean here, by extemporaneous efforts, speeches which have not been thought out or arranged in the mind previously to their being pronounced; neither do we have in mind orations—if such they may be called—whose style and structure as to idea and method have not been premeditated; for such efforts would be unworthy of speaker and of hearer, and could neither instruct, convince, nor affect. We refer to speeches which have taken shape and form as the result of thought and meditation, and whose line of argument, passion, and appeal lie plain and palpable in the mind of their authors. They are extemporaneous, therefore, not in respect to their ideas, sentiments, and arguments, but so far as the particular language in which they are brought to bear upon the mind is concerned. Premeditated speeches are the kind and style of address we have in view, and would always recommend; but unpremeditated discourses upon any theme whatsoever are not only unfit to be pronounced or heard, but they are detrimental to reason, feeling, and taste. No ancient orator went into the forum or spoke from the rostrum, until by study and thought he felt prepared to discharge his sentiments effectively and well; and the most distinguished and remarkable of them all, the bright luminaries of Athens and of Rome—Demosthenes and Cicero—never dared to face an audience in the advocacy, exposition, or defence of any great cause, until they were persuaded by reason and judgment that they could do themselves and it justice. How unlike the course of would-be orators and mouthing declaimers of our day and generation!—of men who aspire to the orator's robe and crown, and who mistake declamation for argument, bathos for pathos, commonplaces for ideas, and the tinsel of a tawdry rhetoric for eloquence, divinest and noblest

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of gifts to mankind! In our day, it is well to make the distinction between the two kinds of composition of which we have been speaking—namely, the premeditated and the extemporaneous—because the two are so often confounded; and also because, whilst the former is always resorted to on the part of those who are careful and concerned for their reputation, the latter is often the last refuge of the indolent and the unprepared. A want of preparation on the part of public speakers is enough to subject them to the derision and contempt of their audience, when, as is generally the case, they have had ample time at their disposal to gather their material and to put it in shape; and when, too, it is expected of them that they will fulfil the obligations and meet the requirements of their theme.

Yet even with the most labored preparation, partial failure may result, and the effort made will be attended with but meagre fruit; for no man can have his ideas so arranged always, and on all subjects, and for all occasions, as to be able to speak well, certainly in his best vein, whenever he may be called on. Nor should any man be required to do such injustice to himself as to respond to every call, when the subject is either new, strange, or foreign to his interests, and opportunity is denied him to anticipate and prepare.

Some orators are distinguished by a great mental defect in the character of their efforts; which should be avoided by all who wish even to converse with others in an interesting manner. We refer to a tendency to wander continually from the subject in hand to other things more attractive to the fancy, or more pleasing to the taste. Some do this from a desire to pluck rhetorical flowers with which to wreathe and adorn their subject; decking it with new and extrinsic beauties and adornments; and others from inability to fix their attention for a single moment *on* their subject.

John Randolph was one of that eccentric class of orators; and there is scarcely one of his speeches which, so far as its bearing on the matter concerned goes, is not as well adapted to any other theme as to that on which it was pronounced. There is also another danger to be avoided by discursive and imaginative minds. Whilst looking for the ornaments of speech, they are to see to it that they neglect not the care of the speech itself. Such men sink from orators into mere elocutionists, who may, indeed, clothe a subject with the apparel of taste and drapery of beauty, but who fail to establish it on a strong foundation. They may attract, but they cannot convince; their efforts are rhetorical flourishes, that have no logical substance.

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Elocutionists are not orators, any more than rhetoric is logic, or than the scaffolding is the building. That is a poor dwelling which has no foundation, and we would not care to trust ourselves and our families to its uncertain strength. It is not enough that the speaker knows how to utter his thoughts or to pronounce his speech; the first of necessities is that he have a thought, that he have ideas, that he have a speech to pronounce; and then all the rest will follow as a matter of course. Eloquence must have a basis; ideas, sentiments, thoughts, must underlie it; or it is shorn of its strength, and becomes little more than vapid declamation, without force or passion. Many orators are like Chinese troops, who advance to the battle with gongs, trumpets, lanterns, and paint, and with all the show of a holiday, but who bring to bear upon the enemy nothing but wooden guns. Wooden guns may do very well to look at or to frighten women and children with, but they are not precisely the thing when the roll of musketry is heard and the thunder of artillery shakes the ground.

We have said enough to show that eloquence or oratory is not a simple gift of nature, depending, as is commonly supposed, only upon facility of utterance and happiness of expression; but that it is an extraordinary combination of qualities which must occur in a man to constitute him an orator, especially a natural orator. While all eloquence springs from the feelings, the intellect is required to employ, as well as embody, the ethereal essence of which the feelings and emotions are the principle in palpable forms, and to train and discipline the fancy and imagination, that the sentiments may be clothed with living grace and beauty. Great and varied genius, therefore, is as indispensable to the orator as to the poet, the philosopher, or statesman, or to any other great and distinguished artist or man of science.

It is, therefore, by no means strange, that where the requisites for it are so many and so great, that so few men appear, in any age, who excel in this art. Nor is it strange that, notwithstanding this fact, there should be so many who would make pretensions to it; for, whilst eloquence and poetry are so delightful, they will never be lacking, who will be intoxicated, rather than inspired, by drinking of waters flowing from such a fountain and from such springs. But, though we may not hope to share the palm of either Demosthenes or Homer, we should not be deterred from most earnestly endeavoring to cultivate and expand whatever powers we may possess, and from bringing them up to the highest point of improvement of which they are susceptible. Excellence may not be attainable in this or in any other pursuit that may engage our thought

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and attention; yet, in most cases, an honorable degree of proficiency may and will be secured. And, would we wish properly to estimate the value of labor in accomplishing this, as of other things, we need only open our eyes to the vast difference seen in point of availability, and altogether apart from mere knowledge, between those who are of cultivated minds and those who are not; especially when we find that in every art, whatever may be the natural inclination of the mind thereto, depends, in no small measure, upon the degree of application to it. Remembering facts like these, we shall be the more inclined to value, as we ought, and not to underrate, the worth of labor and of toil. Moreover, a genius for a thing is shown not more by what it can accomplish in that particular way, with little or no labor, than by the disposition as well as ability to labor earnestly and persistently.

Though superficial talents may be and are flippant, real talents are always of a muscular character; they are not only able, but they are willing to work hard; such energies require toil, and love it for its own sake. Besides, whatever may be the natural capacity of a man, it is certainly true that it can be increased and extended by energizing the bounds of thought, and stretching the mental horizon still farther; and it is a delusion to suppose, as some writers do, that genius is best left altogether to herself. What harvest can be reaped from a fertile but neglected soil, but one of tares and weeds? And what sun, but that of knowledge, can make whatever of good there may be in the soil of the mind germinate and spring forth blossoming into fruit? Genius, would she achieve her noblest triumphs and produce her sublimest effects, must accept the aids of mediocrity; aids derived from knowledge, which is a kind of Archimedes' lever, which, while it makes ordinary powers more efficient than the rude strength of a giant, yet gives to his strength the power to move mountains! Knowledge furnishes to all a light which reveals to vision and hearing worlds full of mysterious life, of glorious beauty and hidden love, which would otherwise remain to them for ever a clasped and sealed volume, which none might open or read. Let her sun cease to shine and its rays to warm and illumine, and men would grope in darkness, blind to all the changes of life's seasons, deaf and dumb in the presence of its "harmonies and hymns;" unable to read or decipher the wondrous tales old Nature hath told "since first the morning stars sang together. and the sons of God shouted for joy."

In view of what we have offered with regard to the value and consequences of proficiency in the orator's art, how great a stimulus should the prospect of success be, which is never

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absolutely denied to labor, when afforded to a noble and right ambition, and to a glowing zeal and enthusiasm! How here, as elsewhere, should we not only desire to win, but also to deserve, the gifts of fortune! All the more should we thus feel when we remember that we belong to a country where every avenue to preferment is kept open; where every door stands ajar, and ready to swing its leaves apart for our admission, and where there is free and open competition for the prizes of genius and talent; a country where zeal, learning, industry, and perseverance always meet with their appropriate recognition and reward. When a man perceives that, though Nature may not have granted him greater gifts than she has conferred upon the many, yet labor can give a new value to the least of these, he will struggle and toil until he shall have achieved success.

We do not know, nor can we imagine, how far legitimate efforts for self-improvement may be carried. We may not agree with those philosophers who have asserted in their hopefulness that "labor can conquer all things;" and yet, by judicious training, by industry, and the fervor and enthusiasm that always promise, if they do not always command, success, the effective powers of men may be wonderfully increased. The history and experience of every man noted for eloquence confirm the truth of this remark. Not to come down to our own times, me may instance the great orators of antiquity, especially those, among the rest, whose names stand forth to the world the wonder and admiration not only of their own age, but of all time. Neither the wart of Cicero nor the stammer of Demosthenes prevented them, the first from becoming the ornament of his countrymen and the delight of the learned and the cultured since; and the second from occupying, in the thought and judgment of the most accomplished critics, the foremost place in all the world, as the prince of orators. Let none, therefore, be discouraged, to whom Providence has assigned the desire and the will to attain to eminence in the field of eloquence. Let every faculty and power be strengthened and improved, and the five or ten talents, as the case may be, be put out at usury, that the end may be attained.

Finally, though great and commanding eloquence is a rare gift, and belongs only to the few, yet an honorable standing in this as in any other art is within the reach of the many. Although nothing can be promised where there is an absolute lack of ability, yet where a natural inclination to a thing exists in the mind, it is always an evidence of some ability; and to this, when accompanied by labor, zeal and perseverance, a reasonable degree of success can at all times be promised.

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But, after all, the fulcrum for our lever must be that master quality of the mind which, in its sure and triumphant course, overcomes all difficulties, and without which all effort were valueless and vain—we mean the persistence of perseverance. Patience and perseverance will at last achieve the work when all other things fail. Even the largest resources and the greatest talents cannot achieve the largest success in a day. Geologists and scientific men have demonstrated that the saying of the vulgar is founded in fact, that "the world was not made in a day," nor in six; but that thousands of years were required to bring it to the perfection demanded by the first human pair who walked hand in hand, wondering and amazed, amidst its awful solitudes and solemn shades. If, therefore, the Great Creative Power above and around us needed time to fashion and complete His master-piece—"to make the world and all things therein"—it is not to be supposed that man can do less than imitate him in this. The foundations of all things which are destined to endure, to be great and lasting, must be laid wide and deep, and by the slow results of laborious years. And the same law which applies to nature in all her manifestations also holds with regard to art; especially apparent is this truth as it bears upon the production of a work of genius; especially true is it as it contemplates the production of a great orator. Not in an hour, in a day, nor in years alone, is he fashioned whose intellect and will, arrayed in the glowing periods of a massive rhetoric, and finding expression in a sublime and eloquent declamation, that sway and impress as well as convince and convict the world, crown and robe him as a prince among orators. Of the eloquence of speech we have written; of its value and importance to mankind we have spoken. We are conscious that we have but imperfectly performed our task. We have not sought to do more than present an outline of the great subject which has engaged our thought at this time. In regard to eloquence, we can only say that there is no art like it, none so worthy of the study and thought of our youth, who are arising to assume the positions of those who, to-day, by reason of the pressing weight of years and of honors, are leaving the stage whereon they have, to the best of their abilities we would hope, performed their parts.

We close our sketch in the language of one* who was worthy to testify to the truth of the utterance; who united in himself the gifts and graces he so eloquently recommended to others; who, amid all his labors in the senate and at the bar, never forgot the main, the chief desire and ambition of his soul—

*Cicero.

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to be an accomplished orator: "Is there anything so commanding, so grand, as that the eloquence of man should direct the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates?"

ART. VII.—1. *The Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review.*
2. *The Wall Street Underwriter.*
3. *The Commercial and Insurance Journal.* Philadelphia.
4. *The New England Insurance Gazette.* Boston.
5. *The United States Insurance Magazine.* New York.

IN venturing to write the brief article entitled "Quackery of Insurance Companies," which appeared in our September number, we had little idea of the penalty we should have to pay for our rashness. Had we anticipated one-fourth the abuse we have since received, and which continues unabated to the present day, we are not sure that we would have made the attempt, for we do dislike to be barked at and besmeared with mud, even though neither do us any great harm. But we have now got so well used to both, that we cannot say we are very sorry after all. We had not been aware that quackery has its regular organs, whose chief business it is to act the bully for its professors. Had it been otherwise, we might have shrunk from the undertaking; but it so happens that the advocates are as frothy as their clients. The logic of the former has as little genuineness in it as the capital of the latter; one has as much exaggeration and imposture in it as the other. In other words, the organs are, indeed, ready enough for war; on this their very existence depends. But their mode of warfare is peculiar; their onset is somewhat like that of the Chinese warriors, who depend much more on the *sound* of their gongs and other noisy instruments, than on the sharpness of their steel. In short, they belong to that class of champions who hurt themselves or the cause they espouse much more than they do their antagonists; so that even the quacks may well exclaim, "Save us from our friends!"

Not one of them has disproved a single assertion we have made. Instead of attempting anything of this kind, they attribute to us all kinds of bad motives. One says that we were paid by one company to distinguish itself from all the rest, as respectable and reliable; another, that we were actuated by personal malice; another, that we wished to be revenged because insurance companies would not patronize our journal;

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another, that our main object was to make a covert attack on *Appleton's Cyclopœdia*, &c.

We trust it is hardly necessary for us to deny any of these charges; yet we will make a few observations on the subject in passing, and then leave the reader to judge between us and our accusers. As to the first charge, in remarking that we were very willing to admit that there are as honest and honorable companies at the present day as ever were, we mentioned one as an illustration. Simply because we did this, it must follow that we were paid for it! But the truth is, that the president mentioned knew nothing of the circumstance until the article was published. We had never consulted with him on the subject in any way, directly or indirectly. We had never mentioned to him, or to any other insurance official, that we had any intention of writing such an article; nor have we ever to this day asked or received any payment, remuneration, or compensation from him for it, or from anybody else on his behalf. To this it is hardly necessary to add, that the gentleman alluded to has never asked us to say one word in his favor; nor has any officer of his company. We believed him to be as faithful and reliable as he is courteous, and we spoke of him accordingly as an illustration *Voilà tout!*

With regard to the second charge, it is sufficient to say, that had our motive been personal malice, we should hardly have sought vent for it in so general a way as to have criticised insurance quackery in the aggregate without mentioning a single name as an illustration. The amount of malice that could fall to the share of each of the representatives of one hundred and eighty insurance offices would be slight indeed. If we described the official conduct of one president—without, however, mentioning either his own name or that of the company to which he belongs—we did so the same as we give an extract from an indifferent book as a specimen of its general contents. And far from overdrawing the picture, we omitted many shades which we would readily have used had our object been, not to expose an extensive system of swindling and imposture, but to gratify a private pique against an insurance president.

In reference to the third charge, we had no cause for revenge against insurance companies, since they advertised more in our journal than in any other literary periodical whatever. Nor did the president whose portrait we sketched form an exception; he had advertised in it several times. Had our object been to make money by the insurance companies, as their organs represent, we could have done so in a much easier and less hazardous way than by exposing their quackery as we did; for all that was necessary was to devote a brief paragraph to each.

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representing that it was superior in certain important particulars to all others. In other words, we had only to give editorial "puffs" in order to get insurance advertisements. Before the editor had anything whatever to do with the business department, several companies had advertised in the "National Quarterly." One was so liberal of its patronage, as to insert *four pages* in two successive numbers; but the president was highly indignant because he did not get an amount of editorial praise proportioned to the extent of his advertisement! Instead of this, however, he did not get one line or one word. Of course he did not put in his advertisement the third time; nor has he inserted it again to this day, although nearly three years have elapsed since his liberality was so conspicuous. He thought us all the more negligent and unappreciative in not praising his company, because he had furnished us all the arguments ready made in his favor; for like the renowned Hudibras,

> "He could raise scruples dark and nice,
> And then solve them in a trice."

He would not have thanked us for saying that his company was as good as others; in order to conciliate him, we should have asserted that "its assets are larger than those of any other life insurance company in the United States, amounting to over six millions of dollars." Nor would this have been sufficient; we should have added certain other important particulars—such as, that "its dividends have been greater than those of any other companies." Then we should have proceeded to explain that this resulted from "a very low rate of mortality among the insured," thus showing that among the many other blessings conferred by the company for a very small consideration, is that of longevity! Lest the skeptic should inquire too curiously how this occurred, we should have informed our readers that "The mortality among its (the company's) members has been proportionally less than that of any other life insurance company in either America or Europe, whose experience has been made known," &c.; and we should have taken care to put the principal words in capital letters, if not in *red*. All this, however, would have been only an introduction to the principal work. We should then have proceeded to raise objections which it might puzzle us to answer, were the answers not ready at our hand.

Thus, for instance, Mr. Smith being called upon by the canvasser, says, "I cannot afford to insure my life;" but we, knowing his affairs better than himself, should have proceeded, at once, to convince him of his error, after the following fashion: "Twenty-five cents a week will insure $1,000 on the life of a

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man aged 30," &c., &c. Mr. Jones being called on for the same purpose, replies thus: "I can make a better investment for the benefit of my wife and family;" and when it comes to Mr. Brown's turn, he replies, "*The policy may not be paid—offices sometimes fail.*" True, answers have been furnished for these as well as other objections; but we thought that, at least in this particular instance, Jones and Brown had by far the better part of the argument, and accordingly we begged leave to decline urging the contrary view of the case. As we have already observed, we got no further patronage from this company. Does this show that we have been actuated by vindictive motives?

This case, too, we merely mention as an illustration. That is, several companies advertise in our journal; and seeing that we would not praise them editorially, or make assertions, for their benefit, which we do not believe to be true, they withdraw in disgust, and bestow their favors where they get a better price for them. In proof that we made no attempt to retain such patronage, we refer to our pages. In no number of the "National Quarterly" have we said one word in favor of any insurance company; the smallest paragraph of the kind has never appeared in our journal. The first instance in which we ever referred to insurance in any form, *pro* or *con*, was that of the article in our last September number, and we took up the subject then, the same as we had that of the Quack Doctors, more than a year previously.* The latter, too, accused us of "malice prepense." They had no doubt that our motives were of the worst kind. More than one of them told us so; but the conduct of the worst of them was decent, intelligent, and sensible, compared to that of the insurance quacks, as illustrated in their two organs published in Wall Street, in this city—one entitled *The Insurance Monitor and Wall Street Review;* the other, *The Underwriter and Stock Jobber's Journal*, or some such name. We have no intention, however, of abusing either in return. The public would derive no benefit from our doing so; nor would it afford us any gratification to call the editor of one or the other opprobrious names. We are well aware that both have to place their columns at the service of the quacks, when any attempt is made to expose their impostures as we have done. Why, then, should we not rather pity than blame them? Even the quacks who employ them we should readily forgive, if they would only mend their ways, for we believe with Coleridge, that there is "an involuntary sense of fear from which

* See Nat. Quarterly for March, 1861, Art. Quackery and the Quacked.

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nature has no means of rescuing herself *but by anger*," and that "*the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.*"

"There's no philosopher but sees
That rage and fear are one disease."

The fourth charge against us is, that the chief object of the article in question, notwithstanding its title, was to make a covert attack on "Appleton's New American Cyclopædia;" but none who read our journal need be informed that we make no covert attacks; or in other words, that we do not shrink from giving our opinion openly and undisguisedly of any publication whatever. We think the publishers of the Cyclopædia themselves would have done us the justice to admit this, had they been consulted on the subject; although we do not pretend that they have any admiration for persons of our way of thinking, in that particular. At all events, our remark about the Cyclopædia was simply incidental; but we maintain that it was, nevertheless, true. We do not, indeed, say anything on the subject, in reply to either the *Monitor* or *Underwriter*. It would not be worth while. But a Philadelphia paper, entitled the *Commercial and Insurance Journal*, has treated the subject with so much ability, that it is more likely to be regarded as correct than any of its *confrères*. Instead of the personal abuse of the latter, it used a much stronger weapon; that is, cool, dispassionate argument. While the *Monitor* and the *Underwriter* only give garbled extracts, in order to put a false construction on our remarks, the *Commercial and Insurance Journal* has had the honesty and courtesy to reproduce our article, before making any comments upon it.* By adopting this course, it has proved a far more formidable opponent to us than all the Billingsgate journals put together.

But the editor himself made a much better hand of us in his October number, than his correspondent did in his January number. The latter devotes five columns—a column more than *a whole folio page*—to what he would have us regard as a confutation of our two or three incidental remarks in relation

* It is proper to say that the *New England Insurance Gazette* evinced a similar regard for "fair play;" although, in its "refutation" of four columns, it insinuates that we have been bribed. "Then why," it asks, "does he make these assertions? Have some insurance companies favorably mentioned by him, paid him handsomely for praising up the twenty companies, *and proclaiming the unfortunate one hundred and sixty companies and thirty-two hundred employees to be all quacks?*" Now, we ask in turn, whether we have made a more serious charge against even the quacks, than is contained in the part of the *Gazette's* question which we have printed in italics? Still, as compared with the *Monitor* and the *Underwriter*, the Boston organ is polite and decent in its mode of treating the subject. If the latter uses some naughty words, it makes some attempt at logic; nay, like the *Commercial and Insurance Journal*, it is perhaps as logical as the bad case it has in hands would admit; while the Wall Street organs—*par nobile fratrum*—are content with the lowest scurrility of the fish-market.

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to the Cyclopædia's view of the origin of insurance; but those who read this lucubration will easily see that it refutes nothing, except it be the writer's assertion in reference to himself with which he starts; namely, that "there is nothing like the *animus* of a party defendant in *our* (his) *mind*." He undertakes the work of exposing our ignorance for the pure love of the insurance cause; but instead of attempting to disprove any charge we have made against the quacks, he jumbles together a parcel of garbled extracts, which he triumphantly informs us prove that insurance "is entirely modern in its inception and development." We were somewhat puzzled to understand what this had to do—supposing it to be true—with insurance quackery, since it was not against the quacks of two or three thousand years ago that we wrote; but against those still in the flesh. But in turning over two or three pages of the *Commercial and Insurance Journal*, we find nearly five columns of the Cyclopædia article, with the intimation at the bottom that it is "to be continued."

We confess that before we had seen this at all, it occurred to us that the article purporting to be a vindication of the quacks was from the same pen that wrote the Cyclopædia article; for the style and mode of treatment of both are exactly similar. One as well as the other shows that the writer has devoted little attention to the classic ages; that he is one of that class of *savans* whose world is England and America; and who think it sheer folly to look back farther even into English history than the "dark ages." It is absolutely offensive to investigators of this class to pretend that the ancients were acquainted with any useful art or science. They will admit, indeed, that some tolerably good books were written in Greece and Rome thousands of years ago; or if not *written*, at least composed in some way; they also admit that the ancients have left us some fair specimens of sculpture and architecture. But anything further than this they have no patience with.

Now, we know nothing of the writer on Insurance in the Cyclopædia. We have certainly nothing against him. He may be a distinguished author or a distinguished jurist, or both, for aught we know to the contrary; but judging from the article or articles before us, we should readily conclude that he is neither one nor the other. We merely denied, in passing, the assertion of the Cyclopædia that "It (marine insurance) is at all events *no older than the close of the middle ages;*" that "it was *wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans.*"* We now deny the same quite as emphatically as we

* Vol. ix., Art. "Insurance," p. 550.

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did in our first article. In other words, we assert that *it was known both to the Greeks and Romans.** If the forms of the contract were not exactly the same among the Greeks of the time of Demosthenes as they are in our time, that does not alter the fact. Their form of taxation was entirely different from ours, but its principle and object were mainly the same. In short, they did nothing as we do. Their provisions for the punishment of murder, adultery, theft, &c., were radically different from ours; but is it to be inferred from this that they had no laws against those crimes? The modern drama is entirely different from the Greek drama; but who will deny that the Greeks understood and appreciated the dramatic art? They carried on their commerce, too, in a different manner; even their ships were entirely different from ours. Is it then strange that their writers do not speak of insurance as ours do? Still less strange will the fact seem if it is borne in mind that the higher classes of the Greeks did not engage in commerce in any form, because there were then, as there are now, dishonest merchants and traders who brought disgrace on those associated with them.

But we need not depend on mere argument or inference to show that our cyclopædist is no authority as to the origin of insurance. We hope he is not a teacher, or, if he is, that he gives more correct instructions to his pupils, in general, than he has done in this particular instance. McCulloch has given a paper on insurance in his "Cyclopædia of Commerce." In this the opinion is put forward that insurance is a modern invention. Because the author has paid much attention to commercial matters, several cyclopædias have adopted its views; but all that make any claim to be considered works of reference indicate the authorities which maintain the contrary; such, for example, as Grotius, Puffendorf, &c., &c. But it seems the author of the article in the "New Cyclopædia" has never seen anything of this kind; or perhaps the cause of the omission was, that he did not think it would be altogether in accordance with the "fitness of things" to put old ideas into a "new" work. At all events, let us see what others say on the subject. Nor need we go beyond American authorities. We prefer the latter, because the parties pecuniarily interested in the

* Had we said that the system had been known and practised before Greeks or Romans by the Jews, we should have been much nearer to the truth than the writer in the "*New* Cyclopædia." Whether Moses, the great lawgiver, was ever an insurance president or not, could not be easily proved at the present day. All we can say is, that if he had been like those of his name and race who engage in the business at the present day, the rule even of the Egyptian taskmasters over the *poor* Israelites, required to make bricks without straw, would have been mild and gentle compared to his.

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"New Cyclopædia" try to shield it from criticism at home, on the ground of its being an American work—an argument which would apply with equal force to the most worthless sham that happens to obtain "a local habitation and a name" on this continent. In the *Encyclopœdia Americana*, edited by Francis Lieber, we find the following language on the subject under consideration:

"*There was a kind of insurance in use among the Greeks and Romans* called *bottomry*, or *respondentia*, which is, where the owner of a vessel or goods borrows money upon bottomry (q. v.) upon the vessel, or upon respondentia on the goods, for a certain voyage, agreeing, that if the ship or goods arrive at a certain port, the money shall be repaid, and also interest, exceeding the legal rate; but if lost by the risks specified in the bond, before arriving at the port named, the lender is to lose the money loaned. The risk of losing the whole is the cause of the excess of interest allowed in case of the arrival of the ship or goods; and it is called *marine interest*, which ought to be equal to the common rate of interest *added to the rate of premium* for insuring the ship or goods for the same voyage against the same risks."—Vol. viii., pp. 41, 42.

The author of this shows that he had paid some attention to the subject before he undertook to write on it for the instruction of others; he shows that he had consulted the best authorities on the commercial laws of Greece and Rome; for he gives us the essence of the latter so far as they relate to insurance in the brief paragraph just quoted. But let us turn to another American authority. Dr. Anthon treats the ancient branch of the subject in his "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," in a manner to satisfy any intelligent person who is willing to be convinced. In his article on the Interest of Money, he speaks of the τοκος ἐπίτριτος, or 33⅓ per cent.; and observes, "The latter, however, was chiefly confined to *cases of bottomry*, and *denotes more than it appears to do*, as the time of a ship's voyage was generally less than a year."—(P. 545.) In a subsequent paragraph of the same article the author is thus explicit:

"Bottomry (τὸ ναυτικον, τοκοι ναυτικοί or εκδοσις) *was considered a matter of so much importance at Athens, that fraud or breach of contract in transactions connected with it was sometimes punished with death.* In these cases the loans were generally made upon the cargo shipped, sometimes on the vessel itself, and sometimes on the money received or due for passengers and freightage, (ἐπὶ τῶ ναύλω.) The *principal*, (εκδοσις, οἱονεὶ ἐξω δόσις,) *as well as the interest, could only be recovered in case the ship met with no disaster in her voyage* (σωθείσης τῆς νεώς;) a clause to this effect being generally inserted in all agreements of bottomry or ναυτικαὶ σύγγραφαί. The *additional risk incurred in loans* of this description *was compensated for by a high rate of interest*, and the lenders took every precaution against negligence or deception on the part of the borrowers; the latter also were careful to have

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witnesses present when the cargo was put on board, for the purpose of deposing, if necessary, to a *bona fide* shipping of the required amount of goods. The loan itself was either a δάνεισμα ἑτερόπλουν, *i. e.*, for a voyage out, or it was a δάνεισμα ἀμφοτερόπλουν, *i. e.*, *for a voyage out and home.* In the former case, the principal and interest were paid at the place of destination, either to the creditor himself, if he sailed in the ship, or to an authorized agent. In the latter case, the payment was made on the return of the ship, and it was specially provided in the agreement between the contracting parties, that she should sail to some specified places only. A deviation from the terms of the agreement, in this or other respects, was, according to a clause usually inserted in the agreement, punishable by a fine of twice the amount of the money lent. Moreover, if the goods which formed the original security were sold, fresh articles of the same value were to be shipped in their place. Sometimes, also, the trader (ὁ ἐμπορος) was himself the owner of the vessel, (ὁ ναύκληρος,) which in that case might serve as a security for the money borrowed. The rate of interest would, of course, vary with the risks and duration of the voyage, and therefore we cannot expect to find that it was at all fixed."—*Dict. of G. and R. Ant.*, pp. 545, 546.

It will be seen from this that the principal difference between the ancient and the modern system is, that the ancient insurers paid the money in advance, whereas the modern insurers do not do so until the goods insured are lost or injured—the modern quacks never paying when they have any plausible excuse for refusing. But this is not all. A case in point occurs in the speech of Demosthenes against Lacritus. In regard to this, too, we refer to Dr. Anthon's analysis rather than to that of any European writer; although the speech of the orator decides the case by itself. "Two Athenians," says Dr. Anthon, "lent two Phaselitans 3,000 drachmæ upon a cargo of 3,000 casks of Mendean wine, on which the latter were not to owe anything else, or raise any additional loan. They were to sail from Athens to Mende or Scione, where the wine was to be shipped, and thence to the Bosphorus, with liberty, if they preferred it, to continue their voyage on the left side of the Black Sea as far as the Borysthenes, and then to return to Athens; the rate of interest being fixed at 225 drachmæ in 1,000, or 25 per cent., for the whole time of absence. If, however, they did not return to Hierum, a port in Bithynia, close to the Thracian Bosphorus, before the early rising of Arcturus, *i. e.*, before the 20th of September, or thereabout, *when navigation began to be dangerous, they had to pay a higher rate of* 30 *per cent., on account of the additional risk*," &c.

Here are two American writers whose views are founded on the best authorities.* The writer of the article in the "New

* To these may be added, among others, Dr. Duer, whose *Lecture on the Law of Respondentia in Marine Insurance*, published in New York in 1844, proves, to the satisfaction of any intelligent person willing to be convinced, that the Roman *mer-*

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Cyclopædia" founds his views on no authority. He tells us that insurance "was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans and to Oriental nations." Now which are we to believe? First, there are two to one. The two give their reasons for the faith that is in them; the one does not condescend to give any reason. The two refer us to the original sources where the evidence is to be found; the one refers to no source. We have no doubt but the latter as well as the former meant well. We entirely acquit him of having had any intention of misleading the good-natured people who take up the "New Cyclopædia" as a work of reference. He may charge us with any motives he likes, but we are quite willing to admit that he has made the statements referred to, not because he wished to deceive "Young America," but because it did not happen that any book had fallen into his hands that gave any particular account of the commercial affairs of the ancients. It is, however, very possible that our insurance author may have read Livy,* Puffendorf,† Grotius,‡ and other writers§ who speak of ancient insurance, without having remarked what any of them has said in particular on the subject; but it would have been sufficient for him to refer to "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon. It is not to be supposed that Gibbon had any prejudices in regard to insurance; and had it been otherwise, his various critics and commentators would not have failed to correct him. Scarcely any important error he could have fallen into would have escaped Guizot and Milman, who, with others, have copiously annotated his great work. But neither attempts to contradict what the historian says on the subject of insurance. The latter shows us very clearly why it was that nothing of the kind was popular among the ancients; he explains also that this predjudice on the part of the people caused an ambiguity or want of definiteness in the forms of expression applied to all high rates of interest, which has led the casual reader to mistake one kind of interest for another. In

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catores generally availed themselves of the benefits of insurance as afforded by responsible *collegia*. See, also, *Traité des Assurances et des Contrats à la Grosse*. Par M. Emergon. Paris, 1783.

* The record of Livy is conclusive by itself. He tells us that when the Roman army in Spain was in need of supplies, three companies (societates) offered to accept the contract from government on two conditions: one, that they might be exempted from military duty; the other, that their cargoes might be secured against risk, both from the enemy and from the weather. The words of the original text are as follows: Ubi ea dies venit ad conducendum tres societates aderant hominum undeviginti, quorum *duo postulata fuere:* unum ut militia vacarent dum in eo publico essent; *alterum, ut, quæ in naves imposuissent, ab hostium tempestatisque vi publico periculo essent. Utroque impetrato, conduxerunt;* privataque pecunia respublica *administrata est.* T. Liv., Lib. xxiii., cap. 49.

† See his *Droit de la Nature et de Gens.* Tome v., cap. 9.

‡ *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, 1624.

§ Locennius, *De Jure Maritimo.* Lib. ii., cap. 1.

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speaking of the different purposes for which money was paid for money, the historian observes:

"Usury, the inveterate grievance of the city, *had been discouraged* by the *Twelve Tables*, and abolished by the clamors of the people. It was revived by their wants and idleness, tolerated by the discretion of the prætors, and finally determined by the Code of Justinian. Persons of illustrious rank were confined to the moderate profit of *four per cent.;* six was pronounced to be the ordinary and legal standard of interest; eight was allowed for the convenience of manufacturers and merchants; *twelve was granted to* NAUTICAL INSURANCE, which the wiser ancients had not attempted to DEFINE; *but, except in this perilous adventure, the practice of exorbitant usury was severely restrained."—Dec. and Fall of R. E.*, vol. iv., p. 368.

If the writer in the "New Cyclopædia" is a better authority than Gibbon and the others whom we have quoted, then we were entirely wrong in the remark we ventured to make in our article on Insurance Quackery, and we withdraw it accordingly. But the champion of the Cyclopædia—whether that gentleman himself, or a zealous friend—who hurls his five-column "refutation" at us, is not content with contradicting what we have said, with all the contempt which a profound *savant* has for the shallow and illiterate. "The classic languages," he says, "had no verbal expression for the idea. * * There is not a word about it in classical literature."* We maintain that the classic languages had, and have, verbal expressions for the idea. Nay, have we not fully proved the fact already? The τοκοι ναυτικοί of the Greeks expressed the idea quite as fully as any two words we can use at the present day; and there are many other terms and phrases which express the same. The idea of marine insurance was expressed by the Romans by the terms *fœnus nauticum*. To insure goods from loss by fire was *damna ex incendio accepta præstare*; the office was called *collegia*, &c. The truth is, that most words used at the present day in reference to insurance are derived from the classic languages. Even the term policy comes to us from the Greek πολιτεία, nautical, from the Latin *nauticum*, &c. On this point, too, we may quote Gibbon:

"In the case of a friendly loan, the merit of generosity is on the side of the lender only; in a deposit, on the side of the receiver; but in a *pledge*, and the rest of the selfish commerce of ordinary life, the benefit is compensated by an equivalent, and the obligation to restore is variously modified by the nature of the transaction. The Latin language *very happily expresses the fundamental difference* between the *commodatum* and the *mutuum*, *which our poverty* is reduced to confound under the vague and common appellation of a loan. In the former, the borrower was obliged to restore the same individual thing with which he had been accommodated for the temporary supply of his

* Commercial and Ins. Jour. for Jan., 1863, p. 4.

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wants; in the latter, it was destined for his use and consumption, and he discharged this *mutual* engagement by substituting the same specific value according to a just estimation of number, of weight, and of measure."—*Dec. and Fall*, vol. iv., pp. 336–7.

We have now shown from American and English authorities that insurance was known to the ancients, and practised by them. If those charged with the business of defending the "New Cyclopædia" want ancient or foreign authorities, they can have them in abundance. We have every disposition to be as accommodating to them as possible; for certainly theirs is a hard task. Atlas carrying the globe on his shoulders had but an easy burden compared to those who undertake to prove that if the blind lead the blind, both will *not* fall into the ditch. We would have them remember, in all kindness, that a Cyclopædia that is full of errors is very much like a chair with a crazy bottom, which no one above five stone weight can sit upon except at the risk of falling through. We admit, however, that there is a peculiar fitness in combining a defence of such a work with that of insurance quackery. One species of quackery has naturally an affinity for another; between fraternities of quacks, as well as others, there is a fellow-feeling. Nay, indeed, we regard it as a redeeming quality on the part of the insurance quacks that they are grateful for the services rendered their cause by the "New Cyclopædia." True, they might have given sufficient proof of their gratitude without abusing us for telling the truth, and putting the unwary on their guard against building on sandy foundations; but let that pass—perhaps they will be more courteous in future.

It was a grievous sin on our part to allude to the *modus operandi* by which the insurance quacks swindle all who are credulous enough to put any faith in their "statements;" although we did not say one word against legitimate insurance. On the contrary; we commenced the second paragraph of our article as follows: "*The principle of insurance is fair and just; and, in practice, it has saved thousands from ruin and misery; it is only the abuse of it that does mischief; and this is all we desire to speak against. In short, we have as much faith in legitimate insurance, in its effect on trade and commerce, as we have in legitimate medical skill in its effect on human health and longevity; but we hold that quackery is as bad in one case as in the other.*" It is clear, then, that no respectable company—no company conscious of its integrity—had any more cause for indignation against us than respectable auctioneers would have had, had we commented in a similar manner on the conduct of the *mock* auction fraternity, who claim to be their brethren. Still less was there any reason for indignation, since we did not men-

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tion the name of any company in disparaging terms; but the adage, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser," explains the whole affair. We remarked, that "Of one hundred and eighty insurance offices, all in New York, of which we have a list before us, we think it is within the truth to say, that of the companies represented by these not more than twenty are doing a legitimate business; and may it not be added, that the same number would meet the wants of all who are disposed to have their lives or properties insured?" These two observations have brought more insurance wrath upon us than any others. Being quite willing to believe that we may have formed an erroneous estimate in this particular, we have sought information on the subject wherever we thought we could find it; and we have been assured, both by merchants and underwriters, that had we said a less number would be sufficient, we should have been nearer the truth. We now repeat, that twenty reliable, honest companies, such as the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company, Security Fire Insurance Company, New York Life Insurance Company, Manhattan Life Insurance Company, Continental Fire Insurance Company, Brooklyn Fire Insurance Company, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, Hope Fire Insurance Company, Columbian Marine Insurance Company, New York Mutual Marine Insurance Company—companies that are able and willing to pay all fair claims without needless delay, or any litigation—would be amply sufficient to accommodate all citizens of New York who have any desire to have their life and property insured.

We did not assert that the public was swindled to a great extent by parties calling themselves insurance companies, until we had made ourselves acquainted with the facts; although common sense would have shown that had the public not given much more than it received from insurance companies, there would not be so many of the latter springing into existence almost every week. It is clear to any intelligent person, that the business is profitable only in proportion as the amount received is greater than the amount paid. We do not mean by this, that companies who meet their engagements promptly and fully, ought not to profit by the business; on the contrary, we hold that no other class of business men deserve higher reward for their time, labor, and capital. It needs no elaborate researches either in political economy or arithmetic to understand that, were such necessary, it would be cheaper in the end to pay ten per cent. to a reliable, solvent company, than to pay two per cent. to one of the opposite character. But we are told by the quackery organs that there are none of

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the latter; that the business of insurance is so pure and elevating a thing in itself, that none but the pure and high-minded can belong to it. We leave the thousands who have been swindled to appreciate pretensions like these at their proper value. But let us see what the organs themselves sometimes say on the subject; and try whether it does not fully corroborate our worst allegations. As to the *Underwriter*, we have never seen a number of it but one, that containing abuse of ourselves, a copy of which was sent to us carefully marked. We confess we had never heard of it before. It is not worth while to make any comment on such a journal. Some idea may be formed of its character from the following advertisement, which we find in the *Commercial and Insurance Journal* of Philadelphia, duly displayed in various styles of type:

"Grierson & Ecclesine, Insurance and Share Brokers, (Publishers of the Wall Street *Underwriter*, 44 Wall Street, New York.) Fire, Life, and Marine Insurance effected. Shares bought, sold, and negotiated."

One of the gentlemen who thus advertises himself as a broker, ready to do any little job in the way of buying, selling or negotiating shares, for a consideration, is the editor-in-chief of the *Underwriter;* a fact which, we are sure, will induce our readers to excuse him for his abuse of us, and perhaps, also, to excuse us for taking no further notice of his editorial performances. As we have not seen the advertisement of the *Monitor*, we cannot say whether its editor is the rival of the *Underwriter* editor in the business of an insurance broker and "adjuster of losses;" but judging from appearances, and certain "internal evidence," we are inclined to arrive at the affirmative conclusion. Why, then, should we blame one or the other? Alas, poor fellows, not at all! Whenever a quack president gives either five dollars for abusing the "*National Quarterly*," to divert attention from his portrait in that periodical, or for any other purpose, set to work, by all means, Mr. Jones, Jr., or Mr. Ecclesine, for you will do no injury by your best or worst efforts, save to Her Majesty's English, or mayhap to your employer.

In turning over some numbers of the *Monitor*, furnished us by a friend as curiosities, we find that either we were right in alleging that there is a good deal of swindling done under the name of insurance, or the *Monitor* is very much like the boy that cried "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. In the number for November last of that journal the following remarks occur:

"They (the company) advertise a capital of $100,000, and proclaim that their company is 'organized by permission of the authorities.' The authorities are simply their own. We called upon these gentlemen, and found them represented by a one-horse writing-desk, a borrowed

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chair, and a rented safe, situated in the rear of a low basement. We take occasion to warn the public against this attempt to delude the families of soldiers, and disappoint them of the rewards of their faithful and valiant patriotism; and we suggest to the superintendent to close up this trap. The advertisement of these persons appears below, reprinted from their circular, *sent to Western papers*. It is a specimen of audacious effrontery, which should be instantly rebuked."—P. 232.

It would be curious to know how much the sending of the advertisement to Western papers without having furnished any copy to a certain paper in Wall Street, had to do with the righteous indignation of the insurance organ. At page 229 of the same journal we find another specimen, which runs thus:

"THE EAGLE SWALLOWS THE ARGUS.

"*A fine specimen of sharp practice by a company claiming to be respectable is recorded in the following article. By the process of amalgamation below set forth, it appears that the shareholders of the Argus have realized about* $150 *a share more than the stock of their company was worth in the market; in other words, they have, by this transfer, taken the accumulated premiums which ought to have been held by the company for the purpose of meeting its liabilities, and which properly belong to the policy holders, as an indemnity for the future,*" *&c., &c.*

Now be it remembered that our greatest sin has been to remark that things of this kind take place occasionally not far from Wall Street. We ventured to observe, also, that insurance companies sometimes go to law rather than pay the losses against which they insured. We have an article on this branch of the subject in the *Monitor* for September, (p. 208,) from which we quote as follows:

"THE CRYSTAL PALACE FIRE, AND THE —— FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW YORK.

"As a specimen of the tone of the foreign press towards *American insurance dodges, we cite the following rebuke* from the *Canada Insurance Gazette:*

"The following trial shows forth one of those detestable quibbles which now and then are attempted to be set up to evade the payment of a just claim, than which nothing is better calculated to bring down insurance companies in the mass, unless every insurance journalist

* We find the following paragraph from the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, reproduced in the Commercial and Insurance Journal of April last, (p. 46):

"I am informed, on the same authority, that in the city of Albany there are *fire insurance companies without one cent of capital, except that of forged mortgages upon the property of men who are utterly innocent of the whole matter*, and that if a series of large fires were to occur, the parties insuring in those companies might be ruined, *as they would be unable to recover anything from the insurance companies referred to.*"

The same journal, in speaking of a Philadelphia company, remarks: "The City Insurance Company, of this city, one of those wild-cat concerns that hang out shingles in this city, for the purpose of entrapping ignorant people, has been obliged to close up. It deliquesced from a disease known as impecuniosity."—*Com. and Ins. Jour.*, of Philadelphia, for April, p. 54.

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puts such infamous defences prominently forward, to be gibbeted and impaled on public opinion. We believe that no company in Canada would dare to put such a plea on the record in a court of justice here; but if there should ever be such an adventurous company, we dare affirm that its career would soon be terminated by such a departure from the path of common honesty.

"*Superior Court, Trial Term, Jan.* 23, 1862.

"THE MAYOR, &C., *vs.* THE ——* FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

"It will be remembered that this action was brought to recover the sum of $5,000 upon a policy of insurance issued by defendants, upon the Crystal Palace, which was burnt September, 1857.

"The defence was, mainly, that the Crystal Palace building was personal property, belonging to the receiver, *and not really belonging to the city!* It was therefore argued that the city had no standing in court, and could not maintain the action to recover the insurance.

After receiving the instructions of the court, the jury found a verdict for the amount claimed."

We might easily multiply cases of this kind, were it worth while; but these will be sufficient for the present; especially as we have yet another feature of insurance quackery to glance at in this article, which has already transcended the bounds we had prescribed for it. If we gave extracts from the journals that have abused us as specimens of the belles-lettres of insurance, it might seem that we were actuated by vindictive feelings. We will therefore turn our attention, for a few minutes, to a periodical entitled "*The United States Insurance Gazette and Magazine*," edited by Mr. G. E. Currie. If Mr. Currie has ever abused the *National Quarterly* or its editor, we are not aware of the fact; of the gentleman himself we know no more, personally, than we do of the Grand Lama of Thibet. If, then, we make a few hurried observations about his performances, or those which grace the pages of his Magazine, we do so much more to show the sort of thing that is most agreeable to insurance quacks, than to disparage the talents of the editor. A friend has favored us with two or three numbers of the *Insurance Gazette*. The first we happen to take up is the number for September last; and the first article in this is a "Biographical Sketch of T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., late President of the New York Mutual Insurance Company, &c., &c." The latter surpasses all the performances of its kind we have ever met with in any language; although we have sometimes had the curiosity to read eulogies got up by the inmates of lunatic asylums. It would have puzzled the author of the "Rejected Addresses," or any other author, to have burlesqued it. The

* We have omitted the name of the Company against which this conduct is alleged because we are not acquainted with the facts. Suffice it to say that it is a Wall Street Company, and one which would doubtless be highly indignant at being ranked among the quacks.

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Biography occupies ten pages and a half, including the psalms and hymns sung at the burial service. Before introducing the subject of his theme, the writer pays a passing tribute to other great functionaries who had departed this life under circumstances somewhat similar to those of T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq. After a suitable expression of grief for the uncertainty of human life, even among such exalted personages as insurance presidents, the author proceeds on the following key:

"The first and most distinguished of the three individuals here alluded to was *the famous and world-renowned president* of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, the late WALTER R. JONES, Esq., whose death took place in April, 1855. The next in order was one whose name, although perhaps *not so extensively known beyond the limits of the United States* as his predecessor, yet was most dearly beloved and most sincerely regretted by the entire insurance and mercantile community of New York, his native city. We mean ANTHONY BLEECKER NEILSON, Esq., late President of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company, whose demise took place in November, 1860."—P. 233.

When those dead some years are spoken of in this style, the reader may well expect something very "appreciative" of one whose successor has but just been appointed; and of course the successor may infer from the performance what he may one day expect, if he will only be as liberal and accommodating as he ought:

"The third and last, whose obituary was recorded in a previous number of the *U. S. Insurance Gazette*, and whose name now forms the caption of the present article, and is the theme of the following biographical sketch—T. B. SATTERTHWAITE, Esq., late President, &c., &c.

* * * * *

"Although the late Mr. Satterthwaite enjoyed to a lesser degree the popularity of his two *illustrious predecessors*, yet he was none the less zealous and sincere in his efforts to advance *the interests of the profession to which so many years of his valuable life were devoted.* His mental and physical constitution alike formed an inseparable barrier to the attainment of *that wide-spread fame and popular favor* which he might, *and doubtless would*, have acquired *had he been otherwise constituted.*"—P. 234.

Had he been constituted like Julius Cæsar, or Alexander, his fame would doubtless have been as "wide-spread" as that of either of those personages. The following sentence shows that he possessed qualities rarely combined even in the highest order of master-spirits:

"Mr. Satterthwaite was *pre-eminently a quiet*, retiring, and unassuming man, *as much by choice as by nature;* genial, kind, and sincere, he shrank from the appearance, as he did from the spirit of pride or ostentation, and was as free from the lust of gain as he was exempt from disturbing cares or *ambitious desires of exalted position and worldly fame.*"—*Ib.*

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But T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., did one thing which would have immortalized him by itself, for it shows that he had wisdom and sagacity enough for a dozen of presidents, even of the "illustrious" order, not excepting the Joneses, the Smiths, and the Browns. As the reader will naturally be impatient to know what it was, we hasten to explain in the biographer's own words:

"To show the interest he took in everything relating to the interest and advancement of the business of underwriting, up to within a short time of his death, *he suggested to us* the propriety of publishing, in pamphlet form, the 'Suggestions to Masters of Ships approved by the Merchants Underwriters of New York,' along with the 'American Ship-Masters' Association, Rules of Council, and list of Mates and Masters who have received certificates.' When finished, *he was highly pleased with the manner and style* in which it was got up, and believed it was well calculated *to advance the cause it was designed to promote.* Again, only a few weeks before his final illness, *we informed him it was our intention* to publish the Chronology of the Insurance Corporations doing business in the City of New York, *from the earliest period up to the present time. He at once heartily approved of our resolution, and promised to assist us in the undertaking by revising the proofs.* But, alas, before the first page of proof was ready for his revision, his peaceful, happy spirit had gone to join the blood-washed throng above, and his body to the place where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

What a pity that our biographer did not cast all these touching circumstances into the form of a tradegy! although we have not time just now to point out all the fine strokes of *bathos* which occur in almost every line of this wonderful biography. After the extract just quoted, the reader is introduced to the burial service, including the texts read by the officiating clergyman, &c. The latter, too, (Rev. J. C. Eccleston, of Clifton, Staten Island,) must needs be very brilliant, if only because he had the honor of eulogizing so illustrious a man. "We need scarcely say," says our biographer, "that the address was most eloquent and impressive," &c. Again, the same gentleman is styled "the talented rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Clifton, S. I.;" and we are told that

"Those who had the privilege of hearing the orator on the 8th of June last, delivering the above solemn and touching address to weeping relatives and sorrowing friends who had assembled to pay the last tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the departed, will, we are satisfied, be as ready to-day, as they were then, *to endorse, with emphasis, all that the rector said in relation to the subject of his remarks, by fervently ejaculating Amen, and Amen!*"—P. 241.

Passing over two pages more, we come to that highly dramatic part where the funeral *cortège* reaches New York:

"On landing at the pier," says Mr. Currie, "the company formed in line and proceeded to Trinity church-yard, Broadway, *and in the still-*

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ness and dim light of a cloudy summer's Sunday afternoon, and within hearing of the solemn organ peals of old Trinity, all that remained on earth of T. B. Satterthwaite was consigned to the silent tomb, to rest in hope of a blessed immortality."—P. 237.

Great and illustrious as T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., was, it would not do to finish this eulogy upon him without giving a rub of the same chaste brush to a few others of the insurance fraternity. The French occasionally cause a smile because they say, *Le roi est mort. Vive le roi!* But in this there is no puffery. What the biographer in the present case does is much more like the epitaph of the sorrowing, but thrifty, widow over her beloved spouse, an honest fishmonger, which ran thus: "Here lies the body of Tim Smith, who was loved and liked by the whole town for his honest and kind heart, and for his excellent and cheap herrings. This headstone has been placed over him by his bereaved and inconsolable wife, *who carries on the business at the old stand, and will continue to sell the best herrings as cheap, if not cheaper, than Tim.*" Our present biographer is a little more wordy than Mrs. Smith. It will be seen from the following that he uses a much heavier brush:

"At a subsequent meeting of the Board of Marine Underwriters, held in their rooms, 49 Wall Street, John D. Jones, Esq., the President of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, was unanimously elected President of the Board, as the representative of the greatest American Marine Insurance Corporation; *besides his high qualifications and great experience as an eminently successful underwriter, the selection, in this case, has been highly judicious, and will give unbounded satisfaction.* John H. Earle, Esq., has been elected successor to T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq., as the President of the New York Mutual Insurance Company, 61 William Street. Our readers will be pleased to learn *that he is a gentleman long and favorably known to the business community as a retired merchant*, and for several years occupied the responsible position as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board of Trustees, and has posted himself with regard to the operations of the Company, and *has some knowledge how to manage its affairs with energy and success.* John H. Lyell, Esq., is Vice-President, and W. P. Handford, Esq., Secretary. *We have no doubt but that his efforts in this direction will be heartily sustained by the other officers of the Company.*"—P. 242-3.

This, be it observed, is the conclusion of the biography of the illustrious T. B. Satterthwaite, Esq. It will be admitted that it casts Mrs. Smith and her herrings completely into the shade. Nay, who has ever seen the like before, in any magazine published in the Metropolis of America—or, in fact, in any publication whatever, published anywhere? Yet our object in quoting these extracts is not to expose the editor of the *U. S. Ins. Gazette* to the ridicule and derision of our readers. We only call on them to admire the refinement and

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taste that are capable of being pleased with doses so nauseous. The probability is that the editor could do better if he wished, but that he knows exactly what suits the palate of those whom it is his interest as well as his duty to please. This we think all the more likely from the fact that the insurance journals are sustained or neglected precisely in proportion as they make fools of themselves by trying to make giants of pigmies, or make some approach to truth, decency and common sense; although we confess we do not know one in New York of the latter character. Still the *Gazette* carries away the palm in the business of puffing the living and the dead; and accordingly it is more extensively and more liberally patronized than all the rest put together.

But it is not alone by praising everything done or said—nay, many things that are neither done nor said—by insurance functionaries, that the editor has thus ingratiated himself into the favor of the quacks. He devotes two or three pages of each number to what he calls his "Correspondence" with the fraternity. In this department, each official who pays a certain amount, or makes some appropriate allusion to the immense service rendered the cause by the *Gazette*, may expect to see his communication printed in handsome type. Nor is this all. If any of them, or even their friends, have a turn for poetry, or imagine they have—it is all the same—their performances are duly published, and they are praised pretty much in the style of which we have given specimens.

But woe to the critic who would venture to find fault with these lyrics! Of course they are never seen outside the insurance community. Sometimes, however, an insurance journal endowed with a little more courage than its colleagues, may venture to laugh at the silly twaddle. We see the Philadelphia *Commercial and Insurance Journal* has done so once; but in one of the most glaring cases of the poetaster mania we have ever met with. The criticism is perfectly fair; not one observation in it which the most courteous professional critic might not have used. The poet thought differently, however, as may be seen from his letter to the editor, which we copy at the bottom of the page, omitting the writer's name, and asking our readers have they ever met such a specimen of the epistolary style?*

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* NEW YORK, *December* 10th, 1862.

Mr. McIVER, Editor *Commercial and Insurance Journal*,
Philadelphia, Pa.:

SIR—My attention has just been called to a scurrilous paragraph in your paper for November, entitled "The Insurance Gazette's Poick." I think it only necessary, as a matter of *courtesy, for the present*, to acknowledge your distinguished notice, and inform you that disinterested parties, who have read it, pronounce your effusion the ravings of a *mean, low-lived, sneaking, contemptible soap-fat villain and blackguard!* all of which I verily believe. Yours, &c. ——

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We do not mean, however, by anything we have said, that those who conduct the organs of the insurance quacks do not understand their business; on the contrary, we hold that they are entirely qualified for their position. To bespatter praise, as with a trowel, on insurance functionaries, and act the bully in their defence, are the chief necessary qualifications; and that these are possessed in a high degree by the editors of the U. S. *Insurance Gazette*, *Monitor*, and *Underwriter*, far be it from us to deny. As for intelligence, they do not need it. Why would they occupy their time in examining history? If they did, they would not be so flippant as they are. The slightest attempt at regular research—research carried on, if only during leisure hours, for a few months, would teach them to pause before they undertook to contradict facts for no better reason than that they do not know them to be such. No doubt they have more potent reason for the course they pursue—the reason of the pugilist, who waylays one and knocks him down; not because his victim has ever injured him, or attempted to do so, nay, ever met him before, but simply because he is hired for the work; that is, if indeed reason has anything to do with the matter. Persons in the habit of reasoning would hardly use such language as that of most of the biographical passages we have quoted.

We readily admit at the same time that even such organs as we have named might teach certain presidents a little courtesy, if they would only set about it. We know it seems difficult to teach others what we are strangers to ourselves; but nevertheless, such things are done. The attempt might be made, at all events. Thus, for example, the *Monitor* might give the high functionaries of the "Sun Mutual" some such advice as the following: "Gentlemen, between ourselves, it becomes you badly to be uncivil or rude; you should rather remember that when you are so, you sadly belie the name you assume, for the great fountain of light makes no distinctions; but is kind alike to all; as kind to the peasant as to the prince. Your successful rivals of the Columbian Marine Insurance Company, Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company, New York Life Insurance Company, Security Insurance Company, &c., do not go beyond our own planet for a name; yet their presiding officers are neither harsh nor overbearing in their conduct towards the humblest who have occasion to call upon them in their official capacity. And, by-the-way, do compare their directors with your trustees! If you make a promise and don't keep it, at least 'back out' in a civil manner; otherwise you will run the risk of being called the '*Moon* Mutual,' instead of the '*Sun* Mutual.'"

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It seems to us that a few hints of this kind appearing in the official columns of the *Monitor* or *Underwriter* might do incalculable good; but we are almost sure it could not fail, if accompanied with a biography of sufficient length in Mr. Currie's peculiar style. To prepare the president for the change, he might be reminded, as it were incidentally, that insurance canvassers are not always welcome guests, and that, although they are generally ranked among the most importunate and most pertinacious in their efforts, there are but few who think it necessary to treat them harshly. In illustration of this, a quotation might be given from the poet, (not the poet of the U. S. *Insurance Gazette*,) such as the following:

"By fire and marine insurers next
I am intercepted, pestered, vexed
Almost beyond endurance;
And tho' the schemes appear *unsound*,
Their advocates are seldom found
Deficient in *assurance*."

We have one other suggestion to make here. Since the quack organs have such a relish for stale laws and statutes, why not publish a document known as an Act for the Suppression of Gambling Insurances, passed by the British Parliament in the fourteenth year of George III., which enacts, among certain other things, that "no insurance shall be made on the life of any person, *or on any event whatsoever*, where the person on whose account it shall be made shall have an interest, or by way of gaming or wagering; and that *every such insurance shall be null and void*," &c. Is there nothing of this kind wanting nearer home? Of course not! To hint at anything of the kind is a crime; and yet we have been assured ourselves, by the president of one company, that he would not give five cents for the policy of another company which represents that it has deposited $100,000 with the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, and whose president is as much afraid of the quack organs, as an overgrown baby, threatened for slobbering its bib, is of its mamma.

We are well aware, from the experience of the last six months, what we may expect* for having given our views thus

* The rude and overbearing conduct of some of the functionaries of insurance companies would seem incredible, were it not in any one's power to realize the fact any day he happens to have an hour or two to spare; and we do not now speak of companies that have the reputation, so far as we are aware, of belonging to the quack genus. General remarks, however, have little effect in cases of this kind; and we know no reason why the official conduct of functionaries dependent on the public for support should not be a legitimate subject of criticism. An insurance company has, or is supposed to have, a charter the same as a college, seminary, or academy, and consequently is as amenable to public opinion. Nay, if it be fair and just to give an opinion of a book sold for one dollar, and say whether it is worth that amount or not, so that others not having an opportunity of judging of its mer-

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freely of the quacks and their organs; but we will take no notice of the writhings of either. If our comments contribute, however slightly, to cause an improvement in the habits and manners of the quacks, our object will have been attained. It is hardly necessary to repeat that it is not against the principle of insurance we have written. None have more faith in it than we have ourselves. Even our books we have had insured. We would not possess anything of value on sea or land without observing a similar precaution in regard to it; nor would any one else who would be advised by us. We should

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its themselves may be aided in deciding whether they ought to purchase it or not, it is at least equally fair and just to give an opinion in a case which may involve an outlay of thousands of dollars.

Without further preface, therefore, we will note in brief what came under our observation during a visit of one hour to the office of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company in Wall Street. We have often heard and read of tyrants and despots; we have seen some of those called by those names; but never had we realized either character before, as we did during this visit. The sovereigns of modern times who are called tyrants, or despots, are almost without exception men of culture and refinement; they may consign those they dislike to exile or the dungeon; but they rarely indulge in abusive or insulting language. This would be beneath their dignity, if they have any respect for themselves. At all events, judging from the treatment received by a brother editor, we should not only expect much more courtesy and consideration from the Czar of all the Russias, than from the President of the Sun Mutual Insurance Company; but we should be sure of receiving both. Nay, indeed, did we happen to be a suitor before the throne of the semi-barbarous Emperor of Morocco, we should expect to see him evince more regard for the amenities of life, than did the personage alluded to in reference to our friend. Perhaps we should not have sympathized with the latter as much as we did, had we not been aware that he was charged with the authorship of our article on Insurance Quackery. He had been invited different times to call, by the president, in order that the latter might make an arrangement with him in regard to advertising in his journal. But it is not an insurance organ; whereas, the representatives of more than one insurance organ were present, as we have since been informed. His Highness asked what the terms were, and because our friend would not publish his "statement" for less than half price, and promise to give a "puff" into the bargain, he almost threw his journal into his face.

While he had been waiting to see the president, a messenger came to announce that a vessel insured by the company had been partly or wholly wrecked. (If our memory does not fail us, the ship mentioned was the *Planter*.) At once the president had it that she was a bad vessel; that she was not seaworthy—in short, everything was wrong with her! The captain, too, must have neglected his duty. Who was he? What other vessels had he commanded? or who had recommended him? &c. When our friend saw how he was treated, he ventured to remark that he was surprised that the president of a company professing to have so large a capital could have induced him to occupy his time by calling on three different occasions, and then refuse to keep his word, because he did not get what he wanted cheaper than anybody else. "I confess," said he, "that if I were insured by your company, I should have some fear in the event of the money falling due; for I am inclined to think that those who would quibble and 'back out' for a matter of twenty or thirty dollars, would be apt to give some trouble in case of twenty or thirty *thousand* dollars. If I am not right," added he, "then the remarks I have just heard in regard to the wrecked ship are somewhat inexplicable." These may not have been the exact words used; but they are substantially the same. It struck us who witnessed the scene that, if one of our most distinguished gladiators had been the president, and that his "office" had been an oyster saloon in the Bowery, he could hardly have made a more prompt exhibition of his fighting propensities. He took care to confine himself to menaces and gestures, however; although our friend afforded him ample time to give vent to his fury before he turned on his heel to leave, wondering whether he could believe his eyes or his memory, that he was really in an insurance office in Wall Street, and not in one of those places in our back streets where it is said one is liable to be knocked down any moment for attempting to express

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not fear that any one of twenty companies, including those mentioned, would wrong us out of a single penny, any more than we should that the most solvent bank in New York would keep our deposit. But we should fear those new companies that are springing into existence almost weekly like mushrooms, only to pass away just as suddenly as the same fungi. We have never said to any one, and never will, "Do not insure your property, or your life;" on the contrary, we have always advocated the importance of insuring both; and we are well aware that were it otherwise, we should justly incur the charge of being wanting either in intelligence or honesty. Honest and reliable companies have, therefore, no cause for wrath against us, but on the contrary, for it is far more their interest than it is ours, or that of any class, to expose the quacks. Nor have we any reason to believe they think differently themselves. It would be the part of prudence even for the quacks to keep their wrath to themselves; although we admit that it is not easy for a guilty conscience to keep quiet. At all events, we shall not be deterred from exposing shams; but it will always afford us much more pleasure to commend the substantial and good than to denounce the spurious.

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any opinion which happens to be distasteful to the master of the establishment, or its patrons.

After having witnessed such an exhibition as this, we were naturally curious to know who are the trustees of a company whose president feels it incumbent upon him to vindicate its honor and redeem his own word by a demonstration of this kind. We had only to turn to any of the insurance organs, in order to be enlightened on this point. Nor have we failed to do so; and among the names which the public are to regard as a tower of strength are the following: Louis Lorut, Joseph Foulke, Jr., Peter Poirier, William Oothout, Henry A. Coit, Oliver State, Jr., John A. Iselin, Drake Mills, Ernest Caylus, Elias Ponvert, &c. We make no disparaging remark against any of these; nor do we make any charge of insolvency, or lack of honesty against the company. We simply note our own impressions as public journalists of what we saw. The president alluded to may be a model of refinement and politeness in private life, or among men who have valuable stores or well-freighted ships to insure, for aught we know to the contrary; but it seems to us that he ought at least to be civil as a public officer even to those who have neither ships nor stores. It is his privilege not to patronize the latter or lend them any aid; but it is *not* his privilege to occupy their time by making appointments with them day after day, and then insult them, because, however poor they are, they decline to sell him $30 worth for $15. There is far too much of this kind of thing; but far be it from us to say that all insurance presidents are equally rude and overbearing. We have never denied that there are as true and worthy gentlemen in the profession as in any other whatever. This is true, for example, of Ellwood Walter, Morris Franklin, Joseph Walker, George T. Hope, B. C. Morris, James Lorimer Graham, Willard Phillips, Jacob Reese, &c. All these are insurance presidents; but they are not the less gentlemen of culture and refinement on this account. Not one of them, we believe, would offend a child; and are they not as much distinguished for their honesty and their promptness to meet all fair claims against the companies they represent, as they are for their regard for the amenities of life?

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ART. VIII.—1. *La Vie et les Temps de Charlemagne.* Par M. DE MOUSART. Paris. 1859

2. *Vita et Regnum et Res Gestas Caroli Magni.* Leipzig. 1714.

3. *The Life and Times of Charlemagne, or Charles the Great.* By JAMES H. HENDEL. London. 1842.

IN subjecting any human life to analysis, we find that it results from three elements, which, to produce different individualities, are variously modified and combined. There is a constitution predetermined to the individual, having certain points of identity with all others, but possessing at the same time certain differentia, by which it is distinguished; there is a tide of circumstances or influences into the midst of which it is thrown, which cannot but develop certain peculiarities, the effect of which must be taken into account in any estimate, whether of national or individual character; there is also a line of conduct that is voluntarily chosen, in their judgment of which, mankind are too apt to overlook the influence of the two above-mentioned elements.

The first of these, with the causes and reasons of its being thrown into the world at any particular juncture, is known only to the mind of Omniscience. Whence has come this germ of humanity, for what specific purpose devised and fashioned, what part it shall play in the world-drama, what its predetermined destiny, conditional or unconditional, are problems which the finite mind may not undertake beforehand to solve. Undoubtedly, there is in every germ an amount of capacity which death finds undeveloped. It not unfrequently happens that there is no proper correspondence between the first and second of these elements, but on the contrary, judging from the awkwardness of some from their lack of adaptation to surrounding circumstances, we almost fancy that they have no sphere on this planet, so ill conditioned are they to their work and surroundings, yet from which they find it impossible to escape. One goes through life a bungler at the work which accident has cast in his way, who, in his appropriate sphere, could he but find it, would take rank as the superior of those who despise his present feeble efforts. But he finds no stimulus; no occasion offers for the exercise of his natural gifts. It is only when all these elements are in favorable proportion, operating harmoniously, that greatness takes an objective form and becomes manifest to the world. There must be a constitution—using this term in its most comprehensive sense—capable of great achievement; circumstances adapted to call into exercise its latent powers, and a will to elect and pursue the appropriate course. An exodus demands a Moses, and a Moses is found competent

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to control and guide the exodus. No great event calling out his activity, his life would have been passed in quiet seclusion, tending his few sheep on Horeb. Who could have fancied that Xenophon was capable of conducting in so masterly a manner the retreat of the "Ten Thousand?"

The observations which we are about to make on Charlemagne's character, genius, and times, shall be in the light of these considerations. It were unfair to bring him to the standard of our present civilization, and pass judgment in accordance with his relations to that. It is seldom indeed that a genius appears, who, rising above the prejudices of his sphere, untrammelled by the influences of his time, shall so speak and act that his life shall bear the scrutiny of an age, measuring on its dial a thousand years of progress from his own day. Few reputations will bear such a test. All greatness is relative. As in letters there are some productions which find an echo in all time; applauded as they fell from the lips of the living poet, they have come, ringing down the centuries, exciting the wonder of myriads who have been captivated by their strains; which are so attuned to the universal and essential in humanity, that they seem even now as young and fresh and wonderful as ever. Because they are striking emblems of human experiences, or deep and many-sided expressions of human thought, divinely struck out by superior genius, they always are, and probably always will be, regarded as the product of superlative wisdom. So in life it is not impossible to find an occasional one, who, rising above the local, accidental, and partial, regulates his life by a law which, comprehending all possible human conceptions of propriety and morality, becomes, so to speak, an incarnation or embodiment of these; and infinite cycles of progress shall never make him appear otherwise than as the best of men. Charlemagne clearly cannot be brought under this category, nor, as far as our information extends, can many of the heroes, ancient or modern. We must content ourselves with a standard falling somewhat short of perfection, seeing that but few men can answer for one of a thousand of their faults.

The time that Charlemagne comes upon the scene of action, about the middle of the eighth century, (he is supposed to have been born in the year 742, in the village of Ingelheim, but not now to be determined with certainty,) was not only a transitory period, but one of ignorance and barbarism. Men were held in estimation only as they were great saints or great warriors. It would be difficult to find an age affording less stimulus to mental development in the direction of the higher legislative or literary pursuits. A representation of these

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times, so far as respects intelligence and progress, would form the darkest picture in the history of Europe.

From the mayors of the palace, who for several generations had ruled the Franks in the name of the Merovingians, Charlemagne inherited the qualities of a warrior and monarch. The kings of that dynasty had so far degenerated as to be utterly unfit for the duties of their high office. A terrible fatality seemed to have overtaken the blood-stained house of Clovis. His descendants either dying young or falling into premature old age, the government passed into the hands of a class of servants who had insensibly risen to great power, resulting almost necessarily from the position they held in the royal household, and the relations which they sustained to the nobles. The *maires du palais*, for so they were called, were intrusted with all matters pertaining to the royal estates, and being the medium through which requests were presented to the king from the nobles, and through which answers were returned, when the power of the king was in the ascendant they stood firmly by him, and when the nobles were predominant in the state, they came over to their side. When the Merovingians had fallen so low that their flowing locks, the outward mark of crowned supremacy, found no corresponding qualities within, these men became virtually the rulers of the Frank—the office descending in hereditary succession—king in all respects save the name. But the fiction of a puppet-king could not long be imposed upon a people who demanded that their ruler should be their leader, a representative of the passions which burned in their own breasts; that he should be a pattern of all the manly qualities, and of unquestioned prowess in the field. When, therefore, in answer to a question by Pepin, the pontiff responded that "The name of king should be to him who had the power," the last of the line of Clovis, Hilpenk III., shorn of his flowing locks, was thrust into a convent for the remainder of his days, and the father of Charlemagne unanimously elected king.

At the time of this ceremony, (752,) the young prince was in his tenth year, but no historical mention is made of him until two years later, when he is deputed by his father to meet the Bishop of Rome, who, threatened by the Lombards, came to seek protection from the king of the Franks. The vast influence which a powerful religion might be made to exercise over a rude and superstitious people was evident to the shrewd Pepin. Many generations must elapse before the heterogeneous elements under his rule could be assimilated into a political unity. The time had not yet come for the carrying out of those ideas of national unity which have since been developed

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and embodied in existing nations, and for which some are struggling at the present hour. But Pepin had a confused notion of certain great things which might be accomplished, were the elements of his kingdom consolidated. The turbulent nobles, each aspiring to the leadership of his own province, were only held in check by the known firmness of the reigning king, ready for an insurrection on the slightest occasion, prepared to dispute the royal power on the remotest chances of success. What policy and force could not accomplish—if at all, only by long and patient effort—it was possible that religion might arrive at by a shorter road; therefore, it was the settled policy of Pepin to conciliate and strengthen the church.

Ascending the throne, (768,) the policy of Charlemagne was to a certain extent indicated and determined by the course of his predecessors and the exigencies of the times. Before this, we find him, when very young, at the head of an army, marching against the Aquitanians, thus preparing for the time when he should be called to battle for his own kingdom. Unwearied physical activity was a characteristic of the Frankish warrior. Unceasing vigilance, the ability to move troops with celerity between distant points, the personal superintendence of all martial undertakings, while they were the price of peace at home and security from invasion, cultivated a taste for the severe exercise and discipline of the field. The succession not being regulated by any law of primogeniture, the royal power was weakened by its division among the male members of the family; a custom productive of the worst consequences, giving rise to jealousies and family feuds, with which others not immediately interested were ready to sympathize, and which they were by no means anxious to allay. Always ready for an occasion to gratify their thirst for plunder, or to avenge themselves on their more powerful oppressors, their hostilities were hailed with a delight peculiar to the savage instinct. The effects of this Charlemagne might have experienced in some slight degree, as he inherited the kingdom with his brother Carloman, a prince possessing few of the qualities of his brother, but jealous of that genius in another which he himself had not the good fortune to possess—had not death claimed him within three years of his accession, leaving Charlemagne, by the election of the leudes, sole king of the Franks, and master of Pepin's vast possessions.

An estimate of this king should be based, not so much upon what he did, although in actual achievement he stands high above all his successors and predecessors, with perhaps a single exception, but upon his insight into what was necessary to be

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done upon his appreciation of those refined and enlightened pursuits to which, amidst his other labors, he was always longing to return; upon the aim of his endeavors, whether in war, legislation, or the encouragement of learning and mental development; by which he left his impress upon his age, in spite of the unimpressibleness of the material with which he had to struggle. To restore and establish his kingdom, as a whole, as well as in all detail, was essential to his happiness. His was one of those minds which can find no peace in the midst of antagonisms, active or passive. His soul, like that of all highly endowed men, was attuned to harmony; instinctively creating around him an atmosphere in which disorder finds it impossible to live. Yet, not having sufficient breadth and penetration of intellect to see the great principles that needed to be applied, while minor influences were brought to bear, his capitularies or rules for the conduct of the empire (for they cannot be called a code of laws) are often trifling, mere surface applications, while the disease and its causes are allowed to rankle in the system.*

His policy demanded an internal unity, a oneness of aim and interest at home, that he might effectually repel the Saxons in the north and the Saracens in the south. The claim to great skill in generalship, which his panegyrists have put forth, fail of being substantiated, for the annalists tell of no instance in which he encountered a foe worthy of his arms, or where the exercise of great military qualities was demanded. The enemies with which he had to contend were generally fierce and brave, but lacking in that discipline which would render them formidable in the aggregate. No great and important battle hands down his name as a conqueror. Sir James Stephens speaks of his skill "in moving detached bodies of men along remote and converging lines, with such mutual concert as to throw their united powers at the same moment on any meditated point of attack;" and M. Thierry finds in his Hungarian war some resemblance to the Austrian campaign of the first Napoleon. But the comparisons instituted between the monarch and other generals are mostly fanciful. Of his numerous campaigns, eighteen were against the Saxons; a significant proof of the mode of warfare in which he was chiefly engaged, as well as of the buoyancy and elasticity of the tribes against which his efforts were directed. Mostly situated at the extreme limits of the empire, with no possessions

* Montesquieu says that it was Charlemagne who gave the Saxons their best laws, the same which we boast to have derived from our ancestors. "Charlemagne qui le premier dompta les Saxons leur donna la loi que nous avons. Il n'y a qu'à lire ces dux derniers codes pour voir qu'ils sortent de mains de vainqueurs."—*Esprit des Lois*, Liv. XXVIII, Chap. 1.

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beside their rude arms, they had from their invasions nothing to fear by way of reprisal; nothing to lose, if not much to gain. The only possibility of ultimate success on the part of the Franks lay in wearing out their enemies; in wearing down, by persevering effort, their stubborn and independent spirit.

That he might have become equal to any of the generals either of ancient or modern times, is undoubtedly true. The possessor of a genius such as his can find but little difficulty in attaining to excellence in any field of achievement. Had occasion offered, or had he been stimulated by no nobler motives than those of ambition for the conquest of territory, his name would shine with greater brilliancy as a conqueror. But his wars were subordinate to the leading purpose of civilizing his people; only as they contributed to that end did he prosecute them; for which he deserves a larger meed of praise, than had he proved himself another Alexander or Cæsar. This may seem inconsistent with the fact that most of his wars were carried on in the enemy's country. It may seem that he was the aggressor, rather than the defender of his own soil. Considering the relative situation of the hostile parties, an explanation readily suggests itself. To guard all points of attack on a frontier so extensive as that of the Frankish dominion, was an impossibility. A series of Hunnic wings or a Chinese wall would have been insufficient for that purpose; as a defensive measure, therefore, war was carried into the heart of the enemy's territory.

His treatment of the Saxons has been the subject of severe animadversion. There are many circumstances connected with it which on no hypothesis are justifiable, but which the manners of the time may mitigate. The murder of over five thousand at once, by whatever feelings dictated, whether from exasperation at the perfidy of the Saxons, or from the loss of the flower of his army, which, under subordinate yet valiant leaders, had been destroyed by them, is a dark blot on the otherwise fair fame of Charlemagne. Nor is the nature of the deed softened by remembering that they who thus fell were not the leaders or instigators of the insurrection, but of those who had staid behind to attend to menial employments, while they who deserved to have suffered the vengeance of the victor had retreated far beyond his reach. Were it designed as a lesson of severity, to strike terror to the heart of every barbarian who should hear of their fate, it failed of accomplishing its end; for the contrast in the attitude of the Saxons for some years after this time, with the frequency of their invasions and insurrections, is very striking when compared with the spirit which they exhibited in later years, after he had pursued a course

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of conciliation and kindness. Obnoxious treaties dictated or oaths administered by a stronger to a weaker nation—the latter knowing that they are in the power of the former and shall be crushed unless they comply with its demands—are observed only so long as their infraction is attended with danger. And the offence has generally been regarded as a venial one in those who cannot be expected to understand the nature or importance of such guarantees, and with whom self-preservation stands second to no interest whatever.

The intention of Charlemagne, it is evident enough, was to lay the foundation of Christian institutions among the barbarians, for his compulsory and interested conversions were followed by the building of churches, monasteries, and schools, to complete the work so inauspiciously begun. Nor was any missionary work undertaken, having for its object the elevation either of his own people or the surrounding tribes, to which he did not afford protection and encouragement. How far the sagacious monarch saw beyond the limits of his own age; whether his view took in distant centuries, or was bounded by the narrow horizon of his own time; whether his effort proceeded from an unenlightened yet enthusiastic zeal for the eternal interests of the people, or from foreseeing the consequences that would result from introducing the mild tenets of the Christian faith among a people now to decide who should at least yield to their humanizing influence, it is now impossible to tell. While he was not free from the superstitions of his age, and occasionally used means not justifiable by any end, he yet saw into the future farther than his contemporaries, which, we may believe, had no slight influence upon his course of action.

Of the fifty-three campaigns which he performed in a reign of forty-seven years, there is no victory important in its consequences, nor with which we are sufficiently acquainted in its details to infer his strategy. No Marathon or Tours excites our admiration. Even his invasion of the Saracens, so celebrated by the romancers of the middle ages,

> "Where Roland brave and Oliver,
> And many a paladin and peer,
> By Roncesvalles fell,"

sheds no great lustre on his name. What strikes us most in his mode of warfare, is the rapidity of his movements between distant points of the empire. Now in Aquitain, now in Germany; now crossing the Alps in mid-winter, subduing the Lombards, a few weeks find him across the Pyrenees, fighting the Saracens in Spain. And in all his wars, with the single exception already referred to, there is a clemency and moderation evinced which would shame belligerents of more recent times.

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Amidst this ceaseless activity of movement, the monarch still had time to attend to the civil and political affairs of his kingdom. His capitularies, bearing date not only from the palace of Aix, but from any point where he happened to be sojourning, pertain to the least as well as to the greatest affairs of the kingdom; from the regulation of legislative assemblies and the administration of state affairs, to the most trivial matters of the royal household. Nothing escapes the regulating mind of the king. The general features of his mode of government are already known to the intelligent reader, its local and central administrations, composed of dukes, counts, &c., appointed by the emperor to raise forces, maintain order, render justice, and the like, with the *missi domini* or temporary ambassadors, running through all parts of the kingdom, and rendering to the emperor a true statement of what they have seen and heard, with the placita or diets, a kind of deliberative assembly, composed of lords, lay and clerical, meeting twice a year for the transaction of whatever business each might bring before them, and in which the decision of the emperor had great weight. On paper it presents the appearance of an elaborate system of legislative and administrative machinery, but it is doubtful whether in operation it was effectual to arrest the disorders prevalent among all classes of society. Instead of framing new laws, he amended the old when they were imperfect, or not suited to present exigencies. He tried to improve upon the legislation of former reigns, to correct errors and abuses, in which, says Eginhard, "he did not always succeed." From the capitularies we catch a glimpse of the social condition of those days, especially from the edicts levelled directly against the prevailing disorders of the times. All persons of low condition, with excommunicates; adulterers, serfs, and slaves, were not permitted to appear in courts of law; sorcery and magic were condemned, and severe penalties visited upon those who practised them, unless they recanted their errors.

But the habits of the people were not likely to be improved by edicts to which the monarch did not lend the sanction of his own example. One of the first acts of his son, Louis le Debonaire, after his father's death, was to purge the purlieus of the palace of all improper women. However rigid Charlemagne may have been in observing himself and enforcing upon others certain commands of the Decalogue, he had no great respect for the seventh commandment. Yet this trait, also, like all others in his character, has been greatly exaggerated.

An opinion likewise held by some historians sinks the mon-

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arch much lower than justice will allow. That he was married four times is clearly established; that on the death of Luitgarda, his last wife, he took four concubines, is generally admitted; but whether in succession or at once is not determined, and some have thought that they were a kind of Morganitic marriage. He, indeed, seems to have had no great respect for the marriage relation, summarily divorcing his wives on slight occasion. Perhaps, however, this ought to be confined to a single instance, as the case of Desiderata, the Lombard princess, is the only one on which all are agreed. The effect of the looseness of his own life was but too evident on the lives of the members of his family. Of his eight daughters, there are none whose characters are free from suspicion. They were ardently loved by their father, who took great pleasure in their society. He would not allow them to marry,* but required

* There is a difference of opinion, however, on this point. What seems most probable is, that three of the daughters were married. Of the marriage of one, at least, there is now little doubt. Eginhard is said not only to have gained the affections of the emperor's most beautiful daughter, Imma, but also to have obtained her hand, with the consent of her father; although his boldness in regard to her had nearly cost him his life. "On lit," says Bayle, "que notre Eginhart s'insinua de telle sorte dans les bonnes graces d' Imma, fille de Charlemagne, qu'il en obtint tout ce qu'il voulut. Charlemagne," he continues, "having discovered this little mystery, did not do like the Emperor Augustus; for he married the two lovers, and gave them fine lands. The circumstances are stated as follows:

"Eginhart, Chapelain et Sécrétaire de Charlemagne, s'aquetoit si bien de ses emplois, qu'il étoit aimé de tout le monde. Il le fut même ardemment d'Imma, fille de cet Empereur, et il conçut aussi pour elle beaucoup de passion. La crainte des suites les empêchoit de se joindre; mais elle n'empêchoit pas que de part et d'autre le feu de l'amour n'allât tous les jours en augmentant. Il se résolut enfin à faire un coup de hardiesse, ne pouvant plus refréner l'ardeur qui le transportoit. Il se glissa de nuit à l'apartement de la Princesse, il frapa tout doucement à la porte, il fut admis dans la chambre sur le pied d'un homme qui avoit à parler de la part de l'Empereur, il parla tout aussitot d'autre chose, et il apaisa sa flamme le plus agréablement du monde. (Denique cum idem vir egregius inremediabiliter amando æstuaret, auresque virginis per internuncium appellare nec presumeret, novissime sumpter de semet ipsa fiducia nocturno tempore latenter ad puella tendebat habitaculum. Ibidemque pulsans clanculum et intrare permissus tanquam alloquturus juvenculam de regali mandato, statim versa vice solus cum secretis usus loquiis et datis ampledibus cupito satisfecit amori.")—*Chronicon Laurishamense*, p. 62

The chronicler goes on to say that the lover wished to withdraw from the lady's chamber at break of day, but he perceived that there had been a heavy fall of snow during the night. He was afraid, therefore, that the marks of his feet would discover him, and he made known his fears to the princess. After some minutes spent in anxious deliberation, Imma proposed to carry her lover beyond the range of the snow. The emperor, having passed the night without sleep, got up earlier than usual, and saw what happened. "Regardant par la fênetre il vit sa fille qui avoit de la peine a marcher sous le fardeu qu'elle portoit et qui après s'en défaite se retirait au plus vite." We are told that the emperor was agitated by the conflicting sentiments of admiration and grief. The secretary, though bold in the first instance, was not brave; at least, he was not disposed to pursue a very gallant course. Fearing that all would be discovered, he resolved to leave the service of the emperor, on pretence that his salary was insufficient. Charlemagne called a meeting of his council, and made known the crime of his secretary, relating all the circumstances that had come under his observation, his object being to obtain advice. Some were in favor of beheading the secretary at once; but others thought this would only make the matter worse. The emperor agreed with the latter, and gave his daughter in marriage to Eginhard, using the following words: "Juri vestro nuptum tradam meam filiam vestram scil. portaricem quæ quandoque alte succincta vestræ subvectionis se morigeram exhibuit."

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them to accompany him in all his campaigns. Their shortcomings he affected to be ignorant of, entertaining for them to the last the warmest affection.

To get the best view of Charlemagne, we must visit him in his parlor, at Aix-la-Chapelle. At the head of his semi-barbarous army, marching against Saxon or Saracen, he exhibits only the Germanic side of his character. In this view Thierry presents him. Dwelling upon his Teutonic descent, he represents him as the noble savage, loving to surround him with the primitive forests from which his ancestors emerged, regarding him as possessing little of that civilization of which history and romance have celebrated him as the founder, and giving even to his Christianity a sombre and superstitious hue. With enough of the old Teuton in his composition to give him a relish for the excitement of the battle-field, (without it, he could not have retained his supremacy in a rude age,) it is far from being that which he most esteems. Into whatever he enters, it is done with great depth of earnestness. There is nothing vain or trivial in the man. His relaxation, his practical jokes, in which he was prone to indulge, if we can trust the gossipping chronicler of St. Galls, had a serious purpose in them, which somewhat redeem them from the general proscription of that species of entertainment. If he invites foppish nobles to the hunt, and forces them to sit through dinner in their tattered and bedraggled garments, it is nothing more than a wholesome discipline. There is in the monarch an exuberance of animal life, which must manifest itself in some way; and which, as it happens, is needed in the way of making rapid marches and dealing stout blows against his enemies. There can be no question that he keenly enjoyed the quiet hours in his academy at Aix. There is, to be sure, something very pedantic, and to us amusing, in the classical names assumed by the emperor and his wise men. Their exercises would be deemed very puerile for full-grown men of the present day. But it should not be forgotten that while the pupils of that academy were men in body and mind, they were nothing more than *pueri* in the matters in which they were being instructed. The court of the great Frederick, of more recent date, was a great advance upon that of his Frankish predecessor. A thousand years should make somewhat of a change. Unfortunately, it is not always for the better. Charlemagne, plus ten centuries, to state the case mathematically, shall more than equal Frederick. In other words, it were unfair to judge the performances of the eighth century by the standard of the eighteenth. Let us content ourselves, if we find even the aspiration after learning. Although no literary performance has come down to us from that time, in-

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dicating originality of thought or skill in writing, we hail the love of it, and the aspiration after it, as the dawn of a brighter day.

The emperor attracted around him the most learned men of his time. Talent and intelligence were a sure passport to his favor. In the schools established for the training of the young, those who had made the greatest progress in the prescribed studies were the most warmly commended, irrespective of station, and rich rewards stimulated promise to put forth effort. It is well known that the establishment of public schools in France dates from Charlemagne. Lyons and Rheims, Fulda and Corvey, date from this century. He planted Germany with religious foundations, which bore good fruit. Time and again were the glebes of the church ravaged by the treaty-breaking Saxons, and the edifices levelled with the ground. Looking upon the religious establishments as so many marks of subjugation, the fields of the monks were an especial object of hate, and on any fresh outbreak, were reduced to their former desolate condition. But the patience of the priest overcame the stubbornness of the barbarian; a feeling of reverence for the church gradually arose among the people, and with its faith was diffused a knowledge of the art of agriculture, followed by increase of wealth, and the comforts of social life. Flourishing towns sprung from these religious establishments, some of the most important cities of Germany dating their origin from this monarch's time.

No biographer or historian has done more justice to Charlemagne than Montesquieu, in his Spirit of Laws. "Charlemagne," he says, "resolved to keep the *noblesse* within its proper limits. He tempered the different orders of the state to such a degree that they counterbalanced each other, and he remained master. All was united by the force of his genius. He constantly led the *noblesse* from expedition to expedition; he did not allow them time to form designs, but occupied them wholly in carrying out his. The empire was maintained by the grandeur of the chief; the prince was great, the man was greater still. The kings, his children, were his first subjects, the instruments of his power, and the models of obedience. He made admirable rules; he did more, *he caused them to be executed.* His genius was diffused over every part of the empire. We see in the laws of this prince a spirit of forethought which comprehends all, and a certain force which surmounts all. Pretexts for eluding duties are removed; negligences are corrected, abuses are reformed or prevented. (See his Capitulary III., of the year 811, p. 486, and Cap. 1, p. 812, &c.) He knew how to punish; he knew still better how to pardon. Vast in

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his designs, simple in their execution, no one possessed in a higher degree the art of accomplishing great things with facility, and difficult things with promptness. He was constantly travelling through his vast empire, giving it a vigorous hand whenever it was in danger of falling. Business revived everywhere; he encouraged it in all parts. Never did prince understand better how to brave dangers; never did prince know better how to avoid them. He worked at all points, and especially at those which the greatest conquerors almost always experience—I mean conspiracies. This great prince was extremely moderate; his character was gentle, his manners simple; he loved to live with his courtiers. He was, perhaps, too sensible to the pleasure of women; but a prince who governed always by himself, and who passed his life at work, may be excused for this. He governed his expenses by an admirable rule; he managed his affairs with sagacity, with attention, with economy. A father of a family could learn from his laws how to govern his house. We see in his capitularies the pure and sacred source whence he derived his riches. I will only say one word more; he ordered that the eggs in the poultry-yards of his estates be sold, and the superfluous vegetables in the gardens; and he distributed among his people all the riches of the Lombards, and the immense treasures of those Huns who had despoiled the universe."—Book xxxi., chap. xviii.*

* Charlemagne songea à tenir le pouvoir de la noblesse dans ces limites, et à empêcher l'oppression du clergé et des hommes libres. Il mit un tel tempérament dans les ordres de l'état, qu'ils furent contre-balancés, et qu'il resta le maître. Tout fut uni par la force de son génie. Il mena continuellement la noblesse, d'expédition en expédition; il ne lui laisser pas le temps de former des desseins, et l'occuper tout entière à suivre les siens. L'empire se maintint par la grandeur du chef: la prince étoit grand, l'homme l'étoit davantage. Les rois ses enfans furent ses premiers sujets, les instrumens de son pouvoir, et les modèles de l'obéissance. Il fit d'admirables règlemens; il fit plus, il les fit executer. Son génie se répandit sur toutes les parties de l'empire. On voit, dans les lois de ce prince, un esprit de prévoyance qui comprenet tout, et une certaine force qui entraine tout. Les prétextes pour éluder les devoirs sont ôtés; les negligences corrigées, les abus réformés ou prévenus. Il savoit punir; il savoit encore mieux pardonner. Vaste dans ses desseins, simple dans l'exécution, personne n'eut à un plus haut degré l'art de faire les plus grandes choses avec facilité, et les difficiles avec promptitude. Il parcouroit sans cesse son vaste empire, portant la main partout où il alloit tomber. Les affaires renaissoient de toutes parts; il les finissoit de toutes parts. Jamais prince ne sut mieux braver les dangers, jamais prince ne les sut mieux éviter. Il se joua de tous les périls, et particulièrement de ceux qu' éprouvent presque toujours les grands conquérans, je veux dire les conspirations. Ce prince prodigieux étoit extrêmement modéré; son caractère étoit doux, ses manières simples; il aimoit à vivre avec les gens de sa cour. Il fut peut-être trop sensible au plaisir des femmes; mais un prince qui gouverna toujours par lui-même, et qui passer sa vie dans les travaux, peut mériter plus d'excuses. Il mit une règle admirable dans sa dépense: il fit valoir ses domaines avec sagesse, avec attention, avec économie; un père de famille pourroit apprendre dans ses lois à gouverner sa maison. On voit dans ces capitulaires la source pure et sacrée d'où il tirer ses richesses. Je ne dirai plus qu'un mot: il ordonnoit qu'on vendit les œufs des basses-cours de ses domaines, et les herbes inutiles de ses jardins, et il avoit distribué à ses peuples toutes les richesses des Lombards, et les immenses trésors de ces Huns qui avoient dépouillé l'univers.—*De l'Esprit des Lois* par M. de Montesquieu, Tome v., pp. 57-8.

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His companions were not warriors, but men of learning, whom he invited to his court from those countries where intelligence had not reached so low an ebb as in his own dominions. Alcuin from England, Peter of Pisa, Clement of Ireland, Wannefriede Theodulf, Angilbert and others, formed a kind of literary club, for the entertainment and instruction of the emperor. These were the men in whose society he found most pleasure. They waited upon him in his leisure moments, and discussed with him his favorite authors. Projects for the endowment of schools, the establishment of religious foundations, the general interests of education, were submitted to these men, and carried out by their combined wisdom. Schools fashioned after that of Alcuin were established in almost every parish throughout the country; and although the range of studies was limited, being confined to the arts of the ancient *quadrivium* and *trivium*, a long-established division of science; the former comprehending music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy; and the latter grammar, logic, and rhetoric; and these were cultivated only in reference to theology; astronomy, for example, being reduced to the calculation of Easter, and music to the choral services of the church. It was a turning-point, a beginning that ultimately developed into those institutions of learning, which a few centuries later became celebrated throughout the world. By the assiduity with which Charlemagne applied himself to study, he became tolerably proficient in all the accomplishments which were represented at his court. The hours devoted by others to sleep, found him engaged in the prosecution of his favorite pursuits. Latin he spoke with fluency, and had some acquaintance with Greek and the Oriental languages. A natural aptitude for eloquence he improved by culture, to which he added a knowledge of dialectics, rhetoric, music, and astronomy. The use of the Latin characters he introduced in place of the rude letters used under the Merovingians; but, as Eginhard remarks, "having begun late in life to study the art of writing, he never acquired much skill in that accomplishment." From the ambiguous construction of the sentence in which reference is made to the difficulty with which he wrote, some historians have concluded that he could not even write his own name; a thing so improbable, in one possessing so many other accomplishments, it seems strange that the opinion should have found a single advocate. He composed a learned treatise on theology, and also a work in which he attempted to reduce his own tongue, the German, to grammatical forms. Augustine was his favorite author, in whose work, on the "City of God," he took especial delight.

On the Christmas festival of the year 799 took place one of

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the most important events in the monarch's life. His presence had been solicited at Rome to arbitrate certain difficulties which had arisen on the election of Leo to the pontifical throne. On the holy festival of our Lord's nativity all Rome flocked to the basilica of the Vatican, to participate in the ceremonies of the season. This occasion was rendered still more attractive by the presence of the king, with a large retinue, the pope himself chanting the mass. At the close of the services, while the people were yet engaged in the exercises of devotion, the pontiff, stepping forward to where Charlemagne was kneeling, placed upon his head a golden crown, at the same time saluting him "Augustus," and "Emperor of the Romans." The king affected surprise at this unlooked-for demonstration. But it is highly improbable that this surprise originated from his ignorance of the intention of the pope. Some have thought it a mere hypocritical assumption or affectation of modesty. But neither supposition is in keeping with the ingenuous, manly bearing of the king on all other occasions. The crown had seldom been placed upon a worthier brow. Through a long reign of thirty-one years, by his wisdom in administration, his invariable success in war, his devoted attachment to the religion of Christendom, and the general prosperity of his reign, he had given proof of his fitness for the highest gift in the power of man to bestow. Such a man, by his elevation, confers more honor than he receives. The surprise of which his biographer speaks, as Kohlraush well remarks, was doubtless owing to the manner in which the ceremony was performed, the king expecting that the crown would be presented to him, that he might either place it upon his own head, or command it to be done by the pope as his bishop, as was customary with the Greek emperors at their coronation by the patriarch. The act itself, however, was grateful to the king. By force of character he had compelled a recognition of his greatness throughout the west. His power was unquestioned. It only wanted the sanction of a religious consecration to secure for it the respect and stability of long-established monarchies. At least, so thought the emperor, and such was the dream of Western Europe. To the Church, especially, was the idea of the empire dear; for, having already risen to great power, she foresaw a still greater ascendency, could the nation be bound by a political unity. What might she not expect from a succession of emperors as favorable to her interests as the first and second of the Carlovingians? But this premature endeavor to consolidate elements so heterogeneous, and with interests widely different, must prove abortive. Not that the labors of Charlemagne were productive of no consequences beneficial to his own

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and after times.* It may be granted that the success of many of his schemes, and the good resulting from them, were not commensurate with the labor bestowed upon them; that many of his laws fell into disuse; that his efforts at church reform failed of effect; that the empire, within thirty years after his death, was formally dismembered and divided into three kingdoms.

The results of this splendid and seemingly effective reign may seem, to the superficial observer, as only vanity and vexation of spirit. But a deeper discernment discovers its permanent influence on after times. The divisions of his empire do not return to barbarism—by which we mean that state when the tribe predominates over the nation, where patriotism consists in fidelity to the traditions of descent rather than of country—but became the corner-stones of new political fabrics, bound together by the remembrance of their former intimate relationship. The political boundaries of countries heretofore fluctuating, as Italy, and Spain, and Germany, were now established. At the very time the nations yielded to the conquering arms of Charlemagne, and became a part of his empire, they were asserting their essential independence of each other—kingdoms, separate and distinct, and prepared to give expression to the national life. While the emperor enacted laws for all parts of his vast dominion, the nobles of each province held no rank out of their respective countries, except when on special service for the crown. The privileges of rank and power being associated with local possessions, laid the foundation of feudalism and national kingship. When, therefore, the empire of Charlemagne, falling into hands incompetent to wield it, went to pieces, these parts, at once fragmentary and complete, formed themselves into the nations whence modern Europe took its rise. Not as at the dismemberment of the Old Empire did everything rush to destruction; but, the outward bond being dissolved, a common Christian interest united the nations against savage and Saracen; the work of creation, of progress, of intellectual development, went on, giving promise to the world of a brighter and a better future.

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* Laharpe, in comparing Theodoric, king of the Goths, to the Frankish emperor, says: "Charlemagne a conqueror, politician and legislator like him, but far superior to him, and without doubt the greatest man that appeared in that long interval which separates the fall of the two empires. Charlemagne introduced the sciences and the arts into the vast plan of government which he wished to make the base of a power which could not survive his genius."—(*Cours de Littérature*, Tome iv., p. 17.) The same writer observes that although he was the founder of the University of Paris, he was perhaps the cause of retarding the progress of the French language. "Charlemagne retarde, peut-être les progrès de la langue Française en faisant régner dans ces vastés états la langue des Romains qui fut généralement en France celle des lois et des actes publies jusqu'a François 1er."—*Ib.*, T. iv., p. 29.

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ART. IX.—1. *The Complete Works of James Sheridan Knowles.* In 3 Vols. New Edition. London. 1859

2. *Personal Recollections of James Sheridan Knowles.* By R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D. Philadelphia. 1863.

3. *The Men of his Time.* New York. 1852.

4. *Biographical Sketches in Frazer's Magazine, London Athenæum,* &c.

A GREAT light has fallen from the literary firmament. James Sheridan Knowles died at Torquay, in the south of England, on Sunday, November 29th, 1862, in his seventy-ninth year, having been born at Cork (a city ever fertile in genius) on the 12th of May, 1784. In compliance with his own request, his remains have been interred in Glasgow Cemetery.

He was the son of James Knowles, a teacher of grammar and elocution, in Cork, and author of a Dictionary of the English Language. He was a learned man, fond of teaching, and bent on making elocutionists of all his pupils. He went to London, in 1792, with his son, then a lad in his ninth year. Here he opened a school, with his usual success, and gave his son—the future dramatist—a substantial, rather than a showy, education. Eventually, the elder Knowles became English and elocutionary teacher in the Belfast Academical Institution. For many years he was wholly maintained by his son, and died, at a very advanced age, in London. So lately as 1835, the old man published a Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, which he dedicated as "A Fac-Simile Pronouncing Dictionary, in which every letter, in ninety-eight thousand words, represents a sound actually heard in the Pronunciation," and claimed to have performed more, in this respect, than either Walker or Sheridan. It is, perhaps, as good a book as any could be, whose author was prevented, by infirmity, from correcting the proofs. Following the preface is a page of gratitude, rather out of place, to one Baron Heurteloup, a surgeon, who had successfully operated as a lithotripist on Mr. James Knowles, ending with an earnest request that William IV. would propose a parliamentary grant, to enable the Baron to found a Lithotriptic Institution, *pro bono publico.* He declared that it was necessary to add a description of his own case, as supplementary to what he had already said under the term *Lithotriptist,* in the Dictionary; but it is a curious fact that this word (signifying one who treats a stone in the bladder) actually is not to be found in the book! But the term *Lithotomist* is, which renders the mistake still more amusing. The title-page of this vocabulary runs thus: "Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language; founded on a correct development of the nature, the number,

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and the various properties of all its simple and compound sounds, as combined with syllables and words; to which is added a vocabulary of Greek, Latin, and Scripture proper names, divided into syllables, with the accented letters and vowel sounds in each, marked according to their classical pronunciation; by James Knowles, teacher of reading, elocution, grammar and composition; father of the author of 'Virginius,' 'William Tell,' 'The Hunchback,' 'The Wife,' &c.; and nephew of Thomas Sheridan, author of the Art of Reading Prose and Verse, Lectures on Elocution, Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall, 1837." This is a curious title-page, but what is peculiarly humorous is the author's apology for inserting so common a word as "Papist," and adopting Johnson's definition, "One who adheres to the Church of Rome;" because some of his Roman Catholic friends had objected to its use.

Of this Dictionary, originally published in August, 1835, a fifth edition was published, by Bohn, of London, in 1847. The apology for giving the word "Papist" was appended to the preface, in which the author boasts of his early acquaintance with the Rev. Father O'Leary, (a Cork man, like himself,) and promises "that in the second edition of my Dictionary, about to be printed—one thousand copies of the first having been subscribed for, or sold by my publishers—the term *Roman Catholic* shall be substituted in room of the offensive expression." It so happened, however, that such substitution was never made. In the apology, James Knowles says, that, in 1792 or 1793, as "a freeholder of small property, near the city of Cork," he signed a petition to George III., and the Parliament, in favor of Catholic Emancipation. The portrait of the elder Knowles, which forms the frontispiece of his Dictionary, is very like the son, James Sheridan Knowles. The publication of this work was extremely costly, (800 octavo pages of small type;) and as the sale was not very large, the chief burden of payment fell upon the younger Knowles, and heavily oppressed him for many years.

James Sheridan Knowles derived his second surname from the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was his father's first cousin. The grandfather of both was Dr. Sheridan, renowned for his wit and learning, to whom Dean Swift was so much attached. The Doctor's son, Thomas Sheridan, manager and actor, who published a Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, in 1780, was himself a man of talent. *His* son was "The dramatist, orator, minstrel, who ran through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

Then came Tom Sheridan, who may be chronicled as having

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died too soon for his renown and the advantage of literature. The family list closes with Mrs. Norton, the most eminent of all poor Tom Sheridan's daughters. This is the line in which the hereditary genius of the race of Sheridan has been transmitted. Knowles, collaterally, added to the family honors a grace of a very rare and un-Sheridan-like description—that of a genius for the serious drama, full of faith in the good and beautiful, and grand upon that account. From this seemingly necessary adjunctive genealogy of the two illustrious families from which James Sheridan Knowles inherited his genius and talents, we come now to the main object of this paper.

As has already been remarked, the elder Knowles came to London when the younger was in his ninth year. Three years later, James Sheridan had gained some distinction as a youthful actor, in a small Thespian society. At fourteen, he was the author of a play, and the libretto of an opera, called "The Chevalier de Guillon," and soon after produced the ballad of the "Welsh Harper," and at twenty-one, a tragedy, in five acts, called "The Spanish Story."

Shortly after this, in 1808, Mr. Knowles left London for Dublin, and there gained some credit for his rendering of Irish melodies, pleasing his friends by his sweet singing, and especially delighting in declamatory exhibitions. The earlier passion of Knowles for the stage was irrepressible in such a place as Dublin, where even the shoe-black, who sits among his associate "gods," in the gallery, is a natural critic; and resolving to become an actor, he made his *début* at Crow Street Theatre, but signally failed, although performing with sense, considerable skill, and ability.

He abandoned the idea of becoming a "player," for a time, and occupied himself by writing "Leo, the Gipsey," a play destined to greater honor than fame. Quitting Dublin, he joined the "nomadic" company of Mr. Cherry, at Waterford, in the south of Ireland, and here became acquainted with Edmund Kean, who had come over from Swansea, to star. Knowles was twenty-five years old at this time, and Kean only twenty-two. "Leo, the Gipsey," was produced, with Kean as the hero, with great success. Soon after, he produced "Hersilia," and subsequently, "Brian Boroighme," founded on the history of the Irish warrior, who defeated the Danes, and lost his own life, at Clontarf. This play was frequently performed, with great applause—Kean personating the hero, Mrs. Knowles (an actress, named Miss Charteris, whom Knowles had married in 1810,) representing the heroine, and Knowles himself appearing first singer, as the high priest.

In 1811, the elder Knowles having become teacher in the

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Belfast Academical Institution, Sheridan Knowles published a small volume of poetry, entitled "Fugitive Poems." It was published by subscription, and yielded him a handsome sum. In this volume may be found "The Smuggler," a very spirited ballad, which has since become very popular, Knowles having frequently recited it in public with great effect.

Arriving at Belfast, he took his father's advice to abandon the stage, and became a teacher of elocution and grammar. His power of imparting instruction to others was very great. Among his distinguished pupils was the late famous orator, Richard Lalor Shiel.

While teacher at Belfast, Knowles compiled an English Reader, called "The Elocutionist"—a collection of pieces in prose and verse—the introduction to a successful attempt to simplify Walker's system. The chief advantage of the work is the application to phrases and accented words of every description of the principle of the series—the law, in fact, of Walker's harmonial inflection, although Knowles was unaware of this truth. The result is, that the student cannot be at a loss for the inflecting of passages which preceding systems did not contemplate. The selection is made with much taste and judgment, and, as early as 1830, had passed into the eighth edition. It is a permanent school-book in the North of Ireland and West of Scotland. Among other original portions, is a noble debate on the question, "Was Cæsar a Great Man?" This is written with admirable tact, and proves that if Knowles had not been a poet, he might have been successful in other fields of literature.

Mr. Knowles's prominent career as a dramatic writer may be said to have begun with his play of "Brian Boroighme," whose success was followed up by his "Caius Gracchus," which was first performed by Talbott's company, in Belfast, on the 13th of February, 1815, and afterwards in London, with more than ordinary applause.

In 1820 Knowles produced "Virginius," founded, as its name indicates, on the well-known incident in Livy's Roman History. The subject was suggested to Knowles by his old comrade, Edmund Kean, then at the highest pinnacle as an actor. Knowles took his time to the composition of "Virginius," which was first played in Glasgow, in 1820, under the management of Mr. Mason, the hero being personated tolerably well by John Cooper, an actor of moderate ability but of general utility, who has only lately retired on a large fortune, laboriously earned and penuriously put together and retained.

After Virginius had been played fifteen times in Glasgow,

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it attracted the attention of Macready, who soon after induced Mr. Harris, lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, to produce it before a London audience, Macready personating Virginius. This play, having in it much of the melo-dramatic element, and Macready's talents running in that line, rather than in true tragedy, he soon rendered it exceedingly popular among all classes, and built up for its author a wide reputation, besides giving Macready himself great renown as the greatest performer of the age. It is said that Kean always regretted having allowed Macready to gather the laurels which he might have easily earned himself, had he not neglected the chance of making himself famous in the same part.

In 1823, Mr. Macready produced "Caius Gracchus," in London, himself acting Caius, but without much success. This was followed by "William Tell," the subject of which was suggested by Macready. This noble play, by common consent, placed Knowles among the best living dramatists, and gave Macready a higher rank as an actor than he had ever held before. In after times, when—despite a bad figure, small eyes, a cocked nose, wretched profile, horribly bad voice, and painfully elaborate utterance, Macready became an "eminent tragedian," he made it an express stipulation that, either as stock actor or star, he should never be asked to play "Virginius," "William Tell," or "Rob Roy," the three great melo-dramatic characters upon which he had built up his great fame and popularity as an actor.

In 1829, Knowles, being a teacher of elocution in Glasgow, after leaving Belfast, produced another play, called the "Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," founded on a ballad in Percy's *Reliques*. It failed—but in 1834, he cut it down from five to three acts, and appeared in it at a minor theatre in London, with good success. The best part of the "Beggar's Daughter" was its underplot, very slightly connected with the main story, but full of wit and humor.

A lapse then ensued, when a new group of plays, of another style, brought a new instalment of fame to Knowles. These began with the "Hunchback," one of the most popular English dramas in possession of the stage. It was first brought out at Drury Lane in 1831; but the underplot being considered imperfect, it was remodelled, and the play carefully produced at Covent Garden, under Mr. Bartley's superintendence, on Thursday, the 5th of April, 1832, with very great success. Miss Fanny Kemble and Miss Taylor (now Mrs. Walter Lacy) were the original *Julia* and *Helen*. Charles Kemble played Sir Thomas Clifford, and Knowles Master Walter. This part had been offered to the late William Farren, but as he "did

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not see himself in it," Knowles undertook it, but did not succeed, as dramatic annalists record, for on the first night, after the curtain fell, when Knowles was warmly thanking the *dramatis personæ*, Charles Kemble slyly said, "The only performer who seemed not to *understand the author*, was the gentleman who played Master Walter." When Knowles published this play, he said, in his preface: "The '*Do it*' of Julia, in the elocution of the actress, stands beside the '*Hereafter*' of Lady Macbeth—that instance of transcending histrionic display I never hoped to hear equalled."

The next production by Knowles was "The Wife: a Tale of Mantua," a noble drama—so full of beauty and originality, so well arranged and striking in plot, and so truly poetical in language—imbued with passion, power, poetry and pathos. Mr. Farley put it on the stage, and the part of Mariana was intrusted to Miss Ellen Tree, a young and handsome actress, who had followed Miss Kemble as Julia in the "Hunchback." Charles Kean played Leonardo, J. P. Warde Ferrado Gonzago, and Knowles, Julian St. Pierre, a character for which he had no qualification, although it was effective in parts. In the fourth act, where St. Pierre writes down Ferrado's confession, gets his dagger by a trick, and compels him to sign the document ere the shadow on the dial passed the point of noon, the situation is one of the most striking in the range of the whole drama, and on the first night of the presentation of the play, the audience held their breath, in a listening hush, until the climax was wrought, when the curtain fell, literally to the sound and echo of thunders of applause.

When Mr. Bunn became lessee of the two great London theatres, he offered Knowles a *carte blanche* (supposed to mean $2,500) for a new play, but the offer was declined by Knowles, on the ground that he was determined to have a leading part in all his own future plays.

In 1834 Mr. Knowles came to the United States, where his leading plays were well received, through the acting of Miss Kemble and others. He made his first appearance here at the Park Theatre, New York, as Master Walter, in "The Hunchback," on Michaelmes day, 1834. There was much curiosity to see the author and actor, although he did not gain any popularity in the latter character. He failed everywhere, particularly in Boston, where his manager lost money during his first engagement, and was compelled to withdraw him altogether from the stage in that city. On November 8, 1834, the leading citizens of Philadelphia gave him a public dinner, as a mark of respect for his *literary* ability, ignoring his qualifications as an actor altogether. He nevertheless made "troops

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of friends," and *starred* extensively through the Union, making more money in this manner in a few months than he had earned in all his life by teaching.

On the return of Mr. Knowles from the United States to London, which he now made his permanent residence, he became a regular manufacturer of plays, and produced them in great numbers and variety. Among these was the "Love Chase," which, like the "Hunchback" and "The Wife," was an invention of his own, and like them, still remains a favorite stock piece of the stage. These three plays, of his own unaided conception, are the ones that chiefly sustain the reputation of Mr. Knowles as a dramatic author.

His other plays are "Woman's Wit," "The Maid of Mariendorpt," "Love," "Old Maids," "John of Procida," "The Wrecker's Daughter," "The Rose of Arragon," and "The Secretary," the last of which was produced in 1843, and closes the list of Knowles's dramatic writings. These plays have been collected and published in three volumes.

Worn out by his constant labors in these works, Mr. Knowles's health became considerably impaired, while his finances were extremely limited. Up to this time, he had lived principally by his pen. His profits were uncertain, although occasionally large. He maintained an army of retainers, broken-down friends, old family followers, and a crowd of relations. Thus it was, in 1845, that a committee of English dramatic authors made an application to Sir Robert Peel to have Knowles put on the pension list, as a deserving man of letters. There are twelve hundred pounds a year ($6,000) voted, annually, by the House of Commons, to provide pensions for deserving persons who have distinguished themselves and served the public, in literature, art, and science. Unfortunately, however, before the time of granting the pensions arrived, Peel was driven out of office by the manœuvres of a faction, when Lord John Russell succeeded him as Premier. He is charged with behaving very shabbily, in holding off the pension for three years, allowing this literary fund to be misappropriated, by giving the Duke of Sussex's widow (Lady Cecelia Buggins) five-sixths of it for life, and subsequently quartering upon it all the queen's teachers, who should have been pensioned out of her own large income. He finally offered to grant £100 per annum, but Knowles's friends refused to receive for him only half what Peel had promised. At last, in 1849, after the merchants of Glasgow had joined their request to that of Knowles's friends, Lord John Russell reluctantly signed the warrant for a pension of two hundred pounds a year to Knowles.

In 1847, while waiting for his pension, he published a novel, in

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three volumes, called "George Lovell." Subsequently he wrote two serial stories, called "The Lovers," and "Henry Fortescue," for the London *Sunday Times*. They were very inferior productions, and injured his literary fame very materially among those who remembered the freshness and beauty of his early prose fictions. These earlier efforts—"The Magdalen," "Love," "Authorship," and "Old Adventurers," originally appearing in the *Englishman's Magazine;* "The Portrait," in the *Monthly Magazine;* "The Lettre-de-Cachet," in the *Literary Souvenir;* and "Therese," in the *Keepsake*. All these were collected in a small volume, in 1832.

After receiving his pension, Knowles was appointed curator of Shakespeare's house, at Stratford; but this was a barren honor, as there was neither residence for the curator nor money to pay his salary. Subsequently he became a preacher of the Baptist persuasion.

Very little is known of the life of Mr. Knowles—or of his habits and peculiar disposition. That he was eccentric, is generally believed. Some have reported him as wonderfully reserved, while to others he appeared a remarkably genial man; very frank, but tempered with a little roughness of manners. One day a gentleman stopped him in the street to say, 'Mr. Knowles, I am happy to see you in Liverpool." Knowles's face brightened up; he seized the stranger's hand with a crushing squeeze, expressed *his* delight at seeing him look so well, and the *rencontre* terminated in this warm manner. Knowles being asked "who this friend was"? turned, looked his interrogator in the face, and with a half smile, answered: "My dear boy, I do not recollect that I ever saw him before, but he appears to have met me."

In personal appearance he by no means realized the beau-ideal of a poet. His favorite attire was the short jacket and wide trowsers of a seaman. Indeed, with his peculiar walk, as if he were not accustomed to *terra firma*, which gave him a rolling gait, with his brusque manner, and his weather-beaten, ruddy face, the poet might easily have been taken for the captain of a merchant vessel.

Mr. Knowles, as already remarked, was rather taciturn, but at times was quite communicative in respect to his own affairs. On one occasion, when he had just returned from a professional tour in Ireland, a friend asked him if it was true, as had been reported, that when he arrived in Cork he instantly went to visit his old nurse. The answer was, "To be sure. I have none other there to see. Since I left Cork a boy, all my old friends, all the old familiar faces, had gone off, or could not be recognized, and in my utter loneliness of spirits I went to see

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the old woman. Aye, my dear boy, (his favorite expression to young men,) I came to Cork after a lapse of forty years, and except Mitchell, my writing-master, who must now be nearly ninety, all were departed."

On being asked what success he had in Ireland—a large benefit in Cork, of course—"What success?" he replied; "that which an Irishman usually meets on his own ungrateful soil, upon which the curse of Swift hangs heavily. In Cork, where I was born—where my father had a great school for many years—in a city which the people proudly call the Athens of Ireland—my benefit amounted to ninety pounds—being two pounds less than they had given, a fortnight before, to a negro actor—the African Roscius." After a slight pause, with a faltering voice he added, emphatically: "My dear sir, the fact is, my plays are too liberal for the aristocratic liberals of Ireland. At my benefit in Cork, the only man of influence who attended was one who had been my schoolfellow, and, in him, friendship and a warm heart overcame political prejudice—his personal kindness was stronger than his party bias. My plays, into which I have thrown my heart, breathe the sentiment of liberty, and such are not the sentiments of the influential classes of Ireland." His friend rejoined: "Those sentiments have been so large and wholesome, you cannot regret them." "Regret them!" Knowles replied: "No; but I am going to a country where liberty exists in its best forms, and not in form alone, but the embodied spirit. If I do not clear one shilling by my visit to America, still I shall rejoice at visiting it."

In making a speech, Knowles's manner and matter were always admirable, and would convince any one who had heard of his elocution off the stage, that it was not an exaggeration. He was always earnest in tone, distinct in utterance, and simple in language. His broad, decided accent—that tone, Moore said, in which the gems of Irish wit can alone be set, and which Madame de Staël liked because it "makes you know how much in earnest the speaker is"—always produced a pleasurable effect upon his hearers. Knowles was a clever pianist, and it delighted him to play and sing Irish melodies, particularly Moore's, which he executed with wonderful pathos and effect.

About the time his health began to fail, in 1845, his first wife having died, he married Mis Emma Elphinstone, an actress, whom he first met in Maywood's Chestnut Street Company, Philadelphia, in 1834. She had "starred" with him in England, as his "pupil," from 1837 up to 1843. She was a mediocre actress, but proved an excellent wife to Knowles. She is still living, and has always been much respected by her husband's friends. Of his numerous children, only two sur-

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vive—Mr. R. B. Sheridan Knowles, of London, and Mrs. W. Dobbin, of Dublin.

It was not our intention to discuss the merits of Knowles as a dramatist, in this paper; but we may remark, in passing, that to have written even five successful plays—and he has done *that*, and more—was to achieve what has not been accomplished by any other dramatist in a century past. In portraying female character he is eminently successful. As to his acting, that it was indifferent there can be no difference in opinion. He was too stout, while his face, however "made up," was always deficient in expression. He was the object of considerable ridicule and merriment among the critics and literary wags of his better days. As early as 1834, long before *Punch* was commenced, Gilbert A. à-Becket, who edited a little satirical paper, in London, called *Figaro*, made Knowles an especial target for his sarcasms and witticisms.

Knowles was originally intended for the medical profession, and studied for it during two years. He even obtained the dignity of being chosen to act as cupper in one of the great London hospitals, where, for some reason, now unknown, he was called "Jeremiah." His inclination to literature and the stage, however, was too strong to be repressed. William Hazlitt, a leading critic of that period, took a fancy to the boy, corrected his rude productions, and introduced him to Charles Lamb and others of that especial and highly cultivated *coterie*. At that time he was actually gazetted as ensign in an infantry regiment; but he preferred the mimic to the actual war.

His first play written and acted before he was fourteen, is lost. So was his libretto of an opera, the "Chevalier de Crillon," his father having placed it for correction in the hands of Richardson, the eccentric friend of *the* Sheridan. The more the pity, since people like to see the buds and blossoms, as well as the fruit and flowers of genius, and

> "Love to trace the unfolding of that power
> Which has grown ampler, grander, every hour."

Whatever may be thought of the latter period of the existence of James Sheridan Knowles, there is no doubt that in his demise the public lose a very worthy man, and an author whose works will always hold rank among the standard dramatists of the English language.

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ART. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

The True Method of Studying and Teaching History. By AMOS DEAN, LL. D., Chancellor and Professor of History in the State University of Iowa, and Professor of Law in the University of Albany.

A pamphlet bearing this title, which has recently fallen into our hands, has interested us so much that, although it was printed several years ago, we do not hesitate to devote to it a portion of the space which is usually occupied with reviews of new publications. We learn from the title-page that it was read in August, 1857, before the American Association for the Advancement of Education, at its annual session in the City of Albany. The whole *brochure* does not extend beyond thirty pages; but it contains sufficient suggestions for an octavo volume. Indeed, it is a model of condensation of thought and energy of expression. We do not agree with the author in all his views on the subject of history; but even when we disagree with him most, we are obliged to admit that his arguments are founded on the best authorities. As we cannot here discuss the subject so fully as its importance deserves, we think it best to let the author speak for himself as much as possible, and, therefore, proceed at once to give extracts. After referring to the present unsatisfactory method of studying history, he points out its faultiness as follows:

"*First.* Very many historical works are far from being entirely truthful in all their statements. Independent of personal and party biases and predilections, tending to pervert the truth of history, many supply by imagination what they deem wanting in fact to interest; while others gratify the love of the marvellous by relating tales and fictions which may amuse, though they fail to instruct.

"The *second* and greatest difficulty lies in the character of the facts themselves that are brought down to us by the ordinary course of history. What is the great burden of its story? Changes and revolutions in governments—heroic conduct of individuals—plots and conspiracies—rebellions, successful and unsuccessful—wars, with their bloody accompaniments of battles and sieges—the assault and the blockade—all acts of violence, individual and national—these, and such like, are mainly the subjects that fill up its record. It rarely condescends to detail the industrial pursuits of a people; to give their religious beliefs and forms of worship; to exhibit their government and jurisprudence; or to present their manners and customs, their philosophy or their arts. All these are less striking in their character; less marked in their attributes; less palpable in their effects; and furnish less food for the marvellous in our nature.

"The great difficulty seems to be, that the out-goings of human nature, in history, are studied more in their wonder-workings than in their ordinary quiet exhibitions; more in their abnormal conditions than in their normal state. It is much the same as studying the river in its cataracts; the ocean in its storms; the wind in its tornadoes; the functions of the human organs in a raging fever; the muscles in their spasms; or geology in its rocky upheavals. The river has its quiet flow as well as its cataracts; the ocean its calm as well as its storms; the wind its soft breathings as well as its tornadoes; the human organs their harmony of function as well as febrile excitement; the muscles their natural contractions as well as spasms; and geology its slow depositions of strata as well as violent upheavals."—Pp. 5, 6, 7.

None acquainted with the subject will deny the force and truth of these remarks. In our opinion, they claim the earnest attention of

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every teacher; for although the student must take history as he finds it, he should learn to separate the wheat from the chaff. He is not obliged to believe all he finds in history; it is his privilege to test, as severely as possible, whatever seems of doubtful authenticity; although it is well to remember that in history, as well as in the drama, what is true has not always the appearance of probability:

"Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable."

The sources of history are placed in bold relief, and its gradation is graphically, though briefly, presented by Prof. Dean. Having told us that *the monument*, *the man*, and *the written record* are the three principal evidences on which it is founded, he makes Egypt the representative of the first, Arabia of the second, and Phœnicia of the third. This mode of illustration is peculiarly happy; and it will be seen that it is admirably carried out:

"Egypt is peculiarly the land of the monument. The pyramid there towers aloft in its solemn grandeur; the temple presents its forest of columns, the palace its massive architecture, and the catacomb speaks after its silence of centuries. What high promptings must have stirred the minds of those primitive fathers of human industry and art to lead them to the performance of those gigantic labors that have enabled the world in its infancy to speak to the world in its maturity.

"But the Nilotic valley is not alone the home of the monument. That elder civilization that once held dominion on the banks of the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Choaspes and the Araxes, is now being proclaimed to us through the monuments of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Susa and Persepolis. These lead us towards the orient.

"But in reversing our course and travelling towards the occident, we encounter in Greece and Italy the old ruins of Lycosura, of Tyrius, of Norba, and of many other cities; the remains of that cyclopian architecture that marks the pathway of the Pelasgi.

"Nor should we here be unmindful of that ancient race, who may be traced, by a line of ramparts and tumuli, through the passes of the Caucasus into Siberia; and along its southern mountains from the Tobol to the Yenisei and the steppes of the middle regions of the Lena, by ruins of towns and tumuli, sepulchres, vessels, diadems, weapons, trophies, coins of gold, silver and copper; across Behring's Straits and down the great valley of the Mississippi, even as far as Mexico and Peru; scattering, all along, their mounds, ramparts, tumuli and pyramids, thus almost literally girdling the globe with their mural monuments.

"In passing from Egypt into Arabia, we find ourselves also, in one sense, in a land of monuments, but its monuments are men. Man is there monumental, because he is unchanged. The Bedouin of the Desert and the rocky Arabia possesses the same general features, traits of character, modes of life and civilization, that were in ancient times possessed by the immediate descendants of Ishmael. The Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian civilizations have travelled by him on their journey westward; while the Egyptian, Hebrew, Phœnician, Grecian and Roman have, for ages, hovered around him; and yet he has remained the same. The manners, customs, forms of intercourse, social habits and modes of life that belonged to the early patriarchs are yet to be seen impressed upon the living page of Arabian being. Man has there no institutions, but he is himself an institution. He has no history, but he is himself a record. In passing into Phœnicia, we find the home of the written record—the alphabetic character—without which man could be little more than the mere creature of the present."—Pp. 7, 8, 9.

The undeniable facts contained in the above extract are too often lost sight of by both teachers and students. This is not strange, however, for such are seldom brought together; they are too widely scattered. We have abundance of histories—a still greater abundance of essays on history; but it is otherwise with the facts. In our opinion, it requires genius to group the latter so that they will make the most lasting impression. If it be objected that they exist al-

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ready, and only require to be pointed out, the same objection would apply to the most sublime conceptions of the poet. None will deny that the sea, the land, and the firmament are each full of poetry; but it requires a poet to give it form and expression. In a similar manner, it requires culture of a high order, long and careful study, keen perception, and above all, an analytical mind, to concentrate, as it were, the essence of history; or to take it apart and give specimens of its principal constituents, so that the student may see for himself the force and tendency of the *tout ensemble*. This, to a great extent, Prof. Dean has accomplished. At the same time there are some of his views in which, as already intimated, we cannot concur. In our opinion, he does not do justice to Asia in the following passage:

"Under these combined influences, man, in Asia, has ever remained the same. We have seen him exhibiting no striking evidences of mental or moral advancement; bequeathing us no important discoveries in science or art; handing down to us no trophies of his victories over the elements of nature. Exclusive of what foreign agency has effected, when have we ever witnessed an alteration in the manners, customs, laws or institutions of Southern, Eastern or Central Asia? The sun that has gladdened this day has risen upon the same, with few or no modifications, that were dawned upon by the sun of Zoroaster.

"Centuries have there come and gone and left no impress. Let foreign influence and agency cease to operate, and they never will leave any. As soon may we expect to see the Egyptian mummy bursting the cerements of its sepulchre and displaying anew the energies of a life long lost, as to witness the Asiatic competing with the European or American in the actings and doings of this world.

"Industry, religion, government, society, philosophy and art there form one mingled mass. No attempt at separation—no effort at development, except in combination. We see everywhere exhibited the same dull, dead uniformity; the same Sahara of the mental and moral world."—Pp. 13, 14.

We think it more in accordance with those facts and phenomena which the professor himself has so graphically and eloquently placed before us to believe that we only behold Asia in her old age; and that could we have contemplated her in her youth, we could not have said that she "everywhere exhibited the same dull, dead uniformity." There is still evidence enough, it seems to us, to prove the contrary; for Asia, too, has her monuments—some of which rival in splendor and magnificence those of Greece and Rome, after having lain in ruins, surrounded by desolation, for more than three thousand years. It is to these noble vestiges Volney refers when he says: "I will evoke from the bosom of the tomb *that spirit which formerly in Asia was the splendor of states and the glory of peoples.*"* Having described at more or less length the magnificent architectural remains of Palmyra, Babylon, Tyre, Balbec, &c., the same author exclaims, "Grand Dieu! d'où viennent de si funestes révolutions," &c. The researches of Sir William Jones alone would vindicate the ancient Hindoos and Persians from the charge of having "ever remained the same." Indeed, the languages of both would be sufficient for that purpose, since even the Greek in its most polished state cannot pretend to rival the San-

* "J'évoquerai du sein des tombeaux *l'esprit* qui, *jadis dans l'Asia*, fit la splendeur des états et la gloire des peuples."—*Les Ruines*, Chap. iv., p. 24.

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scrit, not to mention the noble epics still remaining of which it is the original.

This, however, is the only fault we can find in the pamphlet before us; if, indeed, a difference of opinion can be called such. Voltaire differed with most men of culture and taste in preferring Virgil to Homer, regarding the former as the representative of the European mind, and the latter as the representative of the Asiatic mind; but notwithstanding this strange prejudice, none will deny that the author of the *Henriade* was a great critic and a profound thinker. It would be as illogical as unjust to form an estimate of the judgment of Plato from his views on what he considered the vicious influence of poets; but we admit that it would be nothing more so than to condemn the author of this excellent pamphlet because he happens to make some remarks in it which are at variance with the opinions of the greatest investigators. We are all the more willing to overlook the injustice which, in our opinion, is certainly done by the professor to ancient Asia, from the vivid and striking picture of Greek and Roman civilization which follows. It is, indeed, rather long for our space, but to cut it short were to spoil it:

"In Greece and Rome human elements strongly tended to separation and development. Industry, religion, government, society, philosophy and art no longer form, as they did in Asia, one commingled mass. Society, philosophy and art here achieve their enfranchisement.

"The first, escaped from the dominion of caste, asserts its own prerogatives. It claims and exercises the right of yielding obedience to its own laws, and of being governed upon its own principles. It annexes to its decrees its own sanction, and visits its members with its own joyous approval, or lays upon them the weight of a blasted name.

"The enfranchisement of philosophy was still more important. The very point of separation is the centre of a deep feeling, of an intense interest. That point was sealed with the blood of a Socrates. In him philosophy first awoke to a knowledge and comprehension of itself. It afterwards investigated earth and its productions in the researches of its Aristotle. It ascended to the source of things in the splendid idealism of its Plato.

"Art, liberated from its fetters, and encouraged in its efforts, here brings forth its choicest products. This is, in fact, the crowning element of Grecian civilization. Its charm has never vanished from the world. Its spell has never been broken. It has aided in sustaining civilization in its most fearful extremity; and in every age and clime, where it has become known, it has awoke in the human mind a sense of the beautiful, and kindled in the human soul a love of the ideal. To the eye it has presented its forms of peerless beauty, as they glow on the canvas of Apelles, or stand forth in the marble of Phidias; while on the ear has fallen its full diapason, mingling the song of Sophocles and Euripides with the thunder tones of Demosthenes.

"The remaining elements, industry, government and religion, were still intimately blended together. A successive separation was necessary, for the purpose of allowing each an opportunity of being developed, or carried out into all its possible applications.

"Of these yet enveloped elements that of government, or the state, was predominant. It was the central element of the Greek and Roman movement. Around this, as a nucleus, gathered all the others. To strengthen the patriotic love of country, Industry lent its application; Religion its inspiration; Society its warm approvals; Philosophy its deductions; and Art its glowing canvas and chiselled monument.

"The Greek formed a part of his state. Its acts were, therefore, to some extent, his acts. To him that state was the world. To it belonged the dawn of his infancy, the bloom of his youth, the vigor of his manhood, the decay of his age. Had he affections? that was their centre. Had he powers of action? that furnished motives for their exercise. To him it embodied all that was beautiful, all that was in-

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teresting, all that was lovely, all that was worth living for, all that was worth dying for. Beneath him was the Grecian soil; around him were Grecian monuments; above him the abode of Grecian gods.

"Individual worth, during this epoch, is estimated from the extent of individual sacrifice. The nation is the actor. The wave of Salamis; the Straits of Thermopylæ; the plain of Marathon; the field of Cannæ; Carthage in ashes; a demolished empire; a subjugated world, attest the energy of its action."—Pp. 15, 16, 17, 18.

We find we have devoted much more space to the professor's *brochure* than we had intended; and yet we cannot conclude without indicating at least the leading points of his method. These he presents under five heads, as follows:

"1. To settle clearly how many, and what, are the great elements of humanity, insisting that they should, all together, be exhaustive, giving employment, in their separation and development, to every possible human power and energy.

"2. To inquire into their successive separation from each other—the great historical epochs to which this separation has given birth; the characteristic features of each epoch, and the theatre, or region of the globe, to which the events that compose it have been chiefly limited.

"3. I would take up and exhibit the two great divisions of men, the nomadic or wandering, and the settled or civilized; giving, as far as known, the history of the former, but with the view, more particularly, of ascertaining how their action and influence have affected the latter.

"4. So far, at least, as regards the Iranian and Semitic races, as contradistinguished from the Turanian, I would give the results arrived at by ethnology; as I feel entirely convinced that national development can never be fully unfolded until the elements, the races that originally composed the nation, are thoroughly investigated and understood.

"5. Leaving the extreme orient, where the elements have always existed in a state of envelopment, I would take up that ancient people, or, more properly perhaps, those peoples, composing the old Iranian empire, including what is more generally known under the Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian empires. Not that I regard these as identical in character, yet as each successively held dominion over substantially the same territory, it may be very well to consider them together."—Pp. 26, 27, 28.

We think that no friend of education will need any apology from us for having devoted so much space to such valuable suggestions. We should be glad to see all professors, who wish to be considered accomplished educators, compress an equal amount of thought into their addresses. Indeed, one of our principal reasons for noticing the "True Method" is, that it might serve to stimulate to more worthy efforts than their own that numerous class of "professors" who seem to think that it matters little how empty and commonplace their addresses are, provided they *sound* well.

But why will not some competent hand undertake a work that would briefly unfold the history of civilization, or the elements of human progress, on Prof. Dean's plan? May we not suggest that such a work would be worthy the attention of the Professor himself? For, judging from the ability he has displayed in his pamphlet, we know no one who is better qualified for the task.

On Matter and Ether; or, the Secret Laws of Physical Change. By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, M.A. 8vo. Cambridge, (England): Macmillan & Co. 1862.

We do not predict for this slender volume a large number of readers. It is too dry and technical to be popular; but it is not the less worthy

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on this account of the attention of the scientific student. Not that it contains much in itself; but it suggests a good deal. Its groundwork is the notion that matter is dual, consisting of what is commonly called matter, and of ether. The author thinks that the latter is mingled with the former throughout the realms of space; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that in his opinion, ether fills up the interstices between the particles of matter. Each is governed by laws peculiar to itself. Thus, for example, while the particles of matter mutually attract each ether, those of ether mutually repel; but at the same time, the latter have a strong affinity for the former. The theory is not new, however; it is as old as the time of Newton and Laplace. The discussion of it is curious, if not instructive; but it is carrird on chiefly by means of mathematical formulæ; and none but scientific students have the patience to examine these.

1. *How Plants Grow. A Simple Introduction to Structural Botany, with a Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of Common Plants, both Wild and Cultivated.* Illustrated by 500 Wood Engravings. By Asa Gray, M.D. Third edition.

2. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States,* including Virginia, Kentucky, and all East of the Mississippi, arranged according to the Natural System. Third Edition, revised, with Garden Botany, &c. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University; with six plates, illustrating the Genera of Ferns, &c. New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.

In no country, equally enlightened, has the science of botany been less cultivated than in this country. This seems all the more strange, from the fact that nowhere else is more attention paid to the education of ladies, for whom the science has peculiar charms; and nowhere else are such facilities presented for the study, since no other country affords so boundless a variety of botanical specimens. Probably the chief reason of the anomaly is, that our young people are not disposed to close study; and without close study, investigation, and research, but little progress can be made in botany. To this it may be replied, that inasmuch as our young ladies are not too indolent to study algebra and geometry, it is hardly fair to attribute their comparative inattention to the science under consideration to indolence; and the argument does them no more than justice. Why, then, have we not more female botanists, worthy of the name, than we have? Why have we no female writers on botany, of any eminence, save Mrs. Lincoln Phelps? We will try to answer by another question: Is it not true, all over the world, that women make a choice of those studies which render them most agreeable to the men? In this country men in general are too much occupied in making money to devote much time to a study that requires such close and persevering application as

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botany; and they cannot appreciate a species of knowledge possessed by others for which they have no taste themselves.

Be this as it may, however few are our students of botany at the present time, as compared to the number who study the same science in France, Germany or England, there is no doubt but the series of Prof. Gray have attracted thousands to it, who, without his instructions and influence, would never have bestowed a thought upon it. It affords us pleasure, therefore, to see new editions of his principal text-books, especially of his "Manual;" for we regard the fact as evidence of progress. In general, they are by no means the best thinkers, or the most accomplished scientific men, who devote their attention to the compilation of text-books; but, indeed, the reverse. This will sufficiently account for the success of Prof. Gray, of whose intellectual capacity and scientific attainments there can be no doubt. In Europe, as well as in America, his works are held in the highest estimation; and no intelligent person who examines them need be informed that he has well earned the distinction. Not, however, by his own original discoveries; although he has made important additions to the total number of plants known before his time. His great merit, however, consists in the skill and judgment with which he has availed himself of all that is valuable in the works of others. In illustration of this, we need only refer to his "Botany for Young People," ("How Plants Grow,") which is certainly the best introductory work on the subject with which we are acquainted. The explanations, definitions, and suggestions, in every section of this text-book, seem very simple, as, indeed, they really are, in the admirable order in which they are arranged by Prof. Gray. But when we come to examine them more closely, we shall see how numerous are the sources from which they have been culled; an observation which applies, with still greater force, to the contents of the "Manual." Here we are reminded of the very erroneous notion that botany is a new science. We have conversed on this subject with persons of good education, who regard the fact that Prof. Gray's text-books are used in Europe as conclusive proof that the New World understands botany better than the Old. They admit, indeed, that Linnæus must have been a very good botanist—better, perhaps, than any American botanist of his time; but further advantage than this they will not concede to the Old World. As for Theophrastus of Eresus, they will not believe that his knowledge of the subject was any more extensive than that of an ordinary horticulturist of the present day. Still less would they listen to the assertion that the Persians, Hindoos, and other eastern nations, were quite as well acquainted with the science thousands of years ago as we are at the present day, notwithstanding our numerous colleges, universities, and academies, not to mention our innumerable free schools; although there is not one of those nations which does not understand, to a

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greater or less extent, the language of flowers. The names alone of botanists who wrote elaborate treatises on the subject, even in the dark ages, would occupy nearly the whole of one of these pages. Suffice it, for the present, to say, that all these have been divided into four or five different sects, each having a system of their own. This had been the case long before Linnæus's time. As already observed, Prof. Gray has profited by the systems of all, including that of Jussieu, which is the best of modern times. All, especially the ladies, should commence the study in the spring, for obvious reasons; thus it would be a source of health, as well as pleasure.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

My Diary North and South. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

Those who read this volume carefully will be surprised to find how little reason there is, after all, for the feeling of indignation so generally entertained against the author. We are no admirers of Dr. Russell. We never have sought his acquaintance, like those who once lauded him to the skies, and now abuse him in a style equally exaggerated. But if we have never joined in the toadyism with which he was received in this country, by those who were not ashamed to obtrude themselves on his attention, but thought that those who did would one day be sorry for their pains, it is equally true that we have no prejudice against the man. We take up his book, not to abuse itself or its author, as so many have done. We hold that that sort of thing never does good. Criticism, in order to be worthy of the name, must be calm and thoughtful, not boisterous; it must adopt the language of reason, not of passion. Were Mr. Russell a much more powerful writer than he is, it would be unworthy of us, as a people, to lose our temper, because he chooses to make unfavorable criticisms on ourselves and our institutions. By pursuing such a course, we flatly contradict ourselves, since no people in the world pride themselves more on maintaining thorough freedom of discussion.

It is but right that we should feel thus proud; for nowhere else has the liberty of the press been so fully recognized. In time of war restrictions of all kinds have to be used; this is particularly true in regard to civil war. The public interest requires that when the nation is struggling for its life, no journal, no writer, or speaker, should be permitted to give systematic aid to its enemies. If there is any truth in the aphorism, that the pen is mightier than the sword, why should the person wielding the former be permitted to do all the harm he can, while the person who wields the latter cannot attempt to use his weapon except at the risk of his life? The degree of liberty en-

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joyed by the press is, therefore, not to be judged by restrictions imposed for the common safety, in war times.

Why, then, we ask again, should we, who allow such liberty among ourselves, permit ourselves to be angry because a foreigner, coming amongst us, employed for the express purpose of giving his opinion, such as it is, of whatever comes under his observation, consults the wishes of his employers rather than ours? It is not pleasant that he should speak harshly of us, let him think, or feel, as he may; that he should deliberately misrepresent us is still worse. Yet, if we recognize freedom of discussion, it is illogical for us to lose our temper.

If Americans, going to England, adopt a different course, and praise everything, that is their affair. The English have much more respect for those who criticise them, than for those who bespatter them with fulsome praise; and we can never boast of a healthy public opinion, until we become equally patient under the scourge. We should remember that even Mrs. Trollope has scarcely spoken more harshly of us, than James Fenimore Cooper has of the English. He has said more, in his "Recollections of England," against English manners, English customs, &c., &c., than all other American writers put together; yet no American writer is more read. Nay, to our own knowledge, he is more read than all the rest. At least ten read his best novels for one who reads the best productions even of Irving. When Cooper criticised the English, their literary journals criticised him in return; but none, save the thoughtless—those who deserve to be criticised, if criticism did them any good—had any idea of regarding him as an enemy whom all true "Britishers" were bound to detest.

If Dr. Russell is very different, as a writer and critic, from Mr. Cooper—as different, indeed, as the pigmy is from the giant—we are all the more to blame for attaching so much importance to his opinions. We have no disposition to deny that the author of the volume before us is a clever newspaper writer; few, if any, are more clever in the particular department to which he has been devoted; but any higher praise cannot be given him without violating truth. His style is, in general, graphic and lucid; but it is not that of a man of high culture. It is too flashy, contains too much slang, too much bad French, and worse Latin. It would be difficult to find more egotism in any one volume of equal size, than there is in "My Diary." But are we to treat all as worthless on this account? By no means. If he is egotistic, and affected, that is no reason why we should not examine how much truth or falsehood, justice or injustice, there is in his statements. We should not hesitate to do this were it even true that his book is everywhere hostile to us; but in point of fact it is not. In comparing his statements in regard to the North and South with each other, we find that he has said quite as much in our favor as he has in favor of the rebels; nay, indeed, upon the whole, the balance is on

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our side. The worst he has said against us, in the effect it is calculated to produce in Europe, is, that the Union can never be restored. As for malice against the Northern people, or any disposition to slander them, we confess we find no evidence of it in his book. What a foreigner says of the ladies is a very good criterion whereby to judge of his disposition in regard to the people, as a whole, whom he visits. Well, in Mr. Russell's second chapter, we find the following:

"To-day I am quite satisfied that if the American women are deficient in stature and in that which makes us say, 'There is a fine woman,' they are easy, well-formed, *and full of grace and prettiness.* Admitting a certain pallor—which the Russians, by-the-bye, were wont to admire so much that they took vinegar to produce it—the face is not only pretty, but *sometimes of extraordinary beauty, the features fine, delicate, well-defined.* Ruby lips, indeed, are seldom to be seen, but now and then the flashing of snowy-white, evenly-set ivory teeth dispels the delusion that the Americans are—though the excellence of their dentists be granted—naturally ill provided with what they take so much pains, by eating bon-bons and confectionery, to deprive of their purity and color."—(P. 13.)

The ladies, we think, will not say that there is any malice in this, although we emphatically deny that the American ladies are "deficient in stature." They are not, indeed, so muscular—not so large in circumference—as the women of most European countries; but, in general, no women are taller, or can boast finer symmetry of form. But, with this exception, the description is rather complimentary than otherwise. As to the alleged scarcity of ruby lips, let the ladies remember that Sheridan, Moore, Byron, and other good judges, could see no beauty in any lips that would not smile on themselves, but would regard the sweetest pretty much as the fox did the grapes. Now let us see how our author speaks of the rebel ladies. After alluding to certain habits of the slaves, he says:

"Later in the day, their mistresses *sail* out from the inner harbors, and *launch all their sails* along the passages, down the stairs, and into the long, hot, fluffy *salle-à-manger*, where, *blackened with flies which dispute the viands*, they take their *tremendous meals.* They are pale, pretty, svelte—just as I was about to say they were rather small, there rises before me the recollection of one Titanic dame—a Carolinian Juno, with two lovely *peacock* daughters—and I refrain from generalizing. Exceedingly proud these ladies are said to be—for a generation or two of family suffice in this new country, *if properly supported by the possession of negroes and acres*, to give pride of birth, and all the grandeur which is *derived from raising raw produce, cereals, and cotton—suâ terrâ.* Their enemies say that the grandfathers of some of these noble people were *mere pirates and smugglers, who dealt in a cavalier fashion with the laws and with the flotsam and jetsam of fortune on the seas and reefs hereabouts.* Cotton suddenly—*almost unnaturally*, as far as the ordinary laws of commerce are concerned, grew up whilst land was cheap, and slaves were of moderate price—*the pirates and piratesses* had control of both, and in a night the *gourd* swelled and grew to a prodigious size."—(P. 48.)

This is certainly not complimentary. It is very different from the terms in which the Northern ladies are spoken of throughout the "Diary." Nor do the male rebels fare much better in the hands of Dr. Russell. Those who read the following passage will easily believe the author, that more than once he was threatened with tar and feathers by the Secessionists:

"Whether it be in consequence of some secret influence which slavery has upon the minds of men, or that the aggression of the North upon their institutions has

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been of a nature to excite the deepest animosity and most vindictive hate, certain it is there is a degree of something *like ferocity* in the Southern mind towards New England which exceeds belief. *I am persuaded that these feelings of contempt are extended towards England.* They believe that we, too, have had the canker of peace upon us. One evidence of this, according to Southern men, is the abolition of duelling. This practice, according to them, is highly wholesome and meritorious; and, indeed, it may be admitted that in the state of society which is reported to exist in the Southern States, it is a useful check on such men as it restrained in our own islands in the last century. In the course of conversation, one gentleman remarked, that he considered it disgraceful for any man to take money for the dishonor of his wife or his daughter. 'With us,' he said, 'there is but one mode of dealing known. The man who dares tamper with the honor of a white woman, knows what he has to expect. We shoot him down like a dog, and no jury in the South will ever find any man guilty of murder for punishing such a scoundrel.' An argument *which can scarcely be alluded to* was used by them, to show that these offences in slave states *had not the excuse which might be adduced to diminish their gravity when they occurred in states where all the population were white.* Indeed, in this, as in some other matters of a similar character, slavery is their *summum bonum* of morality, physical excellence, and social purity. I was inclined to question the correctness of the standard which they had set up, and to inquire whether *the virtue which needed this murderous use of the pistol and the dagger to defend it, was not open to some doubt;* but I found there was very little sympathy with my views among the company."—(P. 31.)

Who will say that there is anything favorable to secession in this? Nay, what worse could be said against the rebel Confederacy? If Mr. Russell occasionally speaks disrespectfully of the North, Northern men encourage him to do so. Thus, for example, the Messrs. Appleton are very willing to speak disparagingly of American talent, in order that they may get a "puff" from "our own correspondent." We can testify ourselves that Mr. Russell is not the only writer for the press to whom the "facts" in the following extract were presented for publication. We only wonder he was not also informed that the same gentlemen had just received a very large order from Constantinople, for certain of their publications which are not in much demand in the home market:

"In some of the large booksellers' shops—Appleton's, for example—are striking proofs of the activity of the American press, if not of the vigor and originality of the American intellect. I passed down long rows of shelves laden with the works of European authors, for the most part, oh shame! stolen and translated into American type without the smallest compunction or scruple, and without the least intention of ever yielding the most pitiful deodand to the authors. Mr. Appleton sells no less than one million and a half of Webster's spelling-books a year; his tables are covered with a flood of pamphlets, some for, others against coercion; some for, others opposed to slavery; but when I asked for a single solid, substantial work on the present difficulty, *I was told there was not one published worth a cent.*" —(P. 17.)

Well, indeed, may he cry "Oh, shame!" But there are American bookstores he could have entered, to which no such language could apply. It cannot be said, for example, of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, that their English books are "stolen and translated," "without the smallest compunction or scruple, and without the least intention of ever yielding the most pitiful deodand to the authors." Still less would they tell the correspondent of the London *Times* that not one of our books or pamphlets on the war is "*worth a cent.*" When statements of this kind are made in reference to American authors, by those who are supposed to know them best, who can wonder if they

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are sneered at by foreigners? And a similar remark will apply to the condition and prospects of the country. Thus, who can blame Mr. Russell for thinking it wrong to coerce the South, and believing that the Union cannot be restored, if it be true, as he tells us, that an American historian, and ex-Minister to England, had expressed himself as related in the following paragraph:

"Mr. Bancroft conversed for some time on the aspect of affairs, but he appeared to be unable to arrive at any settled conclusion, except that the republic, though in danger, was the most stable and beneficial form of government in the world, and that as a government, *it had no power to coerce the people of the South or to save itself from the danger*. I was, indeed, *astonished* to hear *from him and others* so much philosophical abstract reasoning *as to the right of seceding*, or what is next to it, the want of any power in the government to prevent it."—(P. 13.)

We should prefer to believe that this misrepresents whatever observations were made on the subject by Mr. Bancroft; although we do not think it at all derogatory to that gentleman to give his opinion on the subject, such as it was. An American citizen may believe coercion to be wrong, and still be heartily in favor of the Union. But if it be right for an American ex-minister and historian—a Northern man, residing in New York—to speak against coercion, we should regard it as at least excusable on the part of a foreigner to entertain the same opinion.

Commentaires de Charles Quint publiés pour la première fois. Par le Baron KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE, Membre de l'Academie Royale de Belgique. Bruxelles: F. Heussner. 1862.

The author of this volume claims to have made a discovery, no less important than the Diary and Commentaries of Charles V. Many have questioned the truth of his pretensions, chiefly on the ground that no such ever existed; that the Emperor was not a man to occupy his time in that way, or indeed in any way requiring intellectual effort. The German critics maintain, with a considerable show of reason, that one who cannot write a private letter to a friend without calling his secretary, is not likely to indulge in elaborate criticisms on the manner in which his contemporaries choose to manage their own affairs. True, it is not said that the Emperor himself wrote the Commentaries which the Baron presents us in this work. The latter informs us that they were dictated to his private secretary, Van Male, in 1650 and 1651, and that they were originally written in French. It is alleged that the latter fact, by itself, is evidence that either the Baron must have been imposed upon, or that he intends to impose on the public. Most of the so-called diary consists of narratives of the journeys and expeditions of the Emperor; but scarcely one of them is correctly related. They all contain anachronisms, more or less important; and as for the style, it is certainly dull enough to have been that of an emperor much less intellectual than "Charles Quint." If the book contained much information, it would matter little whether it was written by the

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emperor, his secretary, or the Baron; but it adds very little, if anything, to what had been known for nearly three centuries on the same subject. Still the "Commentaires" will repay an examination. To us, the introduction, and the dedication to the Prince of Spain, are the most interesting part of the book; not that either sheds much light on the disputed points; but they are curious specimens of historical criticism.

Five Years in Greece and the Ionian Islands. 12mo, pp. 386. By Mrs. E. L. WHITFIELD. London. 1853.

There is a good deal of information in this volume which will be new to the generality of readers. The author has resided for three years in Athens; the remainder of the five years which she spent in the country having been occupied in visiting various places of interest; collecting facts wherever she could get them; examining monuments and other ancient relics, and making herself acquainted with the legends which are still most popular among the masses. We have the results of all in the volume before us; but they are given in rather a crude state. Not but the book contains many lively sketches and graphic descriptions; indeed, the greater part of it is very attractive. Still, those parts of the contents that are most valuable can only be regarded as materials of history. In other words, the facts must be arranged with more regard to order before they can be made available.

The author is most interesting when addressing herself to the present time. Her views of the social and political condition of the country under the auspices of King Otho bear the impress of truth. Her remarks on the present system of education in Greece show that she has studied the subject; they show, also, that the modern Greeks are not in such a benighted condition as it is so much the habit to regard them. Nor is the lady unacquainted with the ancient literature of the country. She is quite familiar with Homer, if not in the original, at least by means of a good translation. Be this as it may, there is no doubt of her acquaintance with the modern Greek, for she speaks it with fluency. But the Romaic is very different from the language of Homer or Sophocles. This, indeed, she tells us herself, and perhaps there is no better chapter in the whole book than that which she devotes to a comparison of the two languages. She gives extracts from each to show that the Romaic is quite as different from ancient Greek as Italian is from Latin; but she admits, at the same time, that a modern Greek can learn to read the Iliad in a much shorter time than an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. Several specimens of the epistolary style are given in an Appendix, which will be very acceptable to the classical student. Among the rest is a

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letter from Mrs. A. A. King, the wife of a missionary at Athens, to the Grover & Baker S. M. Co., who, it seems, had made her a present of one of their first-class machines. As the document is a somewhat curious one, we copy it here, accompanied with a translation.

Εὐεργέται τοῦ γυναικείου φύλου.

Εἶνε περί που τρία ἐτη ὁποῦ ἔχω τὴν εὐτυχίαν νὰ μεταχειρίζωμαι τὴν μηχανὴν σᾶς, καὶ εἶχα ακόμη τὴν εὐχαρίστησιν νὰ βοηθήσω πολλὰς πτωχὰς ραπτρίας, καὶ ὅλοι ἀποροῦν τὴν ταχύτητα τῆς ἐργασίας τῆς μηχανῆς, καὶ ἐπαινοῦν καὶ θαυμάζουν τὸν σοφὸν νοῦν τοῦ ἐφευρετοῦ ἐπίσης καὶ σᾶς εὐλογοῦν. Συσταίνω λοιπὸν εἰς ὅλας τὰς οἰκογενείας τὴν ἄφευκτον ἀπόκτησιν τῆς μηχανῆς σας, καὶ προτείνω εἰς ὅλας τὰς κυρίας νὰ ἑνωθοῦν μὲ ἐμὲ νὰ σᾶς στεφανώσωμεν μὲ ἐλαίας καὶ δάφνας ὡς εὐεργέτην τοὺ φύλουμας. Ὑγιαίνετε.

Ἐν Ἀθήναις,

Α. Α. ΚΙΓΓ.

"BENEFACTORS OF THE FEMALE RACE:

"It is now about three years that I have the happiness to use your Machine for Sewing, and also the pleasure of aiding others, who are poor seamstresses, and all wonder at the rapidity of the work of the Machine, and praise and admire the wisdom of the inventor, and bless you also.

"I therefore recommend to all families to purchase without fail your Machine, and propose to all the ladies to unite with me, and crown you with olive and laurel.

"May you have health.

"A. A. KING."

The classical student, on reading this, will hardly agree with Mrs. Whitfield that the difference between the Romaic and the ancient Greek is so great as that between the Latin and the Italian. It will be seen that many of the words are exactly the same as those used by Homer and Æschylus; while there are many others of which the resemblance cannot be mistaken. Thus, the verb *ἔχω, I have,* is the same in both languages; so is the accusative form of the definite article, *τὴν, the,* and the genitive form, *τῆς, of the;* so is the preposition *περί, about;* so is the conjunction *καί, and,* &c. The terms which express the lady's praise and admiration of the wisdom (*σοφὸν*) of the inventor of so useful and valuable an article as the sewing machine, are, with the exception of two or three letters, such as Andromache might have used three thousand years previously, had a similar article been presented to her as a means of facilitating her fine embroidery.

Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun, &c., &c. Par LOUIS LACOUR. London: David Nutt. 1862.

Our lady readers—save those above a certain age—had better pass over this volume. Not that it is obscene; there is nothing objectionable in the author's language. But were we to believe him, we should come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as female virtue.

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We should not have referred to his book at all, but he has some claim on Americans, notwithstanding the extreme laxity of his morals; for he was one of the first of his countrymen to espouse our cause, in the War of Independence, after the example of Lafayette. He was a brave soldier, but an unprincipled *roué*. The reputation of no lady who treated him even with common civility was safe for a day. Not only would he kiss and tell, but tell without kissing; that is, he would boast of favors never received—the most unmanly, disgraceful conduct that any one could be guilty of. For the last fifty years, his book has been several times suppressed; not, as already intimated, because the language is offensive in itself, but because the author would have the world believe that the most beautiful and most illustrious women of Europe and America were, if not his mistresses, at least deeply smitten by him. Even the Queen of France, the beautiful and ill-fated Antoinette, he includes among his conquests. As for princesses, duchesses, and minor personages, he had only to see them in order to secure their affections. He relates his amours in the autobiographical style, with such an air of truth, and so amusingly withal, that no book of its time has been more extensively read, by male and female, young and old. That before us is the sixth edition. We are told on the title-page that the autobiography is given in full, (*sans suppressions,*) but at least one omission has been made; one or two other passages have been altered, and certain names have been changed. Still, it is scarcely so vicious a book as some of the novels of Balzac, of which very bad versions were published in this city some time since.

Democracy in America, by ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE; edited, with Notes, &c., by FRANCIS BOWEN, Alford Professor in Harvard University. 2 vols., 12mo. Cambridge, (Mass.:) Sever & Francis. 1863.

We do not take up these volumes for the purpose of giving any opinion of their merits. The latter are known and appreciated throughout Europe and America, by all who read to acquire knowledge or learn wisdom. De Tocqueville has become a classic in every literature in Christendom. His "Democracy in America" is everywhere recognized as a standard authority in regard to our institutions. It is particularly interesting to us at the present moment, since we have only to refer to its pages to see how singularly prophetic many of the author's observations have proved in reference to our system of government. We could give many striking illustrations of this; but we have already done so in several instances since the present war commenced. In our last number, for example, we gave several extracts in the form of notes to the article on "New England Individualism." What we mean to do now, therefore, is simply to advise all

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who take any interest in the destiny of the Republic to see what De Tocqueville has so well and truly said on the subject. True, he wrote this work twenty-six years ago; at least a score have been written on the same subject since. But his is worth five score. In perusing its thoughtful and suggestive pages, replete as they are with practical wisdom, which every reader may profit by, it seems difficult to realize that it is, as we have said, a quarter of a century old. Those who examine the latest works on America, and then read De Tocqueville, will be surprised to find that there is scarcely a judicious observation in the former which cannot be traced to the latter. Yet it is a remarkable fact that the one now before us is the only edition of "Democracy in America" that has yet appeared which is at all worthy of the author, or of the subject which he handles with such masterly skill.

De Tocqueville came amongst us not as a censor of our manners, customs, and institutions, but as a philosopher; not as a foreigner who judges all he sees in his travels by what he had always been used to at home; but as a citizen of the world, whose only criterion of worth is the experience of mankind. There is not a single feature of our institutions—no idea or theory that exercises any political influence among us—which is not fully discussed in his now celebrated work. Not that it was exempt from criticism, when it was first published. The prejudices against French authors, which we possessed in common with our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic, or rather, with a certain class of them, had not yet entirely disappeared; and accordingly the old cry of "superficial," "Gallic," "French," &c., was raised against De Tocqueville. We say "a certain class," because with one or two eccentric exceptions, such, for example, as Coleridge and Carlyle, none of the great thinkers of England have been in the habit of depreciating French intellect; and for this very reason there are many who will not admit that the two writers mentioned deserve to be ranked with the great thinkers. Thus it is that in showing the foolishness and absurdity of regarding as "superficial," or "light," a people who have accomplished so much as the French, Mrs. Browning asks in *Aurora Leigh:*

> "Is a bullet 'light'
> That dashes from the gun-mouth, while the eye
> Winks, and the heart beats one, to flatten itself
> To a wafer on the white speck
> A hundred paces off? Even *so direct*,
> So sternly *undivertible of aim*,
> Is this French people."

At all events, none would venture at the present day to call De Tocqueville "light," or "superficial." By the common consent of the critics of all nations, he has written the best work on Democracy now extant, in ancient or modern literature; in short, it is universally recognized as the text-book of all political writers. But it is incum-

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bent on us to like it in particular, because its tone throughout is eminently friendly towards ourselves and our institutions. It has contributed more to cause us to be esteemed as a people, than all other works of which we have been made the subject. Not only is Mr. Reeve's translation given in full in the present edition, together with his biographical sketch of the author; but important additions have been made to it by the American editor. Had the latter also added an alphabetical index, he would have left nothing wanting. The style in which the work is got up by the American publishers is highly creditable to their taste and enterprise.

Les Ecossais en France; Les Français en Ecosse. Par FRANCISQUE MICHEL, Corréspondant de l'Institut de France, &c. 2 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

We do not think that our Scottish friends will be much pleased with these volumes, if only because M. Michel would have his readers believe that the best blood of Scotland is of French origin; whereas, the Scotch maintain that they are more Anglo-Saxon than the English. But the author makes no random statements. He fortifies his assertions with historical facts too well known to be contradicted. Thus he reminds us that French regiments fought in Scotland against Edward II., and that very few of their officers returned to their native country, the majority having settled in Scotland. A most interesting account is given of all the Scoto-French alliances, from the beginning of the thirteenth century, to the marriage of James V. to Mary, daughter of the Duke of Guise.

It must not be inferred from the remark we have made about the displeasure of the Scotch, that M. Michel evinces any disposition to depreciate their character as a people. On the contrary, not one of their own historians could be more complimentary. Of their bravery especially, he speaks in the highest terms. Nor does he do so vaguely; he reproduces the facts of history to show that he does not indulge in mere compliments. Thus he reminds us that the Earl of Douglas received the Duchy of Touraine in perpetuity, from Charles VII., for his valor; that the Scottish archers of Louis XI. were the bravest and most famous of their time; that a similar honor was conferred on the Earl of Wigton; that when David Bruce sought an asylum in France, his heroism had made him so popular that the king, although treating him in the kindest manner, was not without apprehension that the French might prefer him to himself. But what will be objectionable to our Scottish friends is, that most, if not all, of the characteristics thus praised, are referred to a French origin. M. Michel praises the Scotch the same as certain English writers praise ourselves. That is, we are excellent people when we behave ourselves, because we are of

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English descent! In a similar manner, the Scotch are an excellent people, in the present instance, because they are of French descent.

It seems to us, however, that, upon the whole, the Scotch ought to feel grateful to the author of these volumes. They are of such a character—from the extensive research they display, the large amount of multifarious information they contain, and the lively, attractive style in which they are written—that they will be read from one end of Europe to the other; also to some extent in this country. By this means, they will counteract much of what has been said by other foreign writers unfavorable to the Scottish character; for even Michelet has no such opinion of the Scotch as that of the present author. Speaking of what he calls the singular fate of the Celtic world, the former says: "Of its two great divisions, one, although the least unfortunate, is *perishing, wearing away;* or, at all events, losing its language, costume, and *character*. I allude to the Highlanders of Scotland, and the people of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. Here we find the grave and moral element of the race which seems *dying of sadness*, and soon to be extinguished."* It might be inferred from this that all branches of the race are included by the historian; but he adds: "The other, [branch,] filled with inexhaustibleness of life, multiplies and increases, despite of everything; it will be felt that we speak of Ireland." M. Michel, upon the other hand, has little to say of the Irish; but that little is not unfavorable. In short, there is so much history, biography, ethnology, anecdote, and, above all, good sense, in the book, that we should be very glad to see a good translation of it appear in this country; for we feel sure that it would have the effect of removing many prejudices; although we do not agree with the learned and brilliant author, that the Scotch owe quite so much as he says to their Gallic neighbors.

History of the Great Rebellion from its Commencement to its Close, giving an Account of its Origin, the Secession of the Southern States and the Formation of the Confederate Government, the Concentration of the Military and Financial Resources of the Federal Government, &c., &c. From Official Resources. By THOMAS P. KETTELL, late Editor of "Hunt's Merchants' Magazine," &c. Two vols. Vols I. Oct., pp. 408. New York: N. C. Miller. 1863.

We predict for this work a much more extensive sale than any other History of the war the publication of which has yet been commenced is likely to have. Not that we regard the author as a very brilliant writer. He makes no pretension to anything of the kind. But he has the knack of arranging and grouping facts so that "he who runs may read." In other words, he possesses the faculty of adapting his narrative to the popular taste. Those capable of appreciating the

Hist. de France, tome i., p. 25.

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beauties of Macaulay or Hume will not be likely to relish the plain matter-of-fact style of Mr. Kettell; but the work is not designed for such. Those for whom it is designed—the farmer, the artisan, the working-man—all whose time for reading is limited—will like it all the more for its simplicity.

The author disclaims in his preface all partisan views and prejudices; and so far as we have seen, during a pretty careful examination of the volume, it is remarkably liberal in tone and feeling. The author is indeed strongly in favor of prosecuting the war for the preservation of the Union; but this has nothing to do with politics. It is the duty of every loyal citizen to exercise all the influence he possesses to prevent the dismemberment of the Republic; and it is as true now as ever, that the pen is more powerful than the sword.

The publisher of the "History of the Great Rebellion" has contributed more to the diffusion of knowledge among the masses than perhaps any other member of the publishing fraternity. Works like Goodrich's "History of All Nations," which he has published in cheap form, to be sold by agents in the country, do more to awaken a spirit of inquiry among the people than all the "sensation" novels published in seven years. True, the former are not so profitable in a pecuniary sense as the latter; a fact which we believe Mr. Miller has learned to his cost, but which, it is pleasant to add, has failed to discourage him. The first volume of Mr. Kettell's "History" brings the events of the war down nearly to the close of the first year. It embraces sketches of the lives not only of all the military and naval commanders, but of all who, in any capacity, whether in the cabinet, in the halls of legislation, or in the field, have taken any prominent part in the war. Another attractive feature in the work is its numerous engravings, including portraits, exciting and memorable scenes, maps, &c. We perceive it is "furnished to subscribers only," from which we conclude that it is not to be had at the bookstores.

The Frontier Missionary: A Memoir of the Life of Jacob Bailey, A. M., Missionary, &c., by WILLIAM S. BARTLET, A. M., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Mass. 8vo, pp. 365. New York: Sanford & Swords.

It is very generally remarked that no books prove more interesting than those that fall into one's hand by accident. As a rule, it may not hold good; but we have ourselves met with instances of the kind. The volume now before us is one. We do not mean that it is very brilliant or striking; it was not intended to be either. The object of the author was simply to add to the Collections of the Protestant Episcopal Historical Society. In this he has been amply successful; but he has done much more. It will be seen that he has collected facts, old manuscripts, old letters, old addresses, in short, old docu-

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ments of all kinds which are interesting to all classes. The difficulty is, that few would expect matter so quaint and curious in an unpretending Memoir of a Frontier Missionary. The modesty of the author is such as to have prevented him from writing a preface to his book. It is not without a preface, however. One has been written by the Right Rev. Dr. Burgess, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Maine, who observes in the second paragraph: "These materials came to the hands of one with whom to examine, to study, to arrange, to digest them with scrupulous accuracy and indefatigable attention, was a labor of love. The pages of the book itself will sufficiently declare how faithfully every minute pearl of historical fact, whether more or less precious, has been brought to the light of day. They cannot disclose, however, what I can testify—the vast extent, various contents, and discouraging aspect of the sea of documents out of which these facts have been rescued."

We do not believe that this exaggerates in the least degree the amount of research which the work everywhere exhibits. Nor does the author attempt to give any coloring to the materials which he has thus, as it were, exhumed from the grave. He conceals nothing; he distorts nothing. It will be seen that it required some boldness to be thus frank and liberal; for no other book of its size and character gives more graphic pictures of New England manners and customs in the olden times. Had those manners and customs been good, then it would have required no boldness on the part of a New England clergyman to describe them. But they were not; far otherwise. True, the author avoids entering into particulars himself; he allows the old documents to do this part of the work; and confines himself to allusions, such for example as the following: "As a general thing, it was not supposed that females need be taught more than the mere rudiments of learning. Hence, though a few trifling amusements were occasionally resorted to as a means of preventing listlessness, *sensual pleasures* were the principal ones of that generation. Modesty prevents more than an allusion to some of the social customs of the time. Suffice it to say, that the intercourse between the sexes in rural districts was frequently of a character so improper, and in many cases so gross, that the present age could hardly believe a plain statement of its nature, were it not certified by those who lived at that day and who speak of it as a matter of course."—(P. 9.)

Now we will quote a passage or two from the old documents referred to. It will be seen from these that the author treats the subject with the utmost delicacy. We have seen an old prophecy, in which it is predicted that a time will come when men will be so scarce on account of wars and epidemic diseases, that when women meet one in the highways they will fight each other for the possession of so rare a treasure. It would seem from the Rev. Mr. Bailey's conduct, that the

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men of his time were somewhat afraid of being treated in this manner. "A female," he says, "was the most dreadful sight I could possibly behold, and until I was eighteen, I had never the courage to speak in their presence. Whenever I had the misfortune to meet one of these in the street, I immediately climbed over the fence and lay obscured till she passed along. And if a young woman happened to come into the room where I was sitting, I was seized with a trembling; but if she spoke, my confusion was so great, that it was a long time before I could recover," (p. 5.) The old gentleman soon got over apprehensions of this kind, however; nay, he became rather partial to female society. Writing to a friend, in 1758, he remarks: "The late terrible dispensations of Heaven have no manner of effect upon them, except it be to render them more hardened and vile. Drinking, Sabbath-breaking, swearing, and immodesty prevail," (p. 35.) * * * He had some consolation, however, for he adds in the same communication: "I must tell you that I have the satisfaction of finding several *blooming creatures under my inspection*, something inclined to virtue and modesty; but alas, I must leave these dear disciples in a few weeks, and I am afraid that after all they will be ruined by bad example," (pp. 34, 35.)

Public opinion in New England was very different in Mr. Bailey's time from what it is at present. Then, learning or anything of the kind, instead of being a recommendation, was a cause of reproach. "For instance," he says, "if one happened to make advances in knowledge beyond his neighbors, he was immediately looked upon as an odd, unaccountable fellow, was shunned by every company, and left to drink his mug of flip* alone on lecture night. He was *sure to draw upon him the contempt and ridicule* of the other sex, and always became the banter of the young females, not only at the frolic and dance, but at the washing-tub and spinning-wheel," (p. 31.) How would the fine ladies of the present day like to be told that their grandmothers were so lax in their morals, so fond of "flip," and so much averse to learning as they are described by Mr. Bailey? They need not blush, however; on the contrary, they ought rather to congratulate themselves, and feel proud that they have improved so much. It is generally supposed that the ladies have always had superior advantages in New England; but such is not the case. The opportunities afforded them for mental culture are of modern date. Anterior to 1760, the ancestors of our New England friends were somewhat like the Turks in the distinction they made between male and female. The author of the volume before us gives the following quotations to show that, although provision was made at a very early period to afford male children at least the rudiments of instruction, no such provision had been made for female children until the time mentioned:

* Rum toddy.

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"Previous to the year 1789, *boys only* were taught in the public schools of Boston. In the year 1789, measures were taken for 'instructing both sexes.'"—*Boston Almanac*, 1849, pp. 83, 84. "It is believed that no provision was made for the public instruction of females till the latter part of the last century. It is stated that females were not admitted into the public schools of Boston till the year 1760, and then at first only six months, by way of experiment."—*Barnum Field's Statement at Teachers' Convention, Worcester, Mass.*, 1849.

Need we say that never was there a more successful experiment made, anywhere, or an experiment which has been productive of more good? Indeed, no more convincing argument could be used to prove the inestimable value of education in its influence on public morality than the facts given in the above quotations. If it is true that in Mr. Bailey's time, when little or no attention was given to the educaton of females, female virtue was a treasure but rarely to be met with; it is equally true, that at the present day, when females enjoy the same excellent opportunities of acquiring knowledge and cultivating their minds, enjoyed by males, there are no better specimens of their sex anywhere than the women of New England. These, however, are not the only points in the early history of the country on which much light is shed by Mr. Bartlet; but we must leave the reader to discover the rest for himself. Not, however, without thanking the author for his valuable contribution to the records of history. In a word, we have but one fault to find with Mr. Bartlet in connection with this work. We think he should not have dedicated it to a man like Rev. Dr. Hawks, who did not scruple, some two or three years ago, to become the tool of certain publishers in this city, in pretending to edit an English work, so that the party referred to might have an excuse to call it by their own name. In the first place, he spoiled the Cyclopædia of Biography, by inserting in it elaborate puffs of his friends, and then he officiated at the christening—an act still more reprehensible, if possible. It is not strange that one capable of countenancing so shameless an act, was one of the first residents of the North who proved himself a rebel.

Three Years in Chili. 16mo, pp. 15. New York: Follett, Foster & Co., and Mr. Doolady. 1863.

There is nothing very brilliant in this; but a good deal of information about Chili; more than we have seen in much larger and more pretentious volumes devoted to the same subject. Nay, scarcely anything characteristic of the country has been omitted. We have no tedious descriptions, or dull narratives; but the facts are introduced as it were incidentally, in a conversational, chatty style. It is not, indeed, the kind of book we would recommend for the school, or family library; but if one undertaking a journey of some four or five hundred miles, whether by rail or boat, inquired for a book on Chili, that would give most information, with least trouble, we know no one we should recommend before "Three Years in Chili."

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BELLES-LETTRES.

The Poems of ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

We find it so often our duty to pass censure in this department of our journal, we doubt not that many well-meaning people think we are disposed to do so; yet we have frequently laid aside a lady's book, after having gone to the trouble of examining it carefully, rather than give an estimate of it calculated to wound the author's feelings. We think it much better, for all concerned, to pursue this course, than to represent what is bad, or indifferent, as excellent, rather than seem ungallant, or disagreeable.

Fortunately, we have no harsh judgment to pass in the present instance; but, on the contrary, can conscientiously say that it has seldom been our privilege to read a volume of poems which has afforded us more pleasure. If we had time and space, we could easily prove that in this we are not partial—that we do but simple justice in awarding high praise to many of Miss Procter's effusions. Even with what we have, we think we can adduce evidence enough to show that they are imbued with the true poetic spirit.

The volume is introduced with no flourish. It has not even a preface, either in prose or verse. There is a dedication, of three brief sentences, consisting of an extract from Emerson's Essays. This is addressed to no great personage. All the poetess says is, "Dedicated to Matilda M. Hays." We confess we thought nothing the less of the "blue and gold" volume for having been introduced in a manner so modest and unpretending; for we have learned from experience that it is those who have least poetry in them that are most in a hurry to tell us, at the very outset, that they are poets. Nor does Miss Procter attempt to entertain us with any tedious story about herself, or her friends. That she could cast her reminiscences into an attractive form, none will question, who read any of her longer pieces; "The Angel's Story," for instance. We mention this because it is the first that occurs to us,—the first in the book,—not because it is the best; although it possesses merit of a high order. That it is no mere rhyme, will be seen from two or three stanzas of the introduction which we transcribe here:

Through the blue and frosty heavens
Christmas stars were shining bright;
Glistening lamps throughout the city
Almost matched their gleaming light;
While the winter snow was lying,
And the winter winds were sighing,
Long ago, one Christmas night.

While, from every tower and steeple,
Pealing bells were sounding clear,
(Never with such tones of gladness,
Save when Christmas time is near,)
Many a one that night was merry,
Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven,
Friends, long parted, reconciled;
Voices all unused to laughter,
Mournful eyes that rarely smiled,
Trembling hearts that feared the morrow
From their anxious thoughts beguiled.

Rich and poor felt love and blessing
From the gracious season fall;
Joy and plenty in the cottage,
Peace and feasting in the hall;
And the voices of the children
Ringing clear above it all!

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Yet one house was dim and darkened;
Gloom, and sickness, and despair,
Dwelling in the gilded chambers,
Creeping up the marble stair,
Even stilled the voice of mourning,
For a child lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him,
Velvet carpets hushed the tread,
Many costly toys were lying,
All unheeded, by his bed;
And his tangled golden ringlets
Were on downy pillows spread.

—Pp. 5–6.

Of a somewhat similar character is "The Cradle Song of the Poor," which will remind many of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." We do not mean that the former owes anything to the latter, or that it contains any proof of imitation. The resemblance consists chiefly, if not exclusively, in the tenderness and pathos which characterize each. There is this difference, however, between the two pieces,—both, indeed, are plaintive, and expressive of deep anguish; but in Miss Procter's rays of hope penetrate the gloom, while the prevailing sentiment in Mrs. Browning's is one of despair. In other words, the former is illumined by the gentle spirit of Christianity; the spirit of the latter being that of the Epicurean philosophy, which is, indeed, often highly poetical, but fails to afford that consolation which is the highest blessing of the Christian. "A Woman's Question" is such as all women ought to ask at least once in their life, especially in the very agreeable form in which it is put by Miss Procter. The most sensitive lover could hardly be offended at being questioned as follows, whereas a true answer to each question would obviate an incalculable amount of misery and woe:

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine, [breathe,
Wherein thy life could henceforth
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart against thy own.

—Pp. 28–9.

There is good sense and sound philosophy in this; but it is one-sided. Similar questions ought to have been framed for the bachelor; for Socrates is not the only philosopher who was of opinion that men may suffer, as well as women, from marrying those whose disposition is antagonistic or uncongenial to their own. But Miss Procter has no disposition to jest. Sometimes, indeed, she smiles, and does so sweetly and charmingly; but it is a smile of sadness, although one of genuine good-nature and kindness. It is impossible to read her

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more elaborate efforts carefully without asking, here and there, Has not unrequited love something to do with this? Not, indeed, that she ever forgets the modesty of her sex; we know no poetess who shows more fastidious delicacy in this respect. It is unconsciously she reveals the secret, if secret there be; as Angelina reveals her secret, or at least a part of it, to the Hermit—by the heaving of her bosom, and by her blushes. We think that something of this kind may be detected in her poem on "Grief," which, at all events, betrays a feeling of no ordinary anguish. We transcribe the two first stanzas, as a specimen:

An ancient enemy have I,
And either he or I must die;
For he never leaveth me,
Never gives my soul relief,
Never lets my sorrow cease,
Never gives my spirit peace,—
For mine enemy is Grief!

Pale he is, and sad and stern;
And whene'er he cometh nigh,
Blue and dim the torches burn,
Pale and shrunk the roses turn;
While my heart that he has pierced
Many a time with fiery lance,
Beats and trembles at his glance;
Clad in burning steel is he,
All my strength he can defy;
For he never leaveth me—
And one of us must die!

—P. 135.

The same feeling of sadness recurs again and again in the volume before us, like the refrain of a love-song which is the last tribute of genius and sensibility to a beloved one. Of this character, for example, is "A Vision." We transcribe the first stanza, and ask our readers how often have they seen so much graphic description, pathetic feeling, and earnest thought, compressed into an equal number of lines? And yet we make no search for such exquisite touches of truth and nature, but turn over the pages almost at random:

Gloomy and black are the cypress-trees,
Drearily waileth the chill night breeze,
The long grass waveth, the tombs are white,
And the black clouds flit o'er the chill moonlight.
Silent is all save the dropping rain,
When slowly there cometh a mourning train;
The lone churchyard is dark and dim,
And the mourners raise a funeral hymn.—P. 156.

But we must hasten to a close. We might fill many pages with extracts which the best living poets might not blush to acknowledge, could they but claim them as their own. There is great variety not only in the subjects selected by our author, but in her rhythm and style. The only sameness is, that she is never joyous. Not a single piece of hers have we read which is not more or less tinged with melancholy; but it is that sort of melancholy with which we are pleased, we know not why—that which, indeed, represses levity, but at the same time soothes our spirits and awakens our sympathies. Although we have already transcended the bounds we had prescribed for these remarks, we cannot conclude without giving yet another specimen of the author's powers. We select the "Legend of Provence" for this purpose, because it is different in metre and rhythm from anything we have yet copied. The piece reminds us of Hannah

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More's "Sensibility;" also of Prior's "Henry and Emma;" although the subject is different from that of either. The following description of a convent carries the mind back, a willing captive, to the days of Tasso and Camoëns; not but the heart of woman is as kind, tender, and sympathetic, in every respect as deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity, to-day, as it was three or five centuries ago:

Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day,
Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray,
Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight
Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight;
For humbler cottage strife or village brawl,
The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled all.
Young hearts that came, weigh'd down by love or wrong,
Left her kind presence comforted and strong.
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right,
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night.
But, more than this, the nuns could well impart
The deepest mysteries of the healing art;
Their store of herbs and simples was renowned,
And held in wondering faith for miles around.
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate, [gate.
Found help and blessing at the convent
—Pp. 182–3.

This is followed by a portrait which is truly charming. We transcribe it all the more willingly, because, apart from its high merit as a word-painting, it is interesting as a proof of the altered feelings of the author, who, be it remembered, was once a Protestant, but is now a Catholic. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the lady's father is well known in English literature, as "Barry Cornwall;" who, although never a bigot, had little idea that his daughter would one day become one of the most zealous, as well as most able, champions of the Catholic Church in England. We doubt, however, whether the following would not have afforded him pleasure, at any period of his life; although it is by no means the best specimen that could be given of a poem which the most fastidious cannot fail to admire, let his theological views be what they may:

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright;
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,
No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear,
No heart to all the others half so dear,
So surely touched by others' pain or woe,
(Guessing the grief her young life could not know,)
No soul in childlike faith so undefiled,
As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child."
For thus they loved to call her. She had known [own.
No home, no love, no kindred, save their
An orphan, to their tender nursing given,
Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of Heaven.
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light
That swung before the altar, day and night;
Her hands it was, whose patient skill could trace
The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace;
But most of all, her first and dearest care,
The office she would never miss or share,
Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet,
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet.
—P. 183.

We have but one fault to find with the author of "Legends and Lyrics," in the present instance, as we have taken up her book, not to criticise it, but to introduce it to our readers as one not to be met with every day. At another time we may examine it critically. We

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could not have done both, in this instance. The chief fault to which we allude is want of protracted effort. The reader is often disappointed, not to say provoked, by the brevity of a piece, which, before one looks at the end, seems to promise hours, if not days, of pleasure. The best pieces close abruptly. It is certainly better that a poem should be too short than too long; but many of Miss Procter's poems are but fragments. She might have made them three times as long without rendering them in the least tedious. Her mistake has been, that she preferred to write a dozen brief pieces rather than one elaborate piece, which would be worth a gross. Still, we admit that it is ungracious to find fault with a gem because it happens not to be as large as we should wish. It is fairer, as well as more logical, to appreciate what we have according to its merits; and this, after all, is what we feel disposed to do.

The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, selected and arranged with Notes. By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 18mo, pp. 405. Cambridge, (Mass.): Sever & Francis. 1863.

None who examine this little volume will deny that it is worthy of its title; and such is the tasteful, elegant style in which it is got up, that few will see it without wishing to turn over its pages. Having seen a copy of the English edition, we can say not only that this equals, but that it surpasses it in more than one of its features. It is hardly necessary to observe, that by this we mean no reflection on the English style of typography and binding; nor do we mean that the American style is superior, or even equal to it. In general, it is neither one nor the other. Only a few of our publishers can pretend to rival our English friends in this respect. Among these few, the gentlemen who issue this truly beautiful volume have a well-earned right to be ranked.

The editor is exceedingly fastidious in his selections. Indeed, some will say that he is rather prejudiced; and it must be admitted that it is only by the latter hypothesis we can account for the fact that no song or lyric from any American author has been honored with a place in the "Golden Treasury." At the same time, it is but fair to bear in mind that nearly all our poets who have attained to any eminence are still living, and that the editor of this collection takes no account of the living. "It would obviously," he says, "have been invidious to apply the standard aimed at in this collection to the living. Nor, even in the cases where this might be done without offence, *does it appear wise to attempt to anticipate the verdict of the future on our contemporaries.*"—(Preface, p. xi.) Our editors of Cyclopædias and Biographical Dictionaries would do well to note this; for certainly Palgrave is right in having more respect for enlightened public opinion,

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than to permit himself to be guided by the personal influence of the living, no matter by what means that influence is exercised; whether it be merely the effect of friendship, or of that species of argument furnished from the mint. All who are not morally blind are now well aware that there are certain works in which one can purchase a niche pretty nearly the same as any other article of merchandise. Nay, not only the niche, but the statue for it. All that is necessary to begin with, in the way of a reputation, is to show a Fourth of July oration, or a lecture before a country lyceum, which has been duly noticed by the village organ. A little of the sort of logic alluded to will do the rest; or if that is not available, some friend can be got to do the work, on condition that the same will be done for him in return. We cannot blame Mr. Palgrave for avoiding all suspicion of this sort of thing. In short, so far as the living are concerned, we have no fault to find with the course pursued in this little volume; but no American is quoted, whether dead or living. If there is one word in the book in reference to Poe, or any other American author of the past, it has escaped our attention. True, all this detracts nothing from the value of the selections given, which it must be admitted are in general of the highest order of excellence. The book contains not a few veritable gems, which we have seen in no other collection; and about half of these, perhaps the majority, are anonymous. And after all, is it not the rarest gems we prize most? We do not need to go to an English work for any favorite lyric of Longfellow, Bryant, Morris, Whittier, or Halleck. In the "Golden Treasury," we have the essence of the lyric poetry of England, with some choice *morceaux* from the muses of Scotland and Ireland, and the rest we can find elsewhere. We are glad to perceive, therefore, that the present volume is but the beginning of a series, each of which is to be equally excellent.

Uberto; or, the Errors of the Heart. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.

It is not often that we examine a work of any kind in manuscript; and a five-act tragedy is one of the last performances we would take up for review, even after it has been duly published, with all the advantages that typography and paper can confer. But when we find a spark of genius, in any form, it affords us pleasure to aid in its development. We feel it no less incumbent on us to encourage genuine merit, than to discourage what is spurious, or vicious. We do not know even the name of the author of this drama; we have never seen him but once. It may easily be understood, then, that in taking up his manuscript, our chief motive was curiosity. We wished to see the result of such an undertaking on the part of a young man of so much modesty. Not but we were aware that he had written some short poems of a high order of merit—effusions that had appeared in some of our

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best literary journals, and been much admired. But, thought we, to write a poem of ten or twelve stanzas, which has not only been printed with the approbation of a judicious editor, but extensively copied, although it is certainly evidence of talent, if not of genius, is a very different thing from writing a five-act tragedy, which is at all likely to succeed. We had seen examples enough of this; so have most of our readers. There are few, who know anything of literary effort in New York, who do not remember at least a score of tragedies that have proved tragical failures. But if twenty young men write in vain, that is no reason why the twenty-first should not succeed. It was with these views we took up the piece, and we are glad we did so. We are by no means sanguine, however, as to its reception on the stage, should it be accepted for that purpose by some manager capable of appreciating its merits; for the reason that it is not of the "sensation" or bombastic style.

The plot is skilfully constructed. The incidents are not numerous; but they occur in such natural order—so much like those of real life—that the interest awakened in the first act is well sustained to the close. Our limited space will not permit us to enter into particulars; were it otherwise, we doubt whether those who intend to see the piece would not prefer to unravel the whole thread for themselves. We may, however, glance at one or two of the leading facts. The scene is first laid in Naples, from which it is transferred to Savoy; the time is the close of the fifteenth century. Uberto, a young Neapolitan nobleman, is visited by Vitelli, the son of the Lord of Castello, a friend of his early youth. The two young men relate their secrets to each other. By this means, Vitelli learns that Uberto is in love with the beautiful Clarissa, daughter of Jerome Forli, a neighboring baron. No sooner does he see the lady, after having obtained this information, than he resolves to secure her for himself, at all hazards. Clarissa, being of a romantic turn, with little stability of character, offers but little resistance to his plans. Uberto, inconsolable at the loss of his mistress, resolves to be revenged of his false and perfidious friend. After wandering through Europe for two years, he finds Vitelli in the service of the Duke of Savoy, and, in order to secure a convenient opportunity for carrying out his bloody project, he enters the same service himself. In due time, the rival lovers meet. A fight ensues. Vitelli is so severely wounded that he is reported dead, but a friend of Uberto's discovers the imposture. Vitelli is charged, among other crimes, with high treason against the Duke, but Francesca, the daughter of his highness's chancellor, interposes her good offices, and induces Uberto not only to forgive Vitelli, but to obtain his pardon from the Duke. All this being done, in due course, Uberto returns Vitelli his dagger, in token of forgiveness; but no sooner does the latter receive the weapon, than he stabs the former. Uberto's friend, Bellamori,

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seeing him die, stabs his assassin, who dies in turn. Francesca pronounces a eulogy on Uberto—declares that she loved him, and will always cherish his memory. In a manuscript like that before us, it is not easy to find a suitable passage for quotation, especially when one's time is so limited that he cannot make any very diligent search for it. We must, therefore, content ourselves with what is most convenient. The play opens with the following dialogue, but it would be a great injustice to the author to regard this as a fair specimen of his style:

Ub. "Welcome Vitelli to our ancient halls;
Thy presence is a boon which in itself,
Apart from previous friendship's added charm,
Would prove consoling to the lonely hours
Of dwellers in the woods. Long years ago
We parted, promising to meet again:
Now, that short intercourse which boyhood's heart
Felt still more short, shall be again renewed,
And manhood's judgment, crowning early sympathy,
Shall prove the instincts of the heart divine.

Vit. Good friend Uberto, I am one of those
Who boast not much of motives, nor take pride
In shaping out their conduct and their course
In nice, attractive patterns of morality;
But yet at times I do a model act
Without design or skill, and still so perfect
As to surprise the critics—thus to-day
I keep the faith I pledged long years ago.

Ub. I think I can detect in this thy speech
The same odd biting candor as of old;
'Tis but the humor of an honest heart,
Which chooses to put forth its high resolves,
Not merely in their pure, spotless grace,
But throws them forward with a playful force,
Relieving the monotony of virtue
With some fine touches of imagination.

Vit. Be never sure, Uberto, without seeing—
The theory that's formed amidst the woods,
Is not the knowledge learned among the cities.
Our solitary thoughts are our worst foes:
Painting the universe in their own colors,
They lie in what they tell us. The old maxim
Put forward by the sage, of '*Know thyself*,'
Might be amended into '*Know the world*.'

Ub. What is this world that is unknown to me—
And that thou know'st so well?

Vit. —— a paradise
To those who look from far with youthful eyes;
For me, it is a place has served me well—
I love it dearly, though not tenderly.
But come, in three days time I must depart,
Make known to me this little world about thee.

Ub. Alas! this world of mine is circumscribed;
There's not in Naples' bounds a poorer baron;
There's not in Italy a slenderer count.
My two chief officers I'll name to thee;
And then thou knowest my daily outward world.
First, Captain Bellamori, my commander,
Who heads my forces when I go to war.

Vit. What may thy forces be?

Ub. Just none at all.
But when I have them, he is to command."

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To this we can only add a part of another dialogue, which took place under different circumstances, between the same parties, some three years afterwards, and which sufficiently explains itself. It is only necessary to premise that the rival lovers meet by accident:

Ub. "Pass on, thou hateful villain! tempt me not!
Vit. Pointed, yet vague! my name, sir, is Vitelli.
Ub. 'Tis shorter to say *villain* than Vitelli.
Vit. Thou hast a mind to stab me as I pass.
Ub. Had I the mind, the deed e'er now were finished.
Vit. Why dost thou wear that dagger, but for me?
(Francesca looks cautiously through a window.)
Ub. I reason but with *men*—*wolves* I pass by
Till the fit time arrives to slaughter them.
Vit. It seems the wolf may live a little while.
(He crosses to the other side in his first direction: Francesca shows joy at the window.)
Now this is candid; this is timely warning;
I find that thou hast yet a noble soul.
There are some men who *once*, and only *once*,
Have made a true profession of themselves,
But finding things go wrong in consequence,
Turned them to wiser things—others can ne'er
Keep back the true pronouncement—'tis unwise.
I would not wish a friend to be so open.
Ub. Though I have pledged my word, thou art not safe.
Vit. Oh! thou wilt keep to word and candor both:
I courted candor once, sweet smiling dame;
The courtship proved indeed but very short,
For she betrayed me—then I paid respect
Unto her step-sister, a cunning lady,
Who bears an ugly likeness to herself;
So I and candor have been since at war.
Ub. Fiend! hold thy peace, or I will maim thy tongue,
And send thee face to face with all the fiends
To mispronounce thy mockery—away!"

Uberto is too good-natured to carry out his threats. He is easily excited, but as easily calmed—easily moved to commiseration. Vitelli is the opposite of all this. He is resolute and unyielding to the last. There is much in his character to remind one of Orestes, especially as he is portrayed by Racine, who makes him say to Pyladus:

"S'il faut ne te le rien déguiser
Mon innocence enfin commence à me peser.
Je ne sais, de tout tems, quelle injuste puissance
Laisse le crime en paix, et poursuit l'innocence."

Vitelli, too, would have killed his mother as coolly as his prototype. In more than one of his dialogues with Clarissa we are reminded of these fearful words:

Orest. "Thou art a woman sitting in thy chamber.
Judge not the man that goes abroad and labors.
Clytem. Hard was my lot, my child; alone uncherished.
Orest. *Alone by the fire, while for thy gentle ease*
Thy husband toiled.
Clytem. Thou wilt not kill me, son?
Orest. I kill thee not. *Thyself dost kill thyself.*"

We would call the attention of Mr. Booth to this resemblance, because we doubt whether there is any other tragedian now living so capable of personating a character like Vitelli. He might, indeed, wish it

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altered in some parts; and wish corresponding alterations in the character of Uberto; but this done, he could easily secure a new wreath for his own brow, and enjoy the additional gratification of having been the means of elevating true merit, at least in one instance, to the position to which it is entitled.

Salome, the Daughter of Herodias. A Dramatic Poem. New York: Putnam. 1862.

Time there was when Mr. Putnam was somewhat choice in his selections. We have often taken pleasure in pointing out the merits of works bearing his imprint. But lately he seems to have given a preference to those written in the "prose run mad" style; as if he felt that there is an increasing demand for this sort of literature. If this has been his inducement to publish the sort of books alluded to, we hope he was mistaken. We think he ought to have remembered that the largest publishing house in New York, which made a specialty of "sensation" literature, while it seemed, for a while, to surpass all others in the art of fortune-making, saw, when it was too late, that, in the long run, spurious goods are as likely to bring ruin as success.

We admit that our friend Putnam is much shrewder than we. For example, we did not think that his "Rebellion Record" would prove a very profitable publication. Not but it is, and has been from the beginning, a very good work; although no better than the newspapers from which it is taken, with the exception that the latter are seldom illustrated with portraits "from original sources." For the rest, it contains nothing worth recording, which has not appeared in all our first-class daily papers. But it seems there are a pretty large class who like news all the better for being a little stale. Nay, it would appear that they are more influenced by it after it has lain aside, with other lumber, for a month or so. We are bound to believe that the work is regarded in this light by the Federal authorities; otherwise they would hardly have favored the publisher with an appointment like that of tax-gatherer. True, we should not have believed that Mr. Putnam would accept the office; but the event shows that we were not sufficiently acquainted with his aspirations. At all events, far be it from us to deny that a tax-gatherer is a very respectable functionary. We have no fault to find with the office; but we humbly think that if the "Rebellion Record" made Mr. Putnam a tax-gatherer, the performance now before us should make him a Doctor of Divinity.

Unhappily, we have but too many Records of the Rebellion; but this is the only pious tragedy we have seen for some time. At least, it is intended to be pious; although to us it seems rather impious. We may be entirely wrong; but we cannot help thinking that, to introduce Jesus Christ and John the Baptist as *dramatis personæ*, is not ex-

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actly the way to inspire that reverence for the Saviour which forms the basis of Christianity. It is particularly objectionable to do so in a clumsy, puerile manner, as in the present case. Independently of making a theatrical character of Jesus Christ at all, the performance is calculated to turn the Bible into ridicule. We do not mean that anything of this kind is intended by the author; doubtless he believes that his performance has altogether a different effect. But, in order that the reader may judge for himself, we will extract a specimen or two. Nor does it matter much what page we turn to. Thus, after a vision, consisting of all the heavenly host, has passed away, John the Baptist makes a sort of soliloquy, as follows:

> My work is finished; way made for the Word;
> Earth hears in silence Thy approach, O Lord;
> The stars from their firm places move aside,
> Cerulean gates of Heaven open wide;
> The King of Glory from His throne descends,
> The darkling age of forms and shadows ends;
> He comes to claim among the sons of men
> His kingdom: drive th' usurper to his den;
> Baptize His subjects with the Holy Ghost,
> And seal them members of His heavenly host;
> Open the gloomy prisons of the soul,
> And set it free from sin's supreme control;
> Banish all doubts to everlasting night;
> Bring immortality and life to light:
> My work is finished; way made for the Word;
> Earth trembles 'neath thine awful tread, O Lord. —P. 17.

This, be it remembered, we are to regard as poetry—a specimen of a dramatic poem. To comment on such a feeble and flabby travesty of the Scriptures were superfluous; it is not necessary to distinguish one line or phrase from another, where all is so heavily prosaic and dull, and so well calculated to degrade the Bible to a par with the Koran. But let us give a specimen of our poet's

> CHORUS OF SPIRITS, *in the air*.
>
> " As the sun, so the life of the Son for a time shall depart;
> As the day in the night, so His body be laid in the tomb;
> As the moon mounteth up the skies, so faith the heavens,
> To see Him, and shine in His beams, and know that He liveth." &c.

The comparison of faith with the moon is a pretty fair sample of our author's similes. He might as well have called faith moonshine; although, as already observed, we do not question the piety of his intentions. The following dialogue is such as we might expect from a village class-leader, who aspires one day to become a missionary to the heathen off in Timbuctoo, or Dahomey:

> JESUS.
>
> John Baptist!
>
> JOHN BAPTIST.
>
> Master, hail! whence comest Thou?
>
> JESUS.
>
> I came not; I am here.

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JOHN BAPTIST.

Master and Lord,
Art thou He who should come; or wait we still
Another?

JESUS.

I am He.

JOHN BAPTIST.

My Lord and God.

JESUS.

Hereafter thou shalt see upon God's throne
The Son of Man in all His glory sit,
The kingdoms of the earth bowed at His feet,
The universe before His judgment bar.

JOHN BAPTIST.

O then, my Lord and God, remember me.

JESUS.

I will: a good and faithful servant, thou
Into my joy shall straightway enter.

JOHN BAPTIST.

Lord,
I would commend to Thee those who in faith
Have humbly followed me, looking for Thee.
Reveal Thyself to them, make them Thine own,
Baptize them all with spirit and with fire.

JESUS.

They shall be safely gathered to my fold.

JOHN BAPTIST.

Baptize thou me.

JESUS.

Receive the Holy Ghost. —Pp. 19, 20.

But enough. If such as this is poetry, what is prose? Still, let Mr. Putnam be made a Doctor of Divinity, by all means; nor will we make any objection if the poet is dispatched, with all convenient speed, to the western coast of Africa, with full permission to make a text-book of his "Dramatic Poem," as a means of christianizing the inhabitants of that region.

May Dreams. By HENRY L. ABBEY. 16mo, pp. 143. New York: Abbey & Abbot. 1862.

We have no knowledge either of the author or publishers of this volume. It has found its way to our desk we know not how—at all events, without any heralding, or flourish. In opening it, we find that it has neither preface nor introduction. But we turn over its pages all the more readily on this account; for we think that even poets are nothing the worse for being modest. The appearance of "May Dreams" is decidedly prepossessing; the paper, typography, and

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binding are unexceptionable. As to the contents, we have, indeed, read better specimens of poetry; so have most of our readers. At the same time, there are some agreeable effusions among them; effusions which we cheerfully admit are above mediocrity. They are not such, however, as we would take much pains with for their own merits; we call attention to them because they seem to give earnest of better things to come. But we will let the reader judge for himself, merely premising that when dealing with a young author, as we presume Mr. Abbey is, we prefer to do full justice to whatever merits he possesses, rather than take any pleasure in exposing his defects.

The piece entitled the "Two Maples" is no ordinary effort. It is rather long for our space; and yet a fragment of it gives no just impression of its chaste and graceful imagery. We transcribe the whole, therefore, and think that all capable of judging will readily excuse us for doing so.

The stream hath its tinkling voices,
And the glebe its songs of seas;
But the grandest of Nature's music
Floats in the harps of trees.

Two vernal harps are these Maples,
Whose melody sways and swings—
The leaves are the mystical fingers,
And the bows are the golden strings.

Oft, when the calm of the twilight
In a twilight of fancy weaves,
I have wrapt myself in their music,
As they are wrapt in leaves;

And drinking from unseen goblets,
Have found a calm surcease
From daily endeavor and longing,
In the crystal draughts of peace.

Or have looked through the leafy lattice,
And gazed on the starry scroll,
As often some wordless feeling
Looks up to the sky of the soul!

In fervent noons, when the sunshine
Fetters the languorous shade,
Each bandrol leaf seems a cloudlet
Swung over a fairy glade.

While here, 'neath the spreading branches
I read from the bards sublime,
Whose songs are like glittering banners
Hung on the walls of Time;

And a dreamy feeling of sadness
Comes over my thoughts again,
For I see in those grand old poems,
The woven threads of pain.

Oft, when the crimson of autumn
Is crushed on the lips of leaves,
The purples and golds of fancies
The weary day relieves;

And the blushing cheeks of these Maples
Like silent clouds appear,
That are floating along horizon,
In the sunset of the year.

You have smiled on me your blessings,
And taught me your lessons long,
But in return, O Maples,
I can give you only a song!

Pp. 40, 41, 42.

"Queen Azore" is another favorable specimen, although much inferior in melody and sweetness to the "Two Maples." We copy the first stanza.

My loved and beautiful bride, Azore,
Stooped to drink at the wayside spring,
When, riding up from the crescent shore,
Garbed as a hunter, came the King.
He begged, with a smile, to quaff the bowl,
But still his heart to her eyes would cling—
Those sea-blue boundaries of her soul. P. 22.

There are true touches of pathos in the stanzas entitled "Leah," but as a whole the piece is marred by forced similes; such, for example, as the following:

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"The pansies peeping from the grass,
By zephyrs *may be rocked to dreams;*
And *floods of sunshine, as they pass,*
Will bathe them in their golden beams."

By no effort of the imagination, except, perhaps, when it is in a very feverish state, can we make pansies *dream*. It is also rather an extravagant metaphor to say, even in the form of poetry, that floods of sunshine bathe them as they pass. Still, the elegy on Leah—for such it is—opens well, as may be seen from the first stanza:

The summer-time will come again
To kiss the brow of dying spring,
And, with the south wind's low refrain,
A choral requiem will she sing.
The valley and the everglade
Will bloom again, perchance as now,
By many a modest flower arrayed—
But, Leah, where art thou? —P. 19.

If the author would take a friendly word of advice he would divide his attention for some time to come between Shelley, Coleridge, Moore, Rogers, and Byron. It were still better if he could cultivate the acquaintance of Horace and Boileau. In short, if he desires to succeed, he must study the best models. We do not mean but Bryant and Longfellow are each good; but neither will stand close imitation.

Origines Littéraires de la France. Par LOUIS MOLAND. Paris: Didier. 1862.

Those who take any interest in mediæval literature will be glad to have their attention called to this volume. It gives the best and most interesting account we have seen of the romances and dramas of that period; exhibiting, at the same time, the progress of the French language, and the means by which it acquired those characteristics which have made it the court language of Europe—the language which, above all other modern dialects, is the most universal in its use. The author must have waded through an immense amount of material; but he has made a most judicious selection of facts. His criticisms are, in general, very judicious. The most learned cannot read them carefully without profit; and accordingly we take pleasure in recommending the book.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863. 12mo, pp. 698. Philadelphia: George W. Childs.

So far as we can judge from a cursory glance, this is a very excellent work. Had it reached us in time, we should have compared it with other publications of its class, including the Almanach de Gotha, the

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British Almanac, and the now defunct American Almanac. This task we must defer until another time. We may observe, however, that it contains more matter than any of those mentioned. The table of contents and alphabetical index indicate unusual variety. We can also bear testimony to the excellence of the arrangement throughout. What we have yet to examine is the accuracy of the facts stated. In three or four departments we have applied the test; but this is not sufficient to form a fair estimate of so voluminous a work, even when it bears the imprint of a publisher who has such a prestige as Mr. Childs for the publication of books of permanent value.

Effects of Electricity and Magnetism on the Human System, in Health and Disease. By E. L. STEVENSON, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 16mo, pp. 215. London: Harrison. 1863.

Quite a stir has been made in the medical world of England by this little volume. Nor will those who read it carefully wonder at the fact. Those who call themselves "the regular faculty" are always very much disgusted at innovations in the healing art. No matter how convincing the testimony is in favor of the efficacy of a new system, they are pretty sure to oppose it. In the present instance Dr. Stevenson enumerates a large variety of really wonderful cures effected through the agency of electricity, which are attested by ladies and gentlemen whose veracity is beyond question. Had the author practised the new system himself, it might be supposed that he was actuated by mercenary motives. But he never has. He tells us, in his preface, that he has never earned a penny by it; but that he has put himself to much expense and labor, with the sole view of contributing to the relief of human suffering.

In his opinion, the agency of electricity is destined to produce a complete revolution in medical science; and it must be admitted that he gives good reasons for his belief. He makes one important omission, however; he does not tell his readers that the originator of the new practice is Dr. J. Walter Scott, the chief resident physician of the New York Medical Institute. But few have the candor to make admissions of this kind. We are very willing to believe that Dr. Stevenson is disposed to do all the good in his power; there is certainly no charlatanism in his book; but in his very interesting sketch of the improvements made in the healing art within the last half century, he does not as much as mention America. Yet Dr. Scott was the first to illustrate, by experiments, the difference between ordinary electricity and what is now so well known as medicated electricity. "We trust," says Dr. Stevenson, "that we are not over sanguine when we say that we expect to see a college established in London, before many years, which will be devoted exclusively to the new

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system. We feel sure that none, aware of the astonishing efficacy of medicated electricity, in the cure of the most inveterate and formidable diseases, would hesitate, for a moment, to contribute, according to their means, to the founding of such an institution." But in New York Union Square the College has not only been founded, but is already in quite a flourishing state, the chief members of the faculty being Professors Scott, Bedford, and Sheldon. If there be a second edition of Dr. Stevenson's work, we hope it will not be as oblivious as the first of what is due America.

Army and Navy Gazette. Journal of the Regular and Volunteer Forces. New York: W. R. Dyer & Co. 1863.

We are glad to see an American journal, conducted with ability and taste, devoted to the Army and Navy; and the fact that this has recently been changed from a monthly to a weekly, is evidence that it is appreciated by those for whom it is particularly designed. Judging from the numbers we have seen, especially from that now before us, we see no reason why it should not, in time, exercise an influence equal to that of the British *Army and Navy Gazette*, which is one of the most useful and most respectable weekly journals among the whole press of England. The English *Gazette* is always conducted by men of education and talent. So far as we have seen, the same is true, thus far, of the American *Gazette*. More than one of the articles in the first weekly number would be no discredit to one of our best monthlies. The "leader," on intervention, discusses the subject with considerable ability. There are some of the writer's views with which we do not agree; but we are always glad to recognize talent, however much its possessor may differ in opinion from ourselves. The *Gazette* is in the quarto form, consisting of twelve pages, well printed on good strong paper. In a word, the *tout ensemble* is such that we cannot but wish the journal the fullest success.

On the Growth of the Recruit and Young Soldier. By WILLIAM AITKEN, M.D. 12mo, pp. 72. London: Griffin, Bohn & Co. 1862.

We doubt whether this little volume will be much read in this country; although it embraces many valuable suggestions on the training of the soldier, and the best means of protecting him from disease, which we have not seen in any American publication. The author speaks from practical experience, having been connected with the British army, both in India and the Crimea, as a regimental surgeon. There are few of his observations which are not as applicable to the American army as they are to the British army. The tiny work consists of two lectures which have been delivered at several of the

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military schools of England, including that of Woolwich. This fact, by itself, might be taken as at least presumptive evidence of the value of the book. Would it not be well for some of our military publishers to examine it, and see whether it is not better than many books three times its size, which they often make a great fuss about?

Hand-Book Almanac for the Pacific States: an Official Register and Business Directory of the States of California and Oregon; the Territories of Washington, Nevada and Utah, and the Colonies of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, for the Year 1863. Edited by WILLIAM H. KNIGHT. 18mo, pp. 420. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co. New York: N. C. Miller.

The title-page of this little work, which we have copied in full, gives a sufficient idea of its character. We may add, however, in justice to the compiler, that it contains an incredible amount of multifarious information. There are none who have any intercourse with the States or Territories mentioned, or who take any interest in their welfare, to whom the book will not prove much more useful than they would be led to expect from the title. The paper, typography and binding are much better than those of similar publications issued from this city.

Uncle Paul's Stories for Boys and Girls. Small quarto, pp. 144. Boston: American Tract Society.

Parents and guardians will thank us for calling their attention to this excellent volume. The author makes no pretence of superiority as a writer for the young. He simply tells us that the contents consist chiefly of articles previously published in the periodicals of the Society that now publishes the book. A glance over the pages of the latter satisfies us that those articles fully merit the distinction thus conferred on them. There is nothing sectarian in the "Stories;" nothing that might not have come from the pen of any good Christian. Each is told in language at once simple, chaste, and graphic, and combines entertainment with instruction. Illustrations always form a prominent feature in the publications of this Society—not old, or second-hand "cuts," but engravings got up expressly for each.

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SELECT NEW PUBLICATIONS,

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN.

Broadcast. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Pp. 210. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

Varnhagen Von Ense, K. A., Tagebücher. (Aus dem Nachlass des Verfassers.)* Zweite Auflage. 1. und 2. Band gr. 8. Leipzig. 820 pp.

Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon. A History of the Campaign of 1815. By George Hooper, Author of The Italian Campaigns of General Bonaparte. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

Ein Deutscher Kaufmann des Sechszchuten Jahrhunderts. Haus Ulrick Kraffts Denkwürdigkeiten. Bearbeitet Von Adolf Cohn. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

Valentin, G., der Gebrauch des Spektroskopes zu Physiologischen und ärztlichen Zwecken. Met 22 in den Text gedruckten Holzschnitten. gr. 8. Leipzig. 146 pp.

The New Forest: Its History and its Scenery. By John R. Wise. With 63 Illustrations, drawn by Walter Crane; engraved by W. J. Linton. And 2 maps. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

Ephesus and the Temple of Diana. By Edward Falkener. London: Day & Son. 1862.

Lines Left Out; or, Some of the Histories left out in Line upon Line. This First Part relates Events in the Times of the Patriarchs and the Judges. By the Author of Line upon Line, Reading without Tears, More about Jesus, Streaks of Light, &c. Pp. 339. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1863.

Geschichte der Deutsche Literatur von der ältesten Denkmälern auf die neueste Zeit. Von Olto Roquette. Stuttgart: Ebner and Seubert. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

Lays from History and Romance. By Helen Macgregor. London: Wertheim, Mackintosh & Hunt. 1862.

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